

Silent Hill F

It is the 1960s, and high school student Shimizu Hinako has never felt more alone. She **hates** her drunken, abrasive father. She **hates** her cowed, timid mother. And she **hates** her sister Junko for getting married and moving far away. A tomboy and free spirit in a village where the nail that sticks up gets hammered down firmly, Hinako doesn't quite know what to do with herself. High up in the mountains and amongst ancient farms, she'd rather be fighting aliens with her best friend Shu. If only her **jealous** friend Rinko and her **clingy** friend Sakuko would give her a little more support in these trying times...

That's where you come in.

You show up a few days before something very, very strange happens to this town. The fog will roll in, bringing with it **crimson** spider lilies that **fester** and **rot** flesh and stone alike in their passing. Monsters will swarm out from the darkness, though a fox-masked figure will extend a helping **hand** to Hinako at least. And somewhere in the distance lurks a towering figure in a shiromuku-a traditional Japanese **wedding** dress.

Take **1000 CP**, and be the light in this troubled young woman's life.
Or come watch as she drowns in darkness.

Locations

Choose either location freely. Perhaps in some sense, they are one and the same

Ebisugaoka: Bolstered by coal mining and dam construction industries, the grand iron bridge connecting this sleepy little rural Japanese town to the outside world is a reminder of better times. Ever since the faith of a certain god was supplanted with worship of the fox god Inari, history and folklore has reported strange going-ons aplenty here. People falling sick in impossible ways. Gouts of fog, or noxious gas. All superstition, surely?

This is the domain of man, the land of reason.

The Dark Shrine: Ah, what a wonderful day for a wedding! You find yourself somewhere both utterly foreign and hauntingly familiar, either within a traditional Shinto-style Japanese shrine or in one of several grandly decorated temples. Hellish torments reflecting the troubles of the living world sometimes play out like a twisted performance, and embodied impurities stalk the darkness. But that's the spirit world for you. Never a dull moment.

These are the borderlands of the spirit world, the land where both dreams and nightmares come true.

Origins

Time and memory can play strange tricks on the perception of oneself. All backgrounds may pay 50 CP to select their own age and gender.

Outsider: You are a person of little renown and meagre accomplishment, doing what you must to get by. Does it chafe to be so different from the in-group, or are you at peace with your differences? People like you tend to attract negative attention, though unlike a certain young lady you seem not to have caught much attention.

You may either be somewhere between 13 to 20 years old for free. This background may be taken as a Drop-In option.

Townsfolk: You have lived your whole life in Ebisugaoka, with the expectation and determination to make the most of what you have. Your place in society is set, your goals as constant as the rising sun itself. But is that really all there is to you, and to life? With a respectable if not distinguished reputation, folk like you tend to fall back on old habits in times of crisis.

You can be any human age for free.

Impurity: You are pain. You are torment, and rage given twisted life. Somewhere, someone hurt, and that hurting was given flesh and bone. You may be a twisted scarecrow with impaling hands, a lecherous creature mutilated in grotesque ways, or even a humanoid form engulfed by the red flowers. But with this alone, you are a comparatively minor spiritual dreg, operating on the scale of a normal human even if your locomotion and ferocity is inhuman.

Your age is measured in the moments by which the fog overtook this town.

Deity (200 CP): The upcoming events are little more than distractions. For you are an immortal spirit native to an eternal world beyond even the Dark Shrine's reach, yet embodied somewhere in the mortal one. But there is a hierarchy to the divine, and with this alone you are of little consequence-likely able to take the form of a gigantic natural animal, plant or localised phenomena, as well as a human one. And both moving unseen, as well as interacting with the spirit and mortal world in ways one might call magical. Though your power is unnatural, the scale of it is such many could explain it as localised fortune or misfortune without hard proof.

You are immortal though far from invulnerable in either form. The lives of mortals are as mayflies to your kind.

Perks

All perks are discounted for the relevant background by 50%. One perk costing 100 CP becomes free when discounted, the other can be bought at half price.

Outsider

Please See Me As I Am (100 CP): There's something about you that brings out the honesty in others. This may sometimes result in fights, but you've got a knack for cutting through the **assumptions** and **preconceptions** others make of you to express yourself as a person. Perhaps not coincidentally, you're good at reading people to gauge who they are. A useful talent for telling a true companion apart from a snake in the grass.

Steel Heart of Youth (100 CP): Social pressure weighs down on most like deep seawater, **stifling** all the possibilities of who you could grow up to be. But like sand caught in the current, you abide even the strongest of waves. There is a kernel of determination and self-esteem abiding in you, that gives you the emotional strength to stand up for what you believe in, for who you are. Though you may still know great sorrow and anguish, you'll always find the strength to keep going on if you remain focused on your goals.

Space Comrades Forever (200 CP): The bonds you forge with friends are all the stronger, all the surer for having taken this. But today's friend can, through **tragic circumstance**, turn out to be **tomorrow's enemy**. You need to reach them. To remind them of the bonds you shared, preferably while beating them upside the head with the pipe you found on the road some time ago. Through this combination of nonlethal combat and emotional resonance, you're able to rescue your friends from corruption both mundane and supernatural-literally beating sense into them as you free them from some sort of quasi-demonic transformation. You'd be quite the therapist if these practices were allowed in the mortal world.

Born in the Wrong Era (200 CP): Once, a wife was expected to be the last line of defence in ancient Japan. Times have changed and a woman's place has been firmly shifted off the battlefield, but *you* didn't get the memo. Through a combination of natural talent and some sort of athletic background, you're a fantastic melee combat with all manner of traditional or improvised weaponry. As a lost schoolgirl, you could cleave your way through many of the gibbering abominations found here in the fog-some even many times your size. **A pity it won't solve the underlying problem here.**

Clear Drink of Water (400 CP): *That* was refreshing, wasn't it? Good thing you drank from the right sacred well and not a certain ancient magic-tainted font in the Dark Shrine. Your **enlightened perceptions** have a great resistance to illusions, mental enchantments and obfuscations both mundane and supernatural. Even a god of this world couldn't keep you dancing to their script if you knew of their tricks and kept your senses peeled for incongruity.

Away To Freedom (400 CP): **Darkness** envelopes you, **rot** stains you. Are we talking about the daily grind or the corruption of the red flowers? It doesn't matter. You can always leave. With this perk, though it may not be obvious there will always be a way to escape from both physical, social and metaphysical transformations of yourself-whether you're **trapped** in a loveless marriage or literally changed into a husk of screaming flesh. Spot the thread, reject what you've become, evade any active resistance-and somehow things will just work out for you to be yourself. And content with your choices.

Duality (600 CP): Oh hey, it's you. An actual duplicate of the identity defined through your background and perks here, with a tendency to casually show up to you during important decisions or moments of emotional crisis. They have their own opinions and priorities, a tendency to express facets of your personality you don't like to advertise, and also some sort of **divine transformation** comparable to the white-clad figure ushering in so much fog to this town. But with this alone, unlike a certain young lady yours seems to be inclined to be helpful and supportive from the get-go. You may not always see things the same way, but with your shared memories you can always count on them to have your back.

Blessed By The Stars (600 CP): Once every thousand years, a maiden is born with **extraordinary divine power**. Something weird happened this millennium: There were *at least* two, and you don't have to be a maiden to qualify. This reservoir of spiritual energy has no apparent effect at first, perhaps merely giving you the endurance and tenacity to keep fighting through endless fog and monsters. But as you struggle or become more aware of what you are, you'll find yourself able to resist the powers of deities, wield mundane weaponry against a giant beast who holds the storm as his weapon, purify ancient weapons to restore their full power and other subtle yet divine things. You are as much a bridge between heaven and earth as you are a warrior or priest; your formal approval could also greatly empower gods in a land you inhabit regularly. Perhaps even if you were doomed to a terrible fate, this power might let you awaken at the moment which led you to it as if from a dire nightmare. Such feats are difficult to truly quantify and certainly not a replacement for more sophisticated magic; think of yourself as a legendary hero in an old folklore, able to do things that operate more on the logic of dreams but not wholly divorced from physical constraints.

Optionally, you can change your blood type to ABO for free.

Townsfolk

The Old Ways (100 CP): Tradition lies at the root of Japanese society, even as beliefs and practices amalgamate into each other **as surely as the red flower finds purchase in supple flesh**. Ominous taboos aside, you're good at maintaining social cohesion and a sense of duty even in times of crisis. In more peaceful eras you'd be a good teacher or parent-firm but fair, and good at communicating *why* things are the way they are. In times like this, you could be a lynchpin for your more disturbed classmates.

The Best Ways (100 CP): Ah, but is tradition only the letter of the law or it's spirit as well? You're good at fighting dirty. Sowing discord, ruining friendships while keeping your hands clean. You've got a good sense for human nature-you've had to, in order to sniff out everyone who could possibly be a threat to you beneath their gilded smiles. At the same time you've refined your friendly, even caring demeanour for those worthy of your trust. **You'll have them wrapped around your finger in no time.**

Professor Horticulture (200 CP): Since antiquity, the divide between modern medicine and folk cures has been thin here in the mountains. You have been trained in both due to a family lineage of doctors dating back to those mysterious times, and thus can identify and use all manner of herbs or fungi found in the wilds-as well as properly prescribe modern medicines based on someone's symptoms. Somehow, this has also taught you how to combine traditional medicine with clinically tested cures in ways that combine the benefits of both-though potentially, also **downsides**.

Class President (200 CP): You are what every traditional Japanese parent hopes their child grows up to be, filtered strictly through your gender and societal role. This brings with it a broad set of competencies in etiquette, leadership and management. Were things more fortunate you'd be the one organising school events or authoritatively proposing building renovations. Things being what they are, as long as you keep calm you can provide a sense of continuity and efficiency to survivors struggling through this unearthly hellscape. **Or hang them out to dry.**

Miko (400 CP): Whether or not poor Sakuko had these gifts in truth, you at least have a certain level of spiritual awareness that makes you a competent shrine maiden. You're able to both sense and interpret events in the spirit world, as well as to communicate and commune with spirits and deific beings-intuitively coming up with rituals, offerings and other methods to quell their **anger** or draw forth their favour. Such traditions have largely fallen out of fashion even in Ebisugaoka's conservative society, but even in mundane worlds you'll find that the rites you learn here will bring subtle good or bad fortune into the lives of others. Perhaps the *spirit* of the spirit world lives on in your practices?

Pillar of the Heart (400 CP): There's something about you that draws forth affection like a chain and weighs it down like an anchor. The friendships you forge naturally develop into bonds so tight that even supernatural suffering couldn't fully shatter them without dire cause. The love you attract results in pulse-pumping, leg-shaking affection. This only makes you a little more charismatic on its' own, but you've formed a good impression with someone they'll find it very difficult to turn on you. Try not to **abuse** such trust.

Character Assassination (600 CP): Someone's been spreading **awful little rumours** about **your sins**. Well, if they really want to see a **monster** why not oblige? At will, you can don a transformation endowed with both elemental **danger** and a psychological **trauma** you inflict on those around you. Something like darkness you can disappear and reappear through could cover most of a temple courtyard, though something like fire you fling at others would merely have the range of a room. More pressingly, those who face you must endure psychic **barrages of trauma, hatred or whatever other negative emotions you embody**. Whatever your form, it towers over most people and comes with some sort of symbolic **weapon** that can channel your element. Oh, and unlike most of those cursed in this manner you can transform back at will. Perhaps you've been wrongfully slandered? **Or perhaps you feel no shame about who you really are.**

Blue Truth (600 CP): Gods? Impure spirits? Rot? Those people...they looked like monsters to you? It's hard for many to definitively prove the presence of the supernatural, and somehow it seems you've come to embody **the tension between the real and the unreal**. You have great resistance to supernatural effects of all kinds, such that you could remain largely untouched in the hellscape here as long as you keep your wits about you and avoid the more powerful abilities. Even an ordinary bat in your hands could hurt a god greatly-as long as you struck them in human form anyway. Last but not least, if you can convince someone that none of this is real (or at least, that they can and should walk away from it) you can rescue others from things like demonic contracts, hellish otherworlds and other entanglements with the supernatural. Like Orpheus leading Eurydice from the underworld though, this is contingent on the other person's trust in you to lead them away from whatever troubles they're in. Just remember that resistance isn't immunity, and this perk makes your mortal frame no more swifter or stronger than it already was. And much easier with full rejection than any **lingering affection** that could bring the supernatural back into their lives...

Impurity

Unnatural Stillness (100 CP): "It's only a scarecrow". **Let them believe such comforting lies. You do not need to breathe. You do not need to sleep. You endure plague and infestation as surely as any corpse. And you can be still-truly still as a stone. No heartbeat. No twitch. No discomfort, no matter the contorted position you find yourself in. No warning, before you strike.**

Down But Not Out (100 CP): "It's dead now". **People need lies like this to get them through life, don't they? With this you are no longer a mere damned soul tainted by the fog and flowers, but a true spirit. Though your body may be shot, stabbed and beaten, your immortal spirit will keep animating it-and even if incapacitated, restore it swiftly over time. It would take a sacred or profane weapon to put you down-or one that consumes your very spiritual essence.**

Evolution of Madness (200 CP): “Nothing about it makes sense!”. There are things man was not mean to know. Your anatomy is one of them. Whether you’re made of tires, stacked doll heads, clumps of rotting flowers or something even stranger, there’s something about your anatomy that makes you difficult not just to comprehend, but meaningfully slow down. It also grants you unnatural strength and agility, perhaps letting you ooze up to the roof or pound your way through walls where the naïve think themselves safe.

Mound of Flesh (200 CP): “It’s too big! So disgusting!” Redolent in your excesses, you are a monument to the glory of decay. You are much larger than a man, or even a cow. This of course comes with greater and terrible strength, but more impressive is the resilience you have compared to the other things lost in the fog. It seems that with great mass comes with great gluttony, for uniquely you can expand your girth by devouring other creatures. Eat a thousand corpses and you might grow large enough to push through a small Japanese house.

Birthing Bloom (400 CP): “It’s...disgusting! Utterly filthy and awful!” What a cruel thing to say about the miracle of birth. When it please you, your flesh can give rise to lesser horrors-smaller but more agile than you, and blindly loyal to your defence as the ant is to its queen. Though the process appears horrifying, it is painless to you-indeed, there is an ecstasy to fulfilling your ordained role. The greater your girth, the faster you reproduce. With Mound of Flesh you could spawn a dozen little stragglers in the middle of a fight.

Plaguebearer (400 CP): “STAY AWAY! It won’t stop coming!” The one who beckons forth the fog sometimes calls it forth in pursuit. It seems you have somehow gained or been delegated some of that authority. At your will, the mists and rotting flowers that taint this world manifest and home in on targets of your choice-and you have a similar level of control over existing fonts of spiritual corruption similar to it. It would take the mighty Shiromuku to bring forth horror equal to that which has visited itself on this town, but even a powerless human could lash out or control the corruption like a high pressure garden hose.

It's Really...Me (600 CP): "JUST LEAVE US ALONE!" But you're never alone, are you? Choose a human being alive in this world apart from Hinako, she's...spoken for. You are now a grand and terrible corrupt being that symbolically embodies a terrible future they wish to avoid at all cost-or that very will to avoid it. Your powers are more overtly magical than the more carnal horrors in the fog-perhaps commanding a corruption every bit as terrible as the flowers and teleporting through the fog, as well as wielding a greater version of the soul-devouring fox arm Hinako may find. It's not all bad, though. As this person grows in power, confidence or **passion** so do you. You're always considered spiritually and mystically close to each other, and if an understanding can be reached you could fight as one like you were born to it. Last but not least, you can always turn into a near-perfect doppelganger of that person while retaining your powers.

In future worlds, the malleability of your interdimensional nature will allow you to **become a dark mirror to another human being chosen at the start of your jump, altering your powers and nature to better haunt them.**

Hell Dwells In Your Heart (600 CP): "I finally understand now. I **deserve this**". A girl, so far off the beaten path, found strange puzzles to solve that could condemn her friends to the fates they justly deserve. Being an embodiment of trauma, you need no such trivialities. The more those with great sins or guilt are harmed in any way by you, the more the environment around them is cursed into a torturous oubliette. Their sins will crawl on your back as your lay into them, and their sorrows will bubble to the surface, clouding their judgement. At a moment of critical iniquity or despair, they will find themselves trapped in a symbolic execution chamber. You need do little more than pull a lever to condemn them, destroying their physical form and damning them into a corrupt monstrosity **subservient to your will**. Of course, not all hope is lost for your victims. This is ultimately a curse of sorts, and great spiritual power and purity or extremes of determination could shatter the terrible fate you weave around them.

Deity

Onmyouji (100 CP, 300 CP undiscounted for other backgrounds): Many are the ancient arts lost to time in this land. The burning of sandalwood to cast love spells. The casting of curses, or the expulsion of spirits. Whether by your divine nature or some strange twist of fate, you have a working knowledge of Japanese magic. Such things vary with your overall spiritual power, such that a god could easily weather the attacks of an impure monstrosity before banishing it with a finger flick-or cast blessings grand enough to let a land like Ebisugaoka enjoy bountiful harvests, or seal away some malevolent deity lurking beneath it. But even an ordinary human could use these methods to harm and hurt in ways seemingly impossible to explain by science alone.

Fair Fox (100 CP): Why young prince, what a charming face you have! Even were it to be concealed by a mask, your beauty or handsomeness is quite frankly otherworldly, not to mention your effortless grace. It's no exaggeration that in both bearing and aesthetics you resemble a dashing prince or elegant princess straight out of a fairytale than any drab and disappointing human being. Even were you otherwise violent and possessive, you could make an incredible first impression with this.

Contrite Groom Redemption (200 CP): Sometimes, we do terrible things to the ones we love. Sometimes, they do terrible things to us. You have the gift of smoothing over either misfortune. When you sincerely regret the great wrongs you've inflicted on others, you can move them to forgiveness-perhaps even a rekindling of romance. This isn't limitless but even the mutilation of body and mind can be overlooked as long as you truly wish to make amends for your actions.

Of Impeccable Grooming (200 CP): The line between fact and fiction grows weak. Is Kotoyuki truly a divine fox, or merely a

kind man from a remarkably wealthy family? You now enjoy this ambiguity of identity too. With this perk alone, here and in future jumps your family may be toggled to be remarkably high in social status and rich. Not remarkably so, but comfortably wealthy enough to spend a human lifetime enjoying all a high standard of life in 1960s Japan without ever working a day. You may also toggle whether others perceive you as a supernatural being (influenced by your appearance, demeanour and societal position) or merely as an influential high status normal member of society, and pass incongruously in both the spirit and mortal worlds as either. Think of it as an exceptionally refined but focused illusion. Those spiritually sensitive may be able to divine which of your natures is closer to your true nature, but know that your status won't stop others from judging you by your actions.

Exquisite Bride Obsession (400 CP): On the other hand, sometimes you just have to own that special someone. You have acquired a potent enchantment that bewitches others into mesmerised devotion, having them trail on your every word. It would take profound strength of will or a great internal conflict and preferably some measure of divine power to overcome this glamour, though the other component may make such an outcome undesirable. And such a union is a prize in more ways than one. By marrying someone, you and all those you consider family are greatly blessed in ways reflecting the bride or groom's spiritual, mystical or divine power. Marrying a maiden of incredible spiritual power could make a god's hold unbreakable on a land in a way faith alone cannot.

Divine Dowry (400 CP): As you may have inferred by now, sometimes gods marry mortal women. Not to sully themselves, no-to elevate themselves and their kin through their bond with mortalkind. You have been taught a series of personalised rites-always involving some perversion of purification, and traumatic sacrifice-that can bestow your supernatural nature and powers onto your blushing bride-to-

be as well as awaken any latent ones they have. While normally such rites seem to require certain artifacts, by purchasing this it'll be possible though perhaps take longer to transform them-though mystical implements themed to your nature or hers will always speed things along, and naturally the more you wish to confer the longer and more arduous the rites.

Power of a Patriarch (600 CP): In both mortal society and the spirit world, male authority is synonymous with the very weight of social convention itself. So it is that with this alone, you've been conferred social, physical and metaphysical power greater again than a typical instance of your kind-a god being as high above Kotoyuki as his clan leader is above him. But while subjugating even other deities with your will is impressive, your true power is that your supernatural abilities are more powerful the higher your social position. Curses inflict direr consequences, transformations may showcase greater prowess, and even cruel words inflict mental duress as if one were resisting the very framework of social expectations. It would not be inaccurate to call you the very incarnation of patriarchy itself.

Branching Paths (600 CP): Once upon a time, there was a tree that lived for a thousand years. It was worshipped and cherished, until foxes unjustly stole its devotees. Now it schemes, and so do you. You have the power to place a subtle and profound kind of curse on a certain individual. Through haunting whispers offering guidance or distractions at just the right times, great influence over hearts and minds, as well as what appears to be pure coincidence you can preordain certain outcomes. These can be as humble as marrying off a rebellious young girl above her station, or as grand as raising up a mortal into a god provided the nomic facts are true (i.e. that gods are real, and that there is any precedent at all for a mortal becoming one). But even divine providence has its' limitations. The first is that it's easier to rebel or even to shake someone out of their fate when they're aware of who's cursing them. A puppetmaster's show can't outlive the audience's suspense of disbelief, after all. The second is that

such fates take time, scaling with their ambition. A legend needs time to propagate, and in that time one could find circumstances in which it's thwarted. And the third is that divine power can resist it. After all, there is a reason why that jealous old tree hasn't already shoed away the foxes in its' territory.

Items

All backgrounds gain a stipend of +200 CP that can only be spent on items. There are no discounts available, this is a small impoverished Japanese town. But anything that can be repurchased replenishes in a week, delivered by mysterious masked attendants to your Warehouse or other preferred destination.

Tools, Toys and Heirlooms (50 CP): You'll want a sturdy weapon to protect yourself from the monsters out there. A sickle, a baseball bat, a kitchen knife. Each purchase here gets you something that can gouge human flesh and that can be reasonably found in a rural Japanese town. Guaranteed to be of sturdier than average make for its type of object.

Nostalgic Offerings (50 CP): A treasured comb, a dried animal carcass, a piece of food that's long gone stale. With each purchase here, you gain a small bag of seemingly useless offerings with one true source of value: They hold significant spiritual power. **Gods** and **demons** alike would find the power they hold to be particularly delectable, requiring comparatively few before bestowing their blessings. Assuming such things exist, at least.

Practical Offerings (50 CP): A refreshing bottle of mountain water, a nourishing bottle of tea or traditional medicine. A filling bar of chocolate. These offerings have comparatively less spiritual power than those mentioned above, but they are significantly more beneficial to mortals, one way or another. Each purchase grants you a small bag of some of the best snacks you can buy out here.

Primary Sources (50 CP): This next bag holds an assortment of everything from children's diaries, to ancient medical records, to journalist articles from several years before current events in this town. Apart, they're little more than hearsay, folklore and unsubstantiated accounts. Together, they paint a glimpse into Ebisugaoka's culture and history. By purchasing this item, apart from your trove here in future worlds you'll continue receiving similar caches about the history and folklore of other settings, from media of a comparable quality.

Unlimited Grudge Cranes (50 CP): There's a tradition of passing on a grudge in a paper crane, whether to curse another or free yourself of it. Well you've got all the time in the world to let go of your grudges now, because you are the proud owner of an endless supply of paper cranes you can summon from out of desk drawers, or just sort of flick from your sleeves. They come with any grudges you may have pre-

written on them, and catch the wind quite nicely-as if they're yearning to fly away and bear them to the target.

Divine Clan Mask (100 CP): There's something about this animal mask that, while heavily stylised, truly seems to evoke whatever animal it represents. You have the nagging sensation when wearing it that it doesn't want to part with your skin-though you never truly have trouble taking it off. Wearing it does grant several benefits: Seeing through illusions, breaking through spiritual or mystical barriers, and navigating pitch darkness as if it were noonday. It's as if it's bestowing sense beyond mortal ken on you, letting you see and touch as the gods do. Can be repurchased, optionally with different animal stylings.

Seal of Inari (100 CP): No hot irons are necessary today. This disc contains the stylised image of the town's fox god, and holds within what might be some of his power. When faced with locks or portals of any kind, all but those firmly barred enough to deter gods can be opened by holding the disc near one. Furthermore, the seal is something of a modular MacGuffin. Rituals, hellish tests and other strange circumstances requiring a specific significant object can also be bypassed by parting with the seal as an offering. Can be repurchased, optionally with some other deity being represented.

Forgotten Shrine (100 CP): You may recall the significance of faith and offerings, at least in the hearts of traditionalists. This shrine, stylised in the manner of the Shinto faith, lets some of that faith be rewarded. Your reverence must be true and focused, best substantiated by offerings or other donations of spiritual power-but the rewards are most certainly tangible. Vitality, mental fortitude and stamina beyond that of mortal men can all be bestowed. As can greater attunement with mystical forces and artifacts, though those must be purchased elsewhere.

Omamori (100 CP): Ah. Here's one right now. This is a trinket, or a bracelet, or some other decoration that holds some significant mystical power. Each has a blessing ranging from the minor but

persistent (making you much harder to hit while dodging, greatly empowering your counterattacks or making it harder for enemies to pay attention for you, as a few examples) to the situational or potentially costly (restoring you to the peak of vigour from a fatal blow at the cost of the omamori shattering, granting limitless mental fortitude and stamina at the cost of physical frailty) but all greatly increase your chances of survival here. Can be repurchased. Each repurchase doubles how many you acquire at once (meaning you could get 6 omamoris of your choice for 3 repurchases).

Kakura-Makakura (50/100 CP): Brought to the shores of Japan by a foreign missionary, the **little red pills** in this large bottle have a mixed reputation. Some claim that they allow mortals to speak with the gods, by liberating the soul but leaving the body vulnerable to **malign possession**. Others claim that they permit a manner of self-therapy by allowing one to speak with a sort of mental alter ego representing their subconscious. It seems this particular batch does both, simultaneously improving spiritual and mystical powers (especially those related to communion with spirits and gods) while also granting enhanced emotional stability. Just don't take too many at once. For 100 CP in total, you also gain access to a massive field of **red flowers** attached to an ominously Shinto-styled door to your Cosmic Warehouse or at a property of your choice-as well as the procedure for manufacturing more pills from them. Any resemblance to the **scarlet rot** plaguing the town is surely coincidental, as is any resemblance to the drug known as White Claudia that will trouble certain American families in the distant future. It's *surely* all a strange happenstance.

Agura no Hotei-sama (100 CP): Um. Well. It looks like we aren't even trying to be subtle with the Silent Hill allusions anymore. Anyway, the red liquid within this ornately carved bottle is renowned for its' ability to purify things and banish evil-capabilities that this batch seems to have in truth. Not very effective against **gods** though-in fact it seems to bring one closer to them. Though normally only the Iwai family can concoct it, by purchasing this item you've learned a procedure involving herbs found here (and common to most worlds elsewhere) that can recreate it if you need larger quantities demon-

smiting red liquid of ambiguous providence. Also the bottle fills back up to the brim every week.

Sacred Sword (200 CP): You'd be hard pressed to find a finer katana on short notice, but there's more to this beautiful blade than meets the eye. A malevolent energy resides within it and restores it's durability and sharpness no matter how often it's swung, like a grudge that refuses to heal over centuries. Were you to somehow purify the blade, you'd likely curry favour with any **deities** concerned by such a weapon. Until then, there are few better ways to protect yourself here.

Fox Arm (200 CP): Ah, but speaking of self-defence. Seemingly cleft from a long-dead vulpine of some kind, this clawed limb is uncannily quick to be grafted to a recipient-smoothing over almost all the complications of such a procedure, apart from pain. Even that fades quickly, replaced with the calm confidence of a deity. Once the bearer adjusts to it, the arm becomes a formidable weapon: Not merely allowing the wearer to strike with beastly strength and briefly transform into a feral form, but devour the souls of the slain. Permanently destroying even the undying aberrations found within the fog. Of course, the catch is that attaching it HURTS. Though by purchasing here, you gain a few hints about how this thing might be kitbashed into a serviceable melee weapon on its own...

PP-8001 (200 CP): A prototype melee weapon for the Space Army. Its effective range changes to match the wielder's experience on the battlefield. The flashing plasma blade makes it popular and the epitome of cool...and *what the hell is this glorified toy lightsabre doing here?* Oh and it has some sort of short-ranged shockwave pulse attack because why not. Even if you can't permanently kill the **aberrations** here with it, you're going to humiliate a lot of them by batting them around like cat toys with it.

Sacred Hospitality (100/200/300 CP): Home ownership is a lot like godhood when you think about it. A space is set apart from the mundane and the banal, where one's history and identity become the defining features of the environment. For 100 CP you are no more unique than any other home-owning adult in this town, with a rustic but comfortable house completely signed under your name. For 200 CP on the other hand, you own a grand estate that only wealthy, privileged families in this country can afford. It comes with both a devoted servant staff as well as well-decorated rooms, historical antiques and even modern amenities seamlessly blended in. And for 300 CP, the metaphor stops being one. At will, you can leave to dwell in an actual, temple-like structure that exists in the **bright realm** further from the mundane world than even the Dark Shrine. Though superficially resembling the culture of Japan, it's safe to say the consumables and amenities here are literally fit for the gods. And that the servant staff here resembles Shinto spirits instead of anything that was ever human.

Jumper's Shrine (300 CP): Well, isn't this a pickle. You quite like the idea of an ominous liminal space but you don't want to deal with meddling deities, lost schoolgirls or **home invaders**. Here's a compromise. With this purchase, you obtain your own mysterious spiritual otherworld that will follow you into future worlds, and can be accessed by yourself or others using a few obscure means of your own designation. Perhaps entering a state of mind (such as unconsciousness) near you is sufficient to get in, perhaps you can simply draw a chalk outline somewhere; either way without great **divine power** of your own it'll be quite hard to force someone unwilling into it. Either way, once inside you'll find an eerily dark mirror to the roughly town-sized area you entered in. Buildings take on strange religious connotations, often contain morbid truths about those emotionally close to you, and are most definitely bigger on the inside. Natural phenomena often forms useful components to spiritual and mystical rites of all kinds. Also by purchasing the thing here, someone's very thoroughly shooed away any **malefic spirits** or busybody gods, leaving you the sole master of this otherworld.

Companions

Class of 1960 (50-400 CP): In your restless dreams, you see that town. Ebisugaoka. You promised you'd take them there again someday. But you never did. Well, you don't have to be alone in your 'special place' anymore. Each 50 CP purchase lets you import or create a companion that gets a free background, and 600 CP to spend on perks and items. Go on now. They're waiting for you.

Long Distance Relationship (50 CP each): As the once-ironclad bonds between the young and old loosen, perhaps you'd like to cast your

own red string of fate into the mix? Each purchase here guarantees you to make a good impression on a character here even though, to be honest, this option mostly exists to try your own luck with Hinako and hope she keeps it together long enough to make it out in one piece. The human heart being fickle as it is, the offer of companionship remains valid for anyone who willingly accepts by the end of the jump.

AFTER ONE THOUSAND YEARS, I'M FINALLY FREE! (50 CP, free/optional for Outsider): Your arrival somehow coincided with the famous Killing Stone in a faraway prefecture shattering decades before it should have happened. As a result, a dark fox goddess has been unleashed upon the world! She has great magical powers over both summoning fierce beasts straight out of legend as well as suborning mortals to her will-and through a tough regiment empowering both to surpass their limits. When pressed, she can transform into a monstrous shadowy fox or cast meteors from the heavens. With an elegant smile, an outfit that combined the voluminous fashion of ancient China(?) with modern decadence, and a keen eye for the bestial appetites of both boardrooms and more obvious predators, she's keen to reestablish her reputation. She is also deeply grateful to you unleashing her, however contrived the sequence of events to make her believe so. Though undoubtedly a cruel piece of work and exerting dominance on the weak or stupid as second nature, she also has a strange hobby of playing secretary to a wealthy and successful individual.

SPACE DOG (50 CP, free/optional for Townsfolk): Not long before you arrived, it appears that THE GREAT SPACE INVASION of Ebisugaoka came to a screeching halt when the townspeople ran the alien invader out of town with torches and pitchforks. That invader happens to be a rather bemused and happy Shiba Inu dog...who happens to be piloting an interstellar spacecraft lightyears ahead of any technology on Earth. The PP-8001 for example is something his spaceship is very much capable of manufacturing. The dog's technology threatens to shift the very genre of this **scary Japanese ghost story** into some sort of **whacky scifi adventure** if he's allowed to proliferate it-perhaps even interfering with the Dark Shrine and the gods themselves, in time. At any rate, he's taken a liking to you after

being the first earthling merciful enough to give him a second chance. You are now friends with a highly advanced alien dog...FROM SPACE!

Failed Audition (50 CP, free/optional for **Impurity**): Some people were born to straddle heaven and earth. This girl seems to be **impurity** incarnate. Escaping a **nightmarish path** in a **bloodbath** against those who wronged her, her messy long hair and limber frame make her a striking Japanese young lady for the times. Though her manner of dress belies **the seething morass of hatred and anguish, barely restrained by her cold contempt for humanity** beneath her façade of agreeable innocence. She brings little with her other than the undersized school uniform she's in, a kunai blessed by **dark powers** and an almost divine reservoir of **profaned** spiritual power she has no idea exists. Something about you seems to bring out the twisted but genuine kindness in her, making her almost codependently fixated on you. Be careful. Beneath all her well-crafted masks (cold confidence, wronged innocence, and whatever else she thinks will get her what she wants) is a **broken child** desperate to hold onto any semblance of warmth in a cruel world. At any cost.

Wandering Historian (50 CP, free/optional for **Deity**): If you ask this furiously studious man, all this talk of deities and curses is just nonsense made up by traditionalist societies to excuse their practices across generations. Nevermind the fact that he's clearly dressed as someone from many centuries ago, has a tendency to clip through walls or show up to harangue you about his COMPREHENSIVE proof of proving wrong the local faiths, and seems to just show up somewhere else quickly if slain by a mortal weapon-often dismissing his old corpse as a fake. You're clearly a fellow scholar yourself (or so he seems to think), and he gladly seeks you out to expound his theories and collate historical data together (much of which will prove useful against the **horrors** of the fog and navigating their dread realm). Expect him to be...stubborn about broaching the nature of his current existence.

Drawbacks

“You **traitor!**”(100 CP): There’s a terrible fear related to how you were raised, that haunts you to a level few would suspect of such a simple trauma. A child’s fear of the dark resulting in paranoia and entitlement over her friends’ time, for example-and odd (some might say, autistic) behaviour leaving her further alienated from society. In the present you’re merely a little weird, someone considered one of society’s oddities but personally functional. But should you be exposed to your fear in your time here, and it’s common enough **you almost certainly will**, you’ll almost certainly crumble in defeat without great willpower.

“You’re **nothing** but a fly” (100 CP): You’re perfect. You have to be perfect, because without that you’re nothing. You have an obscene hunger for the gratitude and respect of those around you, and a deepseated resentment against those who enjoy the freedoms you feel you’re denied or who stand between you and the few people you desire-who inspire an unhealthy desperation for in you. Some might call what you experience sociopathy. **But you know you’re just better than them all.**

“I understand” (100 CP): Guilt haunts you. A terrible thing you did, that no mundane investigation may bring to light easily, but that events in the **Dark Shrine** will increasingly bring to light. The nature of this crime is unimportant. What is important is the crippling weight it has on every decision you take here-potentially driven to violence against those you care for or rendering you vulnerable to the influence of **gods** or mere madness should it consume you. It’ll take great willpower, self-discovery and preferably action to overcome this dire deed. If only there was some around to literally beat sense into you.

Wake The Dragon (200 CP): Whether due to the bonds upon a severed head of Yamato-no-Orochi weakening or mere geological pressures, it seems you’ll have natural disasters to cope with among everything else. From rivers flooding unseasonally, to clouds of noxious gas suddenly rising from the ground, to surprise geysers, expect to get wet and washed away if you’re not careful. Don’t even think about leaving town. The water dragon/unseasonal natural disasters will follow you unless you perform a specific purification ritual that will either slay or bind the dragon-or coincide with the end of this phenomena.

A Dreamy Ceremony (200 CP): *You’d do anything for them. That person who’s always been helping you, isn’t lasting happiness only found at their side?* Hey. Hey, snap out of it. *Don’t.* You’ve become unreasonably submissive and agreeable to the expectations of others, on a level bordering madness. Or possibly some kind of love curse. In particular, you’ve become fixated on one canon character in this

world-regardless of their feelings, becoming utterly devoted to their wellbeing even at your expense. If you somehow don't avoid completely alienating them, at the end of the jump you may take your beloved with you as a companion.

Cloying Kudzu (200 CP): You're infected. The rotting flowers have blossomed under your skin, they're starting to creep all over you. The pain is extraordinary, and worst of all sometimes shifts to perverse pleasure. It's getting harder to move, or remember. You sense that allowing this infection to utterly consume you will end your chain, but that there are also simple things you can do to delay or even rescind it: Spiritual purifications, making offerings to deities, and holding true to your inner determination. If you're truly out of means to fight off such a supernatural malaise, resolving the origin of the fog will definitely result in the end of this infection-though Hinako may need some help getting it right the first time without context clues.

What You Deserve (300 CP): Even now, the evil seed of what you've done. Germinates within you. For a deed so dire society refuses to even acknowledge it, you start your journey here trapped in an execution chamber with no immediately clearcut way to leave-or for others to enter. Few will pass you by from the outside, but all who do will instinctively understand that you deserve this and that slaying you will help them leave the Dark Shrine sooner. And enacting your execution will be as simple as solving a strange, symbolic puzzle that will result in you dying in a way designed to mock your fears and failings. Like others slain in this manner you will rise again as a ruinous atrocity. Failure to somehow restore yourself from this state will end your chain by the time this jump is over.

Entwined with the Divine (300 CP): A god has taken profound and most decidedly undesirable interest in you, seeking to control every facet of your life. Not out of love, but some sort of inscrutable plan that will result in you facing down some of the direst horrors in this world and potentially even setting you on a collision course with high society, the Inari Clan or both. This manipulator has some sort of calling card or proxy that can be used to locate it, but defeating it to rid yourself of its' machinations fully will feel like trying to thwart

fate itself. It prefers to avoid direct confrontation, but will fight to kill if confronted.

Your Own Worst Enemy (300/600 CP): There's something else out there that resembles your build from this world but grander, more powerful, more **inhuman** though if you are an **Impurity** it instead resembles the whole and hale person you represent. It spreads a corruption on par with the fog of its own, symbolic of some past failing of yours, and while it does not seek conflict with the pale figure bringing forth the fog it is monomaniacal in its focus. You. It has decided the two of you cannot coexist, for reasons approximating social convention. Destroying this entity will have ruinous effects on your mental health. It may be possible to reach an understanding with it instead, but it's movements are unpredictable and how quickly it resorts to violence is proportionate to your own denial of those parts of your personality you dislike showing others. Such is the case for 300 CP. For 600 CP, it instead has every perk you do from other worlds. Good luck.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

Red text indicates an association to spiritual impurity or negative emotions. **Bold white text** indicates some sort of relationship to **gods**. **Blue text** is an Umineko in-joke. Anyway, don't worry too much about it all, it's just a vibe.

In longstanding Silent Hill tradition, not just the power but overall reality of the various supernatural phenomena encountered here is somewhat vague around the edges. Really in general everything just kind of runs on symbolism and dream logic. Every entity fought so

far was something a sufficiently determined schoolgirl (who held vaguely defined hidden divine power) armed with a melee weapon could eventually deal with permanently, except for Kotoyuki's patriarch who after seemingly being beaten down in a duel apparently got a second wind and was only narrowly thwarted by a door shut in his face. A very big door. As usual, fanwank something.