Knock, knock. A dream wakes you in the middle of the night, in an apartment that seems familiar, yet… distant.

No great power is yours, nor are your friends of another realm anything more than memories, it'd seem. You do remember something very weird from the dream you had, right before you woke up, though.

At the window, you heard a friendly, distant voice. One that compelled you to climb a great staircase towards the heavens, to some vast, inscrutable location.

Sadly, you woke before you could ascend them. But that urge remains.

It's a beautiful morning, and you've got a Visitor.

It's time to choose.

Do you…



You start with +0 CP.



IF YOU DIDN'T LOOK OUTSIDE

You resisted the sensation. Not too soon after, you hear from your neighbour - they seem to have looked outside, as have many other people. When you check social media, it is marginally more insane than it usually would be. When you check your door, you see bloodstains, inhuman beings, and can only feel a clawing dread.

You are a **Resident**.

Gain access to the Quest section.

IF YOU LOOKED OUTSIDE

You witnessed something… beyond simple words. It witnessed you as well. As you try to understand what you're looking at, it, in some way, tries to as well - by the point you tear your eyes away from that celestial *thing*, you realize that you are no longer what you were before.

You are **Cursed**.

Gain access to the Accursed section.



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Location

Regardless of what you chose to do, you remain on one floor of your apartment building, somewhere. **Which one?**

Third Floor [0]

The calmest floor, in that the dangers rarely cross-contaminate. The lights constantly flicker, and while your neighbours can still talk, few of them could be considered *sane*. What's more, those that aren't will break out of their own rooms to wander the hallways over time, becoming potential dangers. At least there's a vending machine with enough goods that it'd be hard to empty it out…



Second Floor [100]

A lot of people are still lucid here - most of them are friendly enough, too. The biggest danger lies in this being the territory of the Grinning Beast, who scares people and looks for a good fight - but as long as you keep to yourself, what's the chances of running across her? The others here are struggling and thriving alike, though rarely malicious if you don't go looking for trouble. …that is, presuming they keep control. A certain lady might have trouble with that.



First Floor [+100]

The Labyrinth. Something happened that caused this place to become a veritable maze of corridors, and some of the bigger dangers are starting to *spread*. The rat infestation here has grown to an extreme degree, their monarch wandering the halls, ready to gorge on the helpless and unwary. Many of the rooms here have far more insidious mutations - rooms turned into fleshy gardens, and beasts capable of warping space seeking a certain tender type of meal. On the other hand, much to be gained…





Ground Floor [+100]

It is surprising that the Landlord let you get an apartment here, but perhaps you were one of the janitors? In any case, this place isn't the safest. While the residents are few in number, thus the danger is relatively low towards the start, a careening bus with infective hands can spell quite the danger if you aren't prepared for it. A balance of a nice café and sane-ish Cursed against your landlord and one of the biggest danger vectors.



Basement [+200]

The lowest floor of the apartment building, and possibly the most dangerous. Locked by the landlord (for good reason), most of your neighbours on this floor have been heavily mutated into insectoid forms. Few places are safe here - the sewers are filled with beings that have fused with pipes, the garage has had beings fuse with their cars, unleashing veritable hell upon the section. Worst might even be the Fungal Lair, which has infested the boiler rooms. Be careful where you tread.



Twisted Space [+100]

The apartment building has been twisted heavily; it's not too out of the question that someone might fall off of the beaten path, away from the regular rooms. Much like the Rat Hole's resident, the place you reside within has been twisted into something that shouldn't be possible. Perhaps it is safer, perhaps it is more dangerous; it's almost certainly less comfortable, as the eldritch rarely accounts for human sensibilities.



Another Place [+0, Mandatory for the *Other Building* Toggle]

The world may revolve around the events of Sam's Apartment building, but it's far from the only affected place. You may pick another *Apartment Building* to live in anywhere in the world, deciding on it's infrastructure and somesuch. At least a few people are insane, that's guaranteed, though you may find likely or unlikely allies all the same.



House Rules

The Visitor has come to Earth, observing it for **15 days**. For that period of time, witnessing it in any way - photo, painting, video, even a story written about it, let alone the obvious titular action of *looking outside* - will see you become Cursed, a being twisted by mutations to a degree that is impossible to describe beyond magic.

Regardless of if you chose to become a **Resident** or a **Cursed,** you will lose if you witness the Visitor again, outside of specific **Ending Conditions**.

Fulfilling **Ending Conditions** will award you with a prize.

You may simply wait out the time period instead, risking nothing, but gaining nothing more than what remains in your apartment.

This story will not play out like the multitudes that you might know of. Your presence is as much an anomaly as the great Visitor's gaze itself - thus, you simply being here will warp the tale, granting you a place in return. The **Apartment Rumbles** reflect this - the more distortion, the more power you gain, yet the higher the likelihood is that your part in this tale twists it beyond recognition.

Without your involvement or certain toggles being taken, the protagonist **Sam** will slowly work his way towards an ending. Which one he'll achieve depends on how much the original story is kept intact; no distortion will make it more likely he attempts the ritual, whilst twisting it to an incredible degree will see him have a much higher likelihood of simply waiting out the Visitor's visit.

Apartment Rumbles

Gauntlet Toggle

While this jump is intended as a Gauntlet, there shouldn't be anything stopping you from throwing your life away. You may choose to unmake this a Gauntlet, gaining +1000 CP; however, you forfeit any **Ending Condition** rewards, and you can actually suffer permanent death and an end of your jumpchain here. Hope your mutations don't harm you too much.

Another Building

Sam's Apartment. You know it, you might love it. You don't have to be there. By taking this toggle, you choose to be uninvolved in the main events of the story; while this does lock you out of most **Ending Conditions**, save those that are specifically marked, you can also avoid some of the bigger dangers of canon (that aren't the Visitor, of course).

Naive

[+100]

There's not too much shame in trusting your neighbour, is there…? You seem to expect the best of others even in times like this, willing to hear out some truly outlandish stories and still give them a chance. The flying moth in the mushroom cave seems *very* trustworthy to you - after all, why would someone lie to their neighbour?

Diagnosis: Broke

[+100]

You're the only thing worse than Cursed - horrible with your resources. Money that goes into your hands gets lost almost as quickly, leaving you perpetually broke on most days. Even in these circumstances, where the economy has sort of broken down, this may prove an issue with vendors if you're not good at bartering or haggling. The scavenging life is yours, it seems.

Mental Health

[+100]

There's little shame in being mentally unprepared for a situation like this. Panicking comes to you a lot more heavily than it might others - your body simply wasn't ready for circumstances like this. When you're hit by mental effects (that is, panic, charm, rage, fear, confusion), they last a whole lot longer than they would for more prepared individuals in this building.

Self-Maintenance Issues

[+100]

You should really take better care of yourself. Each time you choose this, pick one of the Maintenance Effects from canon - this includes hygiene, morale, calm, and hunger. One of these is permanently locked into being an issue for you - a lack of hygiene makes it easier for foes to land critical hits, a lack of morale will make you take more damage and get less out of fights, etc. No matter how much effort you put in, you can't get rid of this as an issue for your time here.

Artificial Scarcity

[+100]

Turns out that people didn't want to go shopping before the world ended without a warning. What a shame. Resources you can scavenge from other apartments are reduced in amount, though not in quality, by about half. Let's hope you don't need those bandages that're now missing.

Worse Mutations

[+200]

The Visitor's mutations are already bad - with this, his gaze had a certain… unintentional malice, one might say. The mutations that have spread throughout the apartments have become even more unpleasant - the Tooth Baby's teeth are more akin to those of a wolf, the finger-beasts of the bus have claws. Be careful.

Mutant Warfare

[+100]

The moment you step outside of your apartment is going to be a violent one. The Cursed war amongst one another, often for no good reason - perhaps over sanity, perhaps the number on hands, or just to conquer territory. This aggression often spills over onto bystanders such as yourself if you aren't careful. Expect a good amount of smaller iterations of the Cursed to war in most apartment corridors.

Fun Guys

[+100]

Spores travel far, and some seemingly travel to your place. Of those, some seemingly travelled to your head. A small branch of the mushroom infestation growing in the boiler room has found root in your apartment, and upon your skin - you hallucinate frequently, seeing mushrooms as supremely powerful items where they would prove more deleterious towards your health, and their sort as safe, friendly beings. God forbid you go anywhere near the sewers, at this rate.

More Traitors

[+100]

Rough times breed rough people. When people knock on your door, or offer their help while travelling, you better keep a good eye on them, for there is a far higher chance of them trying to stab you in the back. A few of them might do this simply by raising their prices, bleeding you dry - can't even trust merchants anymore.

Nightmare Swarming

[+200]

Staying too long out of your places of safety can have… repercussions. If you stay out of your Apartment (or equivalent) for too long, you start being swarmed by Nightmares, crackling shades that are almost more dangerous than many of the Cursed throughout the apartments. Keep your expeditions short, and stay safe, or their presence will become commonplace to you.

Insomnia

[+100]

Can't expect someone to rest well in these circumstances. You seem to have trouble with the idea of sleep - while you can still get your healthy eight hours, it just… doesn't hit right. The healing and stamina recovery you'd usually have from it is halved, even if you do find some sleeping pills. Your dreams are just too vivid to rest well.

Monster Bait

[+200]

It seems like the Visitor's gaze has twisted Cursed into being particularly interested in you, and not in a good way. The aggressive sort will make a beeline for you once they realize you're present, and the smarter sort of predator will try to hunt you over longer periods of time, setting traps and blocking off your path away. On the plus side, a lot of the more insidious ones might have a bit of a problem hiding their malice, now.

Shorter Stay

[+200]

One might believe a shorter stay a benefit, as the horrors will end sooner; however, not only does this make it harder to achieve the ritual, it will also cause more chaotic events to happen in the shorter timeframe. Every time you take this, the amount of days the Visitor remains here is reduced by **5**, to a minimum of 1 if taken thrice. If taken that way, however, expect that one day to be full of sieges, monstrous outbreaks, and downright weirdness; fifteen days worth of events, concentrated into a pearl of a day.

Apartment Siege

[+200]

The Cursed become brutal, and the human becomes desperate. Every hour, there's a chance a group of wannabe raiders will attempt to raid your home, breaking in and stealing your stuff. Your door is tough, but not tougher than mutants with an attitude, or humans with heavy equipment; be careful around strangers at your door with this one.

Curse Hunters

[+200]

As it turns out, people are intolerant of what they don't know, much less understand. The uncursed of this place are not willing to go gently into that night; perhaps their minds, too, have been twisted by this Visitor? Packs of hunters will roam where the Cursed are, seeking to eliminate those who were touched by the Visitor, and those who sympathize with them. They will focus on flame and blade as weaponry, and will rarely tolerate discussion with the mutant. Residents might be able to discuss and trade with them, as long as they hide their empathy for others.

Parasitized

[+200]

Something managed to crawl into you at the start of this mess. It sits in you, a benign, biding infestation. Choose one vector of the **Accursed** section. While this passively causes you discomfort and health issues - eldritch objects in one's body tend to do such - facing others of your kind may prove even more difficult, let alone the one who infected you in the first place, as they will be able to take advantage of the infection, to the point of puppetting you if they so desire. It's just your luck that, if you don't choose one that wasn't already in the apartment for this, it will intrude relatively quickly and form a nest.

Expansion

[+300]

The apartment building was refurbished a while ago, growing larger than you might've realized. Purchasing this adds Floors to the apartment building, filled with threats you don't recognize, and items

of varying usefulness. If you seek **Ending Conditions**, you will have to visit them to gather the necessary items. Are you willing to brave the unknown?

Doppelganger

[+300]

One of the weirder elements of the Visitor's presence is the existence of both cursed and non-cursed variants of residents. One day, you might meet an infected version of your neighbour, while the next they seem right as rain when they knock at your door. This effect is a lot more prevalent than it might've been regularly, to the point a version of you is running around, seeking to devour others. Expect much more paranoia from otherwise friendly individuals, especially if they're unaware of the Doppelganger effect going around.

Cursed Mode

[+300]

The Visitor's gaze intensifies with your presence. Wherever you wander, it seems that greater threats emerge from seemingly nowhere, intent on making your life a living hell; some mutate more rapidly and powerfully, while others might form mythological threats from their flesh out of nowhere, in response to your presence. Doesn't seem like anyone you would recruit gains benefits from this, either. It's a dog-eat-dog world, now, and you're barely amongst them.

Skills

Market Genius

[100]

Capitalism still lasts even in this time and this apocalypse. Multiple traders exist that still trade in dollars - and you were quite proficient at that game as well. You are an effective haggler, getting prices down by a third or so fairly frequently, and people have more patience with your haggling as a side effect of your silver tongue. What's more, selling goods is a lot easier for you as well, at a nice profit if you find the right person.

Hygienic

[100]

Some people claim that they don't smell, even without regular showers. You've actually got a body that makes that easier. It takes you a fair while for the smell to really pile on, much less for you to see consequences for your lack of diligence. You can work with smaller amounts of soap and toothpaste for better results; more exotic methods of cleaning up can even grant benefits that would linger until your next wash-up.

Iron Expert

[100]

Must've been hitting the range a ton with how good you are at this. Your accuracy with a gun is beyond most people, you've got little problem reloading, and you're almost assured to never misfire without something seriously going wrong. Spinning guns like a pro is thrown in as a skill here for free, if you have to play the entertainer.

Steel Expert

[100]

The fact you've got that much experience with this is impressive. You've got no problem handling most items for melee combat, even those that usually are for other purposes - cleavers, pool cues, hell, mops can become deadly in your hands. What's more, you can figure out how to weaponize them in ways others would struggle with; would the mop be able to deal acid damage if it absorbs the right mixture, for instance? It takes some chemicals and a mind like yours to figure that out.

Professional Gamer

[100]

The Grind Never Ends. You share a kindred spirit with the master gamer in these apartments, in that both of you appreciate the fine art of virtual gaming to an extent none other might understand. Figuring out glitches and proper strategies come to you like drinking water, letting you beat many games in record time off of your intuition alone. Your ability to be so immersed in gaming lets you draw deeper on your experiences as well, letting you draw truly impressive amounts of efficiency out of a few hours of gaming.

Masterchef

[100]

Your neighbours must've loved you, or at least, the smells coming from your apartment, for you have quite the deft hand at cooking. Whatever you make will be far more refreshing for those who eat it, the tastes properly fitting together into some restaurant-grade quality; with the right ingredients, you

could cook some materials that could even turn some Cursed, if you play your hand right. Additionally, your leftovers simply work better, and last longer, when you make them. Why? Good cooking.

Steel Mind

[200]

The horrors of the modern day need to be faced with righteous anger and a ready mind. Yours is especially adept at standing against the weirdnesses of this world; panic is a distant sensation for you, and your will is strong enough to not easily be swayed. Good enough against the typical horror that most people have turned into, but your resistance to specialist fighters is exceptional as well - the horrors of the beyond will need to put in quite some effort to unnerve you, let alone ruin you.

McGyver

[200]

A deft hand with many tools is more than a little bit useful in the apocalypse. You know the weird little tricks people can do to turn regular household chemicals into bombs, or mixing improvised materials into medicinal and herbicidal tools. Not only are all recipes in game familiar to you, but you can often manage to squeeze out an extra piece from recipes with multiple resulting items, as well as potentially find extra recipes that Sam might not have figured out through some practical application of knowledge.

Convenient Meetings

[200]

You're an awfully lucky fellow, aren't you? People come to your door for help a lot more often, seeing you as trustworthy - perhaps they, too, are trustworthy in turn. A lot of these have something to offer, such as items for money, or even residence for combative assistance. Even away from your home, people that come across you will often be willing to work with you with some notable rewards in return.

Tingling Back

[200]

That shiver down your spine isn't just imagined. Whenever a significant threat appears before you, you get a very strong feeling of if you're at risk or not; not enough to paralyze you, only enough to warn you of combat. This extends to non-combat things as well - the chitter-chatter of creaking nightmares is one you overhear quite easily, and you're good at picking out whenever a situation feels fishy, such as when a moth sitting within a mushroom's nest asks you to go deeper into the lair.

Careful Fighter

[200]

Being sloppy with your tools will see them get damaged more easily. You wouldn't let that happen. Unless you really hammer on an enemy with your weapon without any sort of thought, you instinctively make sure that even makeshift tools don't take more damage than they need to, notably reducing the chances of your weapons breaking by a fair chunk.

Inspired

[200]

Truly adaptivity is not mere survival - it is taking inspiration from any source you can, turning your world into your weapon through observation and practice alone. While this world is not one that started in fantasy, it has more than a few stories based on such. By witnessing very notable actions - in person, or recorded - you may become inspired to try and make skills based on those actions. While you don't translate them directly - it's kind of hard to breathe fire without being a dragon, after all - it's reasonable for you to learn how to burn through your stamina to be akin to one in toughness. Imagine the skills you could form from truly innovative entertainment…

Crossword Master

[300]

The most boring of activities, one that almost anyone you'll come across will hate. Crosswords are the bane of entertainment, the last resort of those with time to waste and words to learn. You're no mere ingrate, though. You *Love* these things. Not only do you know words to an extent that Morton would nod at you in approval, you can figure out the right words to convince quite a few people to work with you, applying your supreme knowledge of words in a different way, too. This includes the ability to confuse your enemies with the weirder sort of word.

Blessing of Duty

[300]

The apocalypse is no reason for the world to end in ruin, Jumper. You should know this, for that is your solemn duty to prevent. Dirt and stain lie open before your eyes, the weaknesses of the unclean blotches of sin that litter this place made clearer before your eyes as you make this place clean once more with alacrity and determination. Your one true enemy might be the fragility of your sacred tools; these skills work best with mops, brooms, and other tools of cleansing, which are usually flimsy in nature. Now, if only you got your hands on a flamethrower…

Empathy

[300]

A weapon in the wrong hands, and the saving grace of this place in the right ones. Even for those things that you cannot quite communicate with properly, you've got a sense for how to interact with them in a kind manner - making sure that they are not in pain, listening to the gurgles without judgement, perhaps making them willing to work with you. At the very least, pacifying them is far more easy, presuming they're capable of being made peaceful. With the right circumstances, you might even be able to help humanize the great beings of this world.

Brain Tank

[300]

Many people just cannot handle the influx of brain-bursting *power* the Visitor bestows. Those that don't may also struggle with adjusting to the new situation they find themselves in, especially in matters of figuring out what the living tumor fighting them is capable of. You won't be caught flat-footed, though. Your quick mind has no trouble figuring out both the logical and less logical approaches your foes have, making dodging easier and protecting more effective. In the case you suffer from… unfortunate circumstances, it's easier to adapt to all kinds of knowledge - be it mundane or the eldritch kind. Not quite enough to understand the true breadth of the Visitor, mind, but enough to try to understand a *fraction* of it.

Symbiont

[400]

You should have been infected. Yet, you have not been, not entirely - whatever parasite has struck you has only burrowed halfway before seemingly having had a change of heart. Perhaps it is even just that your Curse, in some manner, twisted you in such a minor way that you remain human. This dual nature may take some time to get used to, but even in future worlds, balancing different aspects of your nature becomes far easier. *By purchasing this, you gain the benefits of whatever Origin you didn't pick - that is, you gain access to both Quests and Mutations as sections.*

Astrologer

[400]

It seems their guild had six instead of a mere five. You are one of the few that number amongst the Astrologers, those who study the Visitor - those who, ultimately, are at fault for the circumstances that unfortunately became of the world. As a result of your studies, you can deduce the natures nad mysteries of the being that has come to visit earth far more easily, and have drawn some mysterious use from it already. When you are given some measure of aberrant power, be it your own or someone else's, you know how to inscribe it properly to align with one of the elemental attack forms of this world - frost, flame, acid, or paralysis - and use it in a way some might call… magic? In tandem, your knowledge of how to arrange "rituals" to communicate with higher beings is better than many of the others of this world, with an eye for the proper components.

Trickster

[400]

Theory is one thing. Praxis is another. When a weapon finds its way into your hands, natural or not, it will find itself wielded in ways unthought of; unusual methodologies might see you pull a stunning strike out of a sword, or a bleeding pierce out of a rapier. Even mutations might find unusual applications in your hands - someone with sharks for hands could find out that their bloodlust can be activated with a little bit of self-flagellation, for instance, instead of them merely being really clunky bleed-inducing weapons.

Distortion Detective

[400]

The Cursed didn't ask for this. Even with the advantages of power they might have, they have lost a lot as a consequence of being twisted in this way. You have learned how to comfort them in these tough times, knowing who wants help and who is comfortable, in what ways their mutations might have rules to be used and assisted… or abused, if weaponized properly. Perhaps you may even learn how to guide mutations along, as not every person has stopped shifting simply because they have looked away. The right stimuli might guide development - and you're nothing if not a detective for such, sniffing out themes and the concepts that a Curse might revolve around with relative ease. For yourself or for others, you may yet become a shepherd to make a cursed life worth it.

Accursed

The Visitor's Gifts are varied, and though the Unseeing might fear them, many of the so-called Cursed choose to revel in their new forms. Regardless of your relationship with your new body, there is an important step before to consider: In what way were you changed?

Nature

Hobby

The Visitor Glanced at you when you glanced at it, witnessing you doing one of your favourite activities. It was over that vector that you were twisted, defined, Cursed, made abnormally skillful in your methods.

Feeling

The Visitor glanced at you in a moment of your awe, your strong emotion. That was the axis upon which you were twisted, granting you power beyond the pale of humanity in more than just impossible flesh.

Infection

The visitor could've glanced at you, but not necessarily. Perhaps it witnessed you as a parasite, a needy one, feeding from others - and made you such. Or perhaps you were instead one of those fed upon, unluckily infected with their Curse.

Insight

A Glimpse

[100, mandatory for Cursed]

You closed your eyes quickly, but it takes only a moment to see. Your body twists, but does not break. Your form is still mostly mortal; little power was invested, to make you obviously inhuman if undisguised but your mind is mostly still intact. A rare boon for your kind.

Gain 3 Eyes.

A Stare

[200]

Looking longer will see your body drawn apart, broken into a truly new form. Your mind will fray at the edges, taking some serious effort to come out only lightly scathed. It's hard to hide the fact you're cursed with this degree of change but power's power, isn't it?

Gain 5 Eyes.

An Eyeful

[400]

At this point, the question is less how much you stared, and more how hard you resisted. It isn't merely your body that twisted with this degree; your mind did as well, reshaping you into something that can barely still be considered human. This is the degree that most 'major' Cursed are at.

Gain 8 Eyes. Must choose one Drawback without gaining the associated Eyes.

A Trance

[600]

The enrapturing beauty of the Visitor's gaze was something you'll never forget. You've almost shed your humanity in full, now - you're in the leagues of what some would consider the hardest challenges of Sam's apartment complex, almost on the level of the Exalted Four themselves.

Gain 10 Eyes. Must choose one Drawback without gaining the associated Eyes.

Cursed Traits

Toughness

1 Eye

Your Curse brings layers of constitution to you, letting you survive greater injuries, even resist certain effects more effectively. This usually brings additional layers of flesh, or hardens what's there - the lithe sort might simply gain enough tentacles to replace the necessary, keeping you together even in harder times.

Biologically Unlikely Form

1 Eye

Physically twisted, in pain, destroyed to the senses - some phrases most Cursed would be fittingly described as. Your body is twisted beyond humanity, with extra limbs of an amount of your choice. The catch? Only some of them are usable, the rest simply too complex to use at once without practice. Many of them are even simply atavistic, hanging off uselessly. A side benefit, if you wish to call it that, is that your body may take on truly weird forms distant from known biology - your spine might grow into one long sinuous muscle, for instance, or your tongues might grow fingers that serve a similar function to normal hands. Mind the pain.

Wings

1 Eye

Good news! Your form has wings that might be able to fly. Very useful when outdoors. Under the Visitor's gaze, which is very bad for you. Well, they might serve as useful-ish shields, at least…

Refolding

1 Eye

The Curse is rarely this kind, but some rare few seem capable of… compressing it, in a way. Your form can return to something that resembles a regular human - resembles, mind, as it isn't a perfect rendition of sanity. There will always be a tell. Nevertheless, you can carry over parts of your unusual nature's power even there, such as great strength, toughness, or the like. Transforming back into your greater form is something that can be done either slowly, or quickly, in the midst of a fight; the former is controlled over the course of minutes, the latter can be done in seconds at the cost of a lack of control for a while afterwards. Hope your allies are understanding.

Pliable Form

2 Eyes

The Curse is many things; stable is not one of them. Your body shifts under your own grip, letting you pull apart your flesh and bone to rearrange it if needed, such as pulling apart your face into a larger mouth to devour someone. Making sure it all functions together is *another* deal entirely, but the benefits that can come with suddenly turning your arm into a bone-sword by pulling off the flesh are fairly self-evident.

Overgrowth

2 Eyes

You are a *lot* to handle. Your body naturally bloats and sloughs over time, either growing as a swarm or simply causing you to lose mass as you move. What you leave behind could be considered… children, of a sort. Saplings, extensions of yourself, whatever you want to call them. Most importantly, these usually lack a mind far more than you do - controlling and commanding them comes naturally. With enough time, you might grow a large enough army to swarm almost anything in these halls.

Corpse Recycling

2 Eyes

Many Curses require material to work with. Often, this is at the detriment of the Cursed. In this case, you've learned something some of the others have - that devouring others does just as well. Through a method fairly close to how others might infect the living - injecting something, shedding spores - your form has the ability to recycle the dead into something useful. Those of a plantlike nature might be able to turn them into walking seedbeds, while sculpture fans might give corpses a medusean makeover to gain access to rarer stones.

Skillful Proficiency

2 Eyes

Your new form might take some time to get used to, but it brings certain advantages. When you turn to try your old hobbies, you find your body especially suited towards them - when you try to play hockey, your limbs can strike the puck just that little bit better, and a painter might see their body itself seep paint and bind brushes into useful, natural tools. Highly convenient with the right hobby, though it also costs you a significant amount of energy to take actions that are truly beyond humanity.

Supernatural Proficiency

2 Eyes

Many would be jealous to have this power, but you have a certain understanding of your new form that others do not. A benefit few Cursed have is an instinctual understanding of where their bodies are going, and how it works - you're fortunate enough to have both, letting you become far more dextrous with your application of your body far more quickly. More importantly, you remain sane in the process - this isn't something everyone can purport to, sadly. Have fun experimenting without fear of losing your mind.

Domain Proficiency

2 Eyes

Your Form needs to live somewhere; your apartment, or rather, your lair, needs to be infused with a little bit of you to be comfortable as well. In a manner not dissimilar to infection, the area you live in is affected by your powers - it might grow frosty and hostile to warmth like the frozen apartment, or the fleshy vine-growths that would be removed by herbicide could originate from you as well. This material is helpful to you and your pursuits in some manner, such as sustenance or creation, and can hinder those that would harm you to a minor degree.

Ethereal Power

2 Eyes

The Curse has shifted you away from a more conventional view on reality; much like the Astrologer or the nightmarish Shades, you can manifest like a ghost once certain conditions are met, such as extreme anxiety, prolonged exposure to radiation, or the simple lack of light. While ethereal, your power is fairly minimal, below a mere human in might - but when manifest, your form gains strength beyond the regular for your 'level' of curse, making you an excellent ambush predator. This extends to your other Cursed abilities as well - you may suddenly unfold your home into a greater labyrinth once the conditions are met with **Spatial Power**, for instance.

Spatial Power

2 Eyes

The Curse manifests not just upon you, but around you. The space you reside in is twisted by your perspective; your room might be shuffled and broken apart into fractal sections, or the corridors surrounding you might be forced into a confusing labyrinth by your desire for self-isolation. Proper experimentation might see you capable of making specific changes, though you should be careful to not invite dangers you can't revert.

Hypnotic/False Power

2 Eyes

Hey, whatever works works, right? Your nature has something awe-inspiring to it, be it hypnotic patterns or a weird similarity to something some might consider divine. As a result, those that witness you are at risk of suffering a variety of possible mental effects, such as confusion, or being hypnotized to your side, or the simple and straightforward terror your Curse should inspire. You can control this with some effort, of course - it wouldn't do to scare off your colleagues - or even direct this for a concentrated attempt at brainwashing.

Infectious Distortion

2 Eyes

You are the vector of one rather worrying power; your Curse spreads to others through you. Perhaps you yourself were a victim who's grown powerful enough to make others suffer… no matter how this came about, there is some mechanism in your form that allows you to convert others into things similar to yourself, such as a shambling rat-mass, or a slime, or a pipeman. The speed of this conversion is dependent on your power, of course, but no infection can be staved off forever without amputation in these times.

Animalistic Distortion

2 Eyes

Were you human before? Or an animal, now raised to grotesque proportions via your Curse? Your form draws on something close to the lycans of old, somewhere between a human and an animal beneath the Visitor's perpetual full moon. Beside the obvious benefits of natural weapons and increased senses, animals of the same family as yours share a sympathy with your nature, letting you quickly find a pack if you move in the right circles without insulting the wrong beast.

Mechanical Distortion

2 Eyes

You have fused with some manner of infernal machinery in your apartment complex, your form a haphazard amalgam of flesh and machine. Tied into a device of some sort, your Curse has granted you abilities associated with it; being tied to the building's water systems might let you see through them and regulate the temperature systems, while communicating through them, and becoming fused with a car gives you the speed and power of such, in addition to a far larger space to capture individuals and items.

Cursed Drawbacks

Weakness

+1 Eye

Your new form is a bit vulnerable to something that can be fairly easily accessed on Earth, specifically, in your apartment complex. Plants naturally would be a bit weak against fire, logically speaking, whilst metal amalgams might suffer from a weakness to acid. If you're made of paint, turpentine might be your death knell. This weakness must be, in some way, rather intuitive; you can't get away with being weak to fire as a living ball of water, for instance.

Tasty

+1 Eye

Bugs, Bacteria, even other Cursed and mildly insane regular humans will find your flesh about as tasty and nutritious as a roast chicken with chips. The more you exert yourself, the more your sweat intensifies that tastiness, causing more to be attracted to the prospect of a warm meal. Hope there's not many rats in your place.

Addiction

+1 Eye

Having your addiction become an innate part of your existence is… a rough fate. You're biologically dependent on some addiction of yours, expiring if you go without it too long in the same way a human would if they went without air. This tends to go for the more distant, abstract addictions, rather than that of merely cigarettes - a streamer addicted to the high of viewers might need to get attention, whilst a monk who only has eyes for enlightenment would need to devour more and more knowledge.

Democratic Body

+1 Eye

Unfortunately, it seems you and the Curse are literally of different minds. Much like the unfortunate Frederic and the rat-like Laurent, your Curse has a mind of its own, willing to disagree and even fight you - now, that latter part may prove difficult, as you will always know your own moves. Nothing's stopping them from seeking out someone to kill you for them, though.



EXAMPLE MUTATIONS

Man In The Mirror
[3 Eyes]
(Ethereal Power, Domain Proficiency, Weakness)
Looking at the Visitor through a reflection like that… your body drew itself into the mirror, leaving your physical form as little more than a mould around the glass. Your real form, a refracted, horribly shattered version of what your physical self once was, cannot wander the regular world anymore - it requires someone to perceive it through the mirror to act, otherwise living within the reflection of the room you're in. You possess two saving graces, though - this space is very comfortable for you, some minor manipulation of the environment more than possible for you to make weapons, food and the like. On the other, you may access other spaces with mirrors nearby; the mould around the mirror-space you currently inhabit will form around the new mirror, letting others nearby know your presence, but they will likely still struggle to realize the gimmick behind your form before you lay hands around their neck.
…the form you possess has the obvious weakness of darkness, though. If the lights are out, you're pretty screwed.

Free Closetspace
[4 Eyes]
(Spatial Power, Biologically Unlikely Form, Toughness)
Your body seems to have fused with a closet, your skin and flesh folding cleanly along the rims of what was once simply wood. It's extended far beyond the mere interior you're familiar with, extending it into a larger room, covered in what was once your skin, fused with the textile resources that were left within the place. Despite this, it is a fairly comfortable room for others to be in - whilst inside, your form is mainly the room, though you can concentrate to form a "tongue" of sorts as an avatar from the surrounding textiles.
You can still move by extending long, clawed hands outside of the doors to pull yourself along, with the closet-shell extremely hard to break, akin to a crab's shell of sorts. You can extend as many of these as you have clothes you've devoured, each arm having a fused version of the clothing around it; however, if the arm breaks, so does the clothing.

Malevolent Kitchen
[5 Eyes]
(Mechanical Distortion, Skillful Proficiency, Corpse Recycling, Addiction)
You looked outside whilst cooking, and now you'll have an eternity to perfect your recipe. Your body has painfully fused with your oven as well as a variety of pots and pans, making your head the extractor hood, with the closest being to you being a sort of really twisted turtle.
Your new body lets you spew up the proper liquids to start cooking any recipe on the go. Spitting them offensively as scalding geysers is more than possible as well, presuming you stuff your oven-maw with enough food to keep yourself consistently up and running. And you will need to, far more than any human; the cooking of foods sustains you, to the point of not doing so multiple times a day being your death knell.
It should be no surprise that your body lends itself towards a supportive role, creating food infused with a little bit of eldritch power, enough to heal people during combat and even improve their offenses; alternatively, you can also try to stuff enemies into your maw, turning them into a dubiously cannibalistic meal that is very healing, but unlikely to make anyone that knows the origin happy.

Radical Centipede

[7 Eyes]

(Toughness, Pliable Form, Wings, Animalistic Distortion, Biologically Unlikely Form)

Woah. Your body has twisted, lengthened, and become something twisted along the rollerblades you wore, leading to your every foot of the many, many you now have being saddled with blades that allow you to glide towards your foes at prodigious speeds, slashing them with many claws as you somehow pirouette. Your body is almost a single strip of long, chitinous bone, any additional flesh dedicated to forming your two-dozen legs that allow you to move and grapple around the place. As a centipede, your senses are improved for balance and evasion, letting you move at a speed your body shouldn't. On top of it all, your back sprouts almost half as many wings as you have legs, letting you catch some airtime before dropping down on your prey with the twenty talons of… Whatever you are.

Heart of the Cards

[6 Eyes]

(Supernatural Proficiency, Refolding, Overgrowth, Hypnotic Power, Addiction)

Cards and you are intertwined in your form, your body's flesh shielded beneath plates made of four-edged bones, jutting out of your shoulders and legs to form a grotesque dress. This regal form of yours appears peaceful, almost untwisted, to the mortal mind; retracting the bone is painful, but can be done in order to leave only the remnants of a more blocky form beneath your skin.

Perhaps it would be for the best to let them out, though, as they continuously chip and break beneath. Once you 'unfold' into your true form, they will spring forth into small squadrons of card-soldiers, who carry pieces of your bone as weapons to defend you, a personal royal guard. It's easy for you to assign them roles and groups, forming them with intent to become great guards or scouts. With some pain, you can even rip off the bigger plates on your body to form Card Generals, large plates that may carry regular weapons and command groups.

When in either form, your regal demeanour may even be considered somewhat charming. Your attacks have a low chance of mesmerizing in their elegance, something you and your guards can more than capitalize on, given your sharp body and mind. All of this power, and only with one drawback. A crippling addiction to collecting cards, and duelling others. Might want to teach your guards a little restraint in their fighting style, dumb as they are.

Property

Prior to… all of this, you must have stocked up on *some* things. What are those?

Computer

[FREE]

A laptop, a bit out of date from the standard of this world. Good for browsing social media, the news, or playing solitaire. Only one of these options is really going to be good for your mental health. You may pay 100 CP additionally for a more up-to-date model, with adblockers and minesweeper.

Makeshift Hobby Weapons

[100]

You can't be too picky in a time like this. This small collection of tools for a hobby of your choice - Rakes, bread knives, brooms and the like - could theoretically work well as weapons, but are flimsier than "proper" weapons, breaking sooner. Still, better than nothing, right? Comes with a small amount of throwable forks and knives as backups.

Serious Hobby Weapons

[300]

Now we're talking. These pieces of equipment from a hobby of your choice can not only do some serious damage, but also are able to survive longer than less sturdy versions of their kind, even coming with a couple pieces of duct tape to mend them right back up if you treat them too poorly. Cleavers, metal bats; dangerous even in times other than this, but more than welcome now.

Quarantine Package

[200]

Before the Visit, you stocked up on medicine in case of infection. No better time than the present to use that sort of thing. This green box full of medicinal goods lacks bandages or tonics, but has medicines against toxins, infections, blindness and burns, three for each. They will restock about one a week.

Janitor Package

[200]

Duty doesn't die simply because some being's making things messier. It just means your job has to go harder. This emergency janitor's kit has several herbicides and anti-acid medications, as well as cleaning chemicals you can use for… other things. You get two of each, which'll restock at the end of the week.

Student Package

[200]

If it weren't for the screams and groans, you wouldn'T have been woken from your studying stupor with this stuff. Not only do you have a wrapped bag with anti-sleep and anti-panic medications, there's a couple of throwing knives for the weeaboo amongst you here as well. You get three of each, which'll restock at the end of the week.

Snack Crate

[200]

This box is full of snacks that you bought which are close to the type you'd see at the vending machines in this place, enough to have either a couple of very fattening nights of binging, or enough energy to go for a while. Eating them won't exactly fill you up, but it will help keep you on your toes if you're a bit low on stamina or health. You get about four of each that you can find in the third floor vending machine, and they regenerate every two weeks.

Twisted Equipment

[300]

A lot of the Cursed cause their equipment to be twisted as well. This piece you managed to nab from a particular type of Cursed, potent enough to be with the better weapons available in the "canon" apartment - such as the vampiric dagger, an acidic club, or the like. Regardless of what form it takes, it tends to be at least two of the following: Powerful, Durable, or equipped with an unusual damaging nature, such as burning the foe, acidic power, or a high chance of inflicting effects. If it breaks, it's uncertain to return for a month.

A Depiction

[400]

This… thing is something the Astrologers would quite literally dream of, a tool of much importance when it comes to this world. In some manner, you have a depiction of the Visitor in some fragment of its terrible power, ensheathed in some kind of protective layer so you don't have to look upon it. Perhaps a recording of its terrible gurgling, a photograph, or something as abstract as a script describing it. A ritualistic object first and foremost, this can be used to draw the Visitor's attention when combined with three other depictions, but can on other worlds be used as a conduit for contacting the eldritch in general. This *shouldn't* be studied, but it can be for insight into the Visitor's mutations, as reading it *will* mutate the reader into terrible forms, as if they looked upon the Visitor themselves. It could theoretically also make for a wicked weapon, if you feel like putting your life at the hands of an enemy looking at a painting.

Apartment

The place you live in has a few features to it. Which ones are notable?

Fridge

[Free]

A necessity in the modern age. This refrigerator holds a surprising amount of space - you'd almost say an infinite amount, if you hadn't tried. Seems like it can take a lot of food, but only food. It starts with meals for a few days, but you'll need to scavenge some extras to not go hungry for the duration. Afterwards, it restocks with typical convenience store foods every week.

Book Collection

[200]

This large bookshelf… well, guess what it contains. A variety of texts both fiction and nonfiction are stored here, enough to keep someone busy for a few months if they had nothing else to do. While you probably do, given the circumstances, there's a couple that can help you when it comes to crafting, socializing, or caring for beasts. Every world you travel to fills it with mundane, yet useful texts, rather lengthy to read in full.

Pinball Machines

[100]

Perhaps a bit unusual, but it's very engaging. Your living room has a genuine, full-scale pinball machine, taking dimes in order to let you play. It's a great stress reliever, at least, and you can get the coins back! Might take a bit, though. Can be any type you can think of.

Bath

[200]

Instead of a mere shower, you can have a bath installed in your apartment. Not only does this increase your hygiene if you use it, and it relaxes you dearly, you can also place specific bath bombs in to temporarily improve your physical parameters for a few hours afterwards. It takes a bit longer to do, though; about an hour for the effects to properly soak in. Your bath bombs regenerate at a rate of 1/week.

Hobby Equipment

[200]

You've gotta do something with your free time. Choose one thing you specialize in - art, sports, being a game superfan, even cooking. You have additional tools and installations to facilitate doing it at home. Someone really into working out will see a home gym installed, for instance, while an audiophile would have a speaker system and several tapes. Not only does this calm you down properly, but you can also learn some skills that you can apply against your foes in this world and beyond with enough time investment.

Definitely Legal Weapon Case

[300]

Look, if the landlord may do this, so do you. This case of weapons, held safe within a large safe, holds enough guns and bullets to hold off a minor siege for a day or two. They're mostly small caliber, but that should be enough for most human threats. …not that you're usually facing those, nowadays, unless you let it slip you have such valuable tools right now. They restock every month.

TV

[100]

One large, 4k television screen, with connections to networks and place for a ton of games to be plugged in. While the channels are sort of screwed at the moment, you can tune into most active broadcasts wherever they are, or put in DVDs if you feel like running a movie. It's also fairly difficult to break (was it hardened by the visitor's gaze?), so it could make for a neat shield if you don't mind it being busted afterwards.

Furry Friends

(Variable)

Assuming you kept them away from your windows this time, having pets is a lovely thing. At the 200CP level, you have two options - you can have a nice little guinea pig, or a swarm of friendly-ish roaches infesting your apartment. Neither is particularly good at a fight, and some might argue the latter is more an infestation, but they can both be pet and cared for for morale boosts. At 400 CP, you can have something larger, such as a dog or cat. These things can actively contribute to fights, though they might struggle and bristle at your larger foes. 500CP? Anything you could justify to a cranky landlord. This includes sentient landmines.

Astrological Lock

[100]

It could be considered counterintuitive, but here you have an electronic lock that holds a slot for up to three Planetary Disks, scattered throughout the apartments, on the exterior your room's door. When you activate it before going out, it locks down the area, making it very hard for anyone to get in without the requisite disks. Very good for holding back would-be intruders, or the aggressive sort of visitor, though enough force can still break the steel beam.

House Defenses

[200]

Sometimes, a simple lock just isn't enough to hold back some of your less friendly neighbours. This small kit of home safety devices - barbed wire you can set up, not-quite-legal booby traps, and most importantly loud and disorienting systems - should give you an edge in your home territory that others would struggle with, especially with some of the mutations screwing up one's senses.

Companions

Make Person/Import Option

100

In times like this, it's a comfort to have friends. With each purchase of this option, you may import one of your companions as an individual in this jump, assigning them an Origin, but no CP, nor are they permitted to take drawbacks. You may transfer CP to them at a 1:1 rate.

Helen

200

A towering shape in an ominous mask, Helen is a massive, strong woman - but don't be scared by the mask. It's for your comfort. This woman looked outside, and her face was scrambled by the experience into a vortex of flesh and eye; she doesn't regret it, as the outside was beautiful. She's a bit of a blade expert, with a rather dark past she won't want to speak on. Or speak on much, really, as she's a bit of a loner, though she has a soft spot for any possible rat children you might pick up.

A former gardener, her methodologies in battle focus upon stalking, and striking with precision, using her twisted face to drain life and cause terror upon your foes.

Sophie

200

Unfortunately, kids and their parents are quickly separated when the world shifts. This mischievous kid loves the chaos of the situation, most preoccupied with the fact school's out, rather than returning to her mother. While she will join her again (presuming she's not mutated) if she comes by, for the time being, she's got no problem being your problem. Despite her disobedient nature, she's awfully smart at picking up additional methods of causing chaos, such as knife lessons, or game collections.

A skittish girl, her combat style involves removing herself from the battlefield, only intermittently coming in to play deadly pranks on your foes, spreading status effects and rage amongst those you slay.

Ernest

200

This rambling, homeless man may come by your apartment, begging for food some days. He finds it hard to trust people - but given your generosity and willingness to not stab him, he'll join up with you - bringing his conspiracy theories, friendly nature, and a variety of little tools with him into the apartment. A former roadie, he was left behind even before this whole thing started; apparently, escaping giant carpenter ants was a thing before the apocalypse as well, which led him to his current state. Seemingly skilled in singing, Ernest's serenading can improve your combat prowess and even charm foes into fighting alongside you, striking harder the more experience he gains.

Morton

200

A wandering "trader" in the complex - a collector of garbage, granting you various, random boons in return. He likes people who can find plenty of garbage for him to rifle through for his collections. Apparently, you're one such person. He's Cursed, appearing like a cricket - but his propensity for advanced vernacular may leave you wondering whether he was a human or a cricket at the start of all this. As a result of his cricket-y demeanour, Morton's quick hands make bandaging people up a breeze, even in midst of combat - his junk-hoarding has him often pull up weapons one wouldn't expect, as long as supplies of trash last.

Quests

This world has space for many "scenarios", as you would put them - yet, there is only so much time to spend in a world like this. As a consequence, you may pick as many Quests from this section as you have *Days*. As a reminder, unless you chose modifying drawbacks, the default amount remains **15**.

Canon/Canon-Adjacent

Listed both as examples, and as the events that exist, these are canon examples of what 'quests' might be, with rewards from the normal Look Outside Timeline intertwined with options that were not available to Sam. These can only be picked when you are in the Astrologer's Apartment Building, of course.

Tooth Family

2 Days

The family in Apartment 32 were amongst the more unfortunate of the Visitor's Cursed. Their baby was left under the sun's gaze, so unfortunately, when the Visitor arrived… it saw a teething baby in pain, and grew it to grotesque proportions.

Exploring the apartment takes you past the father of the family, who left to find medicine for the family's infection; for the teething baby's Curse, to grow teeth from every orifice of its body, has been spread to its family as well. The father is the least deformed of the group, with his arm having been consumed by many, many teeth.

Once you enter the apartment, it doesn't get much better. The baby's teeth have shed into Teethling beasts, roaming the place; the floorboards have been burst open by the baby's writhing beneath them, from which you can catch glimpses of the great marauder.

To complete this quest, you must put the family to rest.

Joel, the elder child, has been infected as well - his face nigh-consumed by rows of teeth he still diligently takes care of, almost oblivious to the madness of the situation, if polite. Be honest, and be friendly, and he may remain friendly, even as the teeth consume his mind.

His younger brother Benjamin suffered the most. A mere amalgam of flesh, clothing and teeth, left to play with his figurines in the children's bedroom. He's not long for this world, even with the mutations attempting to keep him alive. He's barely sentient even now, playing only with his toys in an attempt at comfort.

The mother is too far gone, made insane from the biting of her chest, causing it to grow into a multitude of maws. Eliminating her will draw out the Baby Teeth, whose great crying stems from the teeth that are endlessly pushing each other out of its body, forming mobile biters. Though it might blind itself with its tears, the tantrums it throws have all maws of it bite you, causing massive damage if unprepared.

This tale can end in two ways. One, you defeat the baby, fighting it off with violence. Such will cause it to recede for your stay in this place, allowing you to pass unimpeded. From it will fall the **Jawbone Club**, a powerful crushing weapon whose teeth have a high chance to stun people even with unskilled swings.

However… taking on the role of a family member comes with dubious advantages. By embracing the Baby and pacifying it, in some way, it will come to see you as family. There's a reason only the family seems to mutate from its bites - it will chomp upon one body part you may present, giving you **similar tooth mutations to the rest of them.** With some pain, you may grow additional teeth from these patches, which give your unarmed attacks a stronger weight, as well as other potential skills you may learn.

If you help put Benjamin to rest, he will also bestow upon you his favourite video game, **Kill to Shoot,** as well as a **Tooth Pendant** that improves your strength and agility at the cost of your vitality.

Taxidermy

2 Days

Your neighbour in Apartment 30 has always been a weird one - Taxidermy is niche enough as it is, and their examples tend to fall into the grotesque. But you couldn't have seen this coming. Their statue has escaped, and opened their home for anyone to wander into. It might hold great treasures - but a place like that, in a time like this…?

It holds quite some danger. Every room has a grotesque fusion of man and device, with taxidermy sculptures strewn throughout the apartment altogether. To progress through it, you must find the mummified skull at the far right room, placing it into the socket in the interior door of the parallel room on the other side.

By opening the now-breathing door, you can enter a domain of taxidermic work - this cursed reflection of the apartment appears to consist of sown together skin, yet it remains soft and steady to walk upon. Each room, in place of machine and man, contains the remnants of men forged together with the sculptures of this place - ranging from heads of humans and crocodiles fused together, to the great statue of a tiger, fused with human and indeterminable beastly parts.

Your quest is to enter this place, and gain what knowledge or items you can. A variety of tools - suture kits, medicine, blades and other items - are available to the risky.

But beware; delving deep will see the Taxidermy sculpture, close to a wendigo of wire and dark material, become animate, ready to turn you into the newest display of the skin-room's skill. It shares the abilities of the other sculptures within the apartment, but can expand and unspool into a being of Suture Wire, able to bind and cut apart any part of you into newer materials.

Looting the Apartment nets you the twisted **Patchwork Set**, a suit of clothing and a club made of a wriggling, warm leather. It may be uncomfortable to wear at first (what *sort* of leather is it, really?), but it greatly boosts your vitality as a not-so-figurative additional layer of skin and life. The weapon almost seems to have a mind of its own, sometimes twitching to automatically strike those that would harm you.

Cutting through the Skin-Apartment's Door seems ill-advised, and draws aggression from all beasts in the area; yet it leads to a place of creation, akin to a proper taxidermist's room. Before you know it, you have sat yourself down in a haze, ready to learn the arts of the one who created this place. **You learn how to craft together the dead and even the living** in a taxidermist's way, a mockery of a medic's skill, yet almost more effective when crafting on limbs once more. Additionally, you learn a minor secret of the patchwork's string - **it is effective enough to sew limbs back on**! Looting them nets you half a dozen limb's worth of such string.

Grand Theft Inferno

3 Days

The Garage is one of the most dangerous places in this apartment building, and for good reason - those that have merged with the cars in this place are heavily mutated beasts, each capable of, well, hitting like a truck. Though none of them are that, of course; it's mere living cop cars you need to worry about. Much of the place has become deceptive as well - some Cursed hide as traffic cones and tires, ready to ambush those who tread too close. It is the mimic's domain, hidden, dangerous.

That is, until you reach the end of the garage, past the fleshy mounds. Therein lies your quarry: a horned car made from red skin, which will chase you the first moment it can, racing you down the corridor with a truly malicious gaze. You can escape it - it's car-sized, so don't expect it to be able to fit through doors and the like - but you cannot escape it for long if you seek to win this quest.

Good luck taking down the devil's car.

Fighting it is more than just difficult - it is a race against time. Once you break past its initial defenses, stopping it from simply driving over you, it will deem you worthy of transportation. Before you know it, you become a devoured passenger of the Hellride, and it will take you on its journey. If you can't figure out how to escape from it, defeating the other passengers quickly and destroying the car itself, interior fixtures and all, you will be dragged to actual Hell. Defeating it in time will open the path that Hell's portal was covering up, a room containing the dangerous **Hellsword**, ready to be taken by a worthy wielder. Though it drains your vitality to a dangerous extent, it deals unique Corruption damage - bypassing most protections without pause, and dealing damage that only military weapons can try to equal.

However, the Devil has always loved his games. Creatures based on his work are no lesser in that department. You'll need car keys and a fitting car for this. It'll be dingy, it'll be dangerous, and the Hellride most certainly won't play fair where it expects you to - but you can try to race it, playing chicken with Hell itself on the highway there. Just before you hit the gate, you will need to hit the brakes; barely beating out the Hellride, and also escaping your sentence. Properly, truly managing this will see the Hellride gain some respect for you as a racer, and will **let you summon it once per day** as a method of kidnapping a foe at the cost of some blood in a tire-circle form. It will attempt to remove the foe by swallowing them whilst acting as a temporary ally, but will depart afterwards, devouring the foe's body in whole. If it is defeated, it will become unsummonable for half a year afterwards.



Fungal Kingdom

2 Days

The Boiler room is home to some measure of civilisation amongst the madness; but south of it is a far more dangerous threat. In the ideal environment, a large space has been invested by a fungal colony insidious enough to spread head-sized spores, causing those who walk through them to become hypnotized and walk forward into the embrace of the ever-growing fungi.

Before even reaching the center of this infestation, though, the entire space is dangerous to traverse. Her previous victims have become melted agents, protecting those few you should rescue, for they offer you great boons in return. One particular Moth by the name of Philippe, a ditsy thing with surprising brawn, offers to help you along your way here, cheerfully going forward with you to try and save their friends. Each of these offers you boons as well - healing items, great weapons, and promises of refurbishing your home and equipment with a new tier of equipment. All you have to do is go further in…

The worst truth is that, amongst the great brutes and dangerous "dragons" of this place, there lies a cruel intelligence. It knows how to lure, attract, and dissolve prey - to fulfill this quest, you must destroy it, the Sporemother.

Depending on how you approach it, you might see her as a princess in an azure dress, beckoning you to join her; if you avoid the spores, she will simply be a great mushroom, still in the midst of devouring other prey. This mother to the lair is most skilled at attracting the unwary, charming foes to join her side mid-battle. The unfortunate might even see traitors amongst their midst join them, needing to face their own as much as the fungus. Taking too long might see other entities from within the mushroom hive attempt to assist their queen.

Should you Kill the Sporemother, you may end the threat of it expanding further into the world. Her "dress", if you will call it such, moults off of her. It becomes a **mycelial cloak** for you to wear, unwilling to betray you now. This fibrous, moist accessory protects you from being stunned or paralyzed, keeping your demeanour. It also inspires fear from fungal entities in the same way a wrathful monarch would, though there are few beings that would appreciate it with the fall of this colony, now. Eliminating the Queen eliminated the entire hive, after all.

Should you try to escape, you will find that your 'allies' in this realm were nothing more than mere fungal imposters, to the horror of some of your companions - even sweet Philippe seems to have been at the very least taken over by the mushrooms, and must be put down to escape properly. If they took places of your allies in your party, you might miss out on a fourth ally during this fight, outnumbered by the fungal horde. Defeating these imposters will net you with merely one thing; the remaining **chunk of Philippe**, who might be savable… right? The remaining mass can also be collected, and with enough food you can **grow your own fungal zombies.** Might be a bit dangerous, though…

Regardless of the outcome, it turns out that any assistance they offered you was simply illusory. The tools, the medicine, all of it was simply mushroom material rearranged to look roughly like something useful. None of this *is* truly useful for you, though. A shame.

Ratking

2 Days

The first floor is haunted by a great beast, a rat-monarch greater than any human in size; once a human named Fabrice, witnessing the Visitor's depiction in art has caused him to bloat into a misshapen lord of vermin, whose powerful presence has uplifted and mutated many into beasts such as it. Patrolling these hallways like a guardian of some great treasure, it becomes a danger to wander this floor without proper precautions against it.

Your duty is to deal with it, make it a non-threat in some manner. Many of its brethren lie in the dark places of this floor, and few of them are disloyal - but amongst them perhaps hints and clues lie on how to defeat it?

The easiest route is to commit regicide, of course. Eliminating it will be difficult, as it is a terrible beast of power. It resists being stunned, and its many maws cause grievous bleeding upon its prey. The glowing eyes can unnerve and panic those who try to fight it, but one must be careful when it licks its lips, for it will bite many chunks out of those it looks at. But slaying it will afford you **the Giant Rat's Skull, as well as the Rusted Crown upon it.** The monstrous skull provides ample protection, even some luck as a charm, whilst the crown grants you the position of the lord of all rats. Even the vermin or other realities will at least view you as a ranking noble, and give you respect and conversation in that vein.

The other, more difficult route, would lie in deposing him. Make no mistake, this is a far less simple path. You must learn the rat-languages quickly (or offer them prodigious cheese supplies), then suggest another route. The Rats follow the largest and most impressive; thus, you must draw them into the Rat Hole's space to witness them as the next best option. Then, you must cause the Rat King to visit as well, luring him away from his hunting grounds. It'll be arduous, and difficult, as it is remiss to let its territory go unguarded; but drawing it away with some bait may help. Finally, you must pray that your argument was convincing enough to have the Rats help toss it into the Hole, lest you spell your own doom. However, succeeding in this task will net you and the rats a brighter, more democratic future, as the Hole has no interest in governance. The Rats will know you and let you be, while the Hole imparts upon you the **King's Spine**, a slashing whip that has a high chance of causing illness upon those it strikes, in addition to being an extremely durable tool. Additionally, you gain access to the **Rat Market**, where you may exchange the Rat Hole's items for money instead of rat tails. Your warehouse seems to have gotten a nice little addition there as well, where other associated ratty items may become available to you.



The Grinner

1 Day

The second floor, again, is *mostly* safe to wander. The only grand threat to the casual wanderer is the attention of the Grinning Beast, who takes sadistic pleasure in the chase and the fight, in a way you would see few beasts but them be capable of. They are a smart predator, looking for a challenge - they have no time for cowards, much less weaklings.

Usually, one might attempt to run away from the incoming tide of flesh that is the Grinning Beast, as it simply tries to entertain itself with a chase. However, the foolhardy may attempt to fight her and her many maws, risking their lives to impress her.

By taking this, you become the latter. The question is not if you can beat her, for that is difficult, but manageable. The question is what happens afterwards, when you find her in her little dark alcove.

If you invite her home, she will gladly join someone as strong as you. You will gain her as a companion, eager to fight and even more eager to beat you again. She can transform into her monstrous form at will, temporarily risking an insanity in which she strikes at you in return for great brawn. She will integrate well with the others, seeing this apocalypse as a great improvement to her lifestyle; being a mere shopkeep wasn't the life for her.

If you do not, she will be disappointed, but understand. In cracks in abandoned walls, even beyond this world, you may find a distorted space - **her shop**. Though she doesn't care for much conversation for what's beyond these walls, she will always carry some gnarly combative equipment to purchase from her, appropriate to the setting. At any point, you can try to fight her once more to the death: eliminating her will kill the golden goose that is her shop, but give you a very notable item associated with the world you eliminate her in.

Roachling Swarm

3 days

Your apartment has a bit of an infestation issue, jumper. A swarm of cockroaches has slowly been assembling within your home, acting as residents. Soon it'll be hard to avoid the patrolling swarms that wander, carrying an intelligence so small a mind really shouldn't. They aren't harmful, per sé - they swarm what food you leave out, and generally try to avoid being a bother. And yet they cause the place to smell, scaring multiple of your guests if you have them.

The question is what you do with this dilemma.

Waging War on them requires you to keep up a constant extermination effort. Squish what bugs you see, be it in or out of your apartment. Make sure they know no peace, and never leave a meal to be wasted. Constant hygiene is the name of the game, and properly suppressing the insect menace requires it to be fulfilled to the fullest extent. Once they attempt to properly regather themselves as a swarm, you must decisively gas the main body - while they might declare war upon you, they cannot beat the might of human ingenuity. Truly eliminating the rest with reckless abandon will take pesticide and janitorial skill to an extent that even Papineau will nod at. To remove such a threat to your cleanliness entirely has taught you more than a little bit about **logistics**, allowing you to conserve some amount of your supplies more efficiently than you could otherwise. Perhaps you spend only half the amount of resources on creating that molotov, or your acid sprayer is sprayed in efficient enough bursts that it can be used more frequently.

Making Peace proves simple, as cockroaches are simple beings. Feed them food every night by leaving it out, start forging a contract with them, and take their rent every now and then. The main worry is time, and collecting a cockroach from every layer of the apartment to add to the swarm, forming a diverse alliance within your home. Once they have settled and found trust in you, the major part of the swarm will take it upon themselves to properly give back - **joining you in battle as Roaches**, the cloaked vermin-mage, who uses their swarming mass to cast roach-spells of healing, thunder, and acid upon your foes. Don't worry about how that works - they're too cheery to tell you, and more than willing to die by the hundred for your survival, automatically generating more roaches when fighting.

Botanical Madness

2 Days

Many apartments have become bloated and abnormal, and most certainly not compliant with proper regulations. Apartment 16 is one of the more extreme examples of such, as it seems that the residents therein have been morphed into plantoid threats. The entire space has turned into nothing less than a veritable jungle, with what few humans present having become the undead seedbeds for plants to arise from. Even from simply entering the place, you can see how several people have been eroded into skeletons that have been filled in with plants, seeking to add you to the ecosystem.

Throughout the apartment, you can find a variety of cruel plants. Each special in manners of acidic and poisonous attacks, shambling around the apartment in uncertain patterns. Some are simple torsos or skulls, infested with carnivorous plants; others are full-blown bodies that have turned into giant "Freaks", living mosses, flowers, and cacti that can create more of themselves. It matters not if they were complete or not, the large plant monsters now pose a threat to you, one that you must eliminate to travel through this place safely. At least quite a variety of them can't really move too much.

Succeeding in your expedition will net you **car keys**, as well as a variety of healing items and even a video game or two. If you find the right car in the parking garage, you'll find a **shotgun** with quite a few rounds within. Perhaps it would be a poor idea to go for a joyride in this weather, though. Perhaps collecting samples from the plant people would teach you how to 'root' others in their way…

Laundry

2 Days

Jeanne is a simple gal. Though her current predicament makes it… somewhat hard to go grab some, someone that has legs (presumably) like you can still go out and get her laundry from the ground floor. Simple, right? She's offering you 50$ for it.
Visiting her in the interim will show that she, too, is very obviously cursed. Unlucky as she is, her body seems to keep unfolding into more and more heads and legs, an uncomfortable and uncertain feeling. What matters is collecting the clothing for her.

The Laundry Room is unfortunately a bit infested. A Worm has crawled within the laundry machine, seeking a mate in crawling. Once you defeat it, you can get Jeanne's laundry. It's a shame she'll never get to use it here, as her new, snakelike body is unfriendly to the conventional, clothing wise.

No matter how soon you return, her Curse will have expanded to an extreme extent. Like the Hydra, her body has extended into dozens of heads, burrowing into nearby rooms to devour the residents. THough she tried to control them - and could, for a couple days - there is only so much one can do when there are dozens of salivating minds that equal yours sharing your body. Eliminating them isn't easy - not unless you desire to kill Jeanne as well.

Killing them all only requires you eliminate the main body. It isn't as difficult as it sounds. It will defend itself with great brawn, but it is merely a body, not nearly as dangerous as a maw. Destroying it will destroy all of the heads, including Jeanne… but it will leave you free to collect the tools within the apartment. A droplet of the hydra's blood strikes your eye, giving you some quirk for a pragmatic sort of combat. When inspecting multiple enemies, you have what's almost a sixth sense for who to eliminate to make the rest scatter or break - an indiscriminate, yet effective, skill.

Saving Jeanne requires you remove all but her head, engaging each of the Hydra in turn. A more difficult route, but eliminating all of them separately gives her a chance at life, if not the other heads. Eliminating each will give her more and more control, with the death of the last giving her the chance to regain wherewithal over her mind. She'll be able to help you again as a result, profusely thanking you for your efforts, giving you some healing items and access to her apartment. Most importantly, you get a knack for damage mitigation - making sure that the less guilty and the more beneficial aspects caught up in a dilemma can get out of there more or less alive.



Saving Philippe

1 Days

(Requires Fungal Kingdom to have been completed)

It doesn't matter that Philippe said such mean words - they must've been tricked. The colony of fungi assimilates people, right? Your friend must've been tricked! There's no other answer, not one that matters, anyway.

…that is a lie you must tell yourself if you truly believe this route will lead somewhere positive for you. The ugly lump that remains of your friend is a fungal shard that you could regrow, if you find the right place for it - perhaps that botanical apartment has proper pots and soil? You'll need to help your friend quickly. Keep it nice and moist, in an environment like the boilerroom, and make sure it has time to feed and regenerate. Be careful to not let the brutish spores mystify and manipulate you if you can, and don't let it bite you; then maybe, *maybe*, you'll be able to bring them back.

If you go through all of this effort, then Philippe may regrow, no longer hiding their shroomish form. They will attack you again, sensing an opportunity - but subdue them long enough, and they'll give up the fight. There isn't exactly a reason any more, after all. **Philippe will join your household as a vendor**, selling shroomish goods, and offering to create more versions of your consumables out of mushrooms for a reasonable price in stamina. They shouldn'T be trusted in fights yet, and double-checking their work might be for the best, but you can't deny the usefulness of having a LOT of mushroom knives at your disposal. They won't be that cutesy moth again, though, for that was really just a deception.

Houseplant Romance

3 Days

It's pollen season, and your plant doesn't seem to have a partner. You've known them for so long, watered them, cared for them… it's reasonable to have some affection for it, isn't it? In these times, people need to stick together - but there's no reason for "people" to not include sentient plants at this rate, either.

Leaving it within the light of the Visitor's gaze will give it enough wherewithal to answer. Not with words, but with a feeling you can't quite place. By taking on this quest, you'll try your best to woo it with your romantic skills. Given you are, with some likelihood not a plant, this will most likely be a matter of some difficulty. Figuring out the proper wooing procedures, the right ways to be the right person for them, and simply waiting for them to reply will prove frustrating. You#ll need to keep that cultivation cycle up properly, watering and feeding it over the course of a week. Once every two days, no more, no less. Make sure to keep conversation up every day, and make sure to take good care of it.

The chance of being rejected is high. Not only are there cultural barriers to cross, but those of species as well. A plant and a human are a rare pairing at best, especially in times like this… but the proper mind will manage it, as will the proper heart.

If you manage to romance the plant, below the light of the Visitor, it will witness that love - and the plant will be twisted into a form with legs and arms. A dryad will step forth, an amalgam of red vines and the green of a houseplant. THeir face is… hard to determine where it is, but it's rustling seems friendly - especially towards you, the target of her affections. She will accompany you into combat and exploration, a specialist in matters of paralysis and constricting foes.

If you get rejected by the houseplant, then… that's rough, buddy. At least **emotional damage from regular sources** is reduced by a fair extent, seeing as there's not many lows lower than this. Friendly conversations with the plant might turn awkward. At least it'll mend with time.

However… A third option lies open, and though it is difficult, it's possible. *If you have the Philippe Chunk*, you can try to get the two non-animals hitched. Philippe's desperately looking for something to hold onto now, and the plant seems pretty into fungi and lichen, after all… get them chatting long enough, and you'll see them getting along really well. Ensure that both of them stay in a good enough mood to want to talk - that is, water the plant, and keep Philippe somehow happy - and they'll pair up, thanking you for granting them a chance at happiness in this forlorn place. **Both of their abilities are upgraded** - the plant may join you as a companion without romantic implications, with their constricting abilities instead replaced by self-regeneration through fungus, while Philippe can hitch a ride as a mobile vendor without the risk of stabbing you in the back, effectively becoming a fighting companion in the form of equipment.

The Final Word

2 Days

Deep, deep below the Apartment complex, there is a prison that is said to have held a witch of words for thousands of years. Hidden within a safe, with a code that takes many hours to uncover, is a staircase that leads to her grave.
She will try to convince you to unseal her, to let her free. To complete this quest, you must take that path. Mummified warriors of complex soliloquies guard the path, testing both your linguistic knowledge and your combative skills. They were placed here to keep her sealed, after all, and will end you before you ever could - honor-bound to let you try as they may be.

Once she is unsealed, a word of true might will slip into your mind.

Do not speak it, lest you become her familiar, to be skinned, undone, and reshaped into the hag's giggling, mindless throne.

Instead, you must slay the witch once and for all. From her words spring magic, even if the words are misused. Her might comes from her will, not her usage, after all. Slaying her means surviving endless vomiting of frogs, incinerations, blasts of lightning, and every other supernatural effect she might be able to call upon. Her magical might may be amongst the greatest of the apartment itself; but she can be slain, for she is a mere single person against you and yours.

Slaying her sees her body crumple, and a shard of her power be transferred to you. A single word, which you may speak to reform her body. In this malleable state, you can recreate her as a sword, spear, or hammer, forming a Spellweapon of great use. With concentration, you can change it between these forms - each a powerful magical tool, able to break past resistances lesser, mundane tools could not. It's also an exceptionally useful channel for magic, if you were in a place with a codified set of spellcraft.

There is no other option. She is too far gone to be helped. But… *perhaps you can reseal her, instead.*
This time for good. Rather than slaying her, you must pose her three riddles with words she does not know - but you must pick words that are of a language she understands, lest the spell not activate. Beat the witch of words at her own game, and you will be given the chance to read the magic of words from the walls of this place, letting you cast cantrips of curses when speaking words of fourteen letters or longer length without stuttering or mispronouncing. …No, you needn't know what they mean. It's the speech that counts.

Fanon

Quests that are available in apartment buildings that may not be the main one. Despite this, you may decide to use them in the canon apartments as well, with the logical consequences arising for such.

Sueno Imposible

2 Days

As much as it is a time for tribulations, it is not something that all find disagreeable. It's the sort of opportunity some would dream of. A particular sort of woman has taken to this situation with some gusto. A genuine, heavy lance in hand, she has been going around spearing open doors, eliminating evildoers, and generally being extremely homicidal towards the local Cursed and scavenger populations. In her eyes, they're just villains and monsters, after all.

…Well, she isn't entirely wrong on the monstrous front. But she's hurting a lot of people that don't deserve it nonetheless. Apprehend her, and try to get her out of her delusions before she pokes a bear that nobody wants awake.

She's still human - not that everyone would believe it, given her frankly inhuman strength. That lance she wields is made for horseback, yet she wields it with the dexterity that a professional would a pool cue. Her zealotry almost makes her recover with every foe slain. Not only that, but she has also gathered a small grouping of Cursed which enable her delusions, riding on her coattails - a large, horse-like beast that she rides and uses as a shield, as well as an ethereally-enhanced maiden who periodically improves her capabilities with songs in their glory.

Vanquishing her requires that you vanquish the entire adventuring party, as her willpower cannot be broken until all of her bones or her party are. She'll be trying to strike at you still when you walk away. Best make sure she couldn't take a glance at the Visitor when you do leave the body, as she'd take on a new form to punish evildoers better in a heartbeat. Regardless, defeating her in her human state nets you **a sense for what "Just" people would do according to their own mindsets**, regardless of how sane they are. Additionally, you loot **her massive Lance** from her corpse, a weapon strong enough to lay low a giant were you able to get enough momentum going - but it is much, much heavier than she would've let on.

Break her out of her Delusions, show her the humanity that she had eliminated, and her guilt would turn to righteous ire. She just had to be put on the correct path. Her colleagues? Less so. You're going to have to dispose of them without her assistance, since she will try to continuously support and get them to join you. Sadly, they will not - their dream hasn't ended with her betrayal, and they're too far gone to wake back up. Nevertheless, when you eventually eliminate them, the **Dreamer will join your party as a Companion**, with great physical strength, an ability to ignore many mental effects, and a frightening capability with that lance of hers. She's a guard dog at heart, in it for Justice. Make sure you don't go off that path, then.

Nard Wars

3 Days

One of your downstairs neighbours (yes, even if you're in the basement) was unfortunate. In his room full of figurines, he was changed after viewing a streamer at a very bad time - now he acts as a commander of sorts, a living Titan that houses a variety of his soldiers, from a variety of wargame factions - each corrupted into becoming his personal cult of sorts.

Unfortunately, megalomania is rarely busy with only that, and the man started to learn how to expand his body into becoming a factory for a fleshy sort of artillery. It isn't helped by the fact that his figurines have started treating him like a god-emperor, learning to use his own power in ways that almost resemble… magic?

He's quite mighty as-is, though he prefers to play the commander of his team - unsurprisingly, swarms of his figurines have become dangerous, tiny threats, almost like cockroaches in their effectiveness. Their guns inflict bleeding damage, with some of the larger, more seeping cases causing blight upon you. The greatest amongst them resemble miniature giant demons, capable of causing panic to you and others with their hellish demeanour and magics.

Fighting him directly has these sorts swarming out of him en masse, forming ready zealots to protect him. He's been experimenting slightly, letting him effectively combine their weapons in his arms into almost forming cannon broadsides in his arms. Soon enough, he'll probably learn how to graft his more demonic figurines' mutations onto himself, becoming more like the dangerous Cursed of the outside.

Please stop the emergent cult and their head cult titan before they learn how to make aircraft.

If you can calm him down, this might end in a way where nobody needs to die - nobody more, at least. He's clearly lonely, and currently in an awful feedback loop through his 'minions', who hold his mind as much as he holds them, physically speaking. An alternative option could be to seal off his access to more materials until he gives up and cooperates. Paints, plastics, and other materials are needed to make his sort. If you can stop him this way, **he'll join you and your fellows as a Companion** - willing to offer his armies as supportive elements in combat, or even joining you, though he isn't skilled enough to use most weapons. Thankfully, his minions are effectively ammunition for his makeshift crafts, which serve in the same vein.

Of course, you can also kill him. It's a grim future, after all. His soldiers will be far more violent, naturally, but taking him down will also mean there's nobody to stop you from looting his tools and taking his minions as your own, after convincing them of the benefits of not being squished. **Not only do you get a green swarm of minions**, who throw themselves at enemies for violent, blunt harassment, but from his corpse you manage to fish out what looks like an engine. **If you feed the engine blood, it can produce bullets over time.** Seems to only be able to make one type of bullet at a time, though.

Incursion

2 Days

Sam got lucky that nothing else tried to invade the apartment, aside from… well, you'll see. Unlucky it is, then, that a great Cursed taking the form of a grand Naga has crashed through your complex. For now, it coils - letting brick break under its mass, but covering the worst of exposure to the Visitor. Soon, though, it will start burrowing inwards.

It will start letting the Visitor shine through, slowly learning how to remove resistance through that. The great maws that it has for a face, threefold sets of teeth with the strength of jackhammers, drill their way through the building, devouring almost anything in its path. By the end of this, it will have started spawning amalgams from what it has devoured, digested into Wyrmspawn as extensions of its senses.

Your duty is obvious. Stop it.

It is large, and mighty, but it lacks anything more than animalistic cunning. Not to be underestimated, mind - but it will struggle with adapting to traps it's already caught in. Additionally, its great size and winding nature means that any injuries it has will likely be exposed to the Visitor once more, forcing it to mutate further, hopefully to its detriment.

Slaughter it, and you will be able to loot its body and all of its contents. Not only will this give you massive reputational bonuses amongst your local area, but you will also be able to extract all of its teeth, easily fashioned into weapons, as throwing daggers or long blades. The two front teeth that it sinks into prey are long enough to each serve as greatswords in their own right, imbued with paralytic poison that keeps them nice and sharp.

Emptying Forms

1 Day

A cult formed in your building, near the upper layers. It seems innocuous at first - another apartment taking in refugees that wish to escape the Curse. Whatever the people in there seems to ward off the exceedingly mutated, chants and singing horrible enough to damage insane sensibilities.
But there's a good reason that most seem eerily serene after entering.

Something Cursed is in there, but their egotistical faith led them towards seeming more Blessed. They have transmuted themselves and the apartment into an isolatory temple, drinking up the lives of those inside to become hollow, Cursed dolls for the apartment's keeper, who himself has become little more than an idol for supplicants to pray in front of. Whatever part of that person's mind that remains pervades in the hollow beings within their apartment, effectively forming a theological hive-mind - one that keeps reinforcing itself with new converts, becoming a granite tomb for the foolish.

From the bodies are taken organs which have become stone, components that are formed into weapons. These lie throughout the apartment like treasures, offered to newcomers to guard this place.

This also means that there is plenty to loot.

Surviving an expedition in here proves difficult - much like the other apartments, the place is difficult to navigate. Especially so, since staying here too long causes your health to deteriorate simply by walking further, making you go into battle with reductions to your maximum stamina. Yet, making it through without killing the origin can give you some fairly neat rewards. **A painful ring** that allows you to strike twice at times, each repetition a bit more hollow in power, costing you health each time this happens, and a **casket of mind-clearing items** are available this way.

Killing the Effigy makes you need to eliminate every one of its worshippers first, lest it take on another form and flee, power in tow. The more you fight them, the harder their attacks will weigh against you - something they'd claim to be Karma, though it is little more than rudimentary application of the freed power through the Effigy's hands. Fighting it requires you manage who gets struck many times as well, as repeated punishment will see your allies join them for 'penance' against you, if the Effigy is given the chance to strike such beliefs into their heads. When it does fall, though, you'll be able to take **an ornate sword** from its hands. This blade is imbued with a sense of dogma, draining your health and stamina in place of breaking, whenever you do run the chance of damaging it.

Regular Maintenance

3 Days

The fact a single Cursed is required to actually keep this goddamn place's water working is ridiculous. Not only is it risky in case that person gets killed, but it also is a massive privacy concern, for those who still want such things.

The main issue is the amount of people and rats stuck in the system. …well, the infrastructure collapse doesn't help either, but that's a bit out of your purview from your apartment. You have to figure out what pipes need to be cleaned, what the proper settings are for everything, and most importantly, how to deal with external damage without the Visitor turning you into a good extension piece.

Be careful with treading the maintenance section, as many of the maintenance workers have been unmade into extensions of both tools and machines. In particular, you have to worry about those that were merged with both the pipes and other important machinery, as well as figuring out how to macgyver your way around those things having to most likely be slaughtered.

Figuring that out will give you quite some credit for being one of the few people actually dealing with a major issue of the apartment complex. From these modified, mutated *things*, you've learned how to **take advantage of the corrupted and the mutated**, even how to use the quirks of the Visitor to your advantage. Salvaging useful materials is an old trick to you now - you know how to full-on reuse completely changed materials towards your ends, such as using a pipe-man's internal organs as connective tissue in place of T-joints and the like. When you leave out a tool to be mutated, you can even take the chance of it working in your favor.

Now, the other systems… that'll take some more effort.

Shopkeep

1 Day

So what, taking advantage of the needy? There'll be a post-apocalypse, and you're not planning to be screwed when that comes around, are you?

Setting up shop and giving sanctuary (with rent) to people is a bit of a risk. Not only will bad actors ruin your vibe, but you'll also need to have goods to trade. If you don't want a home to set up in, there comes the additional danger of Shades and other insane wanderers of the halls. Even a home you've set up in becomes at risk of raids, as nobody likes paying high prices.

Your goal is to make enough to survive a few months, long term. About… 5.000$ sounds fair, for now. Making more will of course be nice, but you must hold roughly that amount at minimum at the time of the apocalypse's end. It doesn't matter how you manage it - jack up prices, force rent daily out of people, or just find some really good items to sell to people. Point is - you gotta get scrounging.

And don't think you'll only be targeted by raiders. Other salespeople live in your building as well, so you're going to have competition. It's your choice how to deal with them - form a guild, take them down, or simply make them into your subordinates with some… pressure.

If you manage to make cash off of the Apocalypse, congratulations. You've got 5.000$.

…

What, is that not enough for you? Fine.

Throughout your sales, you get your hands on a **fine mask**, with an irritating smile upon it. When you set it on your face, you can swear it changes the internal grooves to match your own face's - was it, itself, cursed? Whatever the case may be, you find yourself much more capable of blending in amongst others while it is on. Regardless of if you're Cursed or not, they'll treat you like one of them, at least in terms of your validity whilst trading.

Ending Conditions

You are not Sam. No version of you that has travelled the Multiverse *can* be Sam - the ramifications of this place, important as they are to the locals, will mean nothing to you in the grand scheme of things. However, this does not mean that the Visitor can't understand your nature. If anything could, it would. It knows you for what you are - a transgressor upon this earth, a visitor. Much like it.

As such, your endings differ from Sam's, regardless of your route.

Pick one you fulfil the requirements for.

Skip this section if you are not taking this jump as a gauntlet.

The Long Wait

Congrats. You waited out the entire period that you could've in this place, and you've survived. The Visitor leaves the earth, as its attention is drawn elsewhere. Humans are left in chaos as a result, of the few that still live. Rebuilding is possible, don't misunderstand - but it will be done at the behest of the god-tyrants that live here now, known as the Hundred Gods. In this new age, humanity will have to adapt to the many who no longer can exist among them regularly, as medicine becomes unreliable, history unrecognizeable, and life as they knew it impossible.

But hey, you're not here to worry about that. If you did, another ending would be fulfilled, wouldn't it?
You get one hundred and twenty four action figures, each based on one of the Hundred Gods.

…hey, at least you're probably still human. Right?

Mistakes Made

This ending requires you have given each of the ritual participants false depictions of the Visitor, then choose to continue going forth with your own hands.

Well, failing the ritual entirely is certainly an accomplishment in its own right. Your body convulses violently as your head splits. Your limbs bifurcate and stretch in every direction. Your mind splinters into something beyond human understanding.

You've become a living fractal.

You are stretched across the vector of your chain, a living series of events made manifest in a physical, calcified chain. You're a combination of events, of visions, only barely condensed back into a semblance of a sane person through your expulsion from this world.

Your form is akin to a focussed, yet even more chaotic variant of the Exalted Four that the Astrologers might be in the best outcome. Your power is great, yet it lacks focus, as it is steeped in the insanity of your existence. You can tap into it to grow rift-glasses upon your skin, temporarily pulling upon your past to grow weapons and power in chaotic manners, risking your health and blood in order to call forth corruptive and corrosive strikes. Injuries may also be "folded" into these with some effort, reducing the damage of repeated attacks in a location - yet, these eyes are still *eyes*, leaving your form weaker to projectiles than one might hope.

Despite this, your existence is not quite fragile. At the end of the day, you still exist - difficult to strike, given your split nature, and with an existence like a scalpel against that without mutation.

So Close, yet So Far

This ending requires you to bring forth at least one true offering, but less than four.

To come close is better than to not try at all, yet it is wrong all the same. The Astronomers are left as nothing more than mutated beasts, and you rush away, away from the Visitor's neutral gaze.

By the time you return to your apartment, it's become clear. The mirror is merely the death knell. To stand upon the rooftop and gaze straight at the Visitor is a guaranteed chance at mutation, and you happened to take quite the brunt of it.

The Visitor gave you a small, small portion of attention. Enough to twist you beyond the mortal ken, even if you had already been such. You become a mountain of eye and hand, growing into a spire stretching into the heavens. Your mind, were it not pulled safely back, would have surely been lost by the experience, the *sensation*. You appear to have become something close to what the Onlookers would have become, were the Eternal Eye not their final stage - your gaze brings panic and sleep, your hands reshaped into claws bring slashing doom upon the weak. Your greatest advantage lies not in your spread or your unique might, but in the fact that many would see you as a spire of knowledge, as your many eyes would see further and more deeply than others.

The best part is that you may grow taller and more handful, far more than a regular Cursed might. Where one might grow two hands, yours would exponentially grow into six; and a mere single eye can see you regenerate if not put to death quickly, though it would be slow, and likely as insanity-inducing as this first encounter.

Beings such as yourself may emerge from those who seek to commune with you, taking in a fragment of your character. They would fall into the category of more limited Onlookers, however - but a cult is a cult all the same. Take care to not become corrupt with power, though. Your lifeline from one insanity is not a guarantee from another.

Exultation

This ending requires you to be an Astrologer - thus, have the Astrologer perk. Additionally, you need to complete the ritual properly, having four true offerings.

Communing with the Visitor is hard to balance, even with four of you to balance the roughness. Keeping each other sane is hard - keeping each other intact? Impossible. You four are one entity to it, and it will treat you as such.

Your duty now is to simply survive with your sanity intact.

Should you manage to do so, you and your companions will fuse into a mighty form, closer to an angel than any regular monstrosity. You become what some might see as a messenger of the Visitor, though the only message you bring would be of madness. As the sanest of the quartet, you can hold back the insanity of the others enough to try and comprehend what you have been taught.

Your biology is without comprehension, your many eyes a fusion of the Astrologer's powers. You may fire beams of fire, frost, paralysis and acid at will, whilst your concentration and sanity may be expended to fire a beam of pure might, seeking merely disintegration, turning everything but their clothes to dust. Flying is a matter of ease, letting you flit about at speeds close to a combat jet. Conventional weaponry fails to harm you, resisting anything but those things that would pierce your eyes, or your wings.

More importantly, you have gained… some semblance of understanding of the Visitor, and other entities as eldritch as it. You may not understand them emotionally, but you may grow to understand them logically, as your ability to act as a channel for rituals increases manifold with this transformation.

Perhaps not a happy ending for the world, but by far the most peaceful.

Mr. Blue Sky

This ending requires you to bring forth four true offerings, then risk the fight against the Exalted Ones and win.

You witness the Astrologer's ascension into an angelic being - they regret it quickly. Their form rips their sanity apart, fused into a messenger of the Visitor. On the bright side, they took the brunt of its attention, allowing you some time without mutating.

There's no way around it. You need to kill them, or else they'll escape to cause catastrophe upon the world. It won't be easy - their power can hardly be contained by themselves, firing beams of flame, acid, frost, and paralysis at you to disintegrate you as quickly as possible. Your best bet is to use guns and explosives, as anything lesser will glance off of their gilded flesh.

Once you defeat it, that will be taken note of, for the Visitor continues watching. You will commune with it forcefully, though it will be… far too intrigued to simply mutate you.

Communing with the Visitor is a new experience, even to you. To communicate with the large being is to have your body torn apart, to have every aspect of you thoroughly scrutinized and understood by a being greater than the galaxy itself.

It realizes quickly that you will most likely require your body to be intact to discourse.

Convincing it to leave the earth isn't hard. The Visitor, grand and terrible as it is, is not malicious. It is a mindless being, wandering and sating curiosity, following what sees it as it sees them. But… touching something close to human has given it something it didn't know of.

Thought. What's more, it now feels something. Empathy, and guilt.

It never meant for any of this. It willingly leaves soon after, indulging you in some questions.

Once it leaves, you realize your body is still twisting, undulating. It only briefly managed to hold back what was unmaking you, but nothing could survive its gaze unchanged.

For Sam, this would mean becoming the earth's guardian. But you are not Sam.

You do not become the Guardian. You become like the Visitor, for that is what you are. While you keep your mortal form, you may unwind into something as great as the youngest form of Sam, as large as the apartment complex itself, hundreds of enormous, tree-trunk thick limbs forming your new body, each mighty enough to crush the lesser threats of this world. The many sensors on the many limbs of yours whisper the sights, smells, sounds of everywhere you can stretch yourself, being able to cover an entire city in your own sensors without an issue. Hundreds of tongues extending from every orifice along your arms teach you the flavour of every surface of the nearby world, each capable of lashing the weak with the force of a bat.

More importantly than mere brawn, you inherit an ability of the Visitor that only a Visitor may offer. The ability to twist things into your perspective, with more control than it did. Whomever you lay your gaze upon can inherit something you're familiar with, something unnatural - such as Magic Circuits, Quirks, or whatever other abilities you may have met - twisting them subtly to accept the unknown, an effect you can extend to the world as you look at it.
As you approach your Spark, perhaps it may grow even more radical - twisting people like the Visitor itself. But it need never reach that level if you don't want it to. May you meet them on more equal terms one day.

A New, Hungry World

This ending requires you to bring forth at least three correct offerings, as well as your *Furry Friend*. Alternatively, you need to find Cinnamon, the third floor's neighbours' pet hamster.

One wouldn't think some hamster would be a worthy offering, but a being as unmutated as this might make for an incredible offering, right? If it's able to gaze upon the Visitor undamaged?

Wrong.

Very wrong.

To describe this situation as twisted is amongst the kindest descriptors for this route. The beast once known as Cinnamon, XIN-AMON, ascends to a terrible form resembling the Hundred Gods, seeking only to gnaw and devour everything in its sight.

This, unfortunately, includes you.

You are given a new quest as part of this ending. Slay the beast.

To fail is to be devoured by the God Rat, the growing form of the Xin-Amon Beast. It can level cities in a night, devouring hundreds by the day. A never-ending chorus of screams follows its every move.

The screams remind everyone of the cruel fate of those who are eaten. The monster's hide is pocked with the screaming faces of its countless victims.

They scream because they know they will never die.

This would be your fate, too, yet the universe has other plans for you.

You will be severed from this mass in your transit to the next world, but it will leave a gerbil's bite mark that you will find impossible to remove from any of your forms.

The one boon you gain from this is an appetite that may never be filled fully, and a metabolism that will never see you go hungry. Satisfied? Another ending would be needed for that.

To succeed, too, is little more than to rearrange your position in this nightmare. Instead of a carrion face within the hellish beast, it will learn to invade you and remake you into the brains of the operation, your friends on this journey consumed into the Xin-You without a chance. The wave of all-consuming rodent flesh will become your own; whilst only a sapling of you may leave here, you remain a mountain of maws and flesh, able to absorb any enemy into the great maws to grow further once more. Your many mouths drool an acid that burns apart metal, and drawing on your nature in full allows you to summon a facsimile of a black hole into your mouth, devouring much of your own biomass to cast a corrupting orb that drains much of the power of your foes.

However, you will never find peace. Your hunger will last eternally.

The Dream Ending

To complete this ending, you must purchase Massacre Princess Catholicon, complete it during the jump's duration (it increases in length in accordance with your stay, naturally), and then complete the conditions for **Mr Blue Sky.**

Then, you must attack the Visitor in their moment of arrival, in that grand ritual of insight… and attack them with all the might in your chuunibyou body. The sheer *lack* of logic that your punch conveys is *literally* world twisting, and for good reason.

The Entity is a being of perception. It understands your understanding of yourself, and twists it in what would be considered reverse humanization across the axis of what it sees. So when it sees your sheer *process* of existing, the long, long journey you have been on, and *this* insane action…

It reacts.

This isn't a gauntlet any longer. You become twisted across the perception of what you've been over your entire journey, formed through this view of escapism into what you want to be, and what you consider yourself to be, through everything you put into that strike. Slowly, those you would consider companions rise to assist you, reformed from the dredges of your memories of them - were they real? Are they real?

They might as well be.

Fight back the Visitor. Take the Earth back, even as it reforms into a monument to the past.

If you have survived up until now, you should know how unlikely this chance is. The Visitor is not something to be trifled with, and every moment you fight it your body falls away, reconstructs itself, and falls away once more. It will be a constant trouble of will to recognize that you *should* live, as the Visitor unmakes you with the merest gaze. Even your allies, themselves, will fall away and be recreated as you perceive them, your mind constantly reforming and eroding with every punch, spell, and strike done.

When the Visitor finally "Falls", the land is saved. You return to your home, at home, and you and all of your colleagues get to return to a pleasant time, existing, bringing the world back together.

…well, that is, until you are brought to your next world. Assuming you do.

For your troubles, take along this world's converted self as a warehouse attachment. If nothing else, you get to relive and see the weird, patchwork nature of worlds you've visited in the past, in a chunk large enough to fill in a large city. A little microcosm of delusion, stolen from the Visitor.

The end

Requires completion of Mr Blue Sky's objectives. Requires you to be within the "canon" Apartments.

The Visitor was called here, you know. Accidental as it was, it remains Sybil's sin that she called the great being to this planet.

Why?

Well, curiosity, of course. Both Sybil's, and the Visitor's. Two kindred spirits, in a way, reaching out towards one another.

It is this that offered Sybil a cruel, unwanted insight into the Visitor, and Humanity's nature. In order to bring about this end you cannot uncover that, though.

Instead, you must bring about the conditions to have Sybil remember just enough to regret, and want just enough to have you promise her something; an end to this madness.

This promise is your shield to bring about the end to this madness. Sybil and the Astrologers were close, after all, and they were heartbroken to think she had passed on. Evidence through your word is enough to bring about some sanity once more for them, keeping the Exalted Four just sane enough. Endure their madness until they can clinch onto this truth, and fulfill the duty they wanted.

In your stead, they will have an audience with the Visitor. In your stead, they will convince it to leave. The world will wait those few hours in bated breath.

The Visitor will leave. The rebuilding of humanity into a more redeemed, different, but peaceful society, will occur under the watch of the great angel-mass that was once the Astrologers.

And in the end of this all, you will learn that which Sybil had. The art of forgetting even tainted knowledge, the rites to not only lock it away, but erase it from your brain. These rites, if brought about quickly enough, can even prevent transformation, or bring a person back from insanity; but a mark will be left, nonetheless.

A worthy price in the eyes of some, if it means redemption.

The End.

The way forward is yours to pick. Do you…

Stay in this hellhole, learning how the world rebuilds?

Go Home, to a place perhaps somewhat more sane than this?

Move on, continuing your journey beyond this reborn world?