
Bring Me To Life

Bring Me to Ed

"She came to Ed when everyone believed she was gone."

Welcome to the world of Ed, Edd, n Eddy, where a trio of young troublemakers navigate the perilous world of get-rich-quick schemes while trying to avoid being grounded. But this is a stranger story arc than most, its message one of mortality and moving on, of grief and mourning, of acceptance and healing. A celebration of life reached through the acceptance of death. Very soon, Ed will fall in love with a chicken named Spell, whose death will set in motion events that may make the difference between him moving on, or his eternal damnation.

Welcome to the world of Bring Me to Ed, where you'll be spending the next 10 years. Take **1000 CP (Chicken-sex Points)**, to figure out where you start off in this story, and how you'll shape its unfolding.

Origins:

Everyone has their place in the world, and it's time to define how you'll be entering the story. On that note, you are whatever gender you entered the Jump as, or may change it by helping me find that one KevEdd video I can't find anymore. It was in Spanish and I don't remember the song but the comic it was showing had Marie getting jealous over Kevin and I think trying to creep on Double-D, but Kevin shut that b*tch down lol.

Ed-ge Lord

Dames, you can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em. Love hurts, especially for a sensitive guy like you. You're an average kid living in the Cul-De-Sac, with nothing outwardly unusual about you. But that's only because they can't see the heart of a poet beating inside, probably stored next to your desire to fuck chickens. Your age is, "Vaguely young, I guess?"

Portentous Negro

You are not of these people, or of these lands. A transient vagabond, a complete stranger to all, but you know things that others don't. You are a magical negro of prophecy, wise in the ways of the spiritual world. Others may think you're a schizophrenic, but you know of the unseen dangers that most take for granted. Like the Biblical Cain before you, you seem cursed to forever wander the world, scorned by all despite, or perhaps *because of*, your message. You are likely homeless, but about to wander into Peach Creek. Your age is, "Vaguely middle-aged or old or something."

Goth Sex Chicken

Dark, mysterious, but curiously gentle and serene. That's what people think when they see your beautiful eyes, or sable feathers. You are a really hot chicken. Okay, so if you *really* want to, you can be a weird goth kid instead. Either way, you still live in the Cul-De-Sac or

nearby. Your age is, “Literally a fucking chicken, or maybe ambiguously young I guess what are you even talking about?”

General Perks:

Humans and Animals Both: (200 CP)

Humanity is not alone on this Earth. It should be a simple thing to understand; life abounds all around us. And yet we never really think to look to the little ones we share this planet with. But look, Jumper, into the eyes of that chicken. Do you see a soul? You will. For you see, animals now… kind of just ambiguous have souls and human-level intellects, despite the number of ramifications that might have, considering how we treat them. Yeah, nasty business. Animals you interact with no longer gaze back with an unthinking stare, instead possessing full awareness and an emotional reality all their own. What’s more, they also possess spirits. Departed animals may linger on in this world, vague circumstances permitting, and you’ll find that, oddly, their ghosts look like really ethereal people. No, you *weren’t* imagining things, that chicken WAS giving you fuck-me eyes, and now that it’s dead you can consummate the deed. GOOD LORD, MAN.

Love Between Man And Chicken: (400 CP)

Some people go their whole lives without finding real love. Some people pass by who could be their love, if only they’d taken the chance to really meet them. Some people, those lucky, lucky people, find their love carried to them on the winds. A song, some words, something to catch their notice, and when they follow it their source, they *know*. This Perk grants many benefits. The first is that you are capable of parsing the deep and nuanced emotions of chickens, being able to understand and empathize with them on a profound level, perhaps better than with your peers. This is also reciprocated by them, with chickens being able to read your earnest heart and intentions. Couples with the fact that your potential loves, those who you’d fall in love with if you met and who would feel the same, who might well be called your soulmates, seem drawn to meeting you, as you are to them. With this, you’re practically guaranteed to find and hit it off with hot single chickens in your area.

Ed-ge Lord:

Spring Nicht: (100 CP)

So, you’ve recently had a romp in the hay with the ghost of a dead chicken. And as a result of that, instead of catching a venereal disease, you caught superpowers. Cool! You know what else that means? An edgy makeover. You can now apply a certain kind of aesthetic over any power ups or transformations you have. Long and maybe weirdly feathery hair, spontaneously generated long coats, lots of belts and chains, probably some eyeshadow, and all of that in shades of black; you can paint your powers in some edgy gothic and vaguely glam rock-like aesthetic. Whether this is a permanent change once you reach a new level of power, or if you relegate it to some kind of transformation, is ultimately up to you. More than this, whenever you undergo such a change as to suddenly walk into frame looking like this, people just… kind of don’t question it as much as they should. Sure, they’ll note the difference, and how weird it is, but they’re really not going to be questioning it as hard as they honestly should be.

HOW CAN YOU SEE: (200 CP)

When you find love in a place where none has been found before, it's logical that the people around you won't understand. Sometimes that's even a good thing. Whenever you get embroiled in some nonsensical danger, even the wackiest and most out of left field madness, your friends will at least make an attempt to pull you out of it. They'll need to know something is wrong, so it'll be a short bit before they get the hint that you need saving, but they'll definitely be pulled in the direction of noticing that something is amiss with you. There's also no guarantee that they'll actually manage to save you; after all, what power do these twerps really have? Still, even if your soul is in danger of being overwritten by that of a really hot chicken, your friends will show up to try and save your soul.

Ed-nic Cleansing: (400 CP)

Listen, losing your girlfriend is rough, and her possessing you afterwards sucks too. So what's a little murder in between the lines then? Honestly, people make too much of a fuss about all that stuff anyways. You'll find that the meandering paths through your various mis-Edventures and quests seem to obscure some of the finer details of how you actually reached their end. People tend to gloss over 'inconsequential' details like you killing that one vagabond, and will generally brush it under the rug. This is especially potent if there's something to *maybe* explain why it happened, like you being possessed, or wearing a weird outfit at the time thereby signalling that you're kind of going through a thing right now. Keep in mind that this won't exactly cover up anything too absurd, just things on the level of a dead hobo or a few here and there, and maybe some destroyed house walls, and maybe a few burned down yards.

Ediroth: (600 CP)

There's power to be found in love, but most people probably don't mean like this. Through the powers of SEX WITH DEAD CHICKENS or maybe love or edgy music or something, you've gained abilities that most would consider to be unnatural. Your strength is enough to easily overpower and lift other men above your head, before burning them alive with a burst of energy that'll both immolate them and send them flying away. These same blasts can also be used as projectiles, being somewhat less lethal for the energy lost in the transit, but still being able to knock foes yards away. You can also wreath yourself in this energy to rocket yourself away at high speeds through impediments like trees and houses, destroying them without injury to yourself. You can also invoke blasts of hellfire, burning alight entire yards with a singular conflagration, while also forming it into barriers to trap your foes. Let none rend asunder the dead-chicken-fucking that man has wrought

Portentous Negro:

Can't Feel a Shred: (100 CP)

Isolation and hardship both harden a heart. And you, who has wandered in isolation for time untold? You have the hardest heart of all. You have the ability to deaden your emotional impulses whenever you wish, allowing you to commit yourself to whatever courses of action you may choose without being swayed by feelings positive or negative. This does not render you soulless, as without willfully deadening yourself you will still experience emotion. Without willfully

stilling your heart you may still be moved to rage by insults, or by the knowledge of a spirit polluting the world of the living.

You Still Don't Believe Me?: (200 CP)

A mad oracle, forever roaming the world of man, his advice all too often unheeded. Your actions may seem unreasonable, the people may scorn you for your existence, but you will never be slain by another for this fact. So long as you come bearing only prophecy or portentous warnings, and do so for no reason but to warn of dangers seen and unseen, you will find your life preserved against the wrath of those who do not wish to hear the messages you bear. You may be savaged, beaten bloody in their anger, but you will never suffer death or lasting mutilation of your life or personhood. In this manner you will always be fit to wander the earth, dispensing prophecy as you may. You may only benefit from this if you seek no advantage but to enlighten others of the truth, whether they want it or not. You may not necessarily be hated by all you speak to, but those who do hate you for your words will measure their violence upon you. In some cases, it may be your actions or how you broach your words that incites this wrath, so try not to threaten people while warning them about evil spirits in their love lives. Or, you know, admit to killing someone they love. Someone might actually kill you in that case.

Walking Down the Lane: (400 CP)

You are a drifter. You have nothing, are nothing. Nothing but the journey, in both cases. You are capable of wandering nearly anywhere in the world, so long as you do so as a drifter on foot. During these transits you are shielded from the lethality of it, such that you won't starve to death or die of heat stroke, but you are not shielded from the pain of these things. Time and distance are ambiguous as you roam, as the journey seldom lines up with the destination. You may brave woodlands and barrens without pause, either winding up just one city over or in one across the seas. You may either seek out a purposeful destination, let your feet take you to anywhere your presence or words may be needed as an omen, or to wherever something 'plot' relevant is occurring in whatever Jump you're in. The exact limits of where you can end up are vague, and defined more by the thematic need for a random drifter to walk in and reveal some ominous prophecy. Anywhere inhabited by humanity is appropriate, but a random planet no one has any chance of reaching in their lifetime is not. Similarly, even a strange liminal place where the souls of the departed linger in a mock childhood or adventure before awaiting their final judgement, be it between life and death or Heaven and Hell, is acceptable, while Heaven or Hell themselves are not.

Who Can See Angels And Demons: (600 CP)

You are no mere madman, no random vagabond. You are a magical negro of prophecy, and for that role you can perceive matters of spiritual possession both as they've occurred, and even before they have. That's right, not only can you see the influence of spirits on the world of the living, but can see it before it's even come to pass. Just by looking at someone you can tell if they're going to get possessed in their future, or will leave a ghost in the living world after dying. You may not know the exact specifics of how these things work, but you can perceive that such a thing *will* come to pass in a given area, or centered around certain figures. How you go about

things or how best to tackle these situations is left for you to decide. Be wary that your own actions don't bring about the very fate you sought to stall.

Goth Sex Chicken:

Eyes Bear the Soul: (100 CP)

You aren't just a chicken, you're a *beautiful* chicken. You now have a dark yet elegant beauty that seems to transcend the barriers of species, affecting most strongly the mentally impaired or deranged. But you aren't just beautiful on the outside, but the inside too. No, this doesn't mean you have a great personality, it just means that your spirit will also be hauntingly beautiful in some way, your great beauty being shared across all forms physical and spiritual. Okay, so it's probably mostly the hair and eyes. As long as your species could conceivably have hair, or some substitute like feathers, you'll have an attractive and distinctive hairstyle. Further, your eyes always seem to be weirdly seductive, stunning even. You know, even if you're literally a goddamn chicken. People will still see fuck-me eyes.

All I Did Was Be Me: (200 CP)

Isn't it strange the kinds of powers a vengeful spirit can muster, despite their living self having been a powerless mortal? Whenever you enter a world you may choose to do so as a completely powerless mortal of your species, whether that be human or chicken. You won't have access to any unusual or supernatural powers of yours, being a completely mundane example of your species, but you needn't fear vulnerability, for death in this state is not the end. Should you perish in this mortal state, you will instead return to the world with the full force of your powers that had been sealed away by your mortal frame. Hell, even if you lack any powers of your own you will still benefit from this return, with it serving as a ghostly 1-Up. If you have other powers or forms you may choose between returning in one of those as a living form or as a ghostly avatar of your design. If you have no other powers or forms you just return as a ghost. Regardless, any deaths this shields you from will fail to end your Chain. Just don't get destroyed again afterwards. Or banished. That would be a problem.

I Gave You Some of My Power: (400 CP)

There's power in love. Love can drive people to madness, or bind souls to the earth. Perhaps you want to share your love? You can now invest some of your power in others, granting them a modicum of supernatural power. This is commensurate with what you yourself have to give, but even if you were only a lingering spirit you'd be able to invest in one person enough power to give them a weirdly prominent battle aura, strength enough to tear through house walls, and the ability to seemingly emit energy blasts that can fry a normal human into an immolated husk. What's more, when you invest your power in someone, you gain a measure of power over them. You can possess them briefly, directing their actions directly, or simply manipulate their mood to your ends. Regardless, the more they come to rely on your powers, the deeper their dependency on you will grow.

You Won't Escape: (600 CP)

It isn't fair, what happened to you. But there are some willing to bear the price of bringing you back. Tragically, that's not the only sacrifice needed, but if love can give one the strength to

die, it can give one the strength to kill. You possess a ritual that allows you to return a spiritual being to life, whether it be you or another. It simply requires two sacrifices, one willing, and one not. Thewilling channeler must permit the spirit into their body, and consent to being absorbed by it. This will allow the spirit to claim the body as its own, and as the two souls fuse, the spirit will begin to take on some of the traits of the absorbed, but as they submitted themselves to sacrifice, the spirit will remain the dominant facet of the resulting fusion. Merely carrying the ritual out to this extent will technically allow the spirit to inhabit the body, but it is vulnerable to exorcism. The sacrifice of one additional soul is required, and once that is accomplished, the fusion will become permanent, and the body shall become the spirit's forever.

Items:

There are no Origin-specific Items this time around, but you may discount one Item per price tier in spite of this.

Kaulitz-Style Glory: (100 CP)

Listen, I know you want to get to your edgy transformations, but sometimes you've got to pace things. That doesn't mean you have to wait to wear some moody gear, because you've now got a second version of any clothing of any outfit of yours. Jackets are longer, almost like black trench coats, and sometimes they add a 'sensitive' looking accessory to it, like a pair of sleek glasses. They generally look a bit moody, but without going *full* tilt into goth overload. Some will, however, in case you want to get weird looks in public.

EDGY SAX NOISES: (100 CP)

You can't just walk into a room or alleyway like an ordinary peon, you need *presentation*. Now, you can ensure that appropriate music is somehow playing around you, correlating and timed to the situation you find yourself in. What kinds of music? Everything from Tokio Hotel, Evanescence, and even the eternal classics that are shitty midis of Linkin Park songs. If you wish, you can 'pause' a situation where a song either starts are would change to another, forcing everyone to just kind of stand there while you hold your pose as whatever song was playing or just came on continues to its conclusion.

Basement Dungeon: (200 CP)

Or, you know, just a basement. And garage. And, well, a house. You have a remarkably sturdy home in a nice suburban neighborhood. It's fairly large, being two stories and with plenty of rooms on each, as well as having a large basement. It's well built and able to take damage like having an entire wall blown out of the garage without jeopardizing the structural integrity of any other parts of the home. Miraculously, you don't have to pay anything like rent or property taxes, those having already been taken care of. In every Jump, the utilities will also be covered for a decade, and it'll also have home insurance for the same amount of time, likely enough time for you to grow up and get a job.

Assorted Spanish Ed, Edd, n Eddy Yaoi Fanfic Comic Music Videos: (200 CP)

Did you think this was it? That it was over? That this is where weird love story fanfiction of Ed, Edd, n Eddy ends? No, for it is a thing far greater than you can comprehend. The true

form of it is beyond you, and this was but one expression of its impossible multiplicity. You now have a collection of seemingly infinite Ed, Edd, n Eddy videos that are really just various shipping comics being scrolled through with music being played over them. A truly staggering number of the comics are in Spanish, and most of the music is American or Japanese pop. Every here and there you'll get something odd, like weird people in the woods playing out liveaction skits, or roleplaying in public spaces, or stranger things. These videos are always unnerving, and speak to strange and hidden truths, the sort of thing that leaves a viewer convinced that there's a body buried somewhere out there.

I'LL CHECK ED'S VITAL SIGNS: (400 CP)

And how are you going to do that? Shut the fuck up. You have some hilariously inadequate looking equipment that nonetheless somehow manages to serve as perfectly viable medical diagnostic tools. More than viable, in fact, as they're somehow able to give you readable results as conditions are developing, such as the patient suffering some kind of attack, or other physical symptoms like increased pulmonary action. Everything from blood circulation to (somehow) brainwaves can easily be observed with this equipment. More than that, they can also (somehow) diagnose the mundane medical conditions and illnesses that might be impacting those things. What equipment actually is this? Like, a screen and a magnifying glass. Shut the fuck up.

Domicile of a Shepherd: (400 CP)

Every story starts somewhere, and where better than a place where vaguely unique and supernatural critters can be stored like ordinary animals? You have a small farm that, for some reason, can easily be slotted into a suburban environment without much fuss. It's nice and walled off so you won't have to deal with any of your livestock getting out, something that's important because you do indeed have livestock. A selection of ordinary animals like swine and cocks, and maybe an ass or two. Notably, you'll find that vaguely supernatural or ominous animals, and especially those that are or resemble farm animals, thrive in this little environment. Unnaturally intelligent or haunted critters are right at home here, being as simple to take care of as normal fowl.

By the Creek: (600 CP)

Every story is built off the back of a vague and handwavy allusion to a theoretical cause, and what's better than a place you're going to return to later in the story anyways? Somewhere near either your starting location or somewhere you live, you have a very scenic and easily accessible bit of wilderness. It's a nice little creek tucked in a woodland thicket, deep and reflective on those special moonlit nights. There is a special quality of this little location though; vaguely supernatural and important bullshit tends to gravitate towards it. Things or creatures might be found serenely posed in the water, or on one of the overlooking hills or brooks looking up at the moon. A great place to unwind and appreciate the scenery, and also to scrounge up the occasional plot hook.

Bring Me to Ed: (600 CP)

The events here surely represent possibly the heights of human literary achievement, and it would be a tragic waste to taste them once, and never again. You possess pristine copies of this literary epic, enshrined forever against the rigours of your endless journey. Never will you be far from it, for copies will always return to you should they be lost. Blessedly, you may share this bounty; you are capable of forcibly mentally projecting the entirety of this comic into the minds of others, forcing them in a frozen instant to experience an entire readthrough of Bring Me to Ed. Continuously doing so will make the experience more immersive, until they begin to perceive themselves as being within the environment and able to move around, slowly sublimating more and more into the comic as their minds fray against its supernal purity. If a being is well and truly dead, departed, or otherwise beyond the reach of affecting or being affected by the story of a world, you may choose to intercept their final fate and bless them with this experience for eternity. Removed from the world beyond the power of any to affect, they will experience the events of Bring Me to Ed being played out in a loop around them forevermore.

Companions:

Import/Create: (100 CP Per)

It makes sense that you wouldn't want to go it alone through this mess. For every **100 CP** you may either import a prior Companion, or design a new one within the bounds of bad teenage self-insert moody shipfic writing. Every such Companion gets an Origin of their own, and **800 CP** to spend on whatever they want, but may not take Drawbacks.

Dubiously Canon Character: (100 CP)

Wait, you want to drag someone from this mess with you? Well alright. For only **100 CP** per choice, you can choose anyone from this comic or mainline canon to take with you. The only exception to this is Plank, who is offered separately below.

Ambiguously Gendered Self-Insert Waifu: (100 CP)

Early to mid teenagerhood and internet access can lead to some strange combinations. This is the result. For *some reason*, there's now an entirely new person living in your vicinity, who *always* seems to have some relation to others in your life as if to justify their existence. They might be the cousin of one of your friends or something, despite the two being literally nothing alike. It's also absurdly hard to actually tell their sex or gender, to the point that it might exist in some kind of superposition or something. And like many such OCs, they're written to be complete shipbait with everyone's favorite character; you. You know, that kind of shy, nervous crush that some writers go crazy over in their shipping fantasies, which this *entity* will labor under as ordained by forces beyond mortal ken.

Weirdly Wordy Kind of Ethereal Also Probably a Self-Insert Waifu: (400 CP)

Perhaps the sight of her eyes caught you in something of a spell. Perhaps reality is defined by the absurd romance fantasies you'd expect of a teenage girl. Regardless, the kind of vaguely supernatural and mysterious and also probably goth-looking girl that serves as a self-insert for some kinds of people has latched onto you, with the kind of love that only shows up in those kinds of stories. Which is to say plenty of platitudes about how she'll love you forever, but also a lot of moodiness and overly flowery language. She has a very *peculiar* way of

talking, too. The kind of needlessly poetic language that, instead of having her say, “Those eyes frighten me,” will have her say, “Those wild eyes frighten me, to a point.” Who says that? Who ends sentences like that? She does. She does that. And now you have to deal with it, because you’re cursed with this Companion now. She has the entire **Goth Sex Chicken** Perkline, though you can decide if she’s human or chicken, and also has Ediroth because fuck it.

Plank: (600 CP)

You get Plank.

Eduardo (Forma de Oscura): (800 CP)

In the days to come, Ed will undergo a great change. A battle will be waged in his heart, one that could very well damn him forever. That fight is undecided, but curiously you’ve met with an impossible man; an Ed from a timeline where it all came to pass. Bereft of his love, her life taken and her spirit moved on, he then lost his home and found himself here, his powers and edgy outfit yet remaining. Obviously, he has the entire **Ed-ge Lord** Perkline, but mostly weakened without the friends they relied on. His version of **Ediroth**, however, is much stronger, his supernatural powers combining with his natural tard strength, granting him strength as immense as his unibrow and long, raven hair. It would be trivial for him to destroy entire suburban homes in a brawl. Ultimately, the direction he’ll head with this pain gnawing in his heart is still undecided. He might yet be dragged away from the abyss with a new appreciation for life, but he may just fall to the monster inside of him. Should that happen, not even his parents may be powerful enough to ground him.

Drawbacks:

Rebirth Continuity: (+0 CP)

Many are the versions a single story may be told in. As time passes familiar tales may find themselves told in new forms, with differences both subtle and extreme. While your story will still center around the Cul-de-Sac and this tale of necro-bestiality turned tragedy, with this toggle Final Fantasy 7 Remake and Rebirth may be considered canon for your time here.

And the Lord Said Unto Him: (+100 CP)

You’re black.

The Mourning Ed Boy Has Returned in the Dress of the Dark Night: (100 CP)

Could you, I don’t know, maybe say that in fewer words? Maybe swap some of those words out for more natural sounding ones? Alright, no offense to you or where you’re from, but your relationship to the English language is a bit odd. You constantly overcomplicate anything you’re trying to say with many times the words you could have used, and your word choice reads like someone trying to ape a character with a similar gimmick but with remarkably less charming execution. People can almost always understand what you were trying to say, at the very least.

Thank You For Stepping In: (200 CP)

Did you think you were important? Don't worry, you are, but specifically as a character meant to be endangered to show off the *big strong characters* coming to your defense and oh God look how cute you two look together they're soooo crushing on you! Yeah. You are constantly attacked or otherwise put in danger, and in many of these cases you're somehow powerless to resist in any capacity. Don't worry though, because in the instances of violence *that are specifically induced by this*, there will always be someone who cares about you or just an ally nearby. Don't worry, they'll always rescue you and beat up the danger, but you *will* be constantly scuffed up a bit from constantly getting jumped.

OC Bonanza: (200 CP)

Incalculable, the horrors of a young internet goth's mind when stirred to frenzy by rabid self-insert fantasies of Ed, Edd, n Eddy. For whatever reason, as though to appease some burgeoning fetish or ideation, your life has become the venting ground for all sorts of sexual ambiguity. Everyone you're attracted to or develop a relationship with is sexually ambiguous, with it being difficult to tell their sex or gender by any of the usual clues like appearance or voice.

I Was Angry: (400 CP)

You've got issues. You may have an eye for the unseen, the wisdom to warn of calamities yet to come, but the burdens you labor under have swelled your heart with rage. It is difficult to get your message across when it takes so little to set you off. The signs of possession, chickens, boys who look like girls trying to talk to you; any number of things might deeply anger you. If you couldn't keep a lid on your own feelings you might just end up beating up a neighborhood kid.

I Was Corrupted: (400 CP)

You've got issues. Sometimes, at the end of everything, you feel like you just shouldn't have shown yourself to your friends. Or maybe not, because no, that's not the issue, that's the logical result of them. You're extremely envious, possessive, and jealous. The sight of people you like or love getting along, even with each other, fills you with anger and sadness. Your relationships don't feel like they matter to the people you love when you see them also having bonds outside of you, even if you logically know that isn't true. Not enough to drive you mad, not immediately or anything, but if coupled with other issues or a bad situation you might feel completely driven into a corner with nothing you have for yourself.

I'VE BECOME SO NUMB: (600 CP)

At its core, this story is a tragedy. One of love found, and lost, with a message about mourning and moving on past death. Or bestiality. One of those two. Regardless, you're in for a rough time, because someone you love, whether you've known them all along or will meet them soon, is certain to perish. It will hurt. They might yet linger in the world, their personality likely warped by the experience, and they may even want to live again. Even if you have the means to do so, things will never be the same. No matter how you approach the situation, unless you can stomach the pain and grief and ensure you've both moved on, whatever solutions you arrive at will be extremely unhealthy, perhaps in methods, and definitely in everything that comes after.

Fate Worse Than Ed: (600 CP)

This is only one story. The only thing you're ever going to see here is one story. There is nothing here but this story. You are trapped, always, in something of a timeloop. The events of Bring Me to Ed are continuously replaying around you, possibly in minor variations based on your actions and the whims of whatever madness has trapped you. Ed will continuously find the chicken named Spell, fall in love, she'll die, he'll be possessed by her ghost, forever and ever. It. Just. Keeps. Happening. The same conversations will play out around you, every single person around you trapped in the same repeating patterns unless disrupted by your actions, and even then when the loop closes in a few days it's all the same again, and Companions are indeed affected by this. Chainfail is still possible should you die somewhere along the way, but you are trapped in a stagnant nightmare of dead chicken lust, this delusional tragedy of necro-bestiality.

Ed-ing Choice

The madness ends, at least in this form. You're free to leave this nonsense behind. You are freed of all Drawbacks you wish to be free of, and may make your choice on how to proceed.

Continue:

The madness ends, or maybe not. You're leaving this place behind, but whatever lies next is unsure. Your Chain continues ever onwards.

Remain:

The madness DOES NOT end. Why? Why do you wish to continue here? *Literally what do you even have here?* You're trapped, trapped in this nightmare forever. **You are lost forever.**

Return:

The madness ends, and you're ready to go home. Maybe you're tired of waking up in strange new worlds, to strange new lives. You've returned with everything you've claimed to your home world. Farewell forever, No-Longer-Jumper.