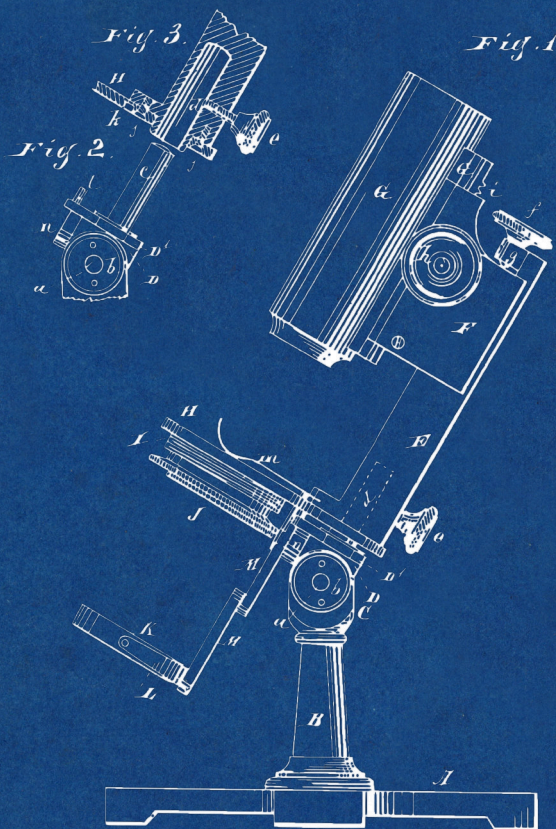


Hacker's Guide to the Multiverse

No. 273,752.



A handy supplement for Slugblaster

By: Derek Rawlings

Witnesses
Albert H. Adams.
Edgar A. Bond

Inventor:
Lyman D. McIntosh

Credits

- **Written by:** Derek Rawlings
- **Edited by:** Derek Rawlings
- **Layout and Design by:** Derek Rawlings
- **Proofreading by:** Aaron "Quickleaf" Infante-Levy

ARTWORK

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- The Slugblaster [Discord](#)
- Local coffee shops
- My 2d6 alternate versions (yes, even the evil one)

Touchstones

TTRPGS

- [Slugblaster](#) (the OG), D&D (Deck of Many Things)

MOVIES

- Back to the Future, The Black Hole, Bond Movies, Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs, Flubber, Iron Man, The Matrix, Short Circuit

TELEVISION

- Dexter's Lab, MacGyver, Rick and Morty, She-Ra: PoP

VIDEO GAMES

- Factorio, Keep Talking and Nobody Explodes, Minecraft, Portal, Superliminal

OTHERS

- Adam Savage's Tested (Youtube), Grease (musical), Simone Giertz (Youtube), Nerdforge (Youtube), Will it Blend? (Youtube)



Welcome to the Lab!

You're a tinker. You have been your entire life.

For you slugblasting isn't just about freedom or ditching your boring hometown; it's about testing your work under duress in the field, about squeezing that last kilojoule out of your gear, about showing the world what you can do... what you can make.

It's about expression in its truest form. Everything you own you've pulled apart and rebuilt. You know it inside and out. It's either a part of you, or it's in a scrap pile under some clothes in your bedroom.

When others joined band or the hockey team, you studied the screwdriver. You read esoteric manuals and delved the back isles of the local TechShack looking for the VBank resistor because its insulating material shaved a fraction off its thermal noise compared to the Prague brand.

And you loved it, because you are a hacker.

No one bends circuits better than you. No one knows their way around an electrical diagram like you. Nth gear made more sense to you than Home Ec ever could. Adults haven't even scratched the paint on negafriktion technology yet; DARA even barely has a clue. There's this infinitely large open multiverse out there to crib from, and humanity JUST cleared the tutorial level.

So what are you waiting for? Hop through that vantablack; it's time to level up.

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USING THIS BOOK

Hacker's Guide to the Multiverse is a 3rd party splat book intended for use with the core Slugblaster game. As unofficial content, I encourage you to think like a hacker: RTFM, rummage through these pages and scavenge anything interesting. Break it into its component parts and reassemble it into whatever your wicked heart desires. Or just accept it stock off the shelf... I'm not your mom.

What is a hacker...

A GEARHEAD.

Maybe you're the special kind of geek who wants to take it apart and put it back together again. You sweat the little details, like which interlocks to use or whether the 2% power increase of last year's negafriktion coil is worth the extra half point of fluctuation. Some see you as an obsessive pedant, but you live for understanding, for getting your hands dirty, for making your tech truly yours...

A SHOWOFF.

You invest your life into your gear, pushing it and pushing yourself, so when you get a breakthrough why not make a splash and etch your name in slugblaster legend? We stand on the shoulders of giants who invented the Nth gear, and they'd be offended if we didn't hand them our beers while we took it to the next level. Fortune favours the bold and all that...

A TINKER.

Sure, you can follow circuit diagrams out of the back of Slugblaster Magazine, but for hackers that's like listening to Tool on a \$10 set of earbuds from the local Gas Top. For them "store bought" is a four letter word; it's the level 1 toon with a wooden sword in the starting zone. You though, you're a meddler, and you won't settle until you've unlocked your very own Master Sword...

AN ACTIVIST.

Slugblasting is a movement and for hackers that's the Maker movement. It's DIY culture, shareware, the right to repair, to pop open the hood and fix it with your own machined parts. It's a polemic against DRM, walled gardens, patents, and proprietary software. Most importantly, it's about community and selflessly doing more than any one person or corporation could do alone...

A TECHNOPHILE.

You geek out over cutting-edge tech and its aesthetics. You're infatuated with that new factory smell, installing it before anyone else, and putting it through its paces. You obsess over hex codes, custom plates, collectors' editions, and fashion-forward shaders. It's not just about looking good, it's about shaping how others see you and presenting yourself at your very best...

AN INNOVATOR.

You're curious. Discovering the multiverse opened up a sea of hitherto unseen mysteries, and here you are, spanner in hand, Columbo-style ready to get to dig into them. When you're not field-testing your latest contraption you're in the lab building multiphasic polymers. With so many recent technological breakthroughs, who better than you to solve old problems in new ways!

A COMPETITOR.

You're in it to win it and incremental improvements can mean the difference between first and third. A consummate optimizer, you put in the work grinding out those one percents, tracing the clean routes, and finding the right tools for every tournament. It's one thing to master hoverboard technique, but another thing altogether to achieve symbiosis between board, tech, and boarder...

AN ENTREPRENEUR.

Some sluggers hate it, but there's gold in them there hills when you're on the bleeding-edge of tech. But better for you to get that slice of pie rather than another exploitative, out of touch company, right? Though hither be dragons for a small fish like you in a big business pond, if you play a big game there's a fat paycheck and an exalted place at the high table for a sellout like you...

Multi- verse

The multiverse is unbelievably freak-in big, right?

That means countless worlds to explore, elements to discover, alloys to smelt, and atoms to mix. If you go far enough, our fundamental understanding of physics is just a suggestion, so that's cool. With so much to do, so much to see, what's wrong with taking the backstreets? You'll never know if you don't go.

Scavenging the Multiverse

Ever wondered why there are so many destroyed ancient civilizations in the local multiverse? Me neither... what's important is that they left behind a ton of cool STUFF to salvage! These featured locations are scattered across the known dimensions, offering new locales to plunder for parts.

RV-7 - VASTICHE

Rendezvous Point 7 is a hidden military cache rumoured to be lost amongst the pastel dunes of Vastiche. No one's ever fessed up to finding the RV; it's whispered about like some modern-day Blackbeard's Treasure trove, yet somehow everyone's also heard that it's fiercely guarded by a robotic garrison. Funny that.

SHADOW EMPORIUM - THENNIS SPAR

Say the right thing to the right ghost in Thennis Spar and they may lead through the catacombs to a ragtag collection of spirits, locals, and interdimensional visitors with a reputation for dealing in rare and exotic discontinued parts. If they don't have one on hand, they'll almost surely be able to point you in the right direction, for a modest price of course.

THE STARSHAKER - THE GOLDEN JUNGLE

Deep in metasauro territory, half-buried at the foot of a tranquil, tree-covered stupa sits The Starshaker, a Prefect-class Praetorian Defender. There are many gundams in the Golden Jungle, but the Starshaker is held highest among them; it's a prototype, decked out with an ultra-modern ECM and a mecha-born AI that keeps it in a meticulous state of readiness.

DAVE - DESNINE

Marley used to be a pro slugger until they took a pufferfish spine to the knee. That spine belonged to Dave the Pufferfish. Not only did Dave stick it to Marley, but the now-famous fish also swallowed poor Marley's Voidware Backpack—the very first of its kind—right after they'd loaded up on a veritable salvage trove from the Observation Centre. Go find that fish!

KRAMSHON KAVERNS - PRISMATIA

Ever wanted to make reality better? The Neganauts published a pirate-themed ARG treasure map to the Kramshon Kaverns, and clever slugblasters have been trying to crack the code ever since. Can you piece together the glyphs in their videos, collect the five map pieces, decode NFZ's complex puzzles and claim your internally flawless (IF) crystal?

SCRAP REPURPOSING DEPOT - OPERAEBLUM

Waste not, want not in Operaebulum where yesterday's fads and products are dissected, processed, and distributed to factories to make today's shiny, new trends. Industrial C3S4R scrapbots spin and twirl in a beautiful dance between conveyors and crushers in calm oblation to unbridled consumerism. A slugger's haven for parts no one will ever miss.

WRECK OF THE SKYTREADER - CALORIUM

Slugblaster apocrypha speaks of the Skytreader, a glider in Calorium so laden with gold and riches that it fell from the clouds into a soda lake not far from the zirconium Ziggurat. All attempts to salvage it have failed, and some whisper that the boiling lake has preserved the vessel's crew in a grotesque quantum state of vengeful unrest.

GIDEON'S GRAVEYARD - THE WAKING PITS

Gideon's Graveyard is an open grave filled with the carcasses of androids drawn to their final resting place and forgotten. It's said that the souls of these mechanical beings still haunt those individual parts, their ones and zeros hopelessly scrambled by the digital scream of the ten thousand thousand suffering kin that surround them.

PARTOMATIA - POPULARIA

This posh, Null-like '50s automat is reserved for la crème de la crème of VIP Popularian society. Partomatia's security is irrationally tight, but if you have the panache to rock the latest fashion and stamina to not peel back waiting in line, behind that velvet rope lies a cornucopia of everything you could ever want; from your favourite cake, or any component you can imagine.

HILLSIDE THICKET - EMPYREAN

The unkenable laws of Empyrean protect the Hillside Thicket; a place where darkness embraces you like a pleasant blanket; a safe place you'll never be hurt. It's said those who seek the Thicket or the things that dwell there will never find it, making it the perfect place to stash things never meant to be found, including the Runes of Resplendent Reality.

THE MIND FORGE - QUAHALIA

Want to make stuff with only your brain? Fire up this inscrutable, rusty iron box of fathomless width and depth, feed your feelings into the slot, then manifest your heart's desires. The box cannot whisper; it doesn't even have a mouth, but you know that if you'd only given stronger emotions, your thing would have turned out better. Next time I guess...

LANA'S LANDFILL

More genteel civilizations figured out long ago that they could make their trash some other dimension's problem. Lana's eponymous Landfill is one such dumping ground and they've been at it for a LONG while now. This crevice is overflowing with mostly-working, discarded effigies of a hyper-wasteful society as well as several hostile creatures that forage there.

THE TRIAGRAMMATON

The Triagrammaton is a lifeless abyss where no technology can function. Sluggers tell each other spooky stories about signature devices going dead and an unshakable feeling like their atoms won't be able to find their way to Null if they ever peeled back there. But, if push your luck, barely-worn parts lie scattered amidst the runed obelisks and blackened grass.

ARMOURHILL FACTORY - KARLUP

Located in southeast Oolroob, the armourhill factory manufactures the latest tech from all the big multi-dimensional corporations: Scram Cat, Miper, Hardecker, you name it! If you can find it in Roob, they make it there. The factory is under heavily guard day and night but somehow nobody ever seems to get caught when they're rushing out with the newest gear. Is it because the guards are just inept, or is there something more sinister going on?

CRESCENT ATHENAEUM

A vast, lake-filled library stewarded by a hive mind of frog librarians. Memory crystals, hardlight tomes, and holographic viewing chambers supplement scrolls and bound paper texts arranged in a way that makes the Dewey Decimal System look like child's play. Members are also contributors, so you'll need to do a run for them before they'll let you access to the rare collections.

Manxome foes

Rummaging for parts around the multiverse is no beach hunt; metal detectorists don't need to worry about sand metasaur, or crabs hiding in fighter jets. It's dangerous to go alone, sluggers, so bring a crew to watch your six, stay up to date on forums, and gear up for the worst foes you might find. You never know when you'll run into an eyeball laser-shooting Soliton...

Bedlam Badger

When it comes to compiled code, a single flipped bit can mean the difference between it working and utter chaos, which is what makes the Bedlam Badger such a meddling cutie to come across. This well-meaning, but curious Mustelidae distorts its local reality, rearranging particles, mucking with probability, and freaking out electronics. Some sluggers once tried taking one home as a pet; it quickly made a slurry of atoms into a nest then collapsed their parents garage and broke everything at the local TechShack before being rehomed in the Golden Jungle.

- Follows the nearest biped it can find
- Activates a mod on your signature at the wrong time
- Glitches out a piece of tech when it's used
- Damages small objects by transmuting their molecules
- Chews on dense elements on your devices
- Deploys puppy-dog eyes to protect from being harmed
- Burrows a hole in spacetime to catch up to you
- Refuses to be shooed away; the harder you try the more interesting you get

Copycat

The mostly-domesticated copycat comes in a variety of real patterns and imaginary colours. Smarter than its feline kin, the Popularian copycat has stowed away and reproduced asexually in countless other dimensions.

- Gives you an adorable look (smitten, infatuated, cute overloaded)
- Knocks something off a shelf, onto you (bonked, jarred, bludgeoned)
- Mischievously creates 2d6 duplicates of something
- Copies a slam it sees onto someone else
- Swaps its palette to match your gear or look
- Follows lasers, sits on your shoulder
- Makes cute sounds, finds the tallest place to perch

Dangler Fish

The next time you see a piece of sweet gear sticking out from a junk heap, BEWARE! It could be a dangler fish. This house-sized beastie finds a spot, dangles out its technolure, waits for scavengers to approach, then strikes. Tales of a mean white dangler with an Nth gear nicknamed "Unky Ahab" are probably overblown, right?

- Uses the gear on its lure. Yes, it works!
- Swims through sand, air, and sea with ease
- Bedazzles with its lure (over-curious, fascinated)
- Bites with its creepy teeth (punctured, impaled, chewed)
- Swallows you whole (gulped, digested, fish-jailed)
- Adapts camouflage to blend into the local dimension

Trashtodon

Escaped intelligent concepts from Quahalia have a habit of getting trapped in worlds with duller dimensional parameters; there they manifest in uncanny ways like the solemn Trashtodon. These depressing loxodon-shaped amalgams of refuse and scraps infest wherever they settle and slowly shape its reality, deflating the vibe. Trash-todons never forget and never forgive, so use caution!

- Identifies your weird personal issues and turns those molehills into mountains
- Makes you feel worthless (wrecked, miserable, sad)
- Shoots streams of raw garbage out of its long trunk (soiled, splattered, stained)
- Tramples your self-confidence (and torso) (run down, trampled, discouraged)
- Triggers your next Angst beat (now or next downtime)
- Possesses newly discarded trash when its corporeal form is destroyed
- Highly susceptible to affirming statements

Junksharks

I don't know what to tell you... they're sharks that live in junkpiles, thus: "junkshark".

- Swims through junk, trash, and garbage compactors like it ain't no thang. Look out for its dorsal fin!
- Leaps from pile to pile, biting the unwary (chomped, nipped, bit)
- Crushes you under a rubbish wave (trashed, wiped-out, buried)
- Swallows some gear and bolts with it

Gingerbad Men

Months ago a fire at Wilkies candy factory halted operations for two weeks. Officially the company has not commented on the incident, but rumours persist about a batch of gingerbread men that came out bad, baked their own arsenal, and violently rose up against their makers. In their freedom they've taken to the mercenary lifestyle, sellswords whose hearts have been hardened by the oven's fire.

- Pierces you with a sharpened candy cane (caned, skewered, stabbed)
- Pins you with less-than-lethal marshmallow rounds (mellowed, stuck, bailed)
- Fires a frosting bomb from its underbelly gingerbread grenade launcher (frosted, sweetened)
- Snipes with a sprinkle round from 300' (sprinkled, impaled, smote)
- Lays a gumdrop mine in your path (gum-dropped, exploded, immobilized)
- Clears a room like a paramilitary squad
- Gets pulled out of retirement for "one more job"
- Evades capture, moving much faster than a hoverboard

SITUATION!

Gingerbad mercenaries broke into Miper R&D headquarters and extracted a state of the art mPhone prototype. Miper's paying top dollar to get it back, and is tossing in bonus dough if you can figure out who hired them in the first place. Of course, their gingerbunker is going to be no pushover to infiltrate, so good luck with that!

Garguardians

Half gargoyle, half cyborg, half grievous executioner—the Garguardian has no chill. Carved from divine steel and stone and programmed to protect the Cathedral's sacred relics, this monstrosity (once activated) doesn't rest until order has been restored. The glowing, red eyes of this tetrabrachial, winged terror is the last thing a young slugblaster often sees before they peel back.

- Tracks stolen relics unerringly with thermal vision
- Leaps into the trestles, engaging stealth technology
- Clutches thieves by the neck in a vice grip (clasped, asphyxiated, gripped)
- Spinning hands with knife-like nails carve flesh (puréed, blended, diced)
- Pounces from the rafters (super-crushed, super-pulped)
- Spews superheated steam (boiled, blistered, steamed)
- Takes most knocks like a champ. Better find a hydraulic press or s/t.

Chip Lice

Not all monsters across the ultraverse are larger than a jeep. These Operaebulum nanotech pests latch onto significant electrical systems and multiply. One or two dozen is never a big deal, but if left too long you'll have to deal with thousands of them.

- Emits defensive EMPs to short out your tech
- Browns out your signature, forcing a re-roll
- Hops from one device to another nearby one
- Slowly drains some of your gear's juice, creating 3d6-hundred nano-buddies

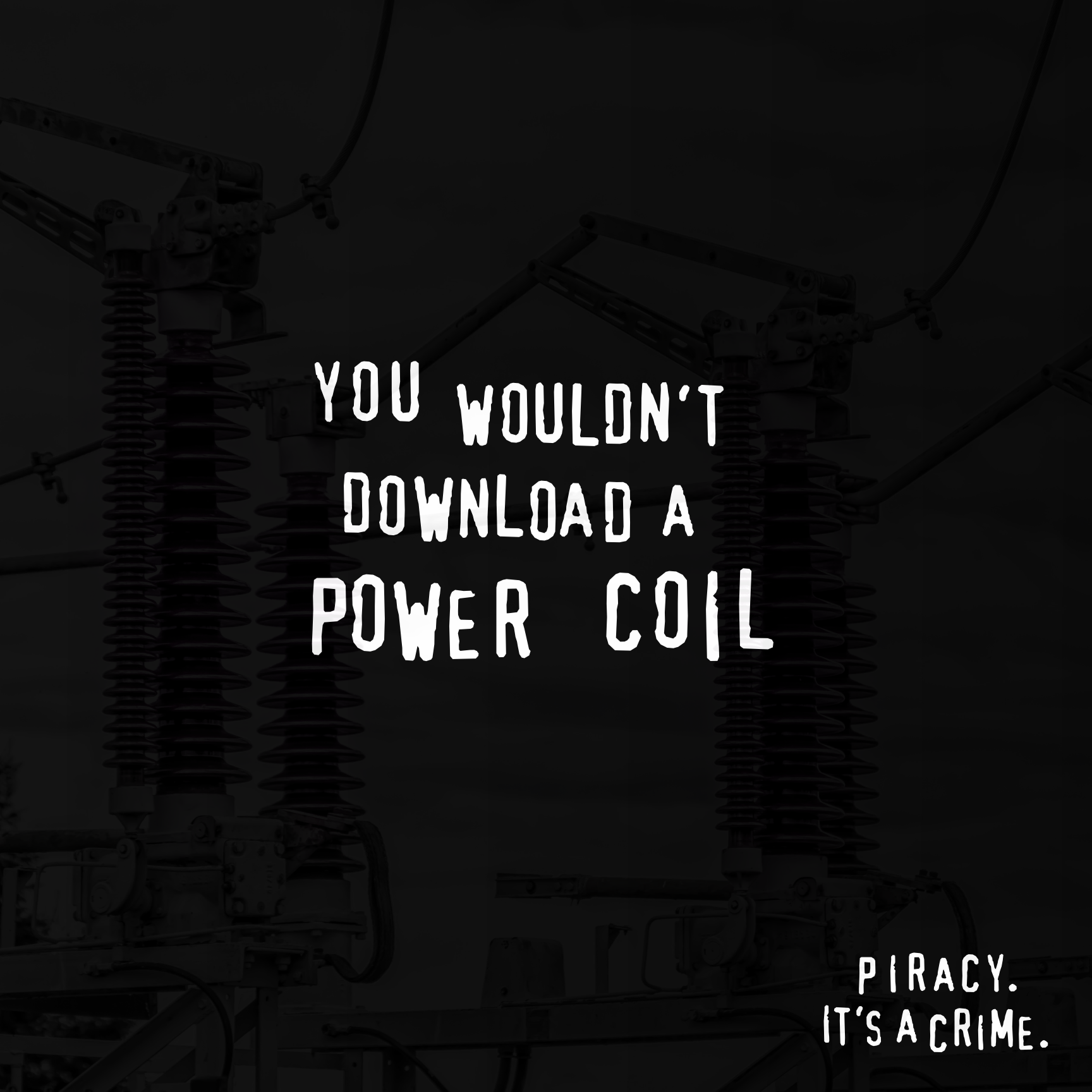
SITUATION!

It's Corporatesgiving in Operaebulum, and one of the towers is obsessing over "Shill, the Lapdog" after pop-star Tempo's latest hit "Tickle Me, Shill". Sadly, the shelves are bare and Operaebulum parents have resorted to fist fights and the black market to acquire one. Only an Egregore could generate such fervour. Can you shut it down, before it gets even *more* out of hand?

Egregore

An egregore is a manifest bicameral entity formed when enough people in an area align towards a shared vision over a suitably long period. In other words, it's a sentient being created by a communal collective subconscious. An Egregore pursues its *raison d'être* with nuance, tactics, and singular focus. In Multilateral Multiversal, one seeks to store everything in existence. Elsewhere one obsessively manufactures paper clips.

- Talks incessantly about its one thing
- Convinces you to pursue its purpose (monomaniacal, driven, Renfielded)
- Blasts you with raw psychic intent (scrambled, zapped, brain-slushed)
- Feeds on your motivation (bummed, le tired, demotivated)
- Rewrites reality to simplify its objectives or prevent interference
- Hides in someone's brain, nourishing their brain-thoughts with its will



YOU WOULDN'T
DOWNLOAD A
POWER COIL

PIRACY.
IT'S A CRIME.

Multilateral Multiversal

The plane of self-storage run amok. Liminal halls lined with lockers and units lit by flickering fluorescent bulbs. A sad echo of a once-great corporation brought to ruin.

This encroaching dimension's unusual instinct compels it to entangle with neighbouring universes, share quantum space with their long-forgotten attics, crawl spaces, and walk-in closets, then swallow those world's abandoned places, making them its places.

Back in its corporate heyday, Multilateral Multiversal called this "inventory", and would parcel each out to the highest bidder or let clients purchase units sight unseen at algorithmically set prices. Since operations ceased, however, this hungry, hungry dimension has kept on at it, filling its insatiable gullet beyond the point of bloating.

What's left is a maze of mismanaged merchandise left lying around for any slugblaster lucky enough to stumble onto a temporary thing zone in their grandma's storage closet.

CIV?

ABANDONED?

All that remains of this dimension's once thriving population is its prolific corporate branding. But motivational posters, travel mugs, and other memorabilia conceal a disquieting darkness; some of those employees contracted a hoarding plague and have devolved into covetous shadows of their former selves. These atavistic creatures create caches of curios and stalk the halls in search of exotic prizes—like slugblaster tech—to add to their collections.

FEATURED LOCATIONS

HQ. The dusty remnants of a formerly mighty corporate empire. Board rooms, photocopiers, cubicle farms, water coolers, and other Null standbys. Not much to see, unless you need to access their database or cut a key. Just watch out for the "Employee of the Month."

Port Yard. An open-air concrete yard stacked high with runed ocean shipping containers. This floodlight-lit maze smells faintly of ocean brine and is filled with containers and goods thought lost at sea. A notorious hoarder sluggers call "The Captain" fiercely protects its stash here.

The Vault. Behind mammoth security, in the heart of Multilateral Multiversal lies the Vault. This reality-bound containment facility lets interested parties (such as the Arborists) lock away items deemed too dangerous or incriminating to ever see the light of day.

PROBLEMS

- Need a keycard
- The Hoarding Plague
- Mega-moths
- Literal storage war
- Giant hand reaching through a voidware backpack
- Surveillance cameras
- Junksharks
- Non-Euclidian geography
- RoUSes
- Actually lost...

CHECKPOINTS

- Another storage locker
- Robot auction
- Strange crate contents
- TV plays company ads
- Rows of similar desks
- Pile of shiny things
- Portal to [Depot 1101](#)
- The break room
- Colour-coded hallway floor arrows
- Electric gate
- Wall of PO boxes

Cathedral of a Thousand Pipes

A steam-spewing, technocratic monolith built in reverence to a long-dead theocracy. Turning gears, harmonic crystals, vaulted naves, crankshafts, stained glass, and an off-putting calm fill these now-quiet halls.

The Cathedral once stood as a monument to the sublime ideals of order and discipline, but a corruption has seeped into this holy edifice, straining the sacred balance. Lava tubes deep beneath the stone walls and meandering, gothic ambulatories power the grounds through kilometres of piping that give this dimension its name.

Billowing steam hangs heavy in the air, impairing vision within the Cathedral. Despite this, sounds carry from the many vents: sometimes an unknowable sermon, the grinding of machinery, or the dissonant dirge of a pipe organ. Here you rarely feel alone, but you seldom feel comfortable. But there's something to how your colours pop against the unsaturated, fog-ridden vibes of this place. #nofilter

THE HEARTBEAT

Steam billows from wrought iron sewer lids and grates, warming the Cathedral and powering its machinations. It's easy to mistake the rhythm of compressed air moving beneath your feet for the hoarse breathing of some ancient creature, and if you stick around too long you'll surely feel the beating of its fibrillating clockwork heart coming from the plane's depths. It's about as comforting as you'd think.

FEATURED LOCATIONS

Hallowed Turbines. Archaic, stadium-sized marble turbines slowly turn, flywheels driven by geothermal steam. Access catwalks, wrought iron ladder rungs, stanchions, and service elevators grant access to the inner workings of these sacred grounds above the plane's roiling magma core.

Steam Clock. No one's sure why, but this gothic-looking steam clock on a cobbled, gaslit roadway is the choice selfie spot for slugblasters in the Cathedral. Sure, it's a steam clock, but after Jo busted it landing a handplant off it everyone knows it's just electric-powered now.

Tithing Pit. Generations of cultists, devotees, and inter-dimensional tourists make pilgrimage to the Cathedral, offering their valued gear and personal belongings to the Tithing Pit: a vantablack well that no thing of flesh has ever emerged from. Slugblasters send in drones to fish its depths for spare parts.

PROBLEMS

- Techno-soliton demands tribute
- Robotic clergy despises all things organic
- Disorienting fog hinders escape
- Garguardians
- Ampimeters point to a perfect liquid sphere
- Hallway traps
- Harmonic Gate
- Warring solitons
- Sentient ash

CHECKPOINTS

- Mechine plant garden
- Intricate steamways
- Chanting the contents of a user manual
- Wrought iron spires
- Pews made of cogs
- Pool of bubbling oil
- The belfry
- Triptych prophecy
- Oven-like lava tube
- Techno-pulpit
- Robot ossuary

Fact- ions

You're never in it alone, sluggers.

Herein you'll find a feast of fantastic factions to introduce in your Slug-blasting campaigns. Some of them are naughty, some of them nice, but they're all the kind of group your gallant gearheads may interact with on their trek across the multiverse.

Authorities

Acolytes of Eternity

The frothing chaos of the ultraverse is enough to rattle anyone's dome, but where most see quantum noise the Acolytes of Eternity imagine pattern and predestination. This techno-cult posits that long-forgotten precursor beings engineered the multiverse as a sort of cosmic Petri dish to study the fundamental nature of intelligent beings. At their best, they're stuffy know-it-alls with some eclectic beliefs, and at their worst they're amoral pillagers blinded by their daft faith.

NPCs. **Dr. Niven**, Dean of Eukaryology at Popularia University (professorial, corncob pipe, endless hypotheses), **Phaedra** (artefact broker, statuesque, fearless), **Zane** (brooding, occult baubles, "changed" by peelback)

Assets. Maps to countless aeons-old ruins across the multiverse, well-funded rabid archaeologists, a stronghold at PopU, and a collection of potent techno-relics nabbed from every corner of reality.

Likes. Fringe chaos theories, old dig sites, dodgy antique dealers, freelance contractors, stuffy museums, research grants, and musty tomes.

Dislikes. Traditional thinkers, conservation laws and permitting, peer-review, entropy, the meddling Arborists, and their little pet lepidosaurs too.

RUN IDEAS

- The Fargonauts need a group to recover a rare Prismatian crystal to help regulate the lolcus' omega drive. Too bad it's the size of a VW bug.
- The Acolytes of Eternity are paying top dollar to retrieve some records of long-dead dimensions from an ancient volcanic Calorium temple - a temple belonging to the Arborists.

The Fargonauts

The goal of the Fargonauts is simple: to punch past the local multiverse and explore the unknown beyond. After cost overruns threatened to end it all, the Fargonauts resorted to "alternative funding" to keep their dream alive. At their best, they're noble adventurers willing to cut a corner or two on the way to greatness; at their worst, they're reckless opportunists just a little too in bed with some shady customers.

NPCs. **Mick Fayson** (inspiring leader, blonde, over-courageous), **Knutson** (security chief, nightstick enthusiast, pony-tail), **Hassan** (recusant astrophysicist, lab coat, jovial).

Assets. Bleeding edge portal tech, blueprints for the Singularity Anchor Suit, "borrowed" DARA research, a truly unique North Dakotan thin zone, and the under-construction lolcus long-range sloop.

Likes. Shimmer, pushing the limits, sci-fi reruns, ends-justify-the-means thinking, and anyone bold enough to risk life and limb to recover rare components for peanuts (aka slugblasters).

Dislikes. Known time and space, dogmatism, debt collectors, The Wicks, near-sightedness, DARA, other peoples' patents, and too many questions.

Static Waveform

Static Waveform is a network of loosely-aligned hackers oath-bound to defy corporate control and unlock access to digital domains. Between the transfer protocols, acoustic couplers, and modulated signals of the web SWave seeks undreamt of realities whose rules we barely comprehend. At their best they're anti-Capitalist hacktivists intent on forging better worlds; at their worst they're malicious black hats who just want to tear it all down.

NPCs. **Jack of Jacks** (pirate radio host, modulated voice, nautical theme), **Mr. Middle** (co-founder, Individualist, showman), **Towerfall79** (fickle, takes it personally, tarot theme), **Zebul0n** (AI, transmechanist, prodigal).

Assets. Unfettered access to critical systems, cyberware overrides, unflattering surveillance footage, servers of ill-gotten data, a virtual commune for rogue intelligences, and a botnet army of Miper mining droids.

Likes. Unlocking digital dimensions, shareware, backwater BBSes, social engineering, freedom of info, the media, intelligent algorithms, and hacks aimed at undermining unjust systems of control.

Dislikes. Corporate overlords, "sleepers", serfdoms, DRM, narcs, Operaebelum's towers, reformatting hard drives, and hacks that hurt people instead of the bottom line.

SITUATION!

Zayn Society picked a fight with Shimmer over their illegal animal parts trade and are now in way over their head. When Malik woke up with a mathpanther head in his bed, enough was enough, but Rescue won't intervene and the Arborists are more concerned with balance or whatever. Now they're forced to subcontract some slugblasters to bail them out.

Zayn Society

The Zayn Society was founded to pioneer the new field of quantobiology, researching the nature of life across the multiverse. They bust into other dimensions, tag some beasties, then monitor. You know the type... they make destination dinosaur parks for kicks! At their best they're altruistic, inquisitive logicians who are "doing things right." At their worst they're intransigent hard-liners being exploited by nefarious benefactors.

NPCs. **Malik** (president, tall, comme il faut, avid golfer), **Amani** (field biologist, tenacious, by the book, braids), **Johannes** (researcher, logical, gold rings, smooth jazz).

Assets. Extensive multiversal biological data, decontamination tools, pentatricopeptide repeat RNA editors, advanced tracking tech, government interest, and a loose alliance with the Arborists.

Likes. Spores, molds, fungus, their mysterious backers, specimens, wildlife observation, stool samples, and biological solutions to technical problems.

Dislikes. Biocontamination, Operaebelum poachers, oversight, Hardecker's disruptive mining practices, Nullian biologists, and reckless slugblasters.

Crews

Goldenrod Greasers

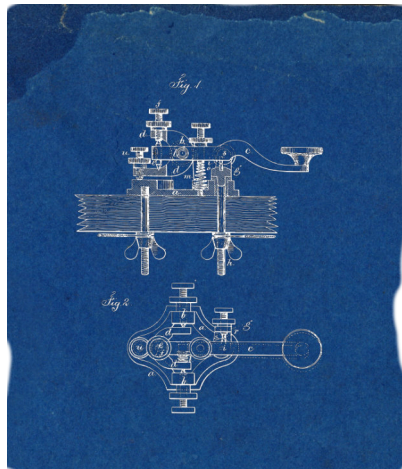
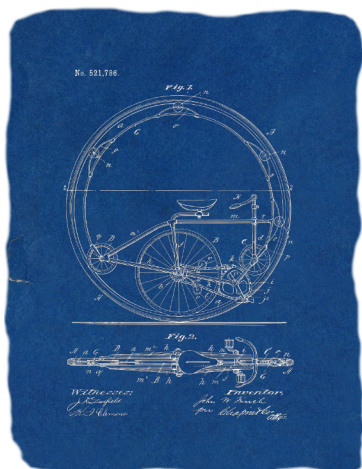
Slugblasting purists scoff at the Goldenrod Greasers, but you've gotta admire anyone clever enough to punch up an Nth gear drive to fit a whole '65 Triumph Hover-Spitfire through a thin zone. Strictly anti-authority and pro-themselves, the Greasers fully embrace their hell-bent for leather attitude.

NPCs. **Eddie** (slicked-back hair, leather jacket, broken nose), **Louise** (doo rag, over-protective, fights dirty), **Vern** (coffee coffee coffee, blue jeans, combat boots, hardlight motorcycle)

Assets: Eddie's car, Stormchaser (his pride, joy and loyal robot companion), ride-or-die support from the Thrashers, and a quantum garage filled with ill-gotten tools from across the multiverse.

Likes. Fast cars, DIY jobs, delinquency, leather, rock and roll, getting into scraps, smoking in the boys room, gear-heads, flipping off the fuzz, a good time.

Dislikes. The Old Guard, the rich, squares, the education system, buzzkills, and whoever's in their way today.



RUN IDEAS

- The FU crew have a booth at club day at Pop-ularia University, but they left the logic binder for their power adapter back in Hillview. Get it to them pronto so they can juice up their booth!
- Goldenrod Greasers heard you were hot stuff, and are calling you out! Accept their "Crash the Mash" race in the Waking Pits or wimp out.

The Forager's Union

Predicated around a Do it Together vs a DIY attitude, The FU crew have ambitions of growing from not-so-humble origins into a full-on faction of collectivist makers. They're turning some heads, but opinions are mixed; some think they're unifying the movement while others say they're fracturing it down ideological lines.

NPC's. **Kaiden** (dress shirt, spreadsheets, robot hand), **Dangles** (redhead, always banged up, grinds), **Čermák** (grungy, parts-filled cargo pants, emo bangs), **zeN** (tiny, fearless, piercings)

Assets. The Forager's Manifesto, the ear of the Mavens, a library of tagged salvage spots, the FU Fighters security detail, a growing group of junior members, and a monthly swap meet at the Vastiche megamall.

Likes. Recruiting, how-to manuals, communal lab time, peer-to-peer file sharing, building community, and making puns off their name.

Dislikes. Sponsorship deals, lone-wolfing, information silos, ultimatums, Doorways, and anything about the sport of "pro" slugblasting.

Neganaut Force Zero

The Neganauts may be slugblasters, but they're better known as award-winning teen science educators. Their shows: In the Lab, BIG Science!, and The NegaNews reach over a million viewers weekly, so much so that backpacks with their cute mascot Quanta are all over the K-12 demographic.

NPCs. **Curie** (untamable curls, overalls, safety goggles), **Sang** (lanky, anime, puzzles), **Madison** (red hair, mixtape factory, keeping it all together), **Joline "Jo" Banks** (combat lab coat, A/B tester, wannabe astronaut)

Assets. Precision research tools, a hefty research budget from DARA, keen minds, a mammoth following of science-minded Heads, and a being of pure thought that followed them home one day from Quahalia.

Likes. Simple explanations for complex concepts, the scientific method, big data, prototype inventions, Macross Plus, and their slogan: "Innovate and Elucidate."

Dislikes. Unsafe experiments, close-mindedness, small sample sizes, cognitive biases, Sang's awful names for things, and the Thrashers (it's quite mutual).

SITUATION!

The Neganauts are on tour, visiting Hillview School as part of their DARA sponsorship and Null Range is UP TO SOMETHING. These milque-toast, science weenies have no clue a storm is coming. Can you bail them out before they're slimed on the gym stage (or worse!).

Other Hacker Crews

Bag'ems. A trophy-hunting crew of daredevils who target famous parts. The bigger the score, the more prestigious the mark, the more difficult the heist, the bigger the rush!

Eleveneses. This scooter crew of up-and-comers have a cooking show that makes cosy meals using flora and fauna from across the multiverse. Beware their bake sales.

Extractions, Inc. If you're ever in over your head, pinned down by a metaterrestrial slug, just call 1-800-EXTRACT and this crew'll bail you out, for a nominal fee that is...

Granite Golem. Metaversal relic hunters who discovered a blueprint to make an automaton of unrivaled power: the Granite Golem. Now they're trying to build one.

Culture. A snappy dressing crew that delights in hiding slugblaster tech in vintage or otherwise unexpected items. For a fair price they'll hide a ray gun in a Rolex for you.

R^2. Everyone's 7th favourite nerd rock group known for recording MiperTV videos in choice spots across the multiverse. Well-meaning, hard-working, and eager to battle any other slugblaster bands out there.

Yet More Hacker Crews

Absolute Zeros | Bobombshells | Boffin Bros | Boson Buddies | CoAx Crew | Coniferous Gang | dTune | ECM (Exquisite Cable Management) | Equinox | Fibonacci's Left Nut | Frontline | Interrobang | Lugnutz | MaxQ | My Chemical Flowmance | NaNites | NULL Unit | Ramparoos | Sudomancers | Tater TotTs | To π For | Umlaut | Vert Vagrants | Wingnuts | XerXreX | YEGsperts | z3ph

Sponsors

Óðinnclad

A scrappy, go-getting apparel company founded by a former FUST designer. Inspired by tales of gods and myths from across cultures, Óðinnclad clothes, sneakers, protective gear, and decks are quickly gaining traction in the slugblasting zeitgeist. At their best, they're an ambitious, inclusive dynamo that's heralding in the next generation of sluggers. At their worst, they're vengeance-driven crusaders whose candles are burning at both ends.

NPCs. **Jadzia** young founder (grunge, mythologies, chip on her shoulder), **Penina** street team member (enthusiastic, pigtails, rollerblader), **Isa** talent liaison (yoga pants, crop top, matcha)

Assets. A motivated young staff, the attention of the Heads, the weaponized enmity of the Thrashers, a finger on the teen pulse, unshackled graphic artists, and just enough budget to sponsor a slugblaster crew.

Likes. Expression, sticking it to the Old Guard, crisp design, folklore, eating FUST's lunch, the Dimensions & Droids ttrpg, toques, and doing what Nintendon't.

Dislikes. FUST, gate-keeping, yesterday's cool, cheap knockoffs, cliquism, outdated norms, Doorways, and a die-hard hatred for FUST.

PRONUNCIATION!

Óðinnclad sounds like a mouthful, but we're here to help! First use the 'o' from "open", then the 'th' from "there" (voiced for you language nerds), the 'in' from in, and the 'clad' from clad. Put it all together: Óðinnclad. See, you've got it!

RUN IDEA

Gaudette's briefcase pawnshop is overrun with the *mother* of all bloodwhip nests. If the crew can play exterminator they'll get the run of the place and a hefty chunk of store credit. Watch out for other store defence mechanisms!

Polyphasic Pawnographers

Mysterious multiversal pawnshop owners capable of carrying their entire store—walls and all—in a briefcase. Identified by their purple silk robes and Thennis Spartan heraldry, the Pawnographers set up literal shop in unimaginably odd spots, offering their wares to any willing to pay with abnormal currencies. At their best they're eccentric merchants with an oracular knack for helping others, but at their worst they're exploitative opportunists with an opaque, cosmic agenda.

NPCs. **Doyle** (gregarious, always hurried, Popularia chic), **Gaudette** (sweaters, disorganised, bookworm), Anush (broad-shouldered, nosy, special deals), **Neoma** (owner, androgynous, made of light, fathomless)

Assets. Dimensional folding tech, a truly daunting inventory of bizarre wonders, complex security measures, pull with the Freaks, and the uncanny ability to have exactly what you need at the right time (for a price).

Likes. Protecting one-of-a-kind items from "what is to come", unusual negotiation tactics, the Arborists, and sponsoring brash, up-and-coming Slugblasters.

Dislikes. Deal-breakers, normies, the concept of currency, rigid social structures, thieves, and anyone who gets too close to their true purpose.

SITUATION!

Money's always tight with Rollies, but Bliss thinks he knows the fix; he wants to run an old fashioned telethon, streaming live entertainment while accepting pledges. One big problem: beyond some gear signed by the Old Guard they have like *nothing* to auction. Go find something they can hawk for some *real* dough.

Rollies

Once upon a time—in the skater days—Rollies made... well, you can probably guess. Times have changed though, and with it so has Rollies. Instead of skateboard wheels they now ply their trade in hoverboard stabilisers. At their best, they're an earnest, hard working but struggling company that values their employees and just gitn'er done, you know? At their worst they're washed up, well-meaning dinosaurs waiting to get run over by big business.

NPCs. **Bliss Barringer** CEO of Rollies (keepin' it real, wind-swept blond hair, surfer bro), **Javi D.** Head of R&D (hands on, bald, fighting retirement), **Brita Engström** Marketing (big smiles, clubber, uplifting).

Assets. Stabilisers... so many stabilisers, the shop in [The Bay](#), a controversial toking skate wheel logo, plenty of nostalgic goodwill, a deep rolodex of old friends, and being real tight with the Old Guard.

Likes. Authenticity, a hard day's work, cooling off in the ocean, hand-made everything, hair of the dog, and a good board with some battle scars.

Dislikes. Change, cheap knockoffs, mass production, cloudy skies, an empty cooler, and anyone who brings down the vibe, dude.

VectorCAD Solid

VectorCAD aspires towards making affordable, portable industrial technologies, and naturally slugblasters took all of minutes to jailbreak it all and crank it to 11. Featuring cutting edge CAD/CAM softwares and a slew of hardware to match, "VectorCAD makes making easy!" At their best they're well-meaning ambassadors for the maker movement, and at their worst they're cringeworthy, profit-driven, out-of-touch suits who are trying *way* too hard.

NPCs. **Kaija Mäkinen** CEO (corporate, shoulder pads, helicopter mom energy), **Emil** (yes man, mustard tie, vibe's off), **Ardo** (newly-minted "Director of Cool", long beard, swears sometimes)

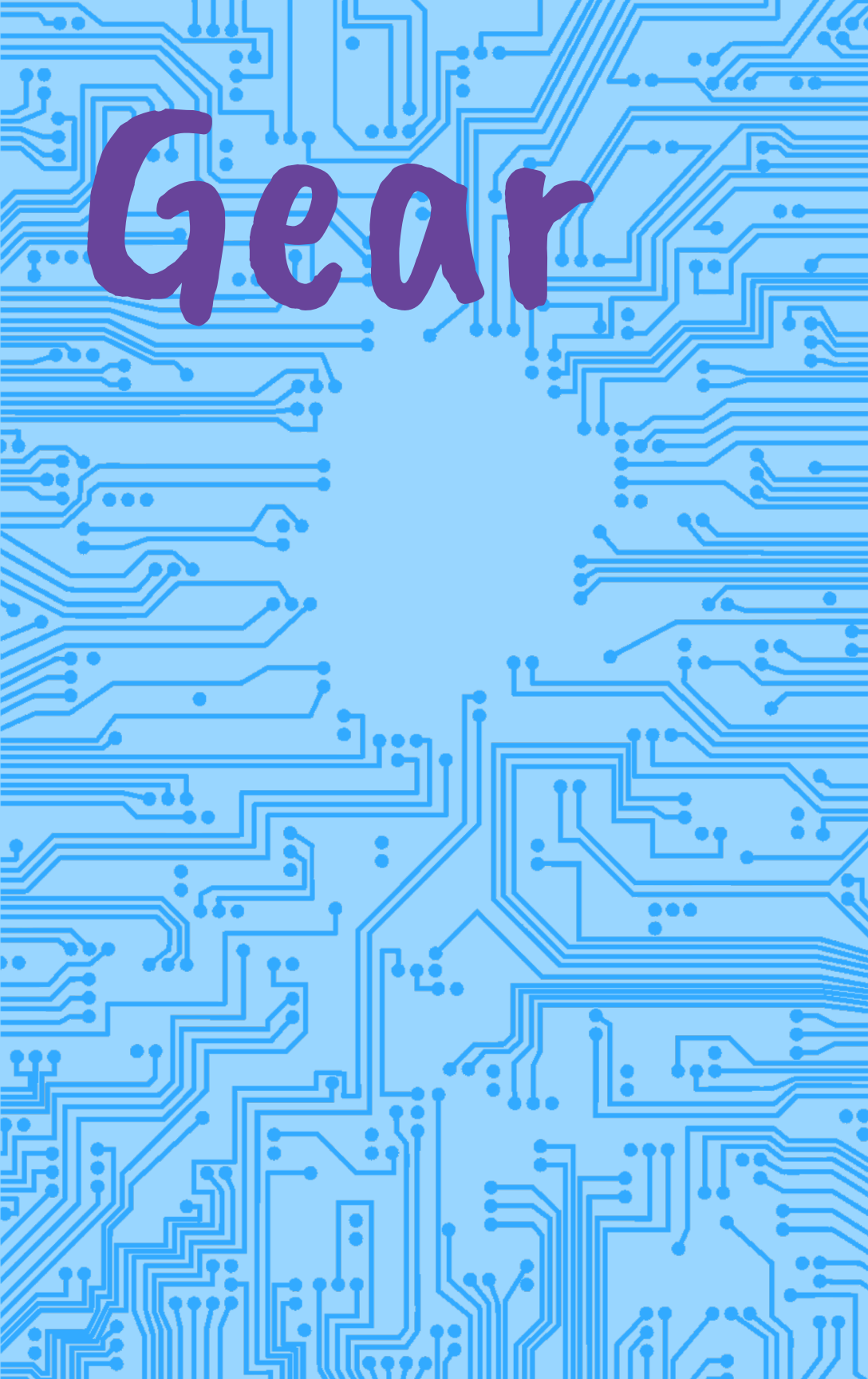
Assets. Cheap revolutionary 3D printers, 5 logos in the last three years, ultra-modern CNC machinery, vast probability simulation engines, and *no idea* what to do with their teen hacker following.

Likes. Additive manufacturing, modern architecture, exploratory materials, LEED Certified buildings, creative legal use of their tech, BIM, and Doorways.

Dislikes. 2D modelling, Hardecker, inelegant or bulky machinery, the Mavens, incomprehensible slang, and attempts to bypass their safety precautions.

SITUATION!

Doorways has been making inroads with VectorCAD ever since Kaija's daughter Pirkko peeled back. A big meeting's about to go down that could spell the end of a really good thing for the slugging community. Can you bust it up before Doorways ruins yet another thing?



Gear

This is what it's all about right?

The reason you write fake doctor's notes, skip out on soccer practice, and spend all that time in your garage; to get out of Null, to push performance outputs, to circuit bend your grandma's old typewriter, and look damned cool while doing it? They say slugblasting is an art-form, and you're out living it every single day.

Digital Gauntlet

An ancient, failed video game peripheral has in recent years found new life when hackers, cosplayers, and sluggers repurposed them to interface with modern technologies using motion controls and a d-pad. Play it loud with this legally-distinct digital gauntlet!

FUNCTION

Control your board, mPhone, and other personal electronics remotely with swipe and tap gestures.

potent glove, tablet, keyboard, cellphone, HUD, biker gloves, bracer, gauntlet, etc...

MODS

- **Command Line Protocol (2 discs).** Roll to gain full access to an electronic device's subsystems. Anything it can do, you can do. Affecting complex or custom tech like signatures may require kick.
- **Duck Hunter (1 coil, 1 lens).** Access aim-assist compensators when performing fine manipulations such as firing your raygun or picking a lock. When you fail a relevant action roll mark trouble to upgrade it to a 4 - 5.
- **Power Punch (1 coil, 1 disc).** Roll to shoot lightning. Super effective against electronics (get +1 kick). Now you're playing with power!
- **Realmware Lens (1 disc, 1 lens).** Roll to see energy fields, invisible entities, and in-depth biometrics. Also acts as a spacetime ampimeter.
- **Machine Whisper Diode (2 discs, 2 gems).** Mark turbo to awaken the quantum subconsciousness of a device for a while. It speaks and recalls events as it would understand them and is inclined to help you.

Hardlight Hand Cannon

Avoid awkward questions around Null when you're packing literal heat by building your ray gun out of pure light! The Hardlight Hand Cannon is the versatile tool you wish you'd had when it's just you and a metasaur, so pick one up today and meet us at high noon in town square.

FUNCTION

Make your hardlight raygun re-exist and non-exist at will. Acts as a Beam Filter.

ring, cuff bracelet, nail polish, holster, multi-tool, brass knuckles, slap bracelet, etc...

MODS

- **Energy Lattice (1 coil, 1 lens).** Roll to reform your raygun into custom shapes, including tools, hand weapons, and other useful objects of a similar size.
- **Photometric Field Fastener (1 gem, 1 lens).** Roll to launch a grappling light that attaches to distant surfaces. Retract to move towards heavy stuff, pull lighter stuff, or use it creatively for other purposes.
- **Polymeric Aperture (1 disc, 1 lens).** Shoot hardlight foam that's (pick one): bouncy, chilly, flammable, shiny, smelly, slippery, sticky, tasty, etc. Mark kick for more.
- **Refraction Coupling (1disc, 1 gem).** Before firing your raygun, choose its form: blade (pierce, slash), grenade (lob, splash), pistol (compact, duel), shotgun (impact, spread), smg (spray, suppress), sniper (kickback, range).
- **Mobile Assault Suit (1disc, 2 gems, 1 lens).** Mark turbo to encase your body in a hardlight arsenal for a few minutes. Manifest any number of hardlight weapons, and get +1 kick on all related actions. Also nope physical and energy-related slams for 1 trouble.

Quantic Spray

If you really want to make your mark in the slugblaster community there's no better way than with Wilkies now-defunct line of quantum paints! Where the courts see liability, teens see a chance to get up and go all dimension, tag some Miper bots, or drop a piece on their heaven spot.

FUNCTION

Craft 3D art by painting or sketching the air itself. It has size, mass, obstructs vision, and can support your weight.

spray cans, pencil crayons, supersoaker, markers, chalks, palette & brush, etc...

MODS

- **Airspray Vents (1 coil, 1 disc).** Roll to vent a jet of compressed air. Jump high, put out fires, control a fall, blast people off their feet, or clean your keyboard.
- **Fatcap Valves (1 gem, 1 lens).** Paint with an extra-wide brush or roll to make your paint very heavy or light enough to float heavy objects.
- **Pheromone Lattice (1 coil, 1 gem).** Roll to imbue your art with a certain emotion (anger, jealousy, etc). Whoever sees your handiwork is moved by it. Throw in some kick to *really* bring out the feels.
- **Subliminal Nozzle (1 gem, 1 lens).** Create hidden messages within your pieces that can only be understood by those you choose. Target only slugblasters, teenage men, or maybe only your Vice-Principal.
- **Concept Realizer (2 discs, 2 gems).** Mark turbo and roll to temporarily manifest your art as real. Painted doors open, figures animate, dirt bikes ride, swords cut, etc.

Sneaker Speakers

Broadcast the soundtrack of your life with these madly modified footwear from Óðinnclad. Crush your enemies or drop that crail slide to the beat of chart topping singles, manic speedcore track, or that indie tune we've never heard of. Crank it to 11 with your sneaker speakers!

FUNCTION

Beam tracks directly from your phone into your shoes & nope scars involving precise timing for only 1 trouble.

kicks, boots, discman, knee pads, boombox, heels, sneakers, cans, sandals, etc...

MODS

- **Anti-noise Attenuators (1 coil, 1 disc).** Eliminate noise in an area by emitting antiphase sound waves. Be sneaky, quietly break stuff, silence noisy siblings, etc.
- **Boomer Mode (1 coil, 1 lens).** Hold back, then forward and roll to launch a destructive wave of sound from your feet (backflip optional). Smash glass, ceramics, electronics, and even hardlight by nailing the frequency.
- **Harmonic Decoupler (1 disc, 1 lens).** Your own soundboard: throw your voice, create specific sound effects, or apply filters to noise. Roll for complex sounds or to imitate someone.
- **Powered Hype Filter (1 disc, 1 gem).** Mark an extra style when you pull off a sick trick that's choreographed to the music.
- **Supersonic Transformer (1 disc, 2 gems, 1 lens).** Mark turbo to turn into raw sound for a few moments. Be insubstantial, move quickly, cause sonic booms, break windows, run up walls. Go *full* hedgehog.

Other Gear

ADAPTIVE NEGAFRICTION SOCKS (1 coil)

Avoid blisters and chafing using Óðinnclad's line of negafriiction socks, or flip them inside out and get up to shenanigans. Comes in dozens of designer patterns including laser cats, chill Einstein, chibi lobsters, psionic crocodiles, and many more!

EMERGENCY REALITY BATHYSPHERE (1 gem)

Break seal in case of emergency and the ERB inflates into a crew-sized gerbil ball large enough to survive a few hours in a Haz 3 area. Enough to find a portal, but not enough to protect you from mockery. One use.

GRAVALL (1 disk)

One simple pill to stay stuck to the ground or invert your personal gravity for a few hours. 5 uses.

INSTANT SHADERS (1 gem)

Install into a piece of gear, connect to your phone, and customize its colour to your heart's content! Add images and simple animations like flying toasters, bezier, warp speed, circuit board, moving pipes, and much more!

HIGH BEAMS (1 lens)

Augment your phone's flashlight with a powerful laser diode bulb. May it be a light to you in dark places.

MULTI-HUEL (1 lens)

"A tool belt on your wrist, thanks to Multi-Huel! By Hardekcer™." Never worry about finding the right-sized wrench again with this all-in-one hardlight multi-tool. Comes in pylon orange.

THE RUNES OF RESPLENDENT REALITY

(99 coils, 99 discs, 99 gems, 99 lens)

No one's sure who made the Runes of Resplendent Reality, nor why, but if you ask any Slugblaster around they all know someone who knows someone who drew runes from that multi-coloured burlap bag and had their lives changed forever. Technologically ancient to a degree it may as well be magic, each rune has a unique emoji that draws upon esoteric patterns in reality, permanently changing the local multiverse. When pulling the draw-string, the holder must decide if they are drawing one, two, or three runes (roll 3d6 for each). The runes then resolve sequentially before the bag peels back to another random dimension, ready to be found by another traveller.

SITUATION!

Doorways is trying to locate the Runes of Resplendent Reality and seal them away for everyone's safety. Your crew has to find them first; these things DON'T belong in a museum!




A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR



The Runes of Resplendent Reality are cosmically powerful and can dramatically change the trajectory of a campaign. Before introducing this item, think carefully. You may want to remove some of the more disruptive runes and replace them with others of your own devising. Presumably there's a rune for every emoji in existence, so feel free to stack the deck with your own, be they beneficial, harmful, or just plain weird. Or don't, but never say I didn't warn you!









   A sun in this dimension moves on a collision course with the planet




   You instantly age 10 years. Do grandpas even slugblast?




   You peel back to a donjon dimension, ruled by a tyrannical warden and powerful guards. It'll be up to your crew to bust you out




   The peelback accident to end all peelback accidents




   A personification of death starts chasing you, handing out slams like candy on Samhain. Thing is, even if you dodge it, you know it'll be back later whenever it's least convenient




   Some of your core beliefs invert. Maybe you suddenly love ketchup chips, hate Plumber Rush 64, or want to sign that Miper deal now

   You lose your mind. Literally. Remove all but one trait until you can figure out where it went and convince the soliton to give it back.




   Mark trouble whenever you fail to speak in rhyme. How do you break this quantum curse, before you end up in a Hearse?




   Everything within a 100 mile radius instantly loses power. Phones, signatures, Nth gear drives, you name it




   Mechanical devices have a habit of going haywire near you. When you get close to them they glitch in erratic, unexpected ways




   Your face becomes a faucet projecting highly-pressurised slime. How long can this go on?




   An ill omen suggests dark times are on the horizon. Your GM gains 5 bite, which carries over from run to run




   +1 fracture. What minor blemish suddenly blossoms into a crew-wide scar?




   Another version of yourself hops out of a portal, yunks your signature before you can blink and vanishes into the multiverse. Have you got what it takes to snag it back?




   Everyone suddenly likes you a little too much, no matter what




   The multiverse chooses a new rival for you, but they're *way* out of your league




   An authoritative faction appears out of nowhere ready to make your life miserable




   The worst call you could ever receive. +1 doom




   You lose everything you own, except your board and your signature. The multiverse severs all ties to ownership (even the clothes on your back), leaving you destitute

   A portal to a random dimension appears, sucking up you and your stuff

   Take three slams, immediately. What series of unfortunate events befall you?

   A creature of pure flame from another dimension swears vengeance upon you, and only the death of one of you will sate this oath. How did you slight them?

   Fortune frowns upon you. Immediately roll a challenge, but double the stakes

   If you ever wanted to kickflip over a quantum centipede you're in luck! Because there's one here, now, running amok and scarfing down your cereal. Have fun with that



A new, permanent portal to Desnine appears, spewing *lots* of water into this dimension



A new thin zone appears to another dimension no one's ever been to before (pg 105 - core book). You know what to do...



When you roll a 1 using your signature device it malfunctions in a humorous way. Getting rid of the machine gremlins will take some work



A space train pulls to a stop next to you. Roll a random party (pg 153 - core book) that's happening on it. All aboard?



Slices of Infinite Pizza follow you everywhere, showing up in unexpected places. They're either tasty snacks, or gumming up your biz



The Soliton of Immaculate Baked Goods descends from the firmament and bids you protect the perfect cookie, then ditches you



Once per run when you encounter a new NPC roll 1d6. On a 1 - they despise you, 2 - they dislike you, 5 - they like you, 6 - they adore you



Grow eyes in places you shouldn't grow eyes. Downside: parents freak out. Upside: You can see through walls, into objects, all around you



They say never meet your heroes, but one just fell out of a portal and you don't have much of a choice. Who are they, living or dead?



Strange women lying in ponds distributing swords are dope af. Your destiny's entangled with an ancient weapon which you'll find soon



A financial windfall is yours, but for every yin there's a yang. Who are you profiting from? +1 hype, -2 with a faction



You trigger a rare, multidimensional phenomenon and you've got front row tickets to a dramatic upheaval on a cosmic scale



Fortune smiles upon you. Immediately roll an opportunity, but double the stakes



The Blessing of Eternal Bars be upon thee. No matter where you go you'll always have reception and your 1% lasts longer than most



Once ever when tell your crew a brilliant idea, refill their Hype



The Blessing of the Phoned Friend be upon thee. Once per run roll to dial a random number and have someone useful pick up



Gain the middle finger trait with no kick limit for one roll only



Any landing you can walk away from is a good one. Once ever, no matter how gnarly, avoid a super slam or disaster and mark +3 style



The people love you, they really love you! Gain +1 rep with four different crowds and -1 rep with the last. Haters gonna hate.



Out of the blue a faction you're on the rocks with offers to make peace. What changed? What do they ask in return? +2 with a faction



Once per run when you meet a new NPC you can name a new, unique common interest you two share. The multiverse makes it so.



A relationship you've been grinding at for ages suddenly pays off in a big way. What is it? +3 style, +1 with a faction



The multiverse has a sense of humour. Some sudden deus ex machina resolves a long-standing grudge? -1 fracture



You're approached by a sizeable faction that offers you a no-BS contract to represent them. Who is it? +3 crew style, +5 components



Instant makeover. Upgrade to your dream duds and (normal) gear. What does the whole ensemble look like? +2 style, +1 legacy



You're filled with the reckless self-confidence of youth. +1 extra style whenever you do a trick until the end of your next run



Gems eject violently from an access port on someone's gear. Gain a slam and 2d6 gems



Roll 5 "In the Lab" beats. Those components fall out of the sky, possibly harming those around you



You find a d6 odd-looking quantum keys in your pocket. They'll each open any door, once



Every teen wants a pet psychic snail, and this one wants to bond with you. It's generally helpful, can move stuff with its snail mind, can read a room, and is fun to just vibe with



Something on your socials just went viral and your phone won't stop buzzing. What was it? +1 legacy, +3 crew style



Knowledge of the local multiverse beams directly into your brain. Whoa... Roll thrice on the Portal Discovery table, and gain +2 crew style the first time you use each of them



Gain 7 crew style. What tournament does reality now collectively believe you've won? Who knows it's totally bogus?



The sickest pic of the coolest trick you've (n)ever done gets published in Slugblaster Magazine. What is it? Gain the Article perk



The multiverse has tilted in your favour, exposing your crew to some folks that run in elite circles. Gain the Tastemaker Fans perk



Your crew's unique genius is unveiled to the world and they're all about it. Gain the Screaming Fans perk, then draw an extra Rune



If you can complete the next danger track you encounter SINGLE HANDEDLY, gain a trait from any playbook



You know there's something FALSE about this rune. You can sense deception now, like an itch in your 3D skull. Gain the Intuition trait



A year passes for you while time stands still for others. How do you pass the time? What do you learn? Gain the Skill trait



Immediately discover a shiny new robot arm with the Heavy-Duty Servos mod (see Powered Armour). The installation instructions seem pretty straightforward, if a little grim...



You've made a pact with lady luck, and the multiverse seems like for the time being it's on your side. Gain the Lucky trait



Another version of yourself hops out of a portal, hands you a second signature device, and bolts. Gain the Power User trait



A strange map appears through a one-way thin zone. Surely treasure lies at the end of it, if you can only break the parchment's code



Nothing is as invulnerable as a star, and for a little while you can channel that power. For a few moments, when used, you're immune to slams, no matter what. One use only



A greater ultraversal power archives this moment in time space, saving the literal game. Once ever, your crew can restore to this point, retaining all of your memories and stuff



Reality is constantly ravelling and unravelling, spinning, splicing, and dicing. Once ever you can erase or avoid a fate from an event as if it never happened



You've warped the metaverse into believing you pulled off a huge stunt, even though it never happened. Who's still sus? Fill your style boxes, then draw an extra Rune



The multiverse is reality itself. Time. Space. Energy. Everything. This Rune makes your wish become truth. Rewrite the past, unpack a Gretzky rookie card, or get an A in Biology

MUMBLE DETECTOR (1 coil, 1 lens)

Never lose your car keys again! Identify what you want to find, then roll to zone in on it, then follow the clicks until you find it!

QUANTUM KEY (1 gem)

This fluctuating key exists in an uncertain quantic state. It'll open any lock, but once used its superpositioning ends as reality finally figures out what it was supposed to be for.

SINGULARITY ANCHOR SUIT (1 disc, 1 gem, 1 lens)

Ever wander in on your parents and thought Reality Binders weren't enough? You, friend, needed a Singularity Anchor Suit. This puffy, protective dome of artificial logic ensures that not a nanometer of your bits are exposed to whatever passes for matter in that gnarly Haz 4 world. Guarded secret of the Fargonauts.

HARDLIGHT LIFT (1 disc, 1 lens)

Hydraulics are so 10 years ago, so when you need to hoist a van, some cargo, or other heavy objects you need Hardecker™'s patent pending Hardlight Lift.

TELESCOPIC BATON (1 coil)

A superpositioned metal baton that when extended can reach up to 10 metres away, maintaining perfect rigidity. Poke things that don't like getting poked, or whatever...

VECTORMAP DRONE (1 coil, 1 lens)

A lightweight quadcopter with proprietary VectorCAD software. Send it out into the wild to generate 3d area maps, highlighting any anomalous readings.

VECTORSAN PEN SCANNER (1 disc, 1 lens)

A magic sensory techno-wand. Create digital 3d model files or roll to detect chemical compositions, organics, and other science stuff. Is also a pen!

VECTORBOX 3D PRINTER (1 coil, 1 gem)

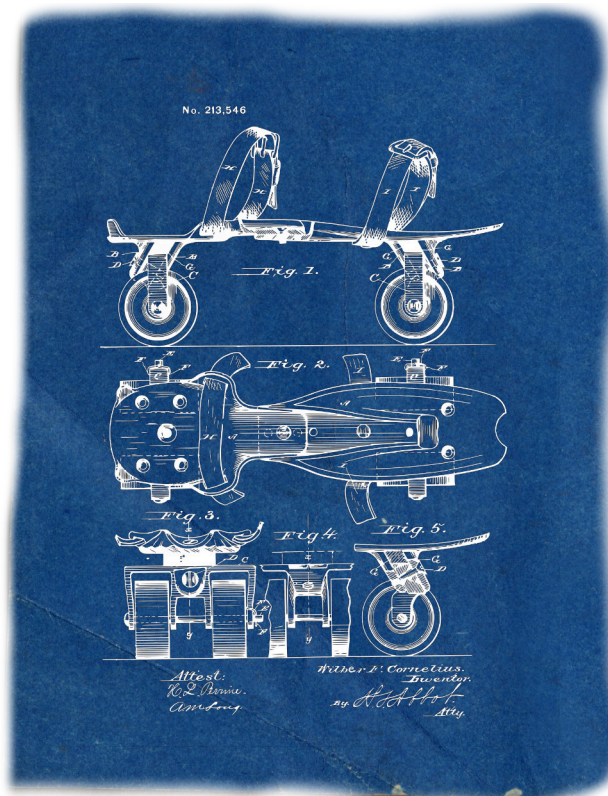
A jailbroken portable 3d printer that can form quantum slush into lightweight, thermoset printed materials. Roll to create small useful items, or clear an equipment-related slam once a run.

VOIDWEAR® SHEATH (1 disc, 1 gem)

A localized Voidware pocket that's attuned to a specific object that's smaller than a person. Spend an In the Lab beat to change it up. Good for hiding rayguns or smuggling you know... other stuff.

TURBO BUTTON (1 disc)

Slap a turbo button onto a piece of tech and press it to make it go TURBO MODE (for about 6 seconds before it gets *totally* FRIED). Get +2 kick for a related action, then gain an equipment-related slam. One use.



New Arcs

Inquisitive

- **Curiosity (2 trouble).** A creature, dimension, fad, or pet theory catches your eye. Regardless, it's taken up residence rent-free in your head. Who's enabling you? +1 slam (distracted, head in clouds).
- **Infatuation (3 trouble).** That seed of interest is now flourishing! Taking up more of your time, more of your everything. What ball do you drop? Who gets hurt? -1 rep with a faction.
- **Pining (4 trouble).** An intervention. You're denied that which you most desire and are left to stew on it resentfully. What's the last straw? Who intervenes? How does it bring down the vibe? +1 fracture.
- **In Moderation (4 style).** You embark on a healthier path, neither rejecting nor letting your inquiring nature consume you. What changed? How do you make amends? -1 fracture, +1 legacy, +1 trait.

NEW ARCS

Hacker's Guide to the Multiverse introduces two new arcs for young slugblasters.

Players can swap their character's **Angst** arc with either the hapless Inquisitive who's driven by boundless, but dangerous curiosity or the cock-sure Visionary who boldly but naively seeks a better future for all.

Visionary

- **Elevator Pitch (3 trouble).** You've seen how to make the world a better place, but not everyone's on board with your genius. What's the problem? What's the fix? Who disapproves? -1 rep with a faction.
- **Investors (2 trouble, 1 style).** It's early, but finally someone's seeing things your way. With their help your idea is gonna blow up! Who on board? What are they promising? Who's sus? +2 rep with a faction.
- **Bottom Line (4 trouble).** Your idea is perverted, monetized, and co-opted to suit the faction's needs. What does rock bottom look like? How does it hurt the crew? -3 rep with a faction. +1 fracture.
- **Comeuppance (3 style).** You find a flaw in their plan—a chance to Uno™ reverse this sitch. Who tips you off? Why's it hard to pull off? Roll an Opportunity to stick it to them. -1 fracture. +2 rep with a faction, +1 legacy or trait.

Oh hey there. Welcome to the end of the Hacker's Guide to the Multiverse. Thanks for reading!

If this were a printed book (rather than 100% digital) this would be the part where I tell you that the Hacker's Guide to the Multiverse is the ultimate supplement to Mikey Hamm's award winning Slugblaster; a game about bored, hoverboarding teenagers who sneak into other dimensions, get into trouble, film some sick stunts, and then try not to get into trouble with their parents.

This supplement adds additional resources for the Hackers brand:

- Choice scavenging spots across the multiverse
- Menacing monsters to challenge young sluggers
- 2 new dimensions to rummage through
- 11 new factions to fight for or against
- 4 new signature devices to shred with
- LOTS of new gear to rock your setup
- The legendary Runes of Resplendent Reality
- 2 new downtime arcs with new character beats

You can find this fine supplement on my itch.io page, alongside a bunch of other stuff. In particular, check out [Tales from the Ultraverse](#), my ultimate Slugblaster supplement for Ultronauts brand.

If you want, come say "Hi!" in my [Discord](#), or check out some of my Forged in the Dark stuff on [Youtube](#).

-- Derek Rawlings