

In the deepest jungles of Darkest Peru, a British geographer made an astounding discovery: A previously unknown species of bear! Smarter than the average bear and just as grizzly, the creatures quickly picked up enough English to befriend him. But more than mere language, a bond was forged forevermore-out of love, respect and marmalade. It was for this reason after dear uncle Pastuzo died during an untimely earthquake that the doting Aunt Lucy decided their adopted cub should go make a new life for himself in England. A life that will inject quite a bit of unpredictability, and yet plenty of good cheer, for the stodgy Brown family. A charmed life at times, yet for all that there seem to be many friendly strangers on the anachronistically splendid streets of London there seem to be a few villains lurking in the shadows too. These are the adventures of the clumsy yet endearing bear soon to be known as-

Paddington

You may start either in London or the jungles of darkest Peru, on the day Paddington arrives stowing away on a boat bound for England. You may be any human age (and indeed, bear ages seem fairly similar to human ones), and whichever gender you were in a previous jump for free, or pay 50 CP to change it. It can be quite daunting for a young cub to find his fortune in the big city, so here's 1000 CP to take with you.

Origins

All perks under the relevant header are 50% off. Discounted 100 CP perks are free.

Drop-in: Ah, a true explorer then? Or perhaps you've just got that worldly, well-travelled look about you? Perhaps even a roguish glint to your eye. No matter, I'm sure you'll find yourself quite at home in this world! Oh the places you will go, the friends you'll make, the adventures you'll have! It'll all make quite the memorable journal to write about when you have a chance for some peace and quiet, I'm sure.

Upstanding British Citizen: There's no place like London, for better and worse. You would know, you're quite familiar with this sometimes subtly anachronistic country and your daily life in it. If there's one thing missing from your neat, orderly life it might be a slight yearning for the unexpected in this day and age. Depending on your age you could be gainfully employed in the commercial sector, a child with a bright future ahead or a retiree free to pursue your passions in your golden years. Whether you're a self-appointed neighbourhood watchman, a dedicated risk analyst, a cheerful prankster or something else you're right at home here.

Moustache-Twiddling Villain: Looks like something foul's afoot! You're no petty thief, oh no-for whatever reason you had grander designs in this world. Your occupation was once prestigious by London's reckoning but time and circumstance has somehow given it a disreputable reputation, the fading embers of your former glory still enough to give you quite a good reputation to the man on the street. Putting on disarming smiles and affecting a nonchalant swagger in public to hide your scheming has become second nature to you. Unless, of course, they've pegged you wrong and you've already seen the folly of your ways?

Bear: Good heavens, you're Peruvian! Oh, and a bear. Just as big and brawny as a bear in the wild would be should you be of adult age either by human or bear standards, and as a cub you have the stature of a chubby human child. Far more agile than one might expect, your paws are oddly adept with human tools as well somehow. And you speak fluent, British English! Whether or not you were taught the language and culture by the same explorer who encountered Paddington's adoptive parents you're quite the eloquent and cultured figure-able to pass with admirable modesty with little more than a hat and coat on your back. Hopefully your sincerity and can-do attitude will help compensate for your relative unfamiliarity in the big city.

General

Cracking Good Show! (300 CP): What is it about the tropical jungle and whips? It just seems like one of those skills one picks up, adventuring in the untamed wilderness. Oh well. You're highly skilled and accurate with ropes and rope-like things of all sorts, whether lassoing a ship to a dock with a few well-timed throws, or pulling *just* the right thing to cause an improbable sequence of leverage-based incidents to knock out an enemy from behind. Striking with the speed and ferocity of a bullwhip, there's virtually no mundane manual occupation you can't in some way make easier with your affinity for ropes.

Drop-In

A Story Before Bedtime (100 CP): All right, just one then. That's what anyone lucky enough to hear your dulcet tones will say, when you narrate one of your stories to them as the light dims and the day ends. You're a wonderful storyteller, able to evoke fantastic lands and charming characters with all the skill of a professional writer (or perhaps, filmmaker). Your tone and retelling has a special knack for suffusing your stories with a whimsically light tone, captivating strangers and filling even the most mundane of your tales with a sense of wonder that doesn't hurt the accuracy at all. It doesn't matter if you're recounting a family heirloom's history or reading a bedtime story, you've got the talent to make your listeners sit still and stay silent.

A Very Pleasant Daydream (100 CP): There's certain places you can't help but love. The play of light and water on a sunny day atop the Thames. The rustle of leaves in the Peruvian jungles, as you skipped through the woods looking to gift your aunt some marmalade. When you wish to, you may cast your mind back either thoughts you'd like to happen or happy memories you participated in and indulge in a dream so realistic it feels like you're reliving it all over again. It won't last forever, it might be harder to go to or stay in your many happy places when you're down in the dumps and you can quickly snap out of it when need arrives. But until then, you can draw inner strength and warmth from those precious experiences as if you were reliving the best days of your life.

An Eye for the Classics (200 CP): Vases? Chairs? If it's sitting on a shelf gathering dust, you know exactly who made them, and how much they're worth! Whether from experience or family legacy you have all the skills of an antiquarian, armed with a keen eye for antiques of all kinds. You know how to care for them in old age, how to entice people to buy them and most of all what they're worth. Some special items might have a unique backstory to them and them alone, but it'd have to be something pretty outlandish to get past you. As a

salesperson you have a kindly, doting charm around you. As a connoisseur you could give lectures on your items if anyone cared to look more deeply into them.

My Legacy With The Carnival (200 CP): The modern age has its share of entertainments, but some folks say you just can't beat an old fashioned sideshow for that special *je nais se quois*. The mystique of the travelling fair may be a callback to older times in London, but there's something about you that might just reawaken it in other people. You have a certain skill that could make you quite an outstanding performer for such a fair. You could be a dashing fire eater, a trapeze artist with an elegant flair, an experienced fortune teller or even a circus clown. One thing's for sure, you have the talent to be world class in your field however quaint it may seem to the big city folks. Your legacy runs deep; at least one ancestor and quite possibly your whole family line were outstanding performers who gained fame and fortune across the world with their skills, and though for now you lack such renown you do have the potential talent to catch up if your trade were somehow to come back into vogue. And in future worlds should you wish it, you may retain this heritage.

Ne'er Do Well-er For Nuthin' For Nobody For Nuthin (400 CP): From the bad side of town, are you? Well you seem to have shaken off the law's long arm, but stay out of trouble from now on! Whatever your background you've managed to hone some considerable criminal skills suited for all kinds of mischief. Pickpocketing, escapology, subterfuge, intimidation and all manner of chicanery-you're not necessarily as bad as what one might expect of someone who belongs behind bars, but you've got a real creative spin to your corkscrew thinking that lets you shimmy in and out of all kinds of places a decent fellow shouldn't be found in. Why given the lay of the land and a few good men, you could organise a jailbreak, improvise a hot air balloon and hijack a plane to flee the country!

Clocked Works (400 CP): There's something distinctly old fashioned about this mostly modern world. Tubes use pneumatic pressure to transmit the computer record chips for respectable guilds. Grinding gears regulate the schedule and gates of a prison. Even to most Londoners the purpose of these seemingly outdated, yet perfectly functional systems might seem obtuse-but not to you. You've got the mechanical and engineering insight that lets you integrate similar anachronistic systems into modern technology, with no loss of efficiency, just like in many London buildings. This is no feat of magic mind, just a unique quirk of engineering; your bridges still require proper suspension but you could make quite a charming, energy efficient system of gears and pulleys to raise or lower it. Your creatively mechanistic mind has also gained

quite a talent for arts and crafts, and could design quite an eye-catching popup book given the urge.

Certified Geographer of Note (600 CP): You're definitely prepared for adventure now. Whether by experience or legacy you have all the skills of a seasoned explorer. You know how to search for water, food and shelter safely in the jungle, and are fit enough to scout through the Peruvian jungles by yourself and come back in one piece. You're in fighting fit shape for swimming, hiking, shimmying up tall trees and so on. More than that you're a hunter, cartographer and scout with considerable experience under your belt, and boast quite a bit of resilience for climates much hotter and more humid than the chill English weather you may be accustomed to.

But you're more than just an inspiration to pulp writers everywhere-you're a de facto ambassador for English culture and especially it's cuisine. Your polished old world manners and charm seem to translate surprisingly well to making a good impression on new friends-to-be divorced from the modern world. Natives who can think for themselves find you unthreatening and tend to treat you kindly on a first impression, and with some tasty treats and other gifts you could extend that fond impression of yourself, to London as a whole. And one more thing-you're a fully registered member of the Geographer's Guild here, and in future worlds should you wish you may be part of a similar organisation to continue powwowing with your fellow explorers.

Knuckles McJumper (600 CP): Good heavens. You're definitely not one to trifled with. There's something awfully intimidating about you. An intensity about your eyes, the rising bark of your voice, the ominous way you carry yourself-it's all enough to keep an entire prison terrified of getting on your bad side, and even make the guards sweat when you're about to unleash on some poor sod getting up in your personal space. With that fear comes respect; you have a way of taking charge on escapades and other endeavours without even needing to raise your voice, because you carry yourself with the fearless determination of a man not afraid to get his hands dirty. And woe be to anyone who thinks you're some paper tiger that's all talk. Your bare hands could easily snap a wooden rolling pin. You have frightening skill with a knife that hints at a darker past...or perhaps, a storied career as a professional chef? It's unlikely you'll ever meet a harder fellow unless you encounter one Knuckles McGinty.

But perhaps because of how unexpected the turnabout is, when you make an honest, good faith effort with some personal risk to save someone's life that comes to the authorities' attention the courts seem to soften such that even a substantial sentence could be revoked. Even some of your accomplices could

benefit from your good press. Whatever you've done, it's not too late to mend your ways and live out the rest of your days as an honest chap.

Upstanding British Citizen

Flair of the Pen (100 CP): Sketching at the professional level isn't for everyone. You have to shade objects correctly, and give your pictures a liveliness that can keep viewers entranced and wanting more. But you're certainly capable of drawing at a professional level, and beyond that can quickly put together a presentation from commonly available materials. Need to draw up a theory chart on a chalkboard in a few minutes? You won't be caught flat-footed. Even sketching an escaping criminal might just be within your talents. Just try to keep any flights of fancy to your art and not let it carry you away, won't you?

Keeping Up With The Cool Kids (100 CP): Moving to a new school can be quite difficult for children of a certain age. Whether it's trying not to be embarrassed by a doting parent or hiding a youthful love of trains, there's always one aspect of your life or another that you might not be confident with sharing in front of the class. But sometimes, it's by opening your heart to the people who are part of your family that you can relate to others and find it in yourself to not be defined by their expectations. This maturity and a certain amount of devil-may-care enthusiasm is now yours, ensuring you have greater initiative than the average child at breaking past any preconceptions you have with an embarrassing relative or reaching an accommodation with them to give you your personal space. You'll never forget that they do what they do, because they care.

An Old Head On Middle-Aged Shoulders (200 CP): Gainful employment's not always readily available in this economy. But whether by talent or experience, you've not only secured a respectable occupation but ensured your financial prosperity with a mixture of technical talent and professional demeanour. Your knowing air is as comforting to your employers as your naturally meticulous bookkeeping, and that's why regardless of your job you've earned enough to comfortably support a family of four in a fairly upscale house. In future jumps you may choose to be similarly employed, retaining the reputation of an old hand with a reputation for reliability and respectability. Normally this is quite a sober, sensible occupation but should you also have **My Legacy With The Carnival**, you might just have made fortune telling high profile again somehow.

Senior Citizen Shenanigans (200 CP): It's raining! You can feel it in your knees! These and other eccentricities are given quite a bit of tolerance by those

around you, regardless of your actual age. Like old Mrs. Bird you have all the impetuous bravery of a woman old enough to do know better and do whatever anyway, and with sheer daring and audacity can keep those around you on their toes or get quite a lot of attention with little loss to your reputation. You also have just the right amount of common sense to speak truth to power to those near and dear to you, verbally shunting some sense into them without actually slapping them upside the head. You also have quite the iron liver, and can drink men younger than you under the table yet still be upright. It...may be unwise to do this as a child, mind you. Or cub.

You're Home Now (400 CP): It's not always easy to live with a newcomer to the family. Not everyone can put up with their eccentricities, or keep the family together long enough for them to acclimatise. But you can. You're no better at housekeeping than any housewife, but you've got the mix of empathy and warmth that lets you function as the heart of a family that might not always be understanding of the unknown. You have a soft touch that can negotiate between members of the family to keep everyone happy and build bonds between the old and young. And when it comes to welcoming a new member, you're sturdy as the rock at Gibraltar when it comes to remaining unphased by all the little ways they might misunderstand their new life, and have a sixth sense for knowing what to say to encourage them when they're feeling down. It might be lonely for someone to come a long way to a strange country, only to find the world a confusing and lonesome place. But you'll always be there to pick them up when they're feeling down.

Demolition Boy (400 CP): How the blazes did you learn to do any of this?! Mixing compounds from an old fashioned chemistry set to blast a hole in a wall? Applying your knowledge of trains to make an engine run faster? Even setting off a homemade rocket that can do some damage on its way up through the roof? They certainly aren't teaching these things in school, so it must have been your childhood games that gave you this amazingly practical knowledge of chemistry and physics that you can improvise in ways that would make MacGyver proud. Mixing the things even without the proper equipment seems to be old hat for you, and you've got a great intuition for how best to sort the compounds to not go off in your face. Just...don't do this at school, kids. Even if you might do it at home once or twice.

The Family That Schemes Together, Stays Together (600 CP): Not every British family can cooperate flawlessly to conduct a home invasion. And few would recommend you involve your children in high speed train chases or breaking into a museum. Yet somehow when the chips are down and there's nothing for it but to throw caution to the wind, you'll find your immediate family works together as one cohesive unit when it comes to highly

improvisational attempts to rescue one of their own. Children often find brilliant and innovative ways to apply their interests to keep up the pursuit, or make breaks in deduction trying to secure evidence. An untrained housewife could make an admirable attempt at sneaking into someone else's house. A prudent husband could muster reserves of bravery to navigate a slippery ledge, the combination of familial love and cool-headed determination keeping your band surprisingly competent and cohesive despite having never practiced something like this. It's no guarantee of success, but you'd be surprised at how far a determined family of five can get on a wing and a prayer.

Daddy Cool (600 CP): It was a wilder, looser time in your youth. A time when Doc Martens was considered stylish, the Beatles were new on the scenes and the word "radical" was used unironically. And you? You were RADICAL. You were one of the cool kids, before age and responsibility took their toll. And you can still be, when the chips are down and it's time for action. The more desperate your straits, the more you find reserves of inner willpower, bursts of fitness and daring to keep you going where an average man might turn tail. You hang on to sharp inclines just long enough and keep moving on rushing vehicles when far out of your depth, with a razor sharp focus. It seems like using the frivolities of your youth to become a man of action rises with that valour and determination to rise to the challenge. With a lot of pluck, the same cool factor that let you knock out multiple stacks at the coconut shy could let you handily knock out a man at the other end of a train carriage in defence of your family using only a thrown coconut chunk. These, and other remarkable stunts from a crazy, long-forgotten time will greatly surprise many of those who thought they knew you-and charm that special someone in your life.

And should you be too young for any of this well-you may not be able to pull off an ascot, but you're still quite the impromptu stuntman in a pinch.

Moustache Twiddling Villain

All Smiles! (100 CP): You? A villain? Not at all my dear, you were simply in the neighbourhood hoping for a friendly face to help you out! For all the sinister proclivities you may or may not have, you're quite disarming on a personal level. You've got a certain handsomeness or beauty that excuses quite a lot of what you'd be caught doing, especially by a certain lonesome sort. Wrapping others around your finger, whether platonically or with delusions of romance, comes naturally to you. This also comes quite handy in hiding your darker nature. Though you're no better at public speaking, face to face most here would agree you have the face of an angel.

Clean Hands, Clean Mind (100 CP): Your misdeeds can be quite extravagant in resources and equipment. Hiding that takes meticulous planning, and just a hint of improvisation. Traits you're fiendishly good at, as it turns out. Aside from a formidable poker face, you take to hiding things you have on hand with you during your illicit activities quickly and with haste. This shines best when you have time to retreat to somewhere secure, but even in a pinch you could quickly stow what you have on hand and put on a brave face for the authorities. Just...try not to menacingly sharpen knives in public. That sort of thing never goes over well.

To Captivate The Audience (200 CP): Villain? What villainy's afoot now?! That reminds you of a role you played, a while back, what was it called again? Right, King Lear! And so on, and so forth. Through a mix of personal charisma, showmanship and sheer force of will you're quite adept at playing to a crowd and working them to get the reactions you want. Throughout your act you remain clearheaded enough to spot any potential opportunities your way, remaining keenly aware of when it's best not to show your hand. And while this shines best in a relatively casual setting while playing off your own reputation, you can also parlay this to give quite a convincing witness account with...certain creative embellishments. Or you know, just lie under oath.

Grudge of a Lifetime (200 CP): Hate is a terrible thing to hold in a young heart. But nobody told you that before you learned to control it. When you fixate all the woes in your life, every reason you've ever felt wronged rightly or wrongly, on a single target all doubt and hesitation goes right out the window. You won't act impulsively, yet neither will you give up the pursuit for them even if you have to wait over the years to get back on your target's trail. And once you corner your prey, you could play the part of the gracious host right up

until it's time to exact your terrible revenge. Hardly becoming for someone of your stature, but it's not like you'd ever let anyone know right?

An Actor's Life For Me (400 CP): Like a certain washed out actor, you have an astonishing knack for disguise. As a greying middle aged man you could disguise yourself as a nun in a chapel, and stay seamlessly in line until you break ranks to make for what you came to steal. Or dress up like a rough vagrant with a false beard, a cap and a forth. Your mannerisms and body language blend well with your disguises, a passion for playing the role shining through into the humblest guise. But the best cover is nothing without convincing props, and so you've also gained quite the inspirational talent for repurposing old costumes into convincing disguises. You'd expect dusty old cloth from a decades-old production to look out of place on the streets of London, but you have just the right combination of insanity and guts to pull it off.

Stage Fight (400 CP): Well, this is eccentric to say the least. Did your lineage have some talent for stagecraft, or have you simply taken your skills to the next level? Whatever the explanation you've somehow practiced stage fighting and the arts of a magician to the extent that you can apply them for many of your heinous deeds. Now don't be silly and think you can cast REAL magic, but vanishing in plain sight under a puff of smoke? That's well within your capabilities. So is moving unseen and sawing loose, oh, a vital bit of rope your unfortunate rival needed to pull off her act safely! And while your silly tap-and-go fencing might not be much to write home about, do note that it's still quite dangerous with a sharp piece of metal. With a little creativity you might just think of other ways to expedite your crimes with *style*, whether by hiding important codes in your top hat or releasing doves to distract the guards. Now, if only you had an audience to appreciate you...

It Belongs In A Museum! (600 CP): It's time to store the latest specimen you've retrieved, and you've got just the skills to do it. You're an accomplished taxidermist, briskly skinning, replacing and stuffing your subjects then posing them in ways that many a museum would pay top dollar for. This incidentally gives you quite a worrying proficiency with throwing knives, and a steely will when it comes to taking life. And don't think your live subjects stand much of a chance if they make a break for it, because when it comes to small arms like tranquiliser guns you have rather uncanny accuracy even across long distances. In many ways, you're more hunter than taxidermist. You're also good enough at ropes to bring a scoutmaster to proud tears. And you're surprisingly formidable in a bout of fisticuffs even against those bigger than you-moreso if you apply yourself to getting the drop on someone before sticking the blade in. No sensible household would stand between you and what you want.

Just A Slap On The Wrist (600 CP): You didn't mean to do so much harm, honest! Things just got out of hand! You're sorry, you really are, it can't end like this for you! And so on and so forth, and...oh goodness, just look at how lenient the courts are being. While you're no safer from being caught by the authorities and punished for your misdeeds, you'll find that actions to punish your crimes will have a great deal of sting taken out of them. Instead of facing life imprisonment or execution for attempted murder for example, you might simply be condemned to shovel manure at an animal shelter. Even once your punishment is underway, a silver lining is never far from you. Attempting to leave a cub to drown on a speeding train carriage could see you imprisoned, yes, but luck may see you practicing the art you love with the surprisingly cooperative prisoners and finding personal fulfilment in finally finding an appreciative audience. You'll be no closer to actually evading punishment and limits will be drawn, especially if someone's actually died as a direct result of your actions, but the consequences for you are light enough that perhaps in time you could make a new life for yourself-or have a valuable opportunity to escape.

Bear

Fluent in Ursine (100 CP): Grooow! Rawr, rawwr OOOWaargh! And so on, and so forth as they say in Peru. Like all bears-and at least one talented child-you're fluent in the seemingly incoherent series of grows, grunts and snorts that bears communicate with. As nuanced and complex a language as the Queen's English, you'll be able to have long and enriching conversations while sounding like you're about to rip out someone's throat to those sadly unfamiliar with your dialect. You're fluent enough to avoid accidentally saying something rude by clearing your throat at the wrong moment, or mispronouncing someone's name by yawn-howling AFTER you make the little oos. Unfortunately there doesn't seem to be a written form of Bear, not that paper's readily available in the jungle anyway.

Just A Rather Posh Peruvian Immigrant (100 CP): You'd expect the discovery of talking bears to be more of an existential quandary for humanity at large, but somehow the god folk of London seem to find it unusually uninteresting. It can't all be a certain geographer's failure to bring home a live specimen when there's a whole Retirement Home for Bears in Peru. Regardless of the reason, henceforth your ursine status will be no object to your tolerance in civilised society. Though you gain no special privileges you will be judged by your action, words and deeds-not by your furry coat, claws and tendency to go about improperly dressed. In worlds to come being a bear, specifically, will continue to be no obstacle to winning friends and influencing people in

civilisation. Oh and one more thing-whether you were taught by a friendly explorer or simply picked it up from cultural osmosis with other bears, if you weren't already, you're extremely fluent in the Queen's English, speaking with a rather posh, eloquent accent without a single growl, and being just as articulate when it comes to writing.

Bearly Weighs Anything (200 CP): You're quite the nimble little fellow, aren't you? Or even big fellow, should you be a rather hulking bear. Or human being. Your hand-eye (or paw) coordination lets you swiftly shimmy up and down the bannisters in buildings, and artfully leap between branches in the jungle canopy. You're even flexible enough to make daring rescues from rope bridges, with another bear holding you up by the legs! Even in an urban environment you know how to take surprisingly high falls and keep moving forward or jump off moving vehicles to speed your passage. Many gymnasts and parkour enthusiasts would be quite impressed by the twirls, leaps and other free running motions that come naturally to a wild animal such as yourself. It's all very obvious to you. From your point of view, if point A happens to be hidden behind several ice cream trucks it's only natural to go over or under them rather than around.

Home Improvement For The Jungle (200 CP): Aunt Lucy and Pastuzo picked up a lot more than language and delicious treats from their visitor. Like them, your surprisingly dexterous paws can create fairly complex structures from the wood, foliage, vines and other ambient materials of the jungle. Building great wooden nests, huts and rope bridges comes naturally, but you can even create ingenious little contraptions like suspended sluices and primitive stoves to help cook marmalade and deliver it straight to your pot. With some rope and stone, you might even create a sort of open air automated marmalade production line by carving wooden wheels. You even know how to carve wooden spoons and build delicate models of English landmarks or chessboards-although having claws does help. Even leafy fans or blankets might not be out of the question. It's certainly nothing like the manor houses of England and quite a bit homelier than even the smallest buildings across the pond, but isn't a snug home quite comforting in its own way? And besides, there's no doubt your primitive technology is definitely eco-friendly.

The Taste of Home (400 CP): It's not always easy, fitting into a new country. People can seem awfully different in custom and routine to your carefree life. But if there's one thing for sure that you know everyone has in common, it's that everyone needs to eat. And with this, you've learned the recipe for Aunt Lucy's extraordinary orange marmalade. Lovingly handcrafted from the freshest of Peruvian oranges, a generous heaping of sugar, a squeeze of lemon, a pinch of cinnamon and just a bit more sugar, it takes practice and a good eye to

keep it on the bubble just long enough to get that perfect texture. You know how to sniff out good oranges from bad ones, keep track of a bubbling pot and use a knife in a safe and sensible manner. And once you're done, the taste is so overwhelmingly delicious that you could win the protection of a hardened criminal by forcefeeding him a sandwich. As a final piece of old bear's wisdom, you've also found that you somehow have a great talent for hiding marmalade sandwiches on your person-under hats, coats and so on with much less degradation than the usual need for freezers, and somehow diligent eyes from this world tend to skim over these sandwiches. It can be quite shocking to wind up in prison, ostensibly under the watchful vigil of security, only to pull out a sandwich from under your hat. Shockingly delicious, that is.

And should you wish, **this perk may be repurchased** to acquire a different delicious bread spread recipe such as a different marmalade. Or a jam. Or some other spread. Although really, you just can't beat that marmalade for a nostalgic taste of home.

The Hardest Stare (400 CP): Let's suppose you're confronted by a right ruffian, someone who's just insulted dear to you right to your face. With a slight furrow of your brow, you have the ability to let them know something is about to go awfully, awfully wrong for them. As your gaze pierces into a space five inches behind their head, as an unnatural heat and queasiness fills the space between you, an unnerving fear transfixes them in place. Like a moth drawn to the flame they seem gripped with uncertainty, yet unable to break away, consumed by the inky void in your dilated pupils as the sins crawling on their back bore into every nerve in their body. They may seem short of breath. Desperate to break the connection yet wracked with great unwillingness. Even the most hardened criminals of this world can be given pause by this dread visage, this soul-harrowing judgement, and find themselves highly reluctant to challenge you after such an experience.

It's called a hard stare. Aunt Lucy may or may not have taught you to do them when people had forgotten their manners. And while you can swiftly break it after looking away or saying something soothing, it's not an experience anyone will want to repeat.

Be Kind and Polite, and the World will be Right (600 CP): It can always get better, no matter how bad things seem for you. The dithering of those cleverer and better dressed than you, the cold of a night spent out on the streets, the uncertainty of a letter to an aunt you just wanted to give a wonderful birthday present to and the uncertainty of a city that isn't what you hoped it would be—these things too, will pass. Because when you're considerate to others, when you're kind and supportive to them everything does its best to work out well for you in the end, come what may. Your mere entanglement in others' lives instigates a cascade of best-case scenarios for your new friends, colleagues and any acquaintances who haven't decided you're an enemy. Cleaned windows reveal the girl of their dreams, simply reminding people about their keys or lending them sandwiches pay off big time when they pitch in to save you from an unjust imprisonment, and so on and so forth. And that's a mere prelude compared to when you actually put in the effort to support someone or help them better themselves. Your actions set off an astounding domino effect with life-changing ramifications that make the world a better place forever—encouraging prisoners to help you improve the prison canteen can reveal hitherto untapped talent for making desserts among the prison population as well as soon polish the entire prison into a beautifully decorated living quarter where even the guards take the time to serenade you with bedtime stories, helping a young lad with his backyard projects can rekindle the bonds between a distant family while propelling him towards a bright future in engineering, and going on a whirlwind adventure around all of London makes all but the grumpiest busybodies look up to your example as a call to band together and chip in during times of adversity.

Even hardened criminals and cynical opportunists you bonded with could not just find their empathy awakened, but successfully turn their lives around as free men and give back to the community by opening a lovely cake shop. Being kind and polite has never felt easier with you around, and you can reintroduce an exhilarating childhood wonder to those who had long forgotten it while paving a bright future for future generations. With every small victory in your life, and every new friend made, you make the world a brighter place and full of strong community spirit. You may bumble through life but you'll do it with such flair and charm, that the world can't help but dance along to your heartwarming optimistic tune. But not everyone may be fully prepared for such unadulterated joy, so this can be toggled off and back on at will.

Like a Bear in a China Shop (600 CP): Oh dear. You really are intent on being as whimsical as the bear himself, aren't you? How are you riding that dog, riding that goose, and landing onto that dog from on high without the good boy breaking stride? Wait, are you FLYING WITH AN UMBRELLA while pulled along by a bus on a tape measure? How did you flood the house by

building up water in a supposedly non-watertight bathroom?! In short, you've got the same amount of absurd luck, pluck, reflexes and determination that sees Paddington safely through the most ridiculous of blunders. Play around with ropes and pulleys that send you soaring over the treelines or slip around the London Underground's escalator slides with other impunity, somehow dodging or avoiding all manner of horrible accidents with little more than wet fur (or er, hair) to show for your troubles.

Even legal consequences are significantly blunted for you; you could blunder around a barber's shop hard enough to set off the sprinklers, damage the cords and accidentally shave a bald patch on a prestigious customer and merely lose your job rather than face immediate social stigma and other more logical consequences. And when you set yourself to a short term goal, things get even absurd. Physics seem to bend slightly to help you escape a blast furnace or silently navigate on the ceiling, allowing handheld vacuums or toffee apples to support your full weight for a time. Trying to return someone's wallet when that someone is trying to run away and get to their getaway car could see you "borrowing" a skateboard, literally flying across London and landing smoothly on them with little injury to both of you and hailed a local hero for having accidentally caught a thief you weren't aware of. You could even slip past a cop's notice by reminding him that you're a bin while wearing one, in a pinch. This doesn't lend itself well to achieving precise, long-term goals or those with any real certainty. But when it comes to improvising like crazy all because you really want to clear your name and making it up as you go along, you've potentially forgotten or completely missed more incidents like this than most men ever live through.

Items

Items under the relevant background headers are discounted by 50%.

Discounted 100 CP items become free.

General

Definitely-Not-Evil-Lair (300 CP): Well, well, what's this? Charts and maps a-plenty, a radio system tethered to some ingeniously disguised tracking devices that can keep tabs on someone accurate across the entire Amazon rainforest, and all manner of mundane but useful objects for espionage in the late 20th century. Like disguises, and props, and false papers, oh my! It's not a *large* room, basically a few broom closets stacked together, but within it is everything you could possibly need to sneak into almost anywhere in this world. Oh, and a clever little device you can turn on and off that jams nearby phones.

This inconspicuous and definitely not insidious location can be attached to any property bought in this jump, wherever you like. In future, it can be attached to any property you own period. Alternatively you may choose to either have it attached by a brick wall-like door to your Cosmic Warehouse, or located somewhere discrete and plot-convenient for spy things in your starting location.

El Dorado (400 CP): Hidden deep in the Amazon Rainforest, secluded behind Incan ruins, is the legendary hidden city of gold itself. Except...things aren't exactly as the legends foretold. For one thing, it's inhabited by bears. At least enough bears to comfortably populate a London double-decker bus, and quite probably more. Four of the biggest, toughest bears guard the place as "nature spirits" covered in jungle foliage. All of them (and you) have a special amulet-mounted coin that when slotted into an icon in the ruins allows you passage into El Dorado. And for another, there's no gold. No, the real prize is *oranges*, the most delicious oranges in all the world. The bears consider you kin one way or another, and though they live carefree lives here they'd quickly take to their Peruvian cousins' habits like marmalade-making and woodcarving if introduced. Perhaps they don't quite have *everything* a skilled team of nuns could provide from the outside world, but they're certainly capable of building huts, creating decorative clothing, and other jungle-based survival skills. The bear necessities, if you will.

Drop-In

Explorer's Backpack (100 CP): You're all set for a long trip, I see. You've got a sturdy, waterproof backpack full of all kinds of old standbys for staying alive in the wilderness. This includes a small machete, a water bottle, a pair of binoculars, a good stock of rations, a compass and many other useful things. You've also got some reels of film and one of those old fashioned cameras, if you fancy taking a picture of what you've seen. Finally you've got a contact who can get you more of everything at a good price on short notice, if you wear it out on your many adventures. The world may be a bit smaller these days, but there's always time for one more adventure.

Traveller's Garb (200 CP): Well, don't you look sharp! You've gained a stylish hat and coat of your choice with some rather substantial resilience. It's ever so easier to hide things in both, and you'll find that even in truly dire or implausible situations the world conspires for both to find their way back to you somehow-unless you've purposefully set them down somewhere. To cap it all while not truly waterproof they do keep you warm and breathe well in warm weather, and offer a sense of comfort from home in strange lands. They can be any style you like, including that of Paddington himself tailored to whatever your proportions are.

A Charming Antique Store (400 CP): A little distinguished competition for one of Paddington's neighbours, are we? You've come into the ownership of a quaint but well-kept antique store with all sorts of wonders in it. Everything from jade vases to marionettes on strings to exotic wooden canes lines the walls and shelves of this menagerie, and the extensive storerooms ensure it's a great place to either introduce someone to a little global charm or present your own findings. Mysterious deliveries keep your shop well stocked, and once a month you'll come into possession of a particularly interesting antique on par with a certain pop-up book that will give Paddington quite a bit of trouble in the near future. The antique itself will be well-designed, but it's real value is a sort of adventure guided by clues and codes hidden in it somehow. The reward will be commensurate with the wealth of gold and jewels the pop-up book gave directions to. It could be a villain low on funds' big break...or just a fun little adventure for the family.

The New Geographers' Guild (600 CP): Well, look at that. Whether or not you were shunned by another guild first before vowing to found your own, you've somehow come into ownership of your very own geographers' guild. Massive globes, statues and paintings of famous explorers dot the lobby, and there's a lovely clubhouse for members to refresh themselves at. Charming Victorian mahogany panelling and vivid tiles lend a classic feel to the guild's

luxurious interior, while a sophisticated pneumatic system of pipes and clicking clockwork on the ceiling keeps everyone's important messages and caches of information delivered on time. And of course, you have access to all this as well as the final say on who's a part of your prestigious establishment and who isn't-though most of the time the guild's operations run smoothly without need of you. Just...please don't put a marmalade sandwich in the system, for everyone's sake.

Upstanding British Citizen

Old Printing Press (100 CP): Stop the presses! Or start them! Your call, really. The point is you have a weekly supply of paper and an old printing press that was just gathering dust somewhere, until you decided to start your very own newspaper! What's the story? Who's writing the editorials? Well...to be honest, you don't have any news yet per se. Yet once you do, you're fully entitled to all of the profits regardless of your age, and despite its old fashioned mechanisms the machine's quite reliable at churning out fresh copies at breakneck pace. This is quite a good way of letting people know about urgent news based on their own neighbourhood. Or you know, get back at that one boy who let you down.

Where The Heart Is (200 CP): You're a homeowner of a two-story house situated in London's suburbs, congratulations! And yes, if you should already be one from your background, you now own two houses-and somehow of the two, this one seems more lived in. It's got beautiful wallpapering, interior decoration and even a charmingly quaint attic that just screams magic realism in a way that spruces up the humdrum of daily living in London. The fridge and larder's also well stocked, which is nice. And as one final consideration you've also obtained a very generous insurance deal with regards to things like awry homemade rockets and accidental flooding. But more than that, it's the home.

Get Out of Jail Free Card (400 CP): Did you know these things will be ruled invalid by the courts soon? Awful shame, if you ask me. Anyway through some complicated legal loophole that probably also doubles as a bit of wordplay you've been issued a non-expiring one. If you or someone you know has been imprisoned, simply present the card to the relevant authorities to grant them a full pardon-and you'll receive a receipt for your depleted document. You get a new card every year, but don't get cocky with this thing. It was already on tenuous ground and for anything held as serious in the eyes of not just the court, but public opinion as murder you'll receive only a stern glare and a shake of the head from your local law enforcement's representatives. Use this wisely.

The Clockwork “Prison” (600 CP): Or er...don’t, because now it’s your turn to be the law? You’re not the owner of a rather extensive prison-you’ve got a deputy warden to take care of the day to day administration, but the diligent and remarkably compassionate staff all know who’s at the top of the chain of command. Every bit the equal of one Paddington will find himself imprisoned in (quite possibly, the one to hold him depending on how the judge rules), this prison has most modern amenities from a mass laundry system to individual cells to a dining room. In fact, the dining room’s larder is...actually suspiciously well stocked? Goodness, the prison’s luxuries budget is unbelievably generous! It’s already got a massive stock of fruit, including piles of oranges. If the prisoners were to, say, take up luxury dessert making to pursue their dreams you could easily afford all the ingredients for a varied slew of mousses, pastries and croissants while still affording enough arts and crafts material to redecorate the prison. If a new prisoner were to, say, introduce song and dance routines to the prison there would be enough to buy all the prisoners spiffy costumes and sound systems to support their routine too. Is this one of those newfangled rehabilitation prison systems?

Moustache-Twiddling Villain

A Tarnished Legacy (100 CP): Oh...oh dear. I wouldn’t blame you for skipping out on this altogether. What is it? Well for starters let’s say it’s quite a substantial source of income, one that ensures you’ll rarely have to do proper work like most conventional jobs, and one that nets you a modicum of respect from society. Something on the scale of a commercial with your face on it. What’s the catch? It’s extremely demeaning, that’s what. The commercial with you in it could see you dressed as an oversized dog eating dog foot, that the commercial seems intent on reminding the audience is NOT fit for human consumption. A billboard-based ad of you might see you humorously crushed under a giant vegetable or drowning in manure or something. How disastrously crude, is being remembered like this really worth the royalties?

The Play’s The Thing (200 CP): They say all the world’s a stage, and you seem to have taken that quite literally. Whether you’re simply an enthusiastic collector or had a very eventful past, you’ve got a massive collection of stage and movie costumes conveniently stored in any of your properties somewhere discrete-or your Warehouse, if you prefer. You’ve got everything you need to play such storied icons as Macbeth, Queen Titania, Generic Terrible Frenchman, Generic Revolution-Era Coquettish French Noblewoman, Lars the Chimney Sweep, Hoodlum #3 and so on. You’ve even got a crate of stage weapons that have been sharpened! Heavens, why do you have a crate of actual pointy metal weapons?! It’s not like the audience can even see the sharpness, can they? Oh, and last but not least you have a discrete supplier who can give

you access to everything a stage magician would need to wow crowds at very reasonable prices. When asked why such a supplier would need to be DISCRETE, the clever bugger just taps his nose meaningfully and says he's dealt with magicians before.

Sabotage Kit (400 CP): What kind of a taxidermist are you, exactly? Where did you get a harness, gas mask and those suspension straps from? It's like you've prepared all your life to commit a home invasion with the risk of the defender springing some sort of gaseous weapon. Also, you have all sorts of knives which I suppose at least seems vaguely fitting for your presumed vocation or hobby. Carving knives, filleting knives, throwing knives-wait, that last one doesn't seem right. And what's with this tranquiliser gun, and the free shipment of needle crates you receive every month or so? Get a lot of specimens trying to make a break, for it? Oh well. Here's all the glues, liquids and posing stands that seem more appropriate for a taxidermist who isn't also willing and able to assassinate a sentient being all to vindicate a dead man. And good heavens, look at all that rope you've got. Rope for days.

The Menacing Museum (600 CP): The study of natural history takes dedication, prestige and sponsorship to fully realise. Whether your schemes involved it or not, it seems you've come into ownership of a prestigious museum yourself. Full of all kinds of exotic natural animals lovingly preserved with formaldehyde as well as some exhibitions modelled after prehistoric animals, it's an educational experience for the whole family. But that's not the reason someone of your calibre is interested in it, is it? No, that's probably more the fact that on this piece of land there's no pesky surveillance cameras, and the only security hired here is on your payroll. More importantly you've got all sorts of hunting equipment stowed away in the lower levels. Want to blow someone away with an elephant gun? Need a stick of dynamites? If you have the **Sabotage Kit** with you the resources here greatly expand your pre-existing arsenal, but more importantly add to it in the form of everything short of a jeep you'd need to hunt a wild elephant or rhino. It's quite astounding how everything you own hasn't already signalled to others what a menace to society you are.

Bear

Dear Benefactor (100 CP): You've got quite the collection of postcards. Charmingly stamped already and somehow always near on hand when you feel the urge to write, there are few better ways to set your thoughts to paper and have them sent safely and securely to a distant loved one. There must be some magic in these cards because not only do they have a calming effect on you that lets you easily set your thoughts in order, but they can somehow be sent to truly

implausible places like the jungles of distant Peru. You could even write to your Benefactor as long as you can get them posted, if you feel like sharing your thoughts on your journey so far.

An Ever-Helpful Stack of Marmalade (200 CP): Any sensible bear would view this as their most valued possession: A great, neatly sorted heap of Aunt Lucy's prized marmalade! Much has already been made of how this stuff can turn foes to friends through sheer culinary joy, but it's surprisingly nutritious for its actual content too-even sustaining a small cub on a boat trip from Peru to London. No wonder bears constantly eat the stuff at each and every available opportunity. Don't try using it as a hair care agent though. Already sorted into little jars, if somehow exhausted within the week this heap's restocked from mysterious deliveries.

Arboreal Residence (400 CP): Well then. This is certainly going to be eye-catching in London, all sprawled in the treelines yet somehow legal. In Peru's jungles it'd just be another bear settlement. This, in short, is a wooden settlement for bears on par with Aunt Lucy and Pastuzo's one in Peru. Rope bridges span from tree to tree to even fording rivers, somehow managing to avoid traffic congestion if you happen to live in London already. Nests of branches provide bears with a safe place to rest, and huts make up a sort of official living room. Best of all, the same primitive system of stone wheels, bamboo sluices and other plant or rock based materials that creates an automated supply of marmalade that can be liberally fed to a hungry bear at the bowl catching it from the far end.

The Interdimensional Retirement Home for Bears (600 CP): You can't just live in the jungle forever. Whether by age or loneliness, sooner or later it's time to settle down somewhere more sensible. And this lovely retirement home for bears is just the thing for a bear in its golden years. A generous government stipend sustains this extensive institution, more than enough to care for the bears. Staffed by lovely Peruvian nurses and featuring a terrific open air view of nature (or a park, if you're in London), this place has everything needed to keep old bears happy and healthy...other than, perhaps, a visit or the occasional holiday. In future worlds bears of a certain age will instinctively seek out this place and, sentient and able to speak or not, politely motion to be allowed a room. Something about this place seems to make the bears remarkably polite and docile even if they weren't already, perhaps just the intuited promise of a warm place to sleep and some good meals.

Companions

We're All Going To London! (50-400 CP): It's a beautiful day to go visit another country, don't you think? Giving some old friends who've come this far with you a life here might be a jolly good time. You may import up to 8 companions into a free background of their choice for 50 CP apiece, who may then buy its perks at a discount. Each gains 800 CP to spend on perks and items, enjoying the relevant discounts for their backgrounds. You can also encounter new friends for your merry band in this manner.

A New Family (50 CP): Found someone you aren't willing to leave behind? Worry no more. If you'd rather make a new friend from this world, with each purchase of this option as long as you can convince them to come along on your chain by the end of your time here, they can join as a companion. Buyer beware: All things considered, many people are actually quite happy with where they end up. Even some of the dastardliest villains in London have found something of a new calling in life behind bars.

Shake, Shake, Shake Senora! (50 CP): It's always nice to have a little music when you work. How convenient that a little seems to have entered your life quite literally? Whenever you're engaged in a repetitive physical task, such as cleaning windows or cooking, a nearby quintet of musicians strikes up a catchy Caribbean tune that makes time fly as you work with their joyous singing and playing. Followers rather than companions, they nonetheless offer you staunch moral support and can even help you out of a tight spot in a pinch. You may toggle the circumstances of them just happening to be around playing on and off for those times when you'd prefer a little quiet instead.

Drawbacks

Where's Pastuzo? (0 CP): It...is something of a shame that Paddington only made it to London because of his uncle's death, isn't it? What if you could change that? With this you may start a few days before the earthquake, hopefully giving you enough time to warn the bears to move somewhere safer. How this changes Paddington's tale, only you can know.

DEPORT PADDINGTON! (100 CP): Oh darn it, not another Mr. Curry. While you're not necessarily a bitter old man with a chip on his shoulder, you do have his rather irrationally intolerant and cantankerous attitude towards bears like Paddington. You wouldn't do anything *criminal* to the bears of course, but you have quite the self-righteous drive to do everything in your power to try and (futilely) get them sent back to Peru. You're also somewhat dim-witted and have a bit of a pompous, entitled streak regardless of whether or not you're actually the leader of the neighbourhood watch.

Bit of a Shut-In (100 CP): While the Browns are stuck in a bit of a funk it's nothing a fresh face in their family can't snap them out of. Not so for you. Something quite grim happened in your past, and you just weren't as well supported for dealing with it as Paddington and Aunt Lucy. Or perhaps it was a military tragedy of some sort. Either way, you find yourself rather withdrawn and disdain social contact of all kinds. It's not impossible to snap you out of that funk, but that snapping isn't going to come from yourself. Left to your own devices, you'd just stew in the dark and dust like a particularly sullen m

Pigeon Magnet (100 CP): So. Like followers, do you? How do you feel about avian ones? Avians who've latched onto something delicious you unwisely fed a couple a little while ago, and now have a bothersome tendency to get all up in your face for their bread fix. That's right, for your stay you'll find yourself plagued by flocks of pigeons. They might not be able to get everywhere, but no matter what you do you won't be able to convince them you don't have a little extra bread on your person and soon find swarms of them converging on you-unless you can do a little creative divergence with the food you do have. **This drawback can be taken up to three times** to gain the unwanted attention of up to two other bird species native to London.

El Loco Oro (200 CP): Gold-crazy. That's what you are. Whether or not it dates back to a lineage of ill-fated conquistadores, you're just MAD about the stuff! It ignites a fire under your skin, haunting you with feelings of inadequacy, avarice, hallucinations of disappointed relatives, and worst of all hopes of a better future like a nasty fever. This the kind of gold rush that would have you abandon loved ones, walk straight through untamed wilderness and even

seriously consider devouring an innocent little bear just to bring you one. Step. Closer to your glittering prize. Without immediate opportunities to get appropriately vast quantities of gold you can dampen this urge down to nothing, but get so much as a glimpse of an artifact that can locate El Dorado and you'll be raring to go like a starving animal. It would take a firm-talking to and a proper hard stare or a loved one laying their life on the line to free you from this so-called curse for good...or preferably both.

And Off You Go (200 CP): Something quite drastic has necessitated that you leave your starting country in quite a hurry. Something on par with an earthquake in Peru, or some rather serious criminal charges in London. Either way, unless you fancy your odds against a tectonic movement/the long arm of the law, you're going to have to leave for somewhere else you've likely never been in quite a hurry, and throw yourself on the mercy of strangers for shelter and companionship. With this drawback, your background is modified such that you have no memory of living in London and Peru, and will find it generally difficult and unintuitive to acclimatise. Hopefully things will still work out in the end, given there's decent people on both sides of the ocean.

A Total Klutz (200 CP): Paddington's a kind soul, but he doesn't always have the best judgement. He once tried to stand in for a barber. He ended up entangling himself in the shaver's extension cord, accidentally shaving a streak through the customer's hair, somehow entangling into the ceiling fan and spinning around the room until he slammed into the glass window and setting off the fire alarms. And now you too, have a similar level of sheer incompetence for anything you're not already familiar with, coming up with some very daft leaps of logic for what you think might be the best way to go about a new challenge. You could still cook just fine if you're already familiar with it for example, but good luck navigating a new part of the subway. With this comes an unconscious talent for saying just the right thing to get under others' skins completely unintentionally, from sheer lack of self-awareness and context.

Locked Up (300 CP): Pickpocketing! Embezzlement! Grievous barberly harm! You're in jail now, for something quite severe by this world's standards i.e. not all that bad by most other criminal jurisdictions' reckoning. I hope you enjoy bland, lifeless meals and company that if not overly violent, can still be quite mean-spirited and standoffish. Coupled with a rather lonesome cell to sleep in every night. It might be possible to escape, but you'd likely need a trustworthy crack team of crooks to figure out everything you need to break free. And what'll you do after that? Unless you've planned far ahead enough to secure a getaway plane there's no telling what trouble you could get into on the outside. Perhaps it might just be better to do your time.

Shunned! (300 CP): There comes a time in many a man's life where he must choose between virtue and ambition. A long time ago you chose virtue. And regrettably, you weren't rewarded for it. A prominent institution of your choice has officially and quite literally turned its back upon you, putting you out of a job among other things. Your vocational reputation has taken quite a hit and in this economy, you may soon find yourself running a petting zoo for lack of any better alternatives willing to hire you on. The crushing disappointment of your banishment weighs heavily on you, even if you're a bear. It's not going to be easy finding your feet after this.

Doesn't Play Well With Others (300 CP): YOU are the star of the show! Your talent can't be SMOTHERED by the dithering of rank AMATEURS! At least, that's the mentality you seem to have absorbed. You're a frankly comical narcissist, talking to yourself and any extensions of yourself in self-congratulatory smugness during your private hours. And you simply cannot abide situations where you aren't just the centre of attention, but not also the figurative star of the show. Your self-assured entitlement risks getting you involved in legally questionable schemes thanks to a combination of overconfidence and a callous disregard for those who just happen to be in the way of you helping yourself to your just desserts. And when caught, and confronted with the very idea of being a disgrace to whatever it is you think yourself an exemplar of your willpower crumples like wet tissue paper. You're still perfectly capable of scheming in the short term, but all the same-it's very difficult for you to not make at least a couple very foolish decisions in the pursuit of somehow getting fame and fortune without actually deigning to work with your peers.

Ending options:

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

An Ever-Helpful Stack of Marmalade and the marmalade production line from **Arboreal Residence** automatically come with additional supplies of or systems for producing bread spreads if **The Taste of Home** is repurchased.

The Interdimensional Retirement Home for Bears may or may not attract werebears, bear-shaped gods, spirits or demons or other entities of ambiguous ursine connotation as well as the usual residents. Fanwank responsibly.