THE INVITATION

DEAR JUMPER: I FORMALLY INVITE YOU TO THE CITY.

THE CITIES GRACES CAN PROVIDE YOU WITH SOME OF THE WISDOM, WEALTH, HONOUR, AND POWER YOU SEEK

HOWEVER, ORDEALS WILL AWAIT YOU IN THE CITY.

IF YOU CANNOT OVERCOME THESE ORDEALS,

YOU WILL BE SENT HOME YOURSELF

-YOUR SPONSOR.

Books of the Day

BOOK OF 1000 CP	BOOK OF ORIGIN	BOOK OF DISCOUNTS
		



A Jump by Marie English, Cyphron, and Merchant

Welcome, or perhaps welcome back, to The City. The most industrious city on the planet, about the size of Texas, filled with myriad awesome wonders. From trains which take fifteen seconds no matter the distance, to revolutionary methods of keeping the homeless off the streets. Need money? For someone with your skills, there's always work, whether it be with one of the illustrious Wings of the World for a steady career, or the robust Fixer economy! Want to make a name for yourself? Well, there are plenty of ways to make yourself known in the booming art economy (especially District 23's booming culinary scene), or to live out your dreams as one of the illustrious Stars of the City!

It's easier than ever to rise to those vaunted heights, after White Nights and Dark Days gave the keys to power to even the most destitute, if they have a strong enough desire, and the will to pursue their hearts siren song. Rumors are even beginning to swirl about a Library which can bring you knowledge and power, if you just manage to overcome its trials.

If you don't find The City to your fancy… well, good luck out in the Ruins. You'll need it.

The City



The City is divided into twenty six districts, each headed by one of the twenty six Wings, megacorporations bearing their own impossible technology known as “Singularities”. Each District contains Nests for the wealthy and Wing Workers, sometimes known as Feathers, and the Backstreets, influenced by the Wing but more directly controlled by The Syndicates, and patrolled by the strange Sweepers to cull overpopulation. Movement between these is legally problematic (particularly on a residential basis), and illegal movement is a poor idea whether or not they bother to have the usual plasma barriers or electric fences. Some examples for you to choose from, though many haven’t been explored in any detail:

Districts 1,2,3: Exceptions proving the rule (as well as forming and enforcing them), these Districts lack a Feather-Wing distinction, due to being the center of the power for The Head, the rulers of the city. The Head consists of A-Corp with its Arbiters and control of Singulatity Patents, B-Corp “The Eye” monitoring the City, and the Claws.

District 9: Known as the Streets of Music for their artistic culture, its backstreets are currently in disrepair due to a powerful Distortion known as “The Pianist” which rampaged within before being taken out by The Black Silence.

District 10: Its Nest is known for its gambling, and its residents rely on a strange sort of fortune telling entity that predicts events and gives opinions, but never actually offers solutions. Just information. Run by J-Corp, with the Singularity of Locks, likely the most directly named of them.

District 11: While little is known about this particular district, it is run by K-Corp, whose singularity is nanomachines.

District 12: Now defunct and subject to gang wars (Mainly between the Thumb and the Index Syndicates), District 11’s Nest is shrouded in thick mist after White Nights and Dark Days emanated from Lobotomy Corporation.

District 14: Run by N-Corporation, all buildings within are completely white, seeming as if a thick sheet of snow has covered every surface. While it might be interesting, make sure not to take pictures, however. It is under 14 Taboos, one of which is recording anything within, and if you break any, you will be wanted dead or alive by N-Corp. If you can get past that though, its known for its academia, even in its Backstreets. Perhaps they just don't want anyone stealing ideas?

District 23: Known for its culinary arts and connoisseurs. While cannibalism is only lightly frowned upon in the rest of The City, District 23 moves into hunting the most dangerous game with relish (and other seasonings), with assorted butchers and maniacs attempting to find "the perfect taste".

The Outskirts: Past the city, there are the Outskirts. Desolate wastes filled with bombed out husks of buildings, orphans of Wing Wars, monsters created by the Wings, and those exiled from the City by the Head, the outskirts often make the worst backstreets seem pleasant by comparison. However, laws are relaxed somewhat, and abnormal treasures can occasionally be found.

The Ruins: Past the outskirts, all there is know is the ruins. As you drift further from the City, things become stranger and more hostile, likely incomprehensible to the human mind. If you go far enough, that which meets or exceeds the danger of what Lobotomy Corporations Abnormalities may become commonplace, even causing those familiar to conflate them with the abominations of their Aleph class. However, for the truly desperate (or those funding them), the treasures within might be worth dying for. And certainly, they're worth killing for…

You may choose your location, with your place within being determined by your origin. Except if you are a Librarian, in which case you begin in the ephemeral, shining building at the center of L-Corp's now defunct Nest.



Origins

Origin Options are 50% off, disregarding 100CP Options, which are free for the associated origin. Free choice of age and sex, given the mutability of flesh in the city.

Drop In



Old faithful. In an unnoticed corner of whatever location you chose, you find yourself with the clothes on your back, your dreams, and strange new abilities.

+You fall from the heavens, untainted by the City.

-Without a history, you might be left out of the Cities light.

-And out of eating.

-And possibly out of not being eaten by sweepers, if you can't find a hiding place past curfew

Fixer



You find yourself in the life of a Fixer, one of the most popular careers In the city. Essentially a mercenary, you might find yourself doing anything from chasing dogs to assassination to put food on the table.

+The life of a Fixer is a fairly reliable income, as long as it lasts.

-The life of a Fixer is often short and full of tragedies.

-If you're on the higher end, expect to have stepped on hands to get there.

-It's also not the freest of paths, with only the Colors existing out of the Offices and Associations.

Syndicate



Man's oldest profession: Crime. Honestly, not too dissimilar from the Fixers, but with marginally more horrific violence to inflict. There are many varieties, from the Rats, gutter running creatures living day to day, to the Five Fingers, rulers of the backstreets able to ignore the demands of the Wings. But are you really free yet?

+ More freedom than more law abiding folks.

- Probably still answer to a boss.

+- The life of man outside of society may be solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short, if they fail to take enough from others.

- You almost certainly lost your good person card twenty kneecaps ago.



Special Origins
100 cp Premium

Librarian



"Get a job in a Wing", she said. "It'll be a safe job", she said. "LobCo looks like good job security", she said. Well, your mother wasn't wrong, but there might be such a thing as *too much* job security. Ten thousand years (most of which you probably don't remember particularly well), and you're still employed!

Though it isn't all bad! You probably have a decent rapport with your coworkers by now, and if you like reading or challenging fights, you're in for a good time. Your work consists of sorting books for your floor, and fighting incoming Guests to turn them into the books.

+ Job security
+ So much job security that you cannot truly die as long as the library stands.
+ Likely one of the better workplace environment in the City for those not at the top. This says very little.
+- Meet new and exciting people (and kill them)
-So much job security that if the Library falls, so do you (barring out of jump interference.) You also forget your ressurective immortality in battle to generate more light.
-You do have to fight people, even those you might be sympathetic to.

Feather



You're not just some Office worker, you're an office worker! Which is to say you have gainful employment in a Nest, under one of the Wings of the World. This is a position of some power and privilege, as even if a Fixer finds themselves a place in a Wing, they will still be there on the condition of performing violent and dangerous work. You, meanwhile… might still have violent and dangerous work, depending on your position, but it's just as likely to be a soul crushing nine to five, or owning a small flower shop. Whats important is that you're in a Nest, where life has something a value!

+ You might be expendable, you might not be, but you're certainly less expendable than any pleb from the Backstreets.
+ You live somewhere where curfew isn't enforced by roaming biomechanical cannibals prowling the streets at night.
+- Your job might approach some form of normalcy.
- It's probably pretty dull.
- You're still in the City, and possibly unprepared for when something bad *does* reach the nests.

《 Perks 》

Undiscounted

Free!

That's That, and This is This



Now as you might've noticed, the City is a bit of a hellscape, where everyone is just trying to get by while the Wings perform horrific human experiments, and the backstreets are full of cannibals and other criminals. Fortunately, you're given the ability to not be overwhelmed by all this.

You can push forwards to your own goals, with putting aside your own feelings of shock, horror, and loss until you no longer need to focus being second nature in this world.

Free!

Augmented: Canard



Pretty much everyone in the City has some degree of augmentation, muscles that can carry oversized swords while retaining agility, eyes that see better in the dark, lungs that deal with most smog just fine, veins that cut off circulation In the event of being breached, or various other quality of life improvements. You have the basic form of the City's augments, likely to not be too noticeable, unless you really want something better than the standard, In which case you can get something like a big clunky robot arm that lacks dexterity in exchange for far more strength, or your eyes replaced with cameras that have various extra vision modes in exchange for other flaws in the field of vision afforded.

200

Augment: Urban Plague

(Free with Pointing Fingers, Combat Applications, Office of Hopping)



Now if you're willing to pay a bit more for your augments, or have ties with those who might make them, we can get you something a bit more special.

All of the effects of the prior tier are significantly improved, legs able to do great leaps, arms that never tire despite swinging swords the same size as yourself, and camera eyes that replicate the full function of human ones, along with seeing into UV, infrared, and so on. More than that, now your augments come with a distinct gimmick to them. Perhaps they create sheathes of fire around your weapons to burn away at your foes, have assorted modes they can cycle through as needed in order to improve your performance in numerous minor ways, actively build up power in their internal engines to spur you on to greater heights the longer the battle lasts, or disable key muscle groups of your foes with carefully placed electrical shocks.

400

Augmentation: Star of the City

Free with Colorful, Head Eye Claw



This is the point where the cybernetics find themselves less limited due to availability, and more due to the fact that if they were to be implanted in a normal person they'd be torn to pieces. Though these also tend to be masterpieces, single works of art unlikely to be replicated. At this point you probably have at least some bits of a singularity involved, as your attacks sweep the entire battlefield into a sea of flame under your control, or your gloves hold a near endless array of the finest weapons from numerous workshops and can be overclocked to deliver a truly stupendous barrage of attacks upon a single foe from all the weapons contained within. Whatever your chosen gimmick is, it will be taken to true extremes, allowing you to face down entire offices of lesser fixers without breaking a sweat.

EGOtistical

Personal Ego, or Psychoment depending on who you ask, is a fascinating phenomenon.
Those who find themselves near the point of breaking, at the end of their rope, but hold fast to their ideals (and have a hefty dose of Light), can manifest their own Psyche as a weapon, armor, or other, stranger implement.
For now, yours is a relatively simple weapon or suit of armor, that can be wielded with no more requisite skill than breathing so long as you maintain the mental focus required to manifest it. It in turn boosts the power of your blows, and can allow you to strike at the mind or soul of a target with a bit of effort. Each EGO is unique however, and yours will have certain useful qualities. Maybe it rejects raw power, forcing a contest of pure skill briefly, or it causes unnaturally deep wounds.
Whatever the case, it in some way reflects you and the stance you took to overcome the trials of the City.
What's more, each of the capstones you take will inform the manifestation of your EGO and grant extra functions, from taking on the nature of an area, to becoming a part of your body.
This excludes the peaks of the Wing origin, for they are rather removed from the struggles of the City in their Nests, up so high above the struggle, so isolated from the mad desire needed.







They can still take it, they just won't get bonuses.

Drop In

100

Great Vacation



Even with all of its flaws, The City has its occasional pleasant locales. Mostly in the Nests.
...
All but exclusively in the nests.
Nevertheless, there are a lot of fun little places, even in the slums and backstreets! And you have a nose for them. Even in the bleakest places, if there's a good time to be had, you can hunt it down. Thankfully, this also helps avoid the more... problematic kinds of fun, with an innate sense for the general danger of a place, a buzzing at the back of your head when you look upon an area that would usually be hazardous to you, which can be turned lower, for if you like a bit of risk, or higher, if you want to know if it would hurt your friends. The first can really help if you want to get around to all those fun destinations, because you swear you can't so much as look at the all too convenient Warp Train without a searing migraine...

100

Be More Chill



The distortion phenomenon is an ever-looming threat hanging over your head, for those living in The City after the White Days and Dark Nights incident.
But at least you probably won't need to worry about your friends turning, with you around. You have the skills to calm others down, and help them resolve their issues to the proficiency of an above average psychologist from a world with actual mental health services.
With skills like these, your expertise is about as rare and valuable of a commodity as a ticket to the Nest. Though to be clear, it probably won't actually get you one.

200

Geared Up

A great deal of people see the City as a shackle upon their lives, and they're not all that wrong. Yet even before the City grew out of the rocks like a cancer no one could be considered free. In the end, we all will follow a massive current unheeding of our own wills, and the cult of the gears are simply there to show the flow. Even if you're not as deterministic as Eileen, you acknowledge that some must function as gears for the sake of others, thus you are familiar with the process of turning whole individuals into gears that when grafted to one's form boost their capabilities. The average chaff of the world are turned into Meat Gears that enhance the wielder's raw combat potential using the experiences of the gear's former life. Rarely, an individual holds the potential to become a Thought Gear which, when used, drastically heightens reflexes and predictive capabilities. So long as you have space, you may wield as many gears as you can produce, their effects magnified with every addition; enough Meat Gears and you could become a truly frightening aberration, while a few Thought Gears could allow you to whisper commands into comparatively primitive machinery and have them heard. Of course, the process - at least for now - kills the gear to be in a rather gory fashion. But surely this is an acceptable sacrifice, as these gears can rest easily with the knowledge that they finally have a clear purpose.

200

Detective Eyes



There are countless monsters in The City, but few compare to the Distortions (At least in terms of sheer literal and physical monstrosity) Men consumed by their desires and emotions, stressed beyond their sanity or humanity into creatures which could fit in with the beasts of the outskirts, or the abominations of L-Corp. But at least, with this, you might prevent them from surfacing entirely. You have the ability to see the latent Distortion in others, the tangled knots of light and consciousness which can bloom into Distortion or EGO. This can allow you to avoid them in advance, try to talk them down before they burst, or see those which hide in human flesh until its time to pounce well before they have the chance. In future jumps, this will apply to similar kinds of madness-based powers and mutation.

400

Bloodfiend



The legend of the Vampire precedes even the oldest ruins and board rooms of the city,
blood sucking horrors acting as a predator to mankind.
With such a long history,
is it any surprise that they're one of the few forms of "natural" distortion, pre-dating White Nights and Dark Days,
and perhaps even being the root of the former L-Corps singularity?
You find yourself as a Bloodfiend, a creature of literal bloodlust which remains the most common form of distortion, even while new ones have begun to form almost daily (before being snuffed out about as quickly). You may, of course, drink blood to heal yourself, or devour the flesh of others for even greater recovery. However, their true power is reshaping others. This can be in body, creating horrific yet potent abominations of combined flesh, or mind, or mentally, allowing for feats such as the manipulation of memories, with you having some degree of minor skill in both. Unfortunately, at
least for the duration of your stay in the City you'll find yourself burnt by running water, and needing to consume human blood and flesh. Nothing's free here, is it?

400

Carnival Phantasm

Many of the crafts and trades of the City involve human sacrifice, either literal or metaphorical. But perhaps one of the more interesting examples of this is the Carnival's tailoring business, which makes grand and extremely protective clothes by eating people. Admittedly you don't need to actually consume them, but the process is much the same, rendering down flesh and blood into fine silks, with efficacy varying based upon the materials you use. A normal human might be merely bullet resistant, while someone with high end augments might provide protections highly sought after throughout the city. In the event your materials possessed exotic powers, the resulting silk will of course incorporate them to further aid in looking dashing while also ensuring the wearer is well protected

600

Our Sun



The White Nights, Dark Days incident and its consequences have been a disaster for t he City's inhabitants.
Though, perhaps, less so for you, someone who seems to have similar properties to its mysterious voice.
You seem to have a real knack for pushing people to their limits.
While this is still based on the information you have on them, when it comes to causing horrific degrees of mental stress, you're great at pushing them until one of two things happen: They snap under your arguments, becoming monstrous Distortions, beings rooted in their own desires, which have boiled over to consume them body and soul. These twisted humans have powers and forms wrapped around their wishes. Or, they control their emotions and desires, reifying them into E.G.O equipment, powerful weapons formed of the same wishes, but focused. This may be slightly less deadly or versatile on average, but the control and, well, sanity more than make up for it.

In future jumps, you'll continue to be able to awaken others to their Inner Light, and moreover awaken similar abilities based on extremes of stress.

EGO Booster



You've somehow touched upon the light, subliminating into it without losing your physical form, your EGO allowing you to maintain a body. The point is, your power reaches out to others with similar abilities, whispering in their ears in times of vulnerability, pushing them towards fulfilling your goals. While this is most prominently displayed with the Light and other systems involving a connection to something more,it still works with anything as simple as ki, mana, or other energies, and scales in potency the more power you have stored. Beyond the whispers, this also serves to nudge uses of it in your favor ever so slightly,
though once more, if you can amass a great enough power, perhaps you could make it nigh impossible to raise similar workings against you.

600

Gone Angels



Well, perhaps your similarities to [redacted] run deeper than expected? You have a certain, shining presence, the kind not found since [redacted] went from the backstreets to the axis around which the now defunct Lobotomy Corp turned around until, and even after, her end.
When it comes to your direct interactions, you'll find that even the most jaded of cynics tend to lend you an ear to your ideals, whether or not the circumstances mean they really should pay any attention to begin with.
And once they're pulled, you'll find that even death won't necessarily end your machinations, one way or another, given their almost religious, nigh unshakeable fixation on advancing your dream, perhaps pushing them to great and terrible wonders with the determination their angel has bestowed upon them. What's even worse is how normal and sane you and your followers make it sound. Sure, you might be trapping everyone in an eternal hell, but it's for a good and noble cause, and that's what matters. The usual signs and warnings of fanaticism just don't show up, they're just weird and quirky people who happen to share your goals.

EGO Booster



Your soul is too grand to be encompassed as a single outfit and weapon. Instead, it takes the form of a space cut off from normal reality. Within this space, some of the laws of physics are bent in your favor, perhaps time distorts to accelerate your manufacturing, servants form to carry out tasks, and you can work the light into solid form there. Or maybe communication becomes possible without regard for language, portals form readily for any you invite, and Information on anyone who enters is recorded in great detail.
These spaces aren't quite real, and have some form of ritual to access them, be it as simple as signing one's name on an invite, or you opening a normal door. Optionally, you may decide that your Warehouse already serves as an appropriate space removed from reality, and designate it as your EGO.
This won't give you anything as extraordinarily broad as the Library's endless functions (yet), but it is a place formed just for you.

Fixer

100

Office Drone



You'd not be much of a fixer without the basic skills necessary, a bit of investigation, training in your weird gimmick weapon of choice (or a normal one) so that you don't embarrass yourself with it, negotiating contracts and pay, and coordinating with a handful of allies near effortlessly. It's not much, but it's work, and enough to get you into an office as around a grade seven fixer.
To be clear, that's on a scale of one through 9, with 9 being barely above the Rats of the Backstreets, and 1 being just short of legendary. You'll also find that in future jumps people will come to you with their odd problems for you to solve in exchange for some money.

100

Just a Level Nine Fixer



Of course, sometimes it's good to not be recognized. And sometimes that identity hiding mask gets so overused it basically becomes your brand.
Fortunately, you know how to change details of your appearance around so people don't recognize you, even if you're old comrades in arms. What's more, if you do feel the need to do more than the bare minimum, you can look very good doing it, even if you're putting on a dress in the middle of a pitched battle while having a complete mental breakdown.

200

Phillip's Secret Family Technique



You're just… really just that good at running, away, huh.

Really, really good.

Rage inducingly good.

Your sheer, enlightened cowardice reaches the point that you could still have decent odds of escape after fighting with your all for a marathon of battle,pushing yourself to both mental and physical limits.

Even in the event that you would be otherwise cut off,
the universe conspires to give you a chance to get away, albeit with poor fortune soon following. But do be warned, this perk covers absolutely none of your friends, nor necessarily leaving in one piece physically or psychologically.

Just try not to be too much of a crying child about it, okay?

200

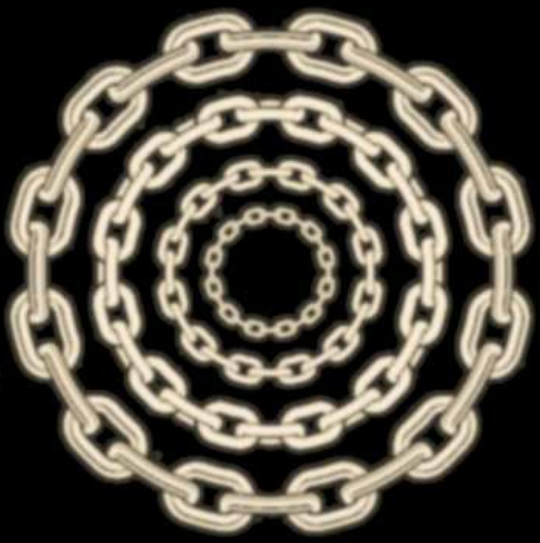
Count to Seven



Here in the City, sometimes you have to fight some truly weird stuff. Sapient puddles of goop in suits designed to maintain their cohesion, that used to be people and speak only in numbers for instance. As a veteran of many strange cases, you've got an eye for figuring out where and how to stab things so that they stop fighting. Or slash or bash, depending on the needs. Even in the event that there's no obvious weak points, your intuition extends to flaws that could be used to create ones, mild imperfections in their armor that could be blown open, or noticing a weird hangup in a distortion's attack patterns that could be used to attack it uncontested.

400

Office of Hopping



Few Fixers work alone if they can help it. After all, other than the illustrious Colors each and every Fixer is tied to an Office, it would be foolish not to leverage the professional contacts that come with such an affiliation. Yet there is a problem, as even in the unlikely event your Office is filled with Fixers nearly as skilled as yourself - they'll eventually have to be replaced with significantly less experienced newcomers.
Luckily you have a way around this,
finding it easier to train those under you to fulfill higher standards than they would otherwise reach. But this is not individualized mentoring alone, no you could train entire groups of newbie Fixers at once in a fraction of the time, even the most flatfooted among them absorbing enough in the way of combat techniques and principles of coordination to send them up a few Grades. Those to experience your training also find themselves acting more professional, regardless of how uncouth or reckless they may have been prior. However, keep in mind that your training works at its best if standardized, as the more varied the curriculum the more you'll have to adjust for individual differences when you could instead be refining what you already have.

400

To Overcome Crisis



Overtime sucks. And yet, the City never sleeps. Sometimes your office gets five assassination contracts in the span of a single day, all of which they give to you because upper management is made of idiots.
Once you get home, you find that the followers of all five of your victims have banded together to get revenge, just as you were settling in to treat your wounds. Fortunately,
you've found you have a knack for these sorts of situations, the exhaustion and lack of energy pushing you to new heights, making your sword strike more quickly and with greater force instead of dulling your blade. Admittedly, you're still tired, and should probably stop to rest eventually, as all that exercise will leave you feeling it in the morning, but in the meantime all the accumulated injuries and exhaustion that should drag you down push you to new heights. Your exhaustion simply means you stop thinking about unnecessary thoughts and hesitating in the battle at hand. Not a single motion wasted, for you lack the energy for it, not a single heartbeat more than is necessary, for you might bleed out otherwise.

600

Colorful



Every city has its symbols, from the Stars reflected in the murky gutter sky, to the vibrant Colors that dance within it.
Both inspire awe and envy in equal measure, as thousands dream of ascending to being a Star of the City or a Color Fixer,
but know now that your dreams may begin where the ambitions of so many end, as you yourself have become a Color.
To be a Color Fixer is to be truly free of the Associations and Offices binding most Fixers, for you have been recognized as having or granted skill and cunning in murder beyond compare. A true exemplar amongst the Color Fixers managed to kill Five Index Proxies and Three Messengers on her lonesome even before she came into possession of her signature weapon. And even a newly-crowned color was able to rip through a collection of Offices, Syndicates and even a chunk of one of the Fingers - such is their skill. But most of all each Color Fixer - you included - has a unique trait that grants them edge in combat. Whether it be something like the Blue Reverberation's superhuman timing in blocking bullets and amplifying his carnage, the Purple Tear's hyper-adaptive fighting style that rapidly grows in power or the Vermilion Cross' extraordinary strength and ability to go into unstoppable rampages. Whatever you choose, many doors are open to you now. In other jumps the title of Color follows you with all the benefits it grants, namely that societal or organizational restrictions are much looser when it comes to you, and those of roughly lower strength are easily intimidated unless armed with numbers and plans to bridge the gap.

EGO Booster



EGO is a truly marvelous power, able to elevate most people to the level of some of the Wings' more renowned enforcers, and nearly qualifying one for a Color just by holding it. But as a Fixer, wearing only a single face, and wielding only a single power gets you targeted, your enemies analyzing your flaws, and eventually ending with you face down in an alley, your own weapons sticking out of your back.
In an effort to counter this, you've internalized the principles of adaptability key to being a Fixer on a far more essential level than any other. Where other EGO Users have a single form to their EGO, you can through meditation create a new definition to your existence, forming a new EGO with entirely separate abilities and appearance from your current one. This can't make it take forms you don't have the perks for, but it may be freely redefined within those limitations. Your battle armor and searing flames with the ability to nullify the strength of your foes swapped out for one that feeds on a far more cold rage, freezing and paralyzing your enemies as it strips away their capability for coherent thought, the mirror of your EGO reflecting your intentions in a different light. Once you've defined such a new EGO, swapping between it and your others is easy.

600

Iron Lotus



It's a bad idea to get attached.

Even in the highest echelons of Fixers there's always a chance that people will come to an abrupt end. As a result, Fixers tend to avoid forming strong bonds, or worst of all, a relationship with their colleagues. Exceptions exist, but eventually one leaves the business one way or another. But people's hearts are not so easily swayed by matters of practicality, and these kinds of bonds are easily formed with those you've come to trust to fight by your side.
But this needn't remain a complete disadvantage. Should you have an individual who shares a sufficiently strong bond with you, platonic or romantic, your determination and will to act in defence of it grows by such leaps and bounds that you could completely disregard a hail of lethal blows through the single-minded desire to protect what lies behind you. And if your beloved is deceased or severely incapacitated this is effectively overclocked to the point that a rampage through half the City could be sustained for days without stamina or stranger energy pools running anywhere close to dry. Finally, should you fight directly beside the target of your bond, both of you will coordinate effortlessly in the heat of combat as though you two had spent several lifetimes dedicated to just that, skills perfectly complimenting each other and shoring up the other's weaknesses. At the peak of the battle even echoes of one anothers attacks could move to fill in gaps in your techniques.

EGO Booster



When you've refused to let your feelings show for so long it's only natural to let them air out. The catharsis alone is powerful, but in the City it's unlikely that whatever prompted this burst of emotions was entirely benign. EGO, however resonates strongly in times like these, and though you may not see the path ahead, perhaps it will guide your steps through the darkness. In times when great emotional turmoil is finally aired you may don a temporary form of distortion, one that sits on the edge of fully falling to your desires yet retains your faculties still. This new form and its assorted abilities will be heavily based on your already existing combat style yet altered by the specific nature of what led you to this breaking point.
This boost may seem mild at first, mostly if used trivially, but the longer you've held yourself back from displaying your emotions the greater the strength your new form displays. Even a few weeks to a month would render a significant boost, while something close to a year would be truly monumental, to the point where even one of middling ability could fell a Star of the City. This form is ultimately temporary and though it may leave vestiges, these will be minor or purely aesthetic, the rush of power fading once the immediate conflict does. If some aspect of your capabilities is heavily linked to emotional expression, such as EGO, perhaps holding its expression back instead of emotions would suffice should you be unwilling to go through a full character arc just to use this. Pairing both however, would bring you far.

Syndicate

100

Gutter Rat Living



Much of the City's danger comes not only from the myriad ranks of those who would wish others harm, but also from how easy it is to lose everything and starve to death within a week from minor mistakes. While preventing yourself from falling below the poverty line is something you might want to work on in your own time, should that unfortunate scenario occur you have the skills to eke out a meagre living as one of the Backstreet's Rats. Petty crimes like theft and drug assisted organ harvesting will tend to go smoothly, alongside granting you more leniency with those who directly benefit from your actions or tribute.

100

Gimmick Gang



Should you be part of a Syndicate or be lucky enough to lead one, you might have some idea as to how you want them to act and perform in daily operations.
Perhaps it's something as simple as a choice In weaponry like the Chain Gang's preference for… chains, or a central ethos as defining as the unwavering deference and loyalty of the Thumb's Soldatos. Regardless of how small the change might seem it's normally quite difficult to get the whole thing going at first. But you seem strangely capable in easing others in the same group to at least give your proposed gimmick a try, though of course they'll be the most motivated to do so if they see sense in trying it.

200

Seven Out of Eight Chefs Recommend



Cooking is very important, and a decent way to pass time. You know how to prepare all of the favorite dishes of the backstreet's finest chefs. How to properly trim, marinate, and prepare the finest of meats.
Even if that meat is occasionally a bit troublesome, you do know how to exsanguinate it very efficiently.
Once they're low on blood, you also know how to preserve the victims ingredients, and really draw out their suffering to bring out the finest flavors. Truly you're a maestro with a butcher's knife, and many would be afraid to face you on the battlefield in your kitchen of choice. Of course, if you were to pursue less high quality meats these skills could be readily adapted.

200

Paying Protections



There is an art to extortion.
Take too much and your tributaries might just attempt something stupid out of desperation, take too little and aside from the unprofitability someone above you might get very angry. This balance is a lot easier to strike now, becoming something of an instinct whether you're taking money, favors or something stranger.
Regardless of the specifics, people will generally pay their dues unless something strongly inclines them to snub you. This ability is contingent on you holding providence over the area your tributaries inhabit. Having your men patrol its streets is helpful, but all you really need is to have the place known as under your protection and taking care to rectify anything that indicates the opposite.

400

Pointing Fingers



The Five Fingers are the peak of what a Syndicate can be.
Each is a force of nature unto itself with every lesser Syndicate dreaming of joining one, as almost none could be hubristic enough to hope for more than incorporation. A reputation of such magnitude requires elites of suitable skill to uphold it, and you are undoubtedly worthy of being considered among their number. Like a Proxy of the Index you could consistently hit bullets out of the air with swordswings and execute those who let their guard down for even a second. Like a Capo of the Thumb you could juggle several different types of exotic ammunition without confusion, using each at the most tactically opportune time with uncanny accuracy even when blanketing your opponents in hails of lead. Your skills make you practically synonymous with the strength of entire organizations, particularly with your skills in negotiations, intimidation, and crafting whatever weapon your finger favors. Let all show you the respect you deserve.

400

Tomorrow's Promise



How odd, normally distortions on the level of Pluto are unique creatures. But given the vastness of the city and the distortion phenomenon I suppose it's not too strange that another would arise.
At will you may summon up contracts on black paper and blue ink, which if signed appropriately binds all parties to the terms displayed. It's advisable not to breach the terms yourself, but if the other side fails to fulfill their obligations you may take stipulated from them. This may include things like their heart, which will fly out of their chest only to be returned at your discretion. If you're creative enough, you could even create disguises for others by taking distinct traits and returning them later. While you might want to trap others in tricky wording, it's important to note that the text only needs to be on the contract, thus even print so minute that a spyglass would be needed to see it are enforced as part of the terms, though truly microscopic sizes fail to count as text to the contract's mechanisms. Finally, with extensive practice and study it becomes possible to boost the attributes of others by placing a condition onto them, such as restoring their energy so long as they tire themselves to exhaustion soon after.

600

Then is Heard No More



Life in the City is not for everyone, or anyone really. But for a few people, it breaks their resolve completely and utterly, drowning them in despair until they simply hyper-fixate on a single desire of theirs. Those seeded with the Light who go through this process become Distortions, monsters of the mind, and failures of the ego.
Perhaps for a certain fee we could make you have gone through this process, but not lose your mind (at least not, from Distorting).
A chef desiring to bring new flavors to his failing restaurant might gain the ability to pull the thoughts from people's minds and cook them into delicious ones, more ready to appreciate his work. A gunman who lost faith in humanity might gain the ability to test people by firing bullets that force the victim to relive their trauma, and will surely destroy them if they fail to overcome it. A lonely photographer, shaken by the thought that none may remember them, might gain the ability to draw in and take photos of people that slowly cause all their connections to wither away along with their will to live. An aspiring professional pianist… well, you're not getting power on his scale just yet, but suffice to say, the Distortion can cause all sorts of calamities regardless of the original focus. As you feed deeper into your despair and fulfill the one remaining desire left, you will gain more and more esoteric abilities, as well as the ability to warp the very scenery around you into a representation of your mindset.

EGO Booster



Perhaps you might've wielded the might of an EGO briefly, but then further problems surfaced, and you fell off that tightrope into the Distortion. Whatever the case, your EGO is subsumed, instead feeding all of the abilities that may have been attributed to it into your form directly.
More than that, your Distortion is massively more potent now, able to take on entire high grade Fixer offices at once, and qualifying you for the status of a Star of the City, the most free beings in the world, so long as you disregard the occasional murder attempt. What's more, even in the event that you would die, you may once per jump come back, having fallen once more into the pits of despair and had the light at your core respond, granting your distorted form even more power and new abilities, in exchange for a burning need to prove yourself by defeating whoever killed you. To fail is to invalidate your own existence and disappear, but if you succeed the power will be yours for the taking. This does of course assume that you died to some worthy foe, some rat you decided to die off to intentionally in order to power up doesn't give the same level of raw spite, and you will find yourself reconstituted at your usual level of power.

600

From Break and Ruin



The most beautiful performance begins.
Your destruction is oddly melodious, a building crumbling to the beat as you take out its support columns, accentuated by the screams of your victims.
This eerie display is sure to inspire horror in your foes, ensuring that they can't fight at their best as they unknowingly fall into your rhythm, becoming merely another instrument for you to play.
But what's more interesting is the reaction it will inspire in select onlookers and bystanders, giving them an undying urge to create more of your music and further your goals, and gaining an echo of this perk as they practice more.
Even more interestingly, so long as they can hear the gruesome melodies which they seek, they'll constantly grow in skill, as though you were personally teaching them how to fight, or do any number of other useful tasks.

With time, the music shall perforate their entire beings.

EGO Booster



Your EGO is a bloodthirsty thing isn't it?
In the style of the Red Mist, or perhaps more akin to the Pianist, It actively feeds on and recreates that which you kill and destroy into more of its form, increasing the potency of its effects and size of its attacks while growing no more physically unwieldy, in fact becoming more and more readily controlled as it progresses and feeds. Unfortunately, with such a viciously growth oriented mindset, there is a drawback, if you don't continuously feed it enough carnage and destruction, the mental strain of wielding the EGO will increase massively, and in proportion to how much you have fed it, until it collapses under its own weight and returns to its original form.

♪

Librarian

100

The Will to Stand up Straight



As a battle continues onwards, emotions run high, people grow excited, bloodthirsty, and desperate. For you, this has a more pronounced effect, your reserves of power refilling in bursts as dramatic revelations or turns happen, and your speed ever so slightly increasing to keep up with the ever-excitable pace of battle.

100

The Hope to be a Better Person



The Library stands out in a certain regard, even in the city: Fashion. Rather than one uniform, they have a different one for each floor, just to start. But rather than be satisfied with this, the librarians, ever devoted to individuality, seem all too happy to rip outfits out of the still cooling books of their enemies for yet new ways to show off. You, bearing this same devotion to the cosmetic side of things, have overcome any limits to your ability to tear people apart and look good doing it. As long as you could wear an outfit you may project it over what you're actually wearing, and no outfit will be too overstylized to move to the best of your abilities in, though actual weight still matters. Furthermore, after defeating foes, you occasionally find a thematic accessory formed of light. While these range from masks to auras, you'll find their actual benefits are, at best, marginal, and at worst painfully circumstantial and random. You'd think they're just there for show, but perhaps that's what matters on the stage of battle.

200

The Rationality to Maintain Discretion



Having been a member of Lobotomy Corporation back in the day, you're somewhat used to assaults on your mind, managing to get through them with minimal long term damage.
What's more, should you completely and utterly lose it, get controlled, or otherwise take leave of your senses, any who consider you their ally can assault you, forcing you back to your senses with brute force which miraculously doesn't actually harm you physically.
This generally takes enough force to send you reeling or otherwise briefly knock you out of the fight.

200

The Courage to Protect



The Library isn't known for its consistency of armaments, one day you're using a flaming bat, the next you're busy using a butcher knife in one hand and a gun that shoots freezing bullets in the other. Now of course, the Library itself usually covers this issue for you by providing the experience of whatever poor fool got invited while wielding that weapon, but now that proficiency extends to any armaments you pick up. Even if you've never seen a violin case full of mechanical phalanges before, you can draw upon the maker's vision of how to use it to manage a passable job, even better if it had prior wielders.

400

The Fearlessness to keep on Living



The Library has a curious relationship with mortality. Those who fight within it never truly die, even the guests being perfectly recorded as books, and able to be recreated if Angela were so inclined. Unfortunately, the actual process of extracting and bringing forth the light relies upon emotions running high, so the participants on both sides of its battles don't recall or aren't informed that they won't die. From now on, you'll bring the Library's protection with you into each jump, once per jump, you'll come back from death completely whole and unharmed, but you'll not know of this protection, the memories around it being fogged up so you think you just had a close scrape with mortality. You may recall it when you're not in danger, but the instant your life may be on the line, all memory of this perk's protections will vanish once more.

400

The Expectation for the Meaning of Existence



A few notable members of the Library used to be much grander, a certain Color Fixer, an Arbiter who now only wields echoes of her power, and a man who has lost everything. Eventually, each in turn was able to reclaim a fuller measure of their power, and even progress onwards despite their bodies being mere imitations of the light. If you were to find yourself in a similar situation, wounded, broken, out of practice and out of power, you'd still eventually find your way back to the peak you once sat upon. Even if the power was not your own, and you've truly lost the right to wield it, you could eventually forge the Light into a reasonable facsimile of it, though a notably lesser one.

600

Those who are Faithful and Trustworthy



Some might assume that the entire purpose of the City is to erode the identity of its denizens, polish them down to smooth stones, or interchangeable gears. Of course, the Light, and EGO stand in direct opposition to the disease of the mind that causes that mindset to be so prevalent, the inability to escape the cage of society and choose one's own path to a brighter future, instead of resigning oneself to a mediocre at best present. Those you work for and with seem to begin to embody this, gaining their own unique quirks and style regardless of position, and developing into individuals instead of faceless mooks. In short, they will aspire to greatness, and actually find it. Sure, people on the outside might comment about how your janitor dresses in full plate, and wields mops in sword forms, but the floors will be spotless, and in the event that he needs to actually fight, he may just stand a chance instead of being gunned down like a mook. Of course, to a degree this requires them to seek out the strength, and have individuality to work off of and enhance in the first place. But anyone with those prerequisites will be able to go quite far, and forge their own stories and paths.

EGO Booster



So, you remember how you were a former employee of Lobotomy Corporation's main branch? Well, you probably don't actually do so in full, recalling a paltry fifty day stretch. But you were truly exceptional as an agent back I n the day, someone most of the iterations of Ayin would recruit day one to go as far as possible before they fell to the hatred of the Sephirah. And now your EGO draws upon that time of endless struggle, letting you tap into the skills that allowed you to get through it, a bit over ten millennia of caring for the Abnormalities and fighting for your life when they broke free. In short, you know how to use every EGO the Corporation ever made like the back of your hand, tapping into functions the other employees would never have considered. Even better, you can extend the principles you learned to be able to wield the EGO of other humans as though it were your own, as well as similar weapons formed of self. On a side note, drawing upon this trial by fire has somehow expanded the other effect of this perk, so that terrible and unsafe working conditions speed up the growth of your allies into an extreme overdrive.

600

The Eye Facing the Fear: Breaking the Cycle



Ah, but this has been keeping you too long, hasn't it?
You want the main draw of the Library, the appeal which draws in every poor soul destined to become a tome for cheap perusal:
The very books they'll become.

Upon slaying a being capable of an independent existence, you may choose for them to not quite die, but for their being to become a book that lands at your feet.
These books can be read to find out anything the former individual knew, though it might be a bit of a chore, allowing you to form your own grand repository of knowledge. However, perhaps more importantly (particularly for your kind), these books can be torn apart for pitiless plunder of their users' skills. You see, hidden within each book amongst every thought and memory is the key page, a record of one's more fundamental being and passive abilities, and a smattering of combat pages representing their techniques. If you were to rip them from their bindings, you would find that they can be absorbed by yourself or those who otherwise obtain them, obtaining a facsimile of their abilities. Though, this is not to be confused with a perfect copy: You may find that those truly above you in stature may have certain limits they lacked before, or be missing their most horrifying abilities.

But a lack of perfect mimicry can also be to your benefit: You may find, if you're further willing to deface your new literature, that a limited number of abilities may be torn from key pages you have no intention to put into your soldiers, and combined with those you do to bolster them. Meanwhile, combat pages are generally interchangeable, though on occasion either may be so unique as to be inseparable from their original source.

Fortunately for your Books loved ones, or perhaps your conscience, this isn't necessarily a permanent state. While holding a book, you can revert all attributions, returning it to a clean slate, and from there you can return them to human form. Alternatively, you may fight them again to return from your past battlefield with a more comprehensive table of contents, repeating their strife to highlight new combat pages or interesting trivia. As long as the competition was a fair choice, who cares what you do with your spoils?

EGO Booster

Your EGO has taken upon itself the traits of a Bucket, though to be clear, not one for drawing water so much as ferrying pieces of the collective unconscious into reality in the form of Abnormalities. As you accumulate books and grow in power, your own psyche will reach out to commonalities between itself and the shelves of books you have made, creating monsters or strange objects based upon your perception, your flaws, and your virtues taken to their logical extremes. Some may even form from metaphors for particularly momentous events. Almost all of them will be monstrous and rowdy, but at least decently under your control as their originator and an effect of your ego. Perhaps you might not be able to direct the ever paranoid and watchful beast formed from a companion betraying you to not investigate anyone, but you can ensure it only goes for those you wish dead when it inevitably finds proof of them working against you, or just refuse to manifest it when you have no use for it.

These monsters can also be manifested partially, allowing invocations of their essence through your EGO to grant particular traits of them to yourself. For instance the aforementioned beast of betrayal might grant you its ever vigilant eyes, or make your attacks strike harder the more you focus on a single target. In the event you also possess Those Who Are Faithful and Trustworthy, this can be taken to an extreme, yourself and an abnormality fusing together briefly for one grand attack bringing to bear the totality of the Abnormality's essence against your foes. Or, perhaps, a more lasting union, with enough light...?



Feather

100

Marketable Resume



You wouldn't keep your job for very long without this, would you now? You now possess a comparatively high aptitude at 'normal' Wing work, which includes tasks like clerical work, accounting and general maintenance alongside more specific skills to your Wing, like watching the many camera screens of J-Corp's casinos or cleaning the warp train. Switching to a new job where other, mostly non-combat skills are required will see you picking them up as well in a fraction of the time.

100

Just Following Orders

Sometimes orders are orders, and you can't help but do things others might see as unsavory. That may or may not be a problem depending on your disposition, but oftentimes those actions cause your estimation to fall in the eyes of others, which can be difficult to work around should you need to interact with them. No more however, as both your employers and the people you crush on their orders are more amenable on the understanding that you're just doing your job. After all, wouldn't they do the same in your position? Taking action based on your own impulses is not covered by this protection.



200

Model Employee

The resources of a Wing are variable and highly individualized, but if there's one thing all of them have in excess, it's warm bodies. If you are one of said bodies - regardless of your personal temperature - this surplus poses a problem in that no matter how high you think you are in the ranks, you are inherently replaceable given that dozens more would wish for nothing else than to be in your place. Yet, somehow you and your actions seem to be appreciated enough by upper management that these concerns are much lesser worries than they should be. The fickle, subjective bias of your superiors leans towards your benefit every time promotions come around or scapegoats are chosen for execution. However, this mostly amplifies your perceived value to the company and thus will provide you no protection should you be seen as having no value to begin with. But if leveraged correctly, it's not unlikely to be labeled as a beneficiary of truly severe nepotism, though that's not entirely incorrect.



200

Taboo Hunting

Working for a Wing involved many and varied arbitrary rules to be followed. No recording in N Corp's Nest, having to keep your eyes on countless monitors for J Corp, or the countless rules to be followed in the old L Corp to avoid Abnormalities breaching. Regardless of the precise details, you're always aware of when someone is breaking from the instructions laid down from on high for an area, and have a decent hunch on how to prove it if necessary. Of course, you will be reporting this promptly, and not just using it for blackmail, right?



400

Atelier



Even before touching upon singularities, there is a great deal of fascinating technology available in the City. Tattoos that reinforce your muscles to superhuman degrees, weapons that act as another limb, chainsaw swords that are somehow actually practical, and clothes that will stop attacks that would pierce steel.
All this and more are available to you, as someone who's trained as an armorer, be it for a Wing, Workshop, or some other organization. What's more, due to the not infrequent desire for quality feedback, many Workshops end up taking to the field to test their devices themselves. Any tools you devise, you automatically know how best to wield and make use of.

400

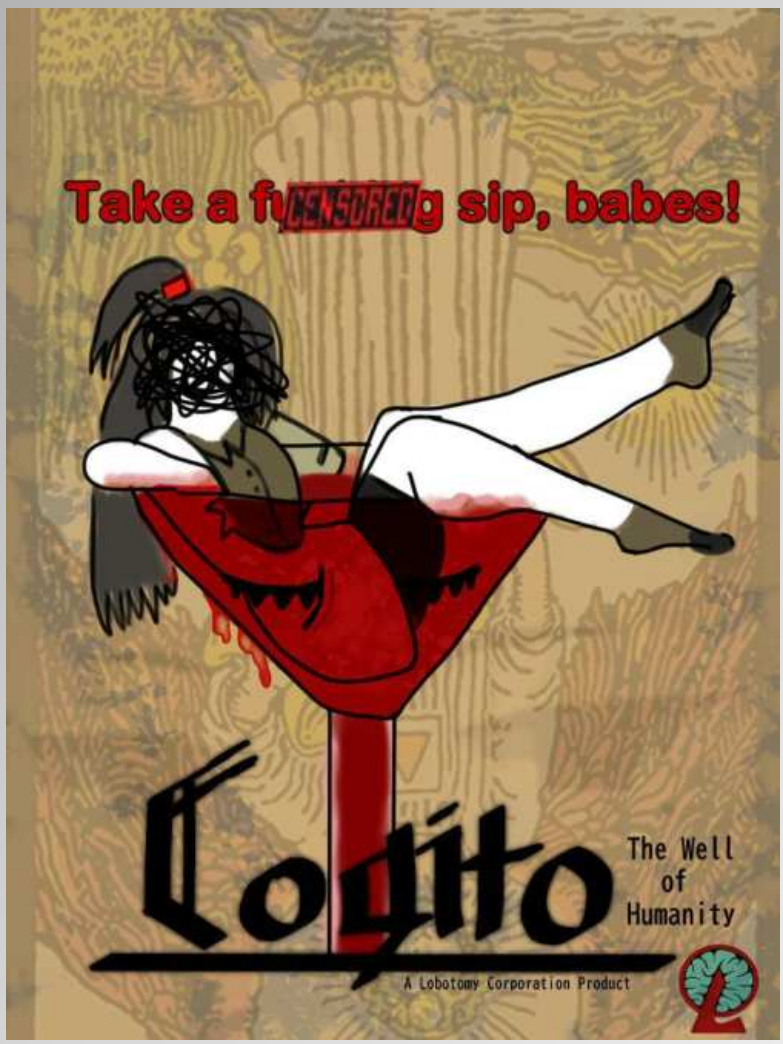
Combat Applications



Every Wing of the World must of course protect its interests. Even a simple company that has the ability to make a key to any lock may find itself using its I inventions to tear open arteries and make them unable to be closed ever again, while an energy company may find itself arming to the teeth to deal with the eldritch abominations that result from its singularity. The point is, no matter what the technology you may have the blueprints for, you can always find a way to make it into a weapon, at least as effective as it is at its intended purpose. Your device for hacking computers may find itself quickly remade to disrupt and destroy the nervous systems of your foes, or cause their devices to explode violently, even a simple lock may be reforged larger to crush your enemies within its mechanisms.

1200

Egg of the World



Singularities, that which make the existence of the City possible. Miracles beyond the limits of science, upon which countless citizens are sacrificed upon altars to maintain. You have obtained the understanding of certain sciences and reality bending theorems to manufacture one of your own. The technology you glean from this will start simple, perhaps as a method to create containers that are bigger on the inside. And yet, it is eager, almost alive (or possibly even literally so, like that of the L Corp before Lobotomy), With research seeing it expand and grow, happy to integrate new technology and exotic stimuli. Perhaps your expansion of space might develop into swords that can cut nearly anything,by simply creating space along the edge of the blade. Regardless of what precisely you make, it can be readily and relatively simply mass produced, or at least the end results can.

However, the basic expansion and extreme eagerness to integrate technology of this strange and miraculous technology you've found pales in comparison to its thirst for blood and suffering. For the Wings of the World throw countless bodies into their everyday research, and it appears that your nature as a Jumper has crystallized that into a law for your own Singularity. Cruelty excites your insight into the strange mix of magic and technology you've found yourself the master of, causing it to grow entire new branches to follow down. Perhaps by unsafe experiments with unstable fields, you can make spaces where physical laws are altered. Or begin to expand time as well as space, inserting moments into the course of events. The greater the depravity, the more potent the end results, and if carried out on someone possessing their own supernatural powers, your singularity may grow its own mockeries of them, a blood fiend may see your fields become self sustaining by consuming the vitality of those within it, or that bring those within them under your thrall. Perhaps, with enough time and lives sacrificed on the altar, you might be able to create something that truly changes the face of the City, akin to Lobotomy Corporation's Seed of Light plan.

Finally, it appears that your origin title is no longer quite accurate. You're no longer a mere employee of a Wing, instead being the head of one, other than A, B or C Corp. Countless employees are now yours to command, all dedicated to ensuring that your Singularity derived inventions are produced and distributed across the City. Truly desperate to keep the high standards of living in a Wing for them and their families, they'll do practically anything for you,

1200

Head, Eye, Claw



I suppose that if you're willing to spend so much on power, we could make you not a mere member of one of the subordinate wings of the world, and instead make you something more.... special, as the leaders of this world govern with overwhelming force and unshakable hypocrisy.
You're either one of the Heads personal agents, the mysterious and regal Arbiters, wrapped in darkness and gold; or their executioners, the brutal Claws with their arrays of serums. While the benefits from this perk (as well as much of your career, suppressing the worst violators of The Heads laws) remain the same either way, you'll find the clothes often make the man in the City, and in few cases is this more apparent than in what's given to the direct enforcers of the iron fisted rulers of the Cities will and whim alike.

Rather than the self centered, individualistic, and... well, egotistical power of E.G.O, your power is derived from the reproducible devices which anyone could use, though ironically most are more likely to find themselves with those unique powers than latch on to the most blood soaked bleeding edges of science you hold, the unadulterated militant uses of the Singularities that these types bring to bear in combat.

Though the irony is, of course, that a creature such as yourself will find that you bear your own, unique talents regarding the use of such products of science which should bring forth the same results for everyone. Any such weapons you wield (rooted in advanced science, rather than magic or abnormalities), no matter how exotic, find you to be able to wield them with such grace that one could mistake them for a part of you. These devices and augmentations of war grow deadlier in your hands, to the point where you could devastate fortified buildings with focused blows with the augments provided, or use a energy blade fit to cut through steel as a tungsten boiling greatsword. Meanwhile more temporary effects, such as those of combat drugs find themselves more intense, longer lasting, and safer to use, pushing minutes into skirmishes, and hours into days.

The most directly scientifically questionable ability you find yourself with, however, is actually one of (albeit somewhat debatable) mercy. Emulating certain technologies, you may teleport across long distances, though there is a delay which renders it of questionable utility in combat. However, if you are to claim victory in combat, you'll find that your foes are truly at your mercy, as you find yourself able to teleport them anywhere you have been previously. Classically, the use of this has been to banish that which the Head denies the right to exist from the city, if an agent is impressed enough to find it a worthy and interesting foe, but in your hands this could be replaced with a cell, or perhaps some form of horrific workshop you've brought with you to grind your foes into components.

Though, even with all this, be wary. Even if you're perhaps amongst the finest of your number with such paragonal abilities, one of the greatest cruelties of the A, B, and C Corporations is that their tendency to send only the minimum number of enforcers is not out of any kind of lack. If you were to rebel, there are perhaps hundreds more finely trained, armed, and dressed slaughterers at their disposal. But as long as you stay within the confines of the Heads of the Worlds laws, you can be assured that few forces in the city can stand up to your might.

《 Items 》

While there are many with nothing of value to their name in The City, you are not one of them. You may take a 100cp item for free, and discount one of each tier above.

Free!

Theme songs by Mili and Studio EIM



That's right! For free, you get not one, not two, but three theme songs! Arguably five? With this special offer, you get

- A dramatic composition by Mili, great for climactic, expressive duels to the death.
- Three connected battle themes of increasing intensity by Studio EIM, for the rising tension of normal battles.
- A more calm and introspective piece, for the credits.

Dime Store Weapons



Unless lucky enough to live in a Nest, no one in their right mind would walk around without some form of protection, and the insane here tend to seek out means of dealing out violence regardless. As protection is very helpful, and it's already very easy to get your hands on weaponry in the City, you might as well start with something. While far from the highest peaks of craftsmanship, you have a set of melee weapons ranging from simple daggers and axes to a small chainsaw. You won't inspire envy with these alone, but they're serviceable. Really that's all that matters.

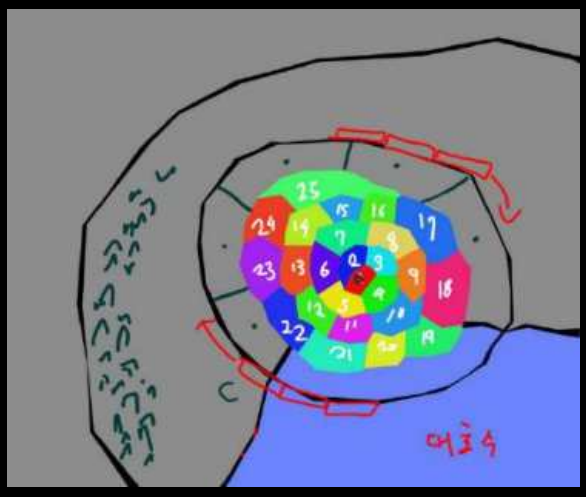
100 CP

Signature Outfit



Be they part of a Fixer Office, a Syndicate or a Wing an individual's choice in attire is very important. The fabrics might showcase an air of class and decorum, or portray a riot of individuality and color, both options carry a different impression that reflects the one who wears them. A purchase here grants an entire wardrobe arranged towards a particular theme, minor divergences are to be expected but the intent is to work towards a singular style. These articles of clothing will be reasonably reinforced according to the City's standards, but none of them will be on the level of Nuovo Fabrics which can cause any blow to falter or fully negate weaker impacts. However, an additional surcharge of 100CP can be paid to change this, your ensemble changing into clothing fully composed of those coveted silks.

An Actual Map



Now I know what you're thinking, this is a horrible map that looks like it was made using Picturestore.
You would be correct.
But unlike a certain map drawn by a very bubbly Fixer these scrawled drawings you have are mutable and will grow in detail and accuracy over time.
This is a rather slow process that gradually fills in the landscape around the areas you frequent, but absorbing more information about the City will dramatically accelerate the process. Eventually, it'll showcase everything from street names to areas strongly influenced by specific syndicates or associations. As the map self-updates, should you choose to make a very drastic change of scenery or are witness to massive geographical reshaping, the map will display the changed landscape accordingly.

Persistent Housing

(Free with Feather)

Having a roof over your head may seem basic, but it's surprising how many in the City dream of such a fixture of stability especially when a few changes in circumstances could see your home repossessed or a lot less safe than it really should be. This cozy, modest apartment leaves you more free of these worries than most, the lease costing a pittance and its spot on the maps being passed over by those who would be distinctly unhelpful to your long term residence. It holds all the amenities one would expect and rests within walking distance of the important shops or landmarks of your local area. The persistent housing inserts itself into the residential area of wherever you end up, unless it's somewhere horrible or nonsensical like the Outskirts whereupon it'll be found back in the City or its nearest equivalent instead.



Fixer License



A plastic card displaying the basic details of your identity, alongside showing you to be registered as a Grade 9 Fixer. This appears completely legitimate to any form of inspection, the paperwork being correctly filed and some clerk in the Hana Association dimly remembering an individual fitting your description having the proper documents approved. So long as you keep this on your person, you are legally empowered to accept and fulfill contracts for just about anything that falls under the umbrella of Fixer work. Even if Fixers don't exactly exist in future jumps, you'll still be able to function in a similar capacity with a roughly analogous grading system. However, as grades are dependent on contracts completed rather than actual skill level you'll be reset to Grade 9 each jump. That shouldn't be an obstacle for long though, especially if you want to seem more lowly than you truly are.

200 CP

Dollar Store Firearms



Firearms are both extraordinarily regulated and incredibly useful. Heavy taxes and inane regulations keep guns out of the hands of most, especially since highly skilled opponents can dodge around bullets with ease, but the convenience of being able to mow down groups of thugs in a street is alluring indeed. Some think that's why the Head regulates them so much, since they hardly care about preserving life, but show a strange sort of ritualism towards the everyday act of taking it, in that killing shouldn't be too trivial or insignificant. With that in mind, know how lucky you are to have not one but two guns. One is a high powered rifle easily suited to long distance sniping, while the other is a sleek concealable pistol of standard caliber. The bullets themselves are on the level of Atelier Logic, are able to drop lightly augmented and decently dressed foes in a single shot. Don't be wasteful with your ammunition, as you only have three magazines worth of bullets for each firearm. But at least they refill at the end of the week.

Small Business Owner



Aside from whatever you normally do to earn a crust, you happen to own a side business as well. It might be on the level of a grocery store, a cash-crop plantation, or even a low ranked workshop, but whatever it is your ownership of it brings you a steady stream of profit even without active management. Should you choose to take a more direct role in its operations, you could grow it into something much larger, as incredibly unlikely as that possibility is. But oddly enough, this business seems to struggle with less of the taxes most others of its ilk are saddled with. There's still the occasional tolls and duties, but you pay far less to the Head than you by all rights should without incurring any penalties. A blessing to be sure, as the Eyes of the Head send Tax Collectors to sort out any discrepancies, and the Tax Collectors of the City are notoriously brutal visitors that even Syndicates avoid angering.

Civilian Grade Locks and Fairies



F Corp and J Corp are polar opposites in the clearest sense. J Corp creates better locks, while F Corp's Fairies exist to pick locks. The highest grades of both stretch the act of 'locking' and 'unlocking' to more abstract degrees, but those available for civilian use are all you need to be concerned with at present, as civilian grade instances of both singularities are what you possess. Fairies are glimmering sparks that insert themselves into keyholes or door hinges, rapidly loosening their mechanisms to allow you entry. J Corp locks are simply that, locks. Albeit most are more resistant to conventional lockpicking or poorly used fairies when compared to their mundane brethren. However these locks can be placed on the brains and bodies of human beings to prevent disclosure of information or dissection. So long as the lock holds that is. Reinforce your security or breach that of others, just don't limit yourself to only doing one.

You get one of each each week.

Moonstone



All of the panic and trauma of City life can wear on the psyche, so it's important to take solace in the little things, like this box of moonlight stones! They're pretty aren't they? That's not all though, as the moonlight stone is a product of M Corp's singularity, emitting a golden glint that can be used as ornamentation or to gild one's clothes. Anyone with the moonstone on their person is incredibly resistant or sometimes fully immune to mental damage through amplifying a single thought or purpose, thus fortifying the mind. You have a I Baker's dozen here, allowing both you and those who choose to follow in your footsteps to be truly implacable in the face of everything from psychic assaults, to the feeling of an abomination bearing down on you from above. They can also be used for encryption.

400 CP

Office



You've come into possession of an Office, an entirely independent one too. Currently it's staffed by a modest company of Fixers who are equally adept at administrative work and the sanctioned violence expected of them, albeit within the norms for a team of low grade Fixers. But this will change with time, for as your own power and grading ascends the rankings your existing staff will be inspired to greater heights, and skilled potential recruits who would fit your organization find themselves uncannily drawn to it. This boost is not an exact exchange however, do not expect to grow an entire Office of Colors should you be one, though you might be able to push the Grade 1s into that hallowed territory with a personal touch.
The entire Office will follow you to future jumps and manage the rigors of job finding and management largely autonomously.
These fixers are Followers.

Promotions

Free with Egg of the World



Ah, you are no mere peon in this world, the head of your division within your chosen organization. Perhaps a Proxy or messenger for the Index, an Underboss for the Thumb, the head of whatever team your Wing has you working for, or just the head of a sector appropriate for your skill in your Fixer Association. The point is, you've got a decent number of underlings, with skills similar to your own this jump. There are a few outliers to address as well:

-As a Librarian, you may either replace a librarian, or create a new floor. Either will grant your floor a set of static Abnormality and EGO pages as appropriate, at least after realizations.
-In the event that you've purchased a Singularity, this puts you far higher, being the owner of your very own new Wing, or the wing of whatever canon Corporation you now own.
-If you area member of A, B, or C Corp through the appropriate option, you may get five or so Arbiters and Beholders along with twice that many Claws serving you, a major commander within the Head.

Regardless, your subordinates will follow you, along with associated infrastructure.

TimeTrack's Tremendous Tick Tock Box (and Torture Toy)

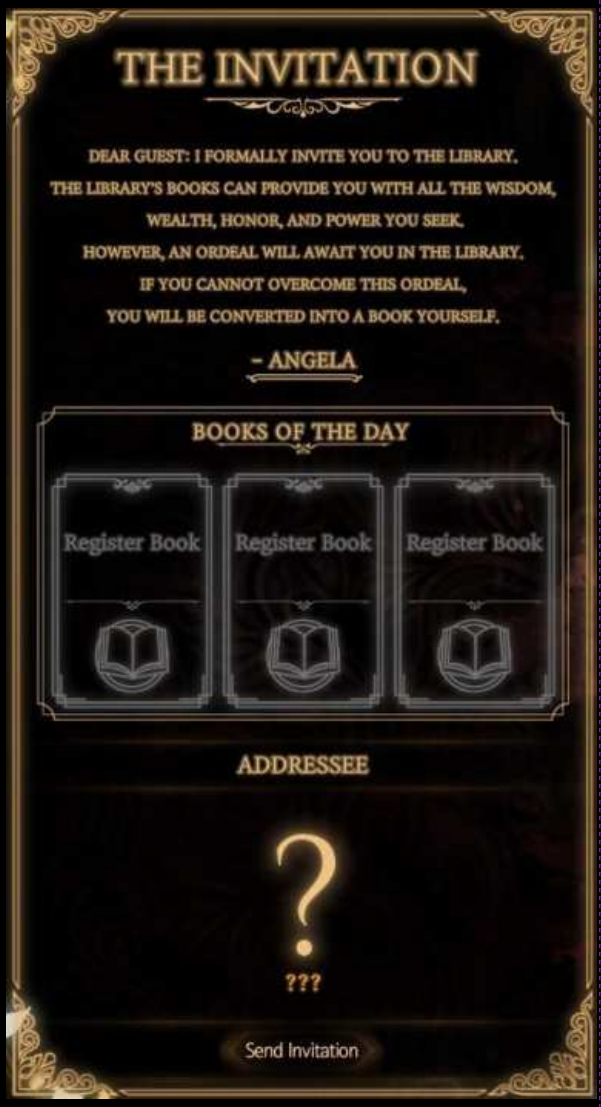


Time can be a terrible tire, can't it? Never taking proper tempo, throwing trials too fast to track. Well, no more! This train themed treasure trove is here for your temporal troubles. This box is constantly being fed TimeTrack's end product: collected time. For each real-time second that passes, it gains a second of time to be spent in enclosed and treated spaces. At least, a second proportional to a modest room. It can be compressed into smaller spaces for rushing artistry, or spread thinly across larger ones for more industrial purposes. As a bonus, there are a few smaller scale blueprints included to use your reserves. The first is forsomething resembling a stun gun, which injects copious time into those on the receiving end's mind. This is poor for mental health, barring non-human mentalities which can process however many years of isolation compressed into an instant properly. The second is more civilian: boxes within which to age whatever needs aging, like wines or cheeses. They're self sanitizing, and keep interior conditions consistent.

Welcome, Dear Guests

Ah, so she has lent these to you as well? These simple pieces of paper simply serve as a way of delivering requests to face someone in combat for something they possess, from their information to their lives. Simply by pulling one out and concentrating, you can get an idea of what sort of enticements may be necessary to get a desired subject to come and engage in the dealings of your choice. From there, you just need to approve, and the papers will be off, appearing in such a way as to guarantee that the guest will take your generous offer. From there, the subject needs but sign their name, and they'll be brought to you for your dealings. Of course, both of you can bring along a selection of friends, with the inclinations of the guest determining who all is dragged along with them.

You yourself need not actually be involved, but keep in mind the wording of the invitations is binding. That said, there's little stopping you from just trying again once you muster your forces once more. Finally, do be aware that while you're guaranteed to catch anyone with the right bait, unlike the Library you're not certain to prevail.



600 CP

600

EGO Machine

A perfected version of the research of a former associate of Lobotomy Corporation, this machine draws in the volatile forms of Light emanating from those progressing towards distortion, and concentrates them. This has the effect of reducing the impact of their fears and traumas upon their thought process, but more importantly it refines and concentrates the Light, creating armor and weapons themed after the polluted mindsets it takes in. These items are more akin to the EGO of Lobotomy Corporation, allowing one to wield them with no prior training, so long as their mental fortitude is great enough to overcome the embodied trauma. These weapons lack the potential for growth of a personal EGO, shorn as they are of context and stripped from their originator. Still, with enough trauma and loss, one could even make EGOs equivalent to those of Lobotomy Corporation's Alephs.

As a side note, whereas the original machines were less than healthy for those they were used on, these ones do have safeties to ensure that those used as fuel for the device will remain fully cognizant. Of course, if those safeties were to be disengaged, the process would be somewhat more efficient.







600

Workshop Membership



Workshops, or Ateliers as they're sometimes known, are vital parts of any City organization, no matter that each is nominally or factually independent of them; without a workshop to manufacture and sell arms, armor and all manner of devices everything from Grade 9 Offices to the Five Fingers would fold like paper. Of course both sorts go to different types of workshops, as while there are countless smaller establishments ready and willing to cater to the masses, there are far fewer ready to cater to a more demanding and well paying type of clientele. Those of the highest calibre may even limit their buyers through memberships, letting a mere few peruse their wares.

Only the richest and most influential can find membership in the best workshops, you might not necessarily fit this category but in your hands is a formal looking sheaf of papers that denotes your membership to an Atelier no one else has heard of entirely staffed by animated teddy bears - all legally distinct from a similar Atelier in District 14 - who take orders from you as their sole client.

Assuming nothing untoward occurs, the bears will produce eleven pieces of gear per week. This might not seem like much, but not only are the bears and their assembly lines uncannily efficient with the barest scraps of material, what they produce is invariably of the highest quality anything unassisted by EGO or a Singularity can achieve; family members could and do kill each other over such masterworks.

The quantity produced rarely slows down either, so with enough time you could equip an army with exosuits with enough strength to punch through tanks, or lances that repeatedly detonate explosive payloads in opponents without compromising their own construction. Your workshop is even one of those lucky few with a firearms licence, so recreating and improving on the armor piercing, burning and freezing ammunition types of the Thumb is not out of the question.

The bears also double as security for the workshop facility itself, as these teddy bears lack vital organs and sport enough strength to crush skulls in their fuzzy paws. Your workshop will follow you to future worlds, updating its designs and documentation to keep up with local weaponry and the regulations that allow their production. Even in locales with harsh controls on armaments they always seem to find a way.

600 (Free Arbiter)

Singular Weapons



...there's no question as to what this is, the black-and-gold trim of an Arbiter is nothing if not memorable. The material alone eclipses the protective qualities of even Nuovo fabric, and while somewhat weakened in comparison to the real thing, this gear allows for the creation of energy projectiles that range from the weighty pillars of Binah to the lithe, thorny lines of Zena. Either type give seasoned colors pause, even if only through the sheer shock each strike I nflicts on the body and its faculties.

But that alone could never be why the sight of an Arbiter is as good as a death knell. That shared honor falls down to the fact that these patterns mark you as someone who wields the might of dual Singularities in battle; a might you can partake in. Since an Arbiter is more akin to an assassin than a soldier, the Singularities they hold may very well change from mission to mission depending on the expected opposition, so you may choose to take any two Singularities from Wings past or present to use for the entirety of the jump, so long as the result is weaponizable and makes sense.

To use a pertinent example of how an Arbiter would use their Singularities, Binah's foray into L Corp led to her using Fairies and J Corp Locks in order to instigate a mass breakout of abnormalities (though other circumstances would waive this requirement) and lock down the facility to prevent employees escaping. In addition, the combat applications of unlocking skin to cause hemorrhages with movement, and locking down muscles to prevent movement were especially effective against the explosive combat style of the Red Mist.

Another configuration could utilize G Corp's Singularity alongside that of the L Corp that started the Smoke Wars should you be facing a crowd, as the force of gravity and caustic fumes are indiscriminate in their predations. Should you be facing one big, strong opponent - a Beast perhaps - you could use the Singularities of K Corp and P Corp, using the normally medicinal nanomachines to turn their flesh poisoned and cancerous while keeping yourself protected through the same methods that keep the Shelter from the 27th of March so impregnable.

The Singularities given for use are heavily blackboxed, as is to be expected. The Head would be loath to let them be used for anything other than their intended purpose. But it would be a shame if these prizes were to lose their lustre, thus in future jumps the power of the Singularities will scale to match that of the highest quality weapons in the setting produced by humans as long as the seal hasn't been tampered with. At least as long as their nature is nominally scientific rather than magical or psychological. You may also change which two Singularities are in use at the start of each year, in order to target a different foe. Unless, again, the black box is opened. Just be careful with this, it would be a rare few who wouldn't take notice of someone dressed like an Arbiter.

600 (Free Claw)

Playing with Syringes



And just as concerning to find you playing with, the toys of the Claw. Did they fall off the truck which brought you here, or did you steal them? Either way, you have the somewhat weaker, if more versatile, signature gear of the feared Claw Corporation: A set of full body, high grade armor of woodesque material (seemingly of a new make which does not need integration into the body), and a gauntlet that reaches down your dominant arm before ending in the titular claw, able to extend an energy blade similar to those used by R-Corp. All of this is, as the work of a Claw demands, of the finest make of any weapon in the city barring the truly great, such as weaponized Singularities or the stronger results of the E.G.O phenomenon.

However, with a thought you can inject one of three singularity derived serums mounted on the armor and benefit from their effects, which certainly make up for any comparative deficiencies in material science. However, one without (purchase included) specialized augmentations uses these serums, they will rapidly degrade internally due to the concentration and singular nature, and burn from the inside out, dying shortly without significant medical intervention;

The Blue serum, or Serum W, is the most directly damaging, drawing on the Singularity of W corp to tear repeated portals through space before looping back to your origin. Dragging an opponent through these rapid tears inflicts incredible damage, as their body is warped internally by the rapid fluctuations in space and time process, and shredded by the edges of broken reality. Despite its weakness of being quite one use, a singular burst of short range teleportation is also possible once the main effect has passed, though this isn't capable of much offense, only affecting you.

The Orange Serum, or Serum R, is less directly offensive, but has greater staying power, granting a vicious and longer lasting strength through causing the rapid division of cells, pushing your body into a burst of short term survival of the fittest combined with the serum replacing what's overexerted, until burning out in a few minutes.

The last given with this is the Green serum, Serum K, a cocktail of healing nanomachines injected into the body to repair the user's physiological trauma rapidly enough to heal enough damage to kill a man without the Cities countless augments thrice over.

After all three have been used a Tri-Serum cocktail can be formed within the body, allowing a flurry of devastating strikes using the last dregs in your system...

With this purchase, you have enough of a replenishing supply to use these once a day each week. However, if this seems insufficient for your tastes, you seem to have something very important, and perhaps dangerous to own: The C-Corp Singularity based means to produce these vials from other Singularities, and the byproducts of similarly physics-violating, perhaps even maddening technology. Be careful who you let see you use these. As you well know by now, the Head's very touchy about these things.

《 Companions》

100 per 2 companions

Invitation of the Travelers



Does anybody really walk alone? If they do, I suppose you're not among them. Regardless of their exact path, the you of this world seems to have a history with them; unless either of you simply popped out of thin air, which isn't necessarily unheard of here. Each imported or created companion gets a free origin and 800cp. may be purchased as many times as you wish. CP may be transferred to companions at a 1:1 ratio to all companions.

This may also be used to take canon characters.

Free?

Your Dearest Friend



Huh! Where'd they come from? Well, probably not a big concern, really. This person is in a great position to become your best friend, or something more! Not like, supernaturally so. They're just the kind of person you really get along with, pulled to you by destiny. Destiny. Nothing else. Just destiny. No issues here. Probably.

Anyways, aside from being generally agreeable, they have the potential for EGO, an origin and 800cp to spend (with more transferable at a 1:2 ratio), and Iron Lotus for free. The Iron Lotus is a particularly good deal, insomuch as it seems to latch onto you particularly well, the results of their bottled emotions swelling greatly when directed towards you. This… might actually be a point of concern, but I'm sure you haven't indirectly (or very directly) ruined any ones lives by accident, causing them to devote their lives to killing you, the cold fury boiling in their veins swelling to match you, even if you were to be a force as great as the Library (or greater).

Probably.

...Don't worry too hard about it?

You can also import a pre-existing best friend.

《Drawbacks》

+0

world.execute(you) ;



When you wake up in the morning after a good, nights rest, are you still the same person as when you went to sleep? Well, what about if you leave reality, then come back with a different existence? Is the you that you were still there, now without some essence of jumper? Or do you re-inhabit them, with whatever new abilities arising? Did you even leave? Are the abilities new? The answer to these questions are really up in the air! But if you take this option, there's at least some form of continuity between this and other jumps within Project Moon's universe.

+100

Unbuttered Optics



Are you... new in town? How are you like this?

It seems like you just don't really have the effects of "That's that, and this is this", or anything similar background memories would grant you. Shock, horror, and loss affect you without any kind of dampening, let alone horrifically painful injuries. You're just kind of... a normal person. Which, in the city, makes something of a pitiful oddity. That, or just plain confusing. How would anyone become a Color like this?

If you would already have something equivalent, taking this will remove it for the duration of this jump.

+100

Book of the Degraded Jumper



Maybe you were an old employee of Lobotomy Corp special enough to warrant the duplication of your techniques, maybe you failed to challenge the Library and fled with a piece of you left behind, or maybe someone with a very similar gimmick met their end and was booked. But the Library has some of your power now, with a varying amount of assistant librarians using pages that mimic degraded versions of your skills. This will bring some measure of attention to you as powerful organizations grow more interested in the Library's bounty and seek presumed survivors for more information. Furthermore, those who survive the Library may find it easier to counter your techniques, having seen them before.

+100

Will of the Prescripts



Living in an Index controlled neighborhood is so nice, no real dues or anything, you just have to complete the occasional weird task assigned to you by the Will of the City. Stuff like not drinking any milk for a week, counting how many streetlights you see on your way to work, or murdering 58 people and arranging them into a star pattern.
Unfortunately, you will always receive at least one of these a day, and must carry them out.
Particularly obscure ones may require a bit of effort to figure out what's even meant by the City's mad ramblings. These will be somewhat filtered, you're only likely to get an outright criminal one every month or so, and ones that actually involves mass murder or other troublesome directives about once a year. They will also, of course, always be possible for you.

+100

Furioso



Christ, have a sandwich and calm the fuck down why don't you. I'm starting to think you might have anger management issues. It might not be an issue normally, but if you'd normally be annoyed, you'll be furious, and if you'd be enraged, you'll be… well, furious, to put it lightly. This is liable to cause social issues, as well as financial. I f you're in the library, the economic factors stop being an issues, and the emotional flareups might actually be useful, but any benefits are liable to be eclipsed by you joining Angela and Roland in being the subject of realizations tied to your issues. But I'm sure you probably won't have as many as them, do you..?







+200

Coward

Many fall to hubris, foolishly overcommitting themselves to conflicts they cannot win and reaping the proper price of arrogance. How lucky must you be to never suffer this flaw, for when even a hint of danger presents itself you'll be hiding behind your allies - and you will have allies, since going in anything less than a group of three is suicidal in your eyes, even if you're hunting stray cats. Should the threat solidify beyond this, well you'll have already started running. This will not endear you to your allies, especially if they survive the battles you flee from. Though perhaps the guilt of their deaths is retribution enough should they fall.

+200

Brotherhood of the Full Metal Jumper

You got a great deal on your cybernetics, do a total replacement excluding the brain, and you could get half off the price, or even be paid for the low end stuff, because hey, all those organs are pretty valuable. Unfortunately, all those cut corners also included not getting such quality of life things as removing the sensation of hunger for having not eaten since you got them, or deadening the sensation of pain in them. In short, you have the absolute worst parts of a robot body, combined with a human one in terms of sensation. Congratulations!

+200

Your Strange Addiction

Your appetite is unusual in its ferocity and the randomness of hunger pangs, but most of all in its particularity given that only one kind of meat truly brings you joy: human meat, no matter how it is prepared. Dining is about experience after all, and animals have oh so little that can be made relevant to man. Moral implications aside, a cannibalistic diet is likely to leave a drain on your finances unless you are diligent in procuring your own livestock. But if so, you might miss out on some of the finer points of humanitarian preparation from more experienced chefs, and I hear District 23 is very nice this time of year.

+200

Kizuna/Extreme Fatigue

Wow, you really woke up on the wrong side of the bed. What's that, you actually got eight hours of normal sleep last night, and are as full as your mana pool will refill without mysteriously spilling? But it looks like you've been working hard all day, and there's so many bruises there. In short, you're always fighting like you just got done doing a multi-hour marathon of fights, or maybe even longer for you stamina freaks. Your energy just doesn't refill, you always feel like getting another nap, and your pools of supernatural power are similarly affected.

+200

A Party Overlasting



Down, down, down the rabbit hole they go. Who? Lots of people. Friends, enemies, family, all around you people tend to distort, your presence inflaming their desires, but certainly not their ability to productively process them. Even worse, this cocktail of desire seems to render them Immune to unnatural mental influences, and even your perks! As a consolation, at least any particularly EGOtistical companions you either talk or beat back into sanity seem to come back with their inner light bolstered, the forms of their EGOs influenced by their brief fall and catharsis. Even if they'll also be that much worse to fight for their twisted strength of will, and built up frustrations. Hopefully you haven't given them too much to complain about, have you?

+300

Absolutely Butterless



So as mentioned, the City is somewhat severely hostile to you're an average person. You on the other hand seem to have completely missed this, being unable to believe that anyone in here is a bad person, be it the enforcers of ABC, or the random Cef in District 23 who makes such delightful dishes. Everything will clearly turn out alright, and everyone can be happy if they try hard enough. Eventually, one or two people might betray you, or trick you into horrific contracts, or try to steal all your money while you sleep. But you're sure that under it all, they're just anomalies, and everyone else must be nice and caring. Maybe you should go get drunk at that nice chef's restaurant while you recover? In short, you're truly ludicrously naive and hopeful, and should expect those hopes to be crushed constantly. But that's okay, because you'll just keep forming new ones so long as you live.

+300

Lone Fixer

No companions? Maybe the Pianist killed them, or they've gotten lost. At the very least, none of your companions are here, nor can you obtain new ones. You also seem fated to not make any friends, either. It's just kind of a sad little life.

+300

Retrieval Arc



Fascinating, were you perhaps an Arbiter in a past life? Whatever the case, the Head has made it a policy that they want you back for dissection and research, or perhaps reinstatement. Not necessarily a huge priority, but expect an Arbiter and Claw each year at minimum, of course with a Beholder coordinating and informing them. Each time you successfully escape a team, no easy feat due to the Beholder's clairvoyance, the next one will come with added training and singularity based equipment to help counter whatever you used to escape or defeat them. And the Head has a great deal of Singularities in their archives to pull from, for all Wings past and present filed with them how to create and make use of their own singularities. Expect everything from the complete distortion of time and space, to the creation of unspeakable monsters and the ability to fling entire massive buildings arbitrary distances. Don't worry too much, you're still just a curiosity for now, and so long as you don't go around bragging about beating an Arbiter, the Head will be content to make any evidence vanish and wait until next year. Of course, if you fail and are dragged back, fates worse than death await you, as does a chain failure.

+300

Ayin's Cruelty



With this drawback, you'll be getting two great benefits. Firstly, your perception of time is locked at 100x your usual rate. Secondly, you now have a truly, absurdly perfect memory. To the point that emotional ties to your memories don't degrade in the least with time or further events, and in fact, cannot be deleted or degrade. Any further acceleration of your perception will set a new minimum acceleration for the remainder of the jump. Good luck. Oh, and any of your anti-boredom perks might've been misplaced. Don't worry, it's only going to take 1,000 years of your time to get through this. Imagine having to put up with over a million years of this.

+300

Roland Did Nothing to Deserve This Suffering

Aside from the murdering. And the contract dickery. His personality isn't that great either. Also more murder. There was a lot of murder. A ***lot*** of murder. It's a real problem. You might not have done the above (well, you probably did), but regardless, you do seem to have about as much popularity. Which is to say that you have your own answer to the Reverb Ensemble, with an impressive enough of Star of the City level threats, Colors, and similar problems. Even if they nominally have another goal, it seems like they're, if not united in their hatred of you, then at least all willing to work against you on the side of their main goal. And if you avoid them entirely, well… their main goal isn't likely to be helpful for you.



+600

A Fallen Star



Congratulations, in this crazy, extraordinarily messed up world where the slums having a rampant cannibal problem is a light bit of flavor, you have none of your out of jump powers or items.
On the plus side, I suppose this does mean you blend in a bit better, and are likelier to be overlooked by the Head if you make it your task to wage war on them. Not that it's particularly advisable to do so with just the powers in this document.

+600

Adam's Cruelty

Was Ayin not enough of a dick? Well, this split personality can make up the difference if that is somehow a concern for you. It seems that rather than the Seed of Light botching in the normal way, Lobotomy Corporation failed on day 49 of it's plan, with Adam becoming permanently extant. This is the facet dedicated to Carmen's vision, or at least a particular version thereof. As it turns out, Carmen's vision is rather questionable, since this involves setting all of Lobotomy Corporations abnormalities loose on The City. While the Head can deal with this, it's rather slow to move against these kind of disasters, those born of human error as opposed to machines. So expect that to take, I don't know, a decade? About a decade.

In the meantime, have fun with abnormalities gorging themselves on humans to grow stronger, and the humans themselves mutating into more of them. Truly, too much freedom can be a bit of an issue.







+600

Angela did nothing to deserve this suffering

Except… well, we don't have enough time for that, honestly. In fairness, it being at the whim of a being with all but arbitrary control over your environment and circumstances can cause an impressive number of psychological issues…

Well, anyways, it seems that much like Angela, you probably have something to deserve suffering, at least in the eyes of your Dearest Friend. It's not that they don't get along with you anymore, no, if anything they're now bound by destiny to become your best friend. It's just that they feel very much compelled to avenge themselves upon you. Lying in wait until you're at the edge of reaching your ambitions, or when you're at your most vulnerable to make good use of that scaling. If you don't want to kill them, better work through their grudges before then.



Of course, you won't remember taking this afterwards…

+600

In Hell you Live, Lament

Or, if that seems a bit too touchy feely, we can always just feed the fetus of Limbus Company's Singularity a bottle of COSMIC HOT SAUCE, for a guaranteed spicy time. It seems like every other enemy has been combined with an alternate self or two, with surviving enemies from past jumps arriving and being augmented with the technology of the city as well. Have fun with Roland and his Noble Phantasms, Eri with a chainsword, or a version of Finn that is worth something.





《 Exit》

The Road Home

Yeah, you're done. Maybe the other worlds before this were fine, but you've realized there's no place like home. Or at least that if another world is going to be like this, you might just be fine with retirement. Though maybe you just want to bring back your experiences with you, or provide a safe place for new friends. No matter what, you're done with the chain.



Children of the City

Huh. Huh. Are you sure about that? One can say that life in the Wings might be fairly nice, if high maintenance, and it's quite possible to be pushed even closer together with friends by hardship. Though maybe it's the opposite: You've developed too many grudges to let go. Too many reasons to see someone dead. Either way, you're giving up the life of a jumper to pursue your own happiness in The City from now on.



The Next Train Out

Perhaps you enjoyed your life in The City, or you hated every instant. Perhaps you considered staying, or you couldn't leave fast enough. Perhaps you don't even really have a choice in the matter by this point. Regardless, your momentum carries you forwards, past The City, The Great Lake, The Black Woods, The Ruins, The Hunt, and the Taboo. Perhaps, someday, you will return?



《Notes》

EGOtistical is, as stated, a capstone booster, awakening adding hidden powers from within your non-wing capstone perks. Note that these are in fact additions, and that awakening your EGO while in possession of will not retroactively add millenia to your history, nor will attaining it with Colorful inherently give you hatred fueled distortion forms.

Additionally, EGOtistical confers the ability to silence the Lights "Voice", which pushes its users towards Distortion through saying what they arguably need to hear or push against, but certainly don't want to, causing them to Distort if they fall into despair or frustration in response. It also makes it a fair bit stronger if you would already manifest EGO through your own sincere, selfish desires, while giving you decent EGO if you would not.

Purchasing Singular Gear and Playing with Syringes without H/E/C grants something closer to Degraded Binah due to lack of training, or exaggerated weaknesses (unfamiliarity and less stamina) respectively. Both can be overcome eventually, but will still be weaker than if you purchased it, since you will be at the level of an average agent of the head, as opposed to a superlative example.

Notably, while Bloodfiend (and to a lesser extent Tommorow's Promise) does technically make you a Distortion, it is inferior to Then Was Heard No More in that it's entirely inflexible, your abilities can still grow along the lines established for the artificial distortion, but it doesn't resonate with your own mind to gain new expressions, nor can it shift over time. Theoretically one with extreme bloodlust could become a Bloodfiend with Then Was Heard No More, allowing more flexibility to develop other vampire themed abilities, or even become an entirely different category of Distortion.

Scenarios someday.

Particular ending spoilers: If you are booked in the Library, this will not count as a chain fail, unless you somehow prevented the canonical ending. Barring shenanigans, this is inevitable if you enter the Library, due to it essentially storing you upon entry, with the battles being simulations. This is why you can retry story missions.

Companioning Angela will bring the Library with her. However, this likely either brings new problems (Her bad ending), or with the Library not being much stronger than if she had the perk and both capstones, rather than its victory being fairly predetermined.

So What's a Singularity?

Since the jump gives you an option to make one of your own, and refers to them regularly, I suppose it's best to include a quick set of observable traits and guidelines for what is known of Singularities.

1. A Singularity is industrial

Every Singularity shown thus far is able to be mass produced, indeed, one of the basic qualifications to be a Singularity instead of just some random weirdness from the Ruins or magic as some like to refer to it is the simple fact that it can be the cornerstone of a corporation. A singularity can be used to produce some consumer good in impossible quantity and quality. It also generally requires many people working together for it to reach optimal efficiency, be it numerous scholars trying to find useful tricks at risk of madness, or countless agents being sent to their dooms in order to acquire power.

2. A Singularity is a thing of mystery

Of course, you don't go around selling instructions on how to harness it. Generally, the end result while visibly miraculous doesn't truly give away the source or how it was obtained. Lobotomy Corporation sold drugs and power, with no indication of the true horrors that lurked at the heart of their operations. Much less the Bucket itself.

3. Beyond that, much is freely permitted within reason

Singularities (probably) aren't a single unified phenomenon. While it seems to be that A and C Corps have meta ones able to distill the essence of other Singularities into their own special tricks, technology and magic are both just as viable as one another. It's possible to go well beyond those two portfolios as well. The major limit is that you're not able to import an extant system of power to be your singularity. It will be something new and unique. That said, I'm sure a purchased one would be happy to grow and integrate other things, the gift of the City's hunger is great, so long as you're willing to grease the wheels with bodies.

