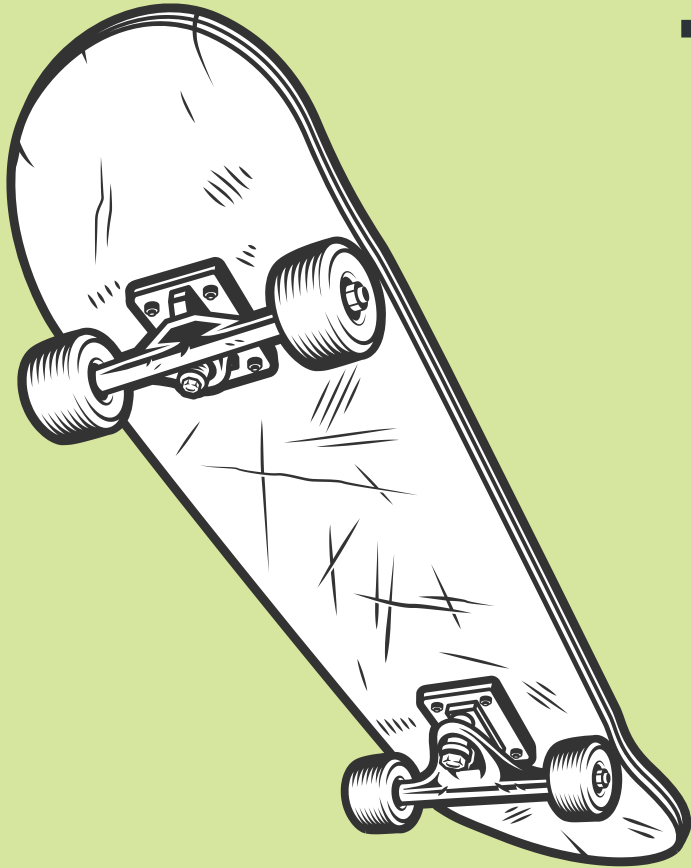


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COURIER'S MANUAL TO THE PLANES



A cromulent supplement for Slugblaster

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Touchstones

TTRPGS

- [Slugblaster](#) (the OG), Scum and Villainy

MOVIES

- The Postman, The Transporter, 30 Minutes Or Less, Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure

TELEVISION

- The King of Queens, Firefly (sure, why not?)

VIDEO GAMES

- Death Stranding, Mirror's Edge, Crazy Taxi, Fallout: New Vegas, Wing Commander: Privateer

OTHERS

- [Quantum Kickflip](#) (podcast)



Neither quantum snow nor temporal rain...

You know what? Punching through thin zones and cruising the multiverse can be risky business, but just because it ain't easy doesn't mean folks don't need their stuff moved around from time to time. That's where you come in.

You're a courier, Harry.

You've got the app, you've got the map, you've got the ambition and the **je ne sais quoi** to carve through quantum slush, bust through portals, and make a buck getting the goods where they need to be.

Young sluggers are already sticking out their necks all over the place, so why not take a tiny detour to that research lab, cute doughnuttery in that trendy area of Popularia, or mysterious park bench in a sand-filled apocalypse along the way to make some scratch? Who else is going to be able to get those samples, 'za slices, or pile of rocks through that metasaur-infested Serengeti.

Just remember the unspoken motto for couriers: if you're not first, you're last.

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USING THIS BOOK

The Courier's Manual to the Planes is a supplement, meant to be used as little or as much as you want. If your characters want to be couriers, or just want to maybe slip in a little transport gig here and there this book is for you. Or maybe they don't care about that life; there's still signature devices, monsters, and other nonsense to pluck from here that's sure to bring a smile to any young slugger's lips!

What is a courier...

A MAVERICK.

Couriers live their lives on the edge. The only rule worth living by is the one that gets the package there so you can pick up the fare. There's a pick up, there's a destination and then there's this big grey area in between where you get to draw the rest of the owl however you want. That sort of freedom to get the job done your way is addictive; sometimes as addictive as those sweet, sweet Benjamins coming your way.

A BREADWINNER.

Whether you're in a struggling family trying to make ends meet or grand ambitions to rival Miper one day, running packages is a good, clean day's work. You might not get rich quick, but the connections you make along the way can pave the way to new opportunities, connections, and sponsorships elsewhere. Maybe one day you can buy your single mom a house!

A PROBLEM SOLVER.

When you think about it, delivering packages is just math, with a healthy dose risk tolerance and push-your-luck decision making. Planning efficient routes is Kindergarten stuff for a courier, but the more portals you find the more permutations there are to optimize. Take too many risks and you may find yourself up Teeth Creek in Quahalia without a toothbrush.

A CLOCK WATCHER.

4:17 pm Mountain Standard Time: Pick up the goods. 11 minutes to the Vastiche portal by cutting through the Mission Bible Institute. 18 minutes to get to the overpass before the sandstorm hits, then ride it out for 42 more until its a clean break to Operaebulum. Portal appears for only 7 minutes a day, so no dawdling! Finally, get the package there by ₹\$£¥ (3rd shift) or be square.

A RISK-TAKER.

All slugblasters take risks, but a courier has to weigh when it's time to take it chill and when it's time to heat things up to 11. Other kinds of runs are cakewalks; no time pressures, no victory condition other than filming a sick trick and trying not to look like a fool. No one's calling that easy, but all you need to do is put a package run next to that stroll through funtown and there's just no comparison at all, right?

A TRY-HARD.

The early bird favours the bold and all that, so lace up your sneakers and give it maximum effort™. Grind your Gigza rep score like you grind poles and chase that leaderboard. You practice your flight paths on cue cards until you're dreaming about it. You trade thin zones in dark alleys and guard your secrets jealously, all just to get make a name for yourself and make it to the top.

AN ENTREPRENEUR.

There's no small number of sluggers out there trying to be the next Couriers Inc. And honestly, why shouldn't it be you? You play your cards right, leverage the right relationships, and the next thing you know you're invited onto the Multiversal Odyssey where you can move and shake with the Operaebulum corporate elite. Sure, there may be a few heads you need to step over on your way to the top, but you can always just look at your bank account if you need help sleeping at night.

Multi- verse

Some people say it's about the journey, but **eff** that! For a courier, the multiverse is just a coupla pins in timespace and a mathematical optimization problem.

To you, the wonders of this vast multiverse are obstacles waiting to be warp-whistled or pixel glitched past. Time is money, friend, so chart your path and make your quota!

From here to there...

You've got places to go and people to see, and every dimension under the many multiversal suns is open for business to enterprising delivery specialists like you. These featured locations paint a word picture of delightful destinations from every dimension you might pick up or deliver some goods!

THE BIODOME - VASTICHE

Since the beginning of Operaeblian-kind people of that dimension have meddled with life itself. That's why one of the towers has set up an experimental dome in neighbouring Vastiche where they're trying to grow plants in an impossibly harsh environment. Work here may help them win the corporate tower war, so couriers are paid well to be discreet and to avoid hostile interference from the other towers.

POSTHOST DISPATCH - OPERAEBLUM

Centrally located on the mid-levels of Lansdon Tower is PostHost's head office and primary dispatch site. Company drones navigate a labyrinth of tunnels to sorting rooms, lockers, and label-printing robots all dancing to the beautiful beat of an orderly, upstanding business.

HADRON 647B - PRISMATIA

Hadron 647B is a Prismatic asteroid of scientific interest to DARA. A forward research facility now orbits this fluorite crystal, which glistens with colours across previously known and newly discovered spectrums. Samples, personnel, and hard drives full of data are regularly shuttled to and from the lab.

THE HALL OF RECORDS - THENNIS SPAR

Between carved pillars, under high vaulted, fresco-filled ceilings and rows upon rows of lock boxes and vaults lies the Hall of Records. Encoded on hand-crafted data orbs therein lie the profound wisdom of untold dimensions past, present, and alternative present. Arborists researchers study the depths of the multiverse, and rely on couriers to submit their reports to the High Custodian.

CARGO DROPS - THE GOLDEN JUNGLE

Sometimes, in the Golden Jungle, an airborne rift in timespace ejects a single parachute-laden skid of goods with a seemingly random set of delivery coordinates. Long ago sluggers picked up on the radio frequency these drops broadcast at and have learned how lucrative those delivery contracts can be. The biggest issue isn't noticing the drop, it's beating other would-be slugblasters to the punch.

OMNIPELORUS COMMUNE - DESNINE

A religious commune from Thennis Spar has formed around the Omnipelorus, a giant, barnacle-covered, vibrant moon coral in Desnine. The sect stridently believes that the coral predates Desnine itself, and is destined to one day crack open and reveal the secrets of the ultraverse to those who witness it. Until then, the commune members record their dreams and send them to their families for posterity.

MA BETH'S COOKIE EMPORIUM - CALORIUM

The "Emporium in Calorium" is the multiverse's most precious and renowned supplier of gourmet cookies, but normal shipping containers and semi-trailers combust before they can get the goods to their final destination. That's why Ma Beth trusts slugblasters exclusively to deliver her precious pastries. Oddly, no one's ever questioned her on how she makes due with her shop out there when she's never wearing any hazwear.

THE ELSTREE HOTEL - THE WAKING PITS

A coven of ultrafiends runs a mountain top destination luxury resort for affluent Popularians that delivers "an authentic castle living experience where you'll never have a dull moment". Slugblasters are often hired to transport guests, gear, and supplies due to the venue's elevation and the dimension's perpetual winter. Great for authors and hedge maze enthusiasts everywhere!

INFINITE PIZZA HQ - POPULARIA

An infinite number of pizzas with an infinite combinatorics of toppings constantly spewing from HVAC tubing into insulated travel bags ready to be delivered in 30 minutes or less or else the pizza EXPLODES! A high-stress gig for mediocre pay, but Infinite Pizza is willing to hire literally anyone for the job, no questions asked, making it, if nothing else, a reliable pay cheque.

THE WITHERING BEACH - EMPYREAN

On the dark side of Empyrean near tumultuous shores, huddled within a technocratic bubble of reality lies a small basecamp. The so-called quantobiologists stationed there claim to be studying the local flora and fauna, but it doesn't take a degree to notice that the dimension itself is seemingly at war with them. Some suspect they're poachers—or worse—but they do pay top dollar for deliveries.

MUSE FACTORY - QUAHALIA

At the precipice between Quahalia and the boundless Noise sits a formless mindspace filled with inspired thoughts seeking mad inventors, tattoo artists, and poets. Whilst adrift in the Muse Factory a young slugger might be accosted with ideas, figurative earworms that won't get out of their malleable minds until they can find their intended creator. Most are grateful when they unbox their new ideas.

THE OTHER SHUL - THE (BLUE) SHTETL

Deliver your package to one of two matching synagogues in a dimension whose portals only take you to your intended dimension half the time. The other half, it'll take you to another dimension that occupies the same space. It's all very safe. Just as long as you avoid the Golems, Shades, dancing, & Static. Or you could always leave try to exit and re-enter the portal. What's the worst that could happen?

THE PORTAL AUTHORITY - OOLROOB

Oolroob heavily relies on slow noise-freighters to get things across the dimensional barrier, but when something needs to be delivered quick, they turn to slugblasters. From grandmas plate of warm cookies to super-secret experiments built in hidden labs, the portal authority need everything delivered to all the wildest corners of the multiverse.

YOUR MATH TEACHER'S HOUSE - NULL

Special delivery, high priority, worth some serious coin and it's <record scratch> a dropoff in Hillview?! Why does your math teacher need "biological samples" from Operaebulum? Why has this been going on for longer than Null's had Nth gear tech? Who is even sending it to them? What in the seven radiant crystals of Prismatia is going on here?! Everyone loves a good mystery until it shows up in their backyard.

PO BOX #115 - SLIPMARKET

You know you're getting up to neck in trouble when you get your first courier gig in the Slipmarket, everyone's favourite grey to vantablack market dimension where Shimmer is often the least of your problems. PO Box #115 is just that, a locked compartment in a shady back alley opened by an encrypted Gigza signal. Don't you worry at all that the package is beating like a human heart. And whatever you do, DO NOT lose it.

True Northlandia

Welcome to True Northlandia, a dimension of boundless nature, rivers of maple syrup, quick apologies, really great lakes, towers of Nanaimo bars, and overflowing poutine where the mountains meet the ocean. This tragically hip dimension is the home and native land to many denizens, from humanoids to talking beavers to uptight Mountie-bots.

When in Truth Northlandia, make sure you do as the Northlandians. Be polite (even when being a punk), don a plaid jacket, rip an occasional "bud" or "eh?", fire no guns, shed no tears, and thank the bus driver. Play the part because the better you fit in, the better your time's going to be out where the great plains begin.

If you take the northwest passage to this dimension, you might find yourself slaloming through snowy peaks one moment then kickflipping between train cars the next; space, time, distance mean little in this non-euclidean place that, like a good doggo, just wants to show you a good time before you go home for a rest.

HAZ
3

CIV

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

True Northlandia defies conventional definition. Those who travel there perceive the dimension as an outlandish, over-the-top version of their own country or region. Assuming you're from Hillview this means True Northlandia, but come here from Switzerland and you'll see clocks, chocolate, army knives, and staunch neutrality. What'll really bake your noodle is how people from different nations manage to work together despite perceiving things radically differently.

FEATURED LOCATIONS

The Falls. Majestic, clear water falls in torrents at The Falls, a destination overrun with tourists, cotton candy, fancy resorts, and uptight locals. If you've got the loonies, the NIMBYish residents will treat you like royalty, but their "No hosers allowed" doctrine makes them extra fun to prank.

The Barn. Part rink, part cathedral, all True Northlandian. Here you'll find cheap hotdogs, toques, 5 for fighting, old-fashioned sweater jerseys, and the quest for the cup. Come watch the goalies jump and the players bump, or lace up the skates and try to keep up!

The Sawmill. Into the wilderness off Highway 1 lies a well-known lumberyard in slugger circles due to its hazardous buzzsaws, maze of conveyors, falling logs, chopping blades, and industrial augers. Host to the annual "Kill the Mill" race hosted by BRB. Many a beef has been settled by those who meet at The Mill.

PROBLEMS	CHECKPOINTS
• Woodcutters with axes	• The maple syrup vault
• Dangerous maple slugs	• Moose crossing
• Sudden snow storm	• Cul de sac street hockey
• Chased by the Mounties	• Aggressive tourists
• Fleur-de-lis archers	• Politeness rap battle
• The last river pirate	• Ketchup chip vending machine
• AAS — Acute Apology Syndrome	• Log drivers log driving
• Bunch of hosers, eh?	• Curling ice sheet
• The Penalty Box	• Flannel shirt aisle
• Mean, prideful modern-day warriors	• Hydro-electric dam
	• The wreck of the...

The Narrows

A hidden micro-plane accessible only to the foolhardy, The Narrows is the name sluggers give those tiny little spaces where any three dimensions in the local multi-verse meet up and the quantum tunnels that connect them together. Yes, you **can** go there if you really want to, but unless you've got a solid reason to be there, it's probably not a great idea!

Of course, if you want to cut around one dimension for any reason, want to duck into somewhere that's tricky to find, or just want to roll the dice and get between two places more quickly The Narrows may just be for you.

The Monsters here have adapted to exist under these ludicrous conditions, so don't think that fancy ray gun is going to make a lick of difference: if you don't want your molecules sent back to Null in a soggy baggy you're going to need your wits, raw speed, and an uncommon guile to duck threats and hide out in these incredibly constrained spaces.

Not for the feint of heart, but why pick now to start listening to any of my warnings?

HAZ
2

THE CARTILAGE OF THE MULTIVERSE

The membranous gap between two dimensions form natural, organic-looking caverns connected with thick, flexing strands like a giant knee socket. The walls of the Narrows are constantly shifting and grinding against one another sending cacophonous tearing and creaking sounds reverberating through the cavernous halls. Tight openings often don't stay that way for long. So don't be a goofball: wear your hazwear and if its your first time, make sure you bring a guide.

FEATURED LOCATIONS

Dakota's Diner. Where others see impossibly devastating gravitational forces, some see opportunity. This 60's diner is lost to time, balanced precariously between Null, Thennis Spar, and Vastiche using a neutralising, gravitational emitter of precursor origin.

Triamond Mines. When two dimensional carapaces routinely grind together you get the ideal pressure conditions to form triamonds. These silicon structures become crystalized, much like a diamond, becoming ultra-hard, efficient gems for use in signature devices. Super-dangerous to harvest, for pretty obvious reasons.

Groovy Grotto. Nestled between Thennis Spar, the Golden Jungle, and Desnine is a stable psychedelic cave overflowing with lush vegetation, a bubbling freshwater spring, and gnarly concrete bowl waiting for the worthy to find it. Hook into the hardlight sound system, put up your tag on walls, and just chill for a bit.

PROBLEMS

- Dimensional grinding
- Gas pump spewing gas
- Triamond mites
- Collapsing narrows
- Unstable time bubbles
- Soaked to the bone in Hyaline cartilage goo
- Something really big
- Dimensional dust flakes
- Parasitic fungus spores
- That safe-looking cave is actually a big mouth

CHECKPOINTS

- Membrane spheres
- 2D beetle hive
- Safe dimensional cavity
- Interdimensional lichen
- Phosphorescent moss
- Hardened, fibrous multi-iversal meniscus cavern
- Arthroscopic Arborists restoring Narrow walls
- Lymphatic river
- Fleshy elastic cartilage
- Secret tunnel rave

Monsters, Incorporated...

What? You thought running packages from Null to Empyrean was going to be a cakewalk? If anything, all the beasties and creepy crawlies out are even more drawn to sluggers when they're in a hurry, as if they knew you've got places to be and scratch to make. Within this bestiary you'll find the worst-iary of critters that can make life miserable for eager couriers.

Delivery Drone

Hardecker's 1000 series advanced line of industrial delivery drones may not be that smart or cute, but crikey are they quick! These Nth gear-capable, liquid-metal vectored-thrust VTOLs are public enemy number one to Couriers everywhere. They represent a soulless, autonomous delivery future aiming to put an entire industry's worth of sluggers out of work. You don't want to lose a fare to one of these; if another crew finds out, it won't make it easy to live it down.

- Seamlessly adapts to a new biome, forming tank treads, fins, turbines, jets, etc as needed
- Traps you in their cargo bay. Now you're the mail! (trapped, posted, mail-jailed)
- Dive bombs you like a cantankerous seagull (swoop and pooped, clubbed, swarmed)
- Forms liquid-metallic blades that do exactly what you'd expect! (cut, punctured, skewered)
- Activates turbo-boost, leaving you in its delivery dust (smoked, dusted, demoralized)

Avoidwear Crab

Some metadecapods change their shell as they age, and the avoidwear crab is no exception. Unlike most species, though, this one likes crawling into extra-dimensional pockets, such as Voidwear Backpacks and symbiotically skimming off whatever the owner puts in there. The occasional slugger has tried to train their crab, with shall we say "mixed" results.

- Chews the corner off your homework assignment
- Harmlessly pinches you with its crabby mandibles
- Makes a nest, jamming your astral intake (jammed, blocked, gunked up)
- Quietly eats a gem, an avoidwear crab delicacy

Flaminghosts

Normally native to Thennis Spar or the Waking Pits, the ill-tempered flaminghost is known to roam in packs wherever their presence would be the most disruptive. While these spectral flamingos aren't in themselves harmful, they have an uncanny ability to crowd together on one leg directly in the path of anyone who's moving very quickly.

- Hangs out on your yard on your birthday, pooping on your lawn maliciously
- Corporealizes directly in your way during a chase, race, or courier run (bashed, bonked, flaminghosted)
- Honks aggressively, making you look turn to look right as an obstacle approaches
- Nefariously trips you on the way by (bailed, embarrased, road-rashed)

The Dread Pirate “DP” Curtis

Born of a freak reality cannon accident, this evil alternate reality version of Null Range’s Curtis managed to stick around somehow. The Dread Pirate Curtis, as he now goes by, is just like Curtis Prime in every way except for his unassailable obsession over the courier gig gone wrong where he was created. Now he’s all about sailing the quantum slush, seeking other unaware sluggers, plundering their booty, and fulfilling every delivery he can with **maximum effort**.

- Flips you the bird, blowing past you in the left lane
- Pilfers your package; it’s his delivery now!
- Broadships you with his reality cannon, set to destructive (jumbled, janky, vuxxed up)
- Creates 2d6 alternate versions of himself with the package, then bolts (one is accidentally good!)
- Calls his scurvy crew of chromed-up Operaebulum porch pirates for backup

Lexivores

Words are the highest delicacy for the hungry lexivore, a nuisance of a dog-sized gerridae that can’t help but rummage through your things and devour your textbooks, sheet music, or fave sci-fi novel. Too bad for you that Nullese is their favourite.

- Skitters and slides across the quantum slush on their hydrophonic legs as quick as a Slugblaster
- Eats words (brandless, de-noveled, devoured)
- Ejects temporary, half-formed ideas based on what it digested, like the personification of doubt, a unicorn, or VW Bug with an rotary cannon and a bad temper.

Scramblejammers

Sometimes called jambugs or bar-busters, these outhouse-sized silverfish heft around an organic radar dish-like on their backs. These over-zealous Zygentoma hang out in dark, dry places and disrupt electronic signals like GPS, ruining phone reception and devastating your stream’s frame rate. A genuine, grade A pain in the rump for any inter-dimensional traveller. When possible, it’s probably best to avoid them.

- Plays havoc with your spacetime ampimeter, GPS, phone, or other radio-like devices
- Chews up paper and fabrics (de-homeworked, hole-y, unfashionable)
- Feels you up with its gross antennae (bad-touched, bugged, freaked out)
- Temporarily disables a signature’s mod as it’s used (jammed, rasp-burried, scrambled)
- Crawls all over the place, nimbly avoiding direct light

SITUATION!

- You’d think the local sluggers would know that he’s at large, but DP Curtis needs your help keelhauling this unprotected barge!
- Lexivores have devoured a shelf full of LitRPG and now their ejected monsters are causing havoc in Popularia U! Better get a +1 enchantment on your signature before taking them on.

RUN IDEAS!

- A baby Domestic Hippo was separated from their mother and only you can re-unite them!
- Slime clones from an Ooze have signed up for the “Blast the Mast” race around a galleon in Desnine. Can you figure out their sinister plan?

Undulating Ooze

Drawn to the unstable dimension cohesion near thin zones, the enormous undulating ooze is one of the meanest beasties a slugger can run into on the other side of the vantablack. Most oozes never get larger than a football stadium, but the largest on record takes up about 80% of its host dimension. And while not conventionally hostile, the undulating ooze craves only energy and every slugblaster worth their salt hovers around with at least one massive, tasty power source. Apocrypha says the only way out of the clutches of an undulating ooze is to soothe the savage amoeba with a song (but who knows, Cal might have just made that up).

- Absorbs energy attacks from ray guns and signatures, growing exponentially
- Undulates its tenebrous corpus creepily (unsettled, grossed-out, spooked)
- Swats you with a slimy pseudopod (gooped, slammed, pod-slapped)
- Digests you with its acidic sub-dermal mesoglea (dissolved, liquified, excoriated)
- Swallows you whole with one of its ooze-like maws (super-gooped, super-acided, super-slimed)
- Excretes 3d6 slime-like clones of a swallowed slugger that only serve the Ooze

Domestic Hippo

True Northlandia's domestic hippo is the kindest house guest you'll ever find in the local multiverse. In addition to fitting nicely in a shoe box, these hippos are the most well-mannered, kind houseguest you'll ever meet.

- Persuades someone to help it. It's too adorable
- Uses its small big chompers (bitted, chomped)
- Politely does household chores while you're not there

Tactical Hiveguana Irregulars

Units of tactical hiveguana irregulars are one of the only surviving byproducts of the apocalyptic war in Vastiche. Long ago, this hive mind of psychic lizards was bioengineered to disrupt supply chains using asymmetrical warfare; tragically, they continue performing this function to this very day. Hiveguanas commonly mistake Slugblasters as military logistics, and jump at the opportunity to obey their long-meaningless orders.

- Detects packages worth intercepting from a distance with their telepathic capabilities
- Readies an ambush with hive-minded precision
- Clouds your mind with psychic noise (foggy, rattled)
- Collapses an underground support arch, causing a collapsing sandpit (stuck, quicksanded, undermined)
- Rifle-butts you with their standard issue (but out of ammunition) rifles (bludgeoned, butthurt, KO'd)
- Swipes your cargo while you're busy looking at their expertly-crafted distraction
- Hides quickly under sand using camouflage dugouts


Make a Courier Run

Welcome to the big leagues, kid! Heard you want to run some packages? Well, you came to the right place! Use this handy dandy little chart to make some missions:

You’ve been hired by (A) to pick up some cargo (B) from (C) in dimension (D) and take it to (C) in (D), but watch out for (E) along the way!

This’ll help you make all kinds of jobs to make your sluggers run all over the place and tucker themselves out before you tuck them into bed. You’re **welcome**.













A. HIRED BY...

  	  
 A family connection	Congo
 A friend of a friend	Gigza
 A faction who likes you	PostHost
 A faction out of the blue	Reprographia
 Another crew	Infinite Pizza
 A mysterious stranger	DARA













B. CARGO...

 	 	 
 It’s just dirt	A V.I.P.	Something heavy
 Bunch of parts	Food	Something loud
 Rare isotopes	Legal docs	Something illegal
 An experiment	Message	Something organic
 Kramshon crystals	Data stick	Something secret
 Caged monster	Prototype	Something abstract












C. AREA...


 	 	 
 Spooky shack	Back alley	Somewhere scary
 Dead drop spot	Parcel locker	Somewhere hidden
 Mail depot	Dwelling	Somewhere urban
 Faction building	Office	Somewhere remote
 R&D outpost	Industrial	Somewhere ruined
 Pocket dimension	Portal area	Somewhere weird

D. FOR DIMENSION...

 	 	 
 Null (ew)	Vastiche	The Golden Jungle
 Null (yawn)	Desnine	The Waking Pits
 Thennis Spar	Prismatia	The Narrows
 Thennis Spar	Calorium	True Northlandia
 Operaebelum	Popularia	Empyrean
 Operaebelum	Popularia	Quahalia

E. OBSTACLES...

 	 	 
 Roll twice!	Family issues	Use problem table
 Rough traffic	Rival sluggers	Terrible weather
 Bad directions	Rival drones	Small monsters
 Hard to find	Porch pirates	Big monster
 Tight deadline	Adverse faction	Portal weirdness
 Package is evil	It’s a setup	Planar eclipse



Fact- ions

Running packages isn't a game of solitaire, so don't think you're ever going to make bank in this biz without reaching out and touching someone.

Contained herein lies the who's who of companies and organizations offering work for enterprising freelancers as well as possible friends and rivals in this silly little fetch quest-filled game.

Authorities

Congo

Just your average, everyday, multidimensional e-commerce ultrapower with its grubby fingers all over the business of basically everything. Three years ago they were nothing, but now you can't escape their tacky C: logo. At their best they're the free-market economy somehow working out despite their own best efforts. At their worst they're the Objectivist singularity; a nigh-infinite force of production beyond human conception, purpose, or any meaningful laws.

NPCs. **Marcel Lee** (CEO, synergistic wardrobe, Capitalism's ugliest boil), **Sophie** (brand manager, faux furs, sharp features), **Carl** (warehouse, nervous, chipped).

Assets. Money, monopolistic inertia, bought politicians, the loyalty of tech bros, obedient drone swarms, secret portal tech, many lawyers "The Synergizer", and a mysterious pact with a formless entity from Quahalia.

Likes. Automation, OKRs, reducing costs, bar charts, pushing out competitors, expansion at all costs, and crushing slugblasters' dreams.

Dislikes. Regulations, shareholder activism, tardiness, downsizing (it's rightsizing!), write offs, and the chaotic human element.

RUN IDEAS!

An unknown user is creating burner accounts and sending packages off to the camp offices in Camp Fractal. Sure, the office is nice enough, but the lack of reception, abundance of one-way portals, and the looming threat of nightmare monsters and misunderstood drowning victims in goalie masks make for a rather tricky run!

Gigza

By all rights, Gigza should have never worked let alone be the premier gig economy app of the local multiverse – but here we are. No one knows who built it, and its distributed mesh network makes it utterly untraceable. Gigza covers graphic design, deliveries, voice-acting, caregiving, and SO much more using an enigmatically complex "trust detection matrix" to prevent abuse. Just log in, filter for your gig, then tap it and you're on your way to earning a dollar! At its best Gigza is the Utopian future of the modern economy (like, with jetpacks), but at its worst... like come on... have you read Omelas?!

NPCs. **August** (alleged founder, named after the month the Gigza app launched, maybe doesn't exist), **Dash-8** (hunts Gigza delinquents, paint splattered terminator motif), **"Bevan"** (#3 on the leaderboard, never seen)

Assets. A flock of loyal users, a snappy user interface, elite gamification techniques, peer to peer networking, and a service fee-minimal currency exchange system.

Likes and Dislikes. Gigza is ostensibly neutral as a faction with no human operators; it has no concept of likes or dislikes. Gigza is nothing more than the sum of its gig-needer and gig-doers in a poetic delivery dance.

PostHost

A rising power in the realm of package delivery, this young Operaebulum postal service is the way to go if you're moving goods between the dimension's warring corporate towers and beyond. This completely above the board company specializes in automated drone delivery, but after a semi-successful organic delivery pilot program has expanded its delivery zone to cover the local multiverse with humanoid operators, like you!

NPCs. **Arachne Jam** (sole proprietor, only non-robot employee, flourishes under pressure, deadline driven), **M8RD-E** (robot assistant, well-polished, advanced serving protocol), **Hatti** (Definitely **not** their contact at Shimmer, Brooklyn accent, veiled threats)

Assets. The exclusive Operaebulum contract, a rep for inter-tower neutrality, an in with Wilkies, suspect paper records, a pocket dimension full of unclaimed packages, ties to Shimmer, and a no-questions asked policy.

Likes. Money, drones, backdoor handshake agreements, exclusive contracts, and no questions asked.

Dislikes. Closed doors, tardiness, audit trails, acrimony amongst the towers, EMPs, and the Swordsliders

THE PODCAST

PostHost is borrowed with permission from the fine folks at Quantum Kickflip, which is clearly the finest Slugblaster podcast in all of Null!

No, seriously, it's **great**. Go give it a [listen](#) right now! Put this book down and try it; we can wait.

SITUATION!

- A Reprographia branch near Hillview School is printing homework answers, and students are buying them without reading the wild Terms of Service. Work this out before things get grim.
- Another crew backed out of a last-minute delivery and PostHost wants it done off the books right now. 2x the pay is worth all the red flags.

Reprographia

Reprographia is one of the multiverse's enigmas. Every so often a new branch of this printshop 3d prints itself on some street corner, ruin, or remote cliff and is promptly open for business. Though apologetic, its robot staff is unable to explain their motives. What sets Reprographia apart is that it can print just about anything: blueprints, parts, homework, sleep, bouncy castles, confidence, an extra life, nachos... you name it! Once couriers have picked up enough jobs the entire branch dissolves into atoms, leaving nothing behind.

NPCs. **Dr. Van Cortlandt** (studying Reprographia, pylon orange Popularian skin, epic moustache), **N3lr1c** (front desk, robotically gregarious, brass), **7en** (production, printer in chest, exposed gears).

Assets. An air of mystique, the ability to print literally anything, a proprietary apomixis-based branch reproduction process, a fleet of servile robot printers, and an extensive atomic catalogue of multiversal objects.

Likes. Deadlines, satisfied customers, unknown matter samples, a friendly attitude, logic puzzles, and SKA.

Dislikes. Nosy people, bad vibes, anything Quahalia-related, Normies, and printing time itself (never again!).

Crews

The All Hallows' Playhouse

Some say Gavan (formerly Earblood) was kicked from the Wicks and started his own crew of theatre kids who seek out old tech to build better sets for their elaborate productions. Making plays ain't cheap, so the Hallows run deliveries to make ends meet and fill out their goth wardrobe. Fame is after all a kind of immortality.

NPCs. **Gavan** (skull cane, photonic poet shirt, pleather pants, not over it), **Jusi** (biker jacket, hyperoptic mirror shades, rarely speaks), **Anneke** (great posture, fake fangs, everyone's friend).

Assets. Hardlight stage emitter, a haunted tragedy mask, scripts from Thennis Spar, pull with the Freaks and Thrashers, kramshon stage lights, and a voidware chest filled with props and costumes.

Likes. Monster movies, the rain, Depeche Mode, flea markets, fake blood, the limelight, soliloquies, and Waking Pits vibes.

Dislikes. The commercialization of Hallowe'en, sleek modernist design, petty grudges, Miper's whole deal, and banality of any kind.

SITUATION!

- The All Hallows just did a performance using a fog machine they sourced from Empyrean and now the whole audience are acting like extras!
- Corsair Corps demands the greatest doughnut in the local multiverse, and will share one of their portal locations to the crew who can get to True Northlandia first to deliver the goods.

Corsair Corps

When you've got something that needs delivering with no questions asked, there's no crew better to get in touch with than the Corsair Corps. This bootlegging bunch of sluggers knows how to stay off the beaten path with knowledge of dozens of tricky, too thick, or temporarily thin zones to avoid the authorities of a given civilized dimension.

NPCs. **Maja** (Mina's twin, action-oriented, laughs at death), **Mina** (Maja's twin, detail-oriented, can't project her voice), **Roger** (elegant, box braids, hacker)

Assets. A network of data brokers, a collection of hard to find dangerous portal locations, good pull with the rabble-raising Mavens, black market gear, an unspoken agreement with Shimmer, and a bunch of dirty tricks.

Likes. Doing things "their way", doughnuts, hitting below the belt, and a flexible set of moral "guidelines".

Dislikes. Authority, regulated portals, above-the-board business of any kind, and double-crossers.

Toobits

Toobits are the slugblaster crew turned barbershop singagram quartet sensation that's sweeping the nation! This charming group of rascals makes bank delivering birthday well-wishes, romantic sonnets, and resignation ballads through Gigza's auction feature and streaming it online. Toobits are here for a good time, but not a long time, so if you spot them on a run give them your best little ditty and if you've got talent they may just feature you on their MiPage.

NPCs. **Dane** (baritone, aerialist and choreographer, dimples), **Javel** (lead, fashionista, brings the hype), **Pedro** (bass, towering height, shy, zoophilist), **Quinn** (soprano, disciplined, songwriter).

Assets. 11 out of 10 musical chops, a dapper sense of style, the adoration of the Normies, a great tea collection and an upbeat attitude that could rival Lazy Bunny.

Likes. Pinstripes, flat hats, suspenders, musical improv, charity work, and a cool PANIC on a hot day.

Dislikes. Debbie Downers, the Mavens, disharmony, corporate sponsorships, and rocking the boat.

SITUATION!

- Toobits accidentally double-booked and need you to quickly go do a birthday party. "Here's the lyrics, thank you, good luck!"
- Someone cranked the bounty John Wick-style on bringing back this rare Calorium fire flower and now every crew is looking to cash in!

Other Courier Crews

1. The Drew Crew. Young slugblasting PIs hired to track down exotic parts, missing people, and hard to find places across the multi-verse. Think trench coats, broken noses, six shooter ray guns, and femme fatales.

2. HWC. HWC has a reputation for the safe, discrete transportation of valuable, dangerous or otherwise highly specialized goods, like unstable isotopes, toxic oozes, monsters, and top-secret prototypes.

3. Moovit. Interdimensional movers who do all their runs in cow suits. Their udderly volatile, experimental tech can shrink whole houses down, which really helps.

4. Paw-kabout. Pawk-kabout is all about taking the multiverse's most extreme pets on the most extreme walks imaginable. Able to supply animal-ready hazwear and reality binders to protect those proud pooches.

5. Updog Events. An enterprising crew of partiers who excel at planning weddings, graduations, and conferences in foreign dimensions. Always sourcing new venues, and always a big hit with the Normies!

6. Yeet Fleet. A crew that knows you gotta go fast! The Fleet is all about leaping before looking and boasting about those inevitable slams as badges of honour.

Yet More Courier Crews

10-4iors | Bagged Milk | Bigfootz | Blockade Busters | Cosine Haul | Econoline Cruisers | FDA Approved | Freight Factor X | Granny Juice | Hammerdown (HD) | The Hard Carry | The JITs | Kotic | Manif3st | Mary Sue | Napkin Stain | Null Inventory | OBJ | Portal Pals | Quickxotic | Rushjobs | S-Cargo | Special Delivery | Tacho Time | VVVectors | Xpress | YEGcellent | YY-Me? | Zoot Zoot

Sponsors

Deckers Decks

Every year Deckers produces exactly 69 hoverboard decks, each hand-crafted by "board artisans" with their own one-of-a-kind design. No expense is spared in constructing a Deckers and much like the mighty Excalibur, those who wield such a masterpiece are said to be undefeatable in battle. The only way to buy a Deckers Deck is to earn the privilege: maybe you advanced the sport in some way, photographed a planar eclipse, or saved a tractor full of orphans from a salvage crab? No two decks are ever awarded the same way.

NPCs. **Ricky Decker** (owner, kinetic oldschool, long dreadlocks, moisturises constantly), **Wendall** (photonic mechanics coveralls, all-dressed chips, always late), **Abena** (signature inking pen, hardlight tablet, seeking inspiration)

Assets. A Hattori Hanzō-like mythos, the worship of the Heads, the admiration of the Thrashers, some odd deal with the Arbourists, and a quantum workshop hangout.

Likes. Selfless acts, focus, patience, resilience, artistic expression, and taking the time to get it right.

Dislikes. Knockoffs, shortcuts, over-reactions, ulterior motives, and accepting mediocrity.

SAMPLE DECKERS DECK DESIGNS!

Adept of Eternity | Bark of the Covenant | Cheevo Queen | Completionist | Furbyzilla | Hovergeddon | Kona the Boardbarian | Laser I | Pyramadness, | Quahalia Burns | Thoughtcrime | Update BIOS | VulGARYty | Widget | Yellowjacket | Zen-timental

RUN IDEAS!

- A crime most foul was committed at Deckers Decks: one of this year's 69 designs was stolen and Ricky wants you to sleuth it down for him.
- Hitherbees' blossoming flower has petals with an impossible colour that'll need logic binders to perceive. Go figure it out before the garden implodes into an infinitely-dense singularity.

Hitherbees

Broadly accepted as the local multiverse's greatest florists, Hitherbees is one part performance botany, one part hearth wisdom, and one part #gardentok influencer savants. Ever since these three lovely, older Null women discovered that their garden hid a portal to the Golden Jungle they've been busy as bees, branching out, building better bouquets, and filling orders from all over the heckin' place. They don't quite fully understand it all, but they're making a mint based on their intuition, artistic eye, and sunny disposition.

NPCs. **Bonny** (seasoned florist, pearl necklace, highly assiduous, Anti-Doorways), **Maude** (chief botanist, seed collector, worker drone vibes), **Edith** (elite dispatcher, pencil skirts, five calls at once). **Cordy** (Bonny's granddaughter, all smiles, handles the tech for them).

Assets. Greenhouses packed with exotic flora, emotion-affecting spores, the endearing love of the Freaks, "the good stuff", and a new, exclusive collab with Wilkies.

Likes. New flower genera, ladybugs, chromotherapy, bouquets, curated gardens, and the daily crossword.

Dislikes. Carnivorous plants, climate change, weeds, dire aphids, the entitled, and rain on your wedding day.

MAC PACK FLAVOURS!

Aged Cheddar Dust | Bacon Avalanche | Biohazard Blast | Calorium Oblivion Pepper | Cheesemonger's Delight | Creatine Crush | Desnine Dream | Emerald Explosion | Greek Salad | How Bazaar? | Mystery Meat | Nacho Mac | OP | Pork `N Beans | Poutine | Qua-hell-ion Spice | Quinoa Mushroom Medley | Road Rash | Slugblaster Extract | Veggiemancer.

Mac Pack

For the most premier, artisanal mac and cheese in the metaverse you've got to drop by a "MacMobile" Food Truck. This Popularian co-op is a fan favourite at moto-cross, slugblaster competitions, concerts, and car-free events from Calorium to Operaebulum to the Waking Pits. Individual owner/operators have tremendous leeway to bring in sales, but swear to a strict "Pack Tactics" code not to push in on each other's turf, to share their wild flavour experiments, and to make sure that when you mess with one of them, you mess with **all** of them.

NPCs. **Wyatt** (owner/operator, 10-gallon hat, gets his hands dirty), **Amandria** (owner/operator, like **super** tall, halfpipe on her roof), **McSick** (owner/operator, finger guns, sick like "sick!").

Assets. A fleet of Nth-gear food trucks, the approval of the Old Guard, the "all-you-can-eat trough", a vault of culinary secrets, a willing army of Freaks and weirdos, and the recipe for a Null delicacy called "Kraft Dinner".

Likes. Mac and cheese, converting the Normies, exotic ingredients, and coming together for a 3rd act team up.

Dislikes. Corporate greed, cutting corners, beefing with Jet Collective, and the Competition (Wilkie's).

SaddleTek

SaddleTek's line of hoverboard backpacks, luggage, carrying cases, and saddlebags hasn't won the Slugblaster community over with some fresh new look or fancy sponsorships, but instead with its down to earth aesthetic and impressive, reliable tech. Where other gear wears out, gets threadbare, melts, tears, or loses quantum cohesion, SaddleTek's products are built to outlast even the most reckless slugger, construction worker, or outdoorsperson. Their recent marketing even doubles down on this: "Bury me with my SaddleTek."

NPCs. **Mercurian Höv** (CFO, symmetrical, big eyebrows, bigger ideas), **Pern Davni** (seamster, extra mechanical tool arms, black belt), **Adiego** (efficiency officer, utterly humourless, holo-spreadsheets).

Assets. The SaddleTuff™ line of slam-resistant cases, an avid fanbase in the Heads and Normies, a breakaway cadre of ex-DARA employees, a few prototype unstable molecules and new, cutting edge gravitational tech.

Likes. A clean seam, the right to repair, simple Earth tones, high thread counts and an honest day's work.

Dislikes. Style over substance, consumerist ideologies, boasting, and Voidwear anything.

RUN IDEAS!

- SaddleTek needs samples from The Narrow, but hasn't figured out how to do it themselves. Time to show gramps how it's done!
- Mac Pack's got a truck at Multipalooza, but it's rapidly running out of noodles! They've strapped packs of pasta onto every inch of skin you've got. Now get those noods to Popularia!

Gear

If you wanna get ahead in this biz you gotta keep your eye on the prize, Veruca. Sure your charming good looks and enough balance to not fall right off your board is going to get you in the door, but if you want to excel in the courier game you're going to need every single edge you can muster.

Your ability to gear up with the right tools for the job is the thing that's going to help you become the wheat that's separated from the chaff. So read up, slugger, and circuit-bend yourself some of this choice, new equipment.

Chromoscopic Camera

Chromoscopic Cameras use a liminium crystal to manipulate extra-dimensional space. While DARA's been studying the unique ocular properties of this Prismatian crystal for years, sluggers have been soldering them into phones and messing with forced perspective pretty much from the jump.

FUNCTION

Sync high-def photos to your MiPage. Roll to temporarily blind with its flash.

flip phone, camcorder, slide phone, analog camera, visor, binoculars, instant camera

MODS

- **Exponent Coil (1 coil, 1 gem).** Roll to temporarily create 2d6 alternate versions of a subject or object. They appear nearby. One is usually evil.
- **Polytopal Scaling Prism (1 gem, 1 lens).** Mark turbo to temporarily elongate, enlarge, reduce, or stretch an object. Dodgy or complex targets may need a roll!
- **Subjectivity Filters (1 disc, 1 gem).** Apply complex cosmetic filters to your photos or mark turbo to change the vibe of a person or place. Turn that frown upside-down, crank up the goth, or give them all cute 'lil reindeer horns for a bit.
- **Ultra-telescopic Lens (1 coil, 1 lens).** See really far and roll to teleport there. Mark turbo and roll to teleport something from there back to you.
- **Refractal Echo Projector (1 disc, 2 gems, 1 lens).** Mark 2 turbo to snap a photo, storing it. Later, temporarily paste it back into the world. Extend a bridge, manifest a ramp, or flip it upside to drop its contents on someone.

Surfboard

Through the subtle manipulation of surface tension, clever slugblasters can literally ride the wave on this stylish, yet highly malleable hoverboard formed out of pure water. Our ancestors once feared the ocean, but now you can put the power of 71% of the Earth's surface into the palm of your hand. Cowabunga!

FUNCTION

Hover across dense gases and liquids. Store it in the space of a water bottle.

Water bottle, wetsuit glove, palmpilot, coral pendant, wrist-watch, waterskin, dive mask

MODS

- **Cryometric Converter (1 coil, 1 lens).** Roll to cool down the area around you. Leave a frigid tail behind you, freeze electronics, barricade a door, or keep your PANIC frosty!
- **Fluid Interpolation Matrix (1 coil, 1 gem).** Form your board out of any liquid or dense gas you come across. Store up to three at one time. You know what's even cooler than water? Liquid nitrogen.
- **Hydromanipulation Core (1 coil, 1 disc).** Change your board type at will. Roll to reshape your board, creating useful shapes such as grasping pseudopods, barriers, and ramps.
- **Pressure Gage (1 gem, 1 lens).** Roll to blast your board like a firehose. Get some sick air, etch your initials into stone, spray down your kid brother (or the fuzz), power wash your house.
- **Tidal Transmogrification Turbine (1 coil, 1 disk, 2 gems).** Roll to unleash the raw power of water! Raise water levels, control the rain, make whirlpools, flip DARA hover cars with waves from outta nowhere.

Other Gear

GREENTHUMB FERTI-DUST (1 GEM)

Sprinkle a little bit of this magic dust from those delightful grannies at Hitherbees onto a plant or tree and roll to watch it grow rapidly. Toss on some kick for some real Jack and the Beanstalk shiz. One use only.

VOIDWEAR CHILLBOX (1 COIL, 1 LENS)

Q. What's even cooler than a cooler? A. The Voidware Chillbox™. Store your goods in a persevering sub-zero extra-dimensional pocket. Great for beach days and for transporting refrigerated goods. Fits a 6 pack or two.

HOVER-SADDLEBAGS (1 COIL, 1 DISK)

An industrial storage quadcopter that's programmed to slowly follow its owner. Best used for carrying bulky, heavier, or unsafe items across hazardous terrain. Responds loosely to any simple verbal commands.

PORTAL SHREDDER (1 LENS, 1 GEM)

When you really need to get out of dodge, but the zone isn't as thick as you want it to be you can always deploy a Portal Shredder. On the plus side, it'll bore through a quad, but on the downside it does in the most brutal way imaginable. Roll to open a portal to a random dimension (see table D on page 13); everyone who uses it takes a slam that can't be Noped (atomically smashed, dimensionally shredded, shaken and stirred). One use only.

MIPER® M-TAG (1 DISK)

Ever wanted to keep track of things across dimensions? Well now you can, with the Miper brand M-Tag. Just slap one of these on your package, signature, keys, or escaping villain and then just geo-locate it later on approved Miper devices (pack of two).

REPROGRAPHIC CHAMBER (1 DISC, 2 GEMS)

From the fine folks at Reprographia, this slime-filled, float-tank sized vat has everything you need to print a new body and upload your memories every hour on the hour in the event of your untimely demise. One use only

SADDLETUFF™ SACHEL (1 GEM)

The Saddletuff™ line of SaddleTek bags folds timespace to create an ultra-dense protective weave. Anything in the bag can take a licking and keep ticking. Mark 1 trouble to avoid slams to this lunchbox-sized bag or anything in it from anything short of a 1 kiloton explosion.

STICKY HAND (1 COIL, 1 GEM)

The Slugblaster-sized version of one of those tacky isoprene polymer hands that stretch and stick to things. Use it to take hard corners, bungee jump, or yoink things from your sister.

HARDENED CIRCUITRY (1 COIL, 1 GEM)

Armoured, EMP-resistant, over-engineered circuit boards and casings to help keep your gear all safe and toasty. Avoid one slam to your signature device. Resets in your next **In the Lab** beat.

RUN IDEAS!

- While looking for your keys your M-Phone picked up a weak M-Tag signal not too far away. What is this strange beacon and who else spotted it?
- Calamity at Hitherbees greenhouse! A ferti-dust spill has caused an arboreal eruption and those poor ladies sure could use some help tidying things up. Watch out for the Dreadfly!

Coins

This is what it's all about, right? The almighty dollar. Coins are a new, optional resource in Slugblaster that represents cold, hard cash aka the mula aka dineros, credits, coins, or any kind of shiny rock, sparkly ooze, data stick, or colour-coded snail that's exchanged in kind for goods somewhere in the multiverse. Just don't blame us for the absolutely brutal interdimensional exchange rates!

- Gain coins as a Prize (like components or gear)
- Spend a coin or two to produce a common item you just so happen to have bought recently (once a run)
- Spend or gain coins during downtime

NEW CHIEVOS

Also known as "Achievements" to the unimaginative, here are some platinum trophies to unlock during solo play (or just cause you wanna).

- **Gigzagig:** Make a delivery for Gigza
- **Mostest Host:** Make a delivery for PostHost
- **Reignforest:** Make a delivery for Congo
- **<30m:** Make a delivery for Infinite Pizza
- **Ace:** Complete five deliveries
- **Steak Knives:** Beat a crew to a delivery
- **Fin Factory:** Collect 5 coins (all time)
- **Eh?:** Visit Northlandia
- **Stuck in the Middle:** Visit The Narrows
- **Working It Out:** Complete the Hard Up Arc

NEW DOWNTIME BEATS

On the Grind (1 style): You know, put in the work: stock shelves, pump gas, sling newspapers, serve up some double doubles, babysit the McLean twins. **+1 coin.**

Overtime (2 trouble): You're burning the candle at both ends, double-shifting at the Video Hut, lugging gravel at the yard, flipping parts online, and paying a price for it. **+2 coins, +1 slam** (blistered, exhausted, unavailable).

Shopping Montage (3 coins): Spend some of that hard earned dough! Order from a catalogue, hit up the Thennis Spartian bazaar, visit the local TechShack, or just buy it off someone. Who comes with you? What made it memorable? **+2 components** (your choice).

Splurge (2 coins): Go on, spread it around a little. Throw a party, buy someone a gift, rent out Hillside Lanes for a night. Who are you trying to impress? Who's on the guest list? Why is it so effective at getting them on your side? **+1 to a faction** (that's between -1 and +1).

Treat Yo Self (1 coin): It's time for some **you** time, baby. Get a facial, buy that collectable, blow off that shift, order that orange mocha frappuccino. How do you carpe this diem? Which vice do you indulge? Any regrets? **-1 slam** (that's emotional or fatigue-based).

New Arcs

The Hard Up

- **Hard Knocks (2 trouble).** Between school, family, job and Slugblasting, there's not much time for anything else. What's your family struggling with? How does it take from you? **+1 slam** (busy, distant, winded).
- **Pinching Pennies (1 trouble, 1 coin).** You're doing your part, but things are really tight right now. Where are you rationing? What plate is dropping? How are you getting help? Who notices? **+1 doom.**
- **Line of Credit (2 trouble).** A financial lifeline, but at what cost? You have a deal, but it did not come cheap. Who's your creditor? What's the collateral? **+1 to a faction, -1 coin** (per downtime until the arc is done).
- **Balanced Books (4 coins).** Apotheosis! At long last that rough patch over the last few months/years/lifetimes has reached an end. You're not well off by any means, but you're comfortable. What does success look like? Who's there to celebrate this giant dub with you? **-1 doom, +1 legacy, +1 trait.**

COLLECTION!

Once you've taken out a line of credit, things get better for your family. You can eat better, find new clothes, pay for the procedure, etc... but your debt looms over all of it. If a character can't pay off their line of credit, the faction it's with immediately drops to -3 and you're unable to Balance the Books until the relationship heals.

NEW ARCS

The Courier's Manual to the Planes introduces two new arcs for enterprising slugblasters.

Go ahead and swap up that Family arc for The Hard Up arc if you want to help your family through a tough time, or swap your Angst arc to try your hand at being The Professional if you've got aspirations of making it big!

The Professional

- **Pay to Play (1 coin).** You want to hobnob above your station? Fine. Who's wheels do you grease? How do you get your big break? What does it cost you? **+1 to a faction, +1 slam** (ground down, tapped out).
- **Rubbing Elbows (3 trouble).** You're meeting people and getting your name out, but it's not all hugs and kisses. Whose toes do you step on? What gets left behind back at home? **-1 to a faction, +1 doom.**
- **Too Cool for School (4 trouble).** It's working out; you've gone Hollywood! People want to meet you, but you're not there when your crew needs you most. How do you burn them? **+1 fracture, +1 coin, +1 legacy.**
- **Started from the Bottom (4 style).** Sure you've got money, but more importantly: you've got respect. What made you realize the error of your ways? Who'd you go see to make things right? How do they keep you grounded? **-1 fracture, +1 trait, +4 coins.**

THE END.

Yeah, that's it. That's the end of the supplement.

I'm kind of rushing this out at the last second today, so you don't get a cool writeup about how awesome it is to be a courier to get you psyched to use this stuff like in my other ones.

I'm probably going to go back and finish this later. For now, this is the end game screen. There is no continue button. Close the PDF, roll up a courier and kickflip over a quantum centipede with a piece of mail in your hand, cause you know that's what this book is all about.

Anyways, I've got 20 minutes to submit this for the game jam. Peace!