

Heaven Will Be Mine (v1.0)
A Jumpchain CYOA
By Subrosian_Smithy

Introduction

Welcome to the Solar System - the seat of human existence and the front line of the future. This is a world of battling mechas, bullshit metaphysics, and an entirely irresponsible amount of fraternization with the enemy.

It's well into the 20th century now, and you'll find that humanity is embroiled in an existential war at the edge of the world: whether they're pushing back against ineffable threats from beyond the stars or pulling away from their fellow humans back on Earth, the outcast children of mankind are fighting to find their place among the heavens. They won't be going back down to Earth without a fight, because outer space promises to be everything they've ever dreamed of - it's epic titans and giant robots, cosmic machinery and impossible sciences, the reinvention of bodies and the reification of the soul!

If nothing else, the outcast children know that outer space *must* be better than Earth, where the weight of the world crushes all outsiders into shape. Each and every human may have the gravitational authority, however slight, to shape their own reality, but by equal measure, the collective gravity of humanity is absolutely unbearable to all those who cannot abide by it - and if that's what it really means to be human, then all the unchosen children of space will have to ask what it might mean to be otherwise.

Go now, Jumper, and take **1000 CP** to help make your own ending to this story. The future is for you and yours to fight for.

Time & Place

You're free to enter this world anywhere within the bounds of plausibility - which, in a world of advanced interplanetary space travel, means 'pretty much anywhere within the solar system', at least for the most part. Be honest; I think we both know that you're not starting on the dark side of Pluto if you've picked the **Earth** origin, or if the space program hasn't even started yet.

Speaking of which, let's talk about the 'when'. By default, you'll be entering this jump on the same night that Saturn steals the *String of Pearls* and kicks off the end of an era in space.

Age & Gender

Your starting gender remains the same as it was in your last jump; you'll find it's not *that* easy to escape the pull of gravity or the inevitability of inertia.

As for your age in this new world, you can pick that freely, at least. If mecha piloting is the kind of thing you want to do in this life, note that most all pilots are recruited as children and young adults.

Origins & Affiliations

Pick one of the following origins to inform your new place and history in this world. All perks and items worth 100 CP or less are free to those of their respective origins, and all other perks and items are discounted to those of their respective origins.

The Native Sphere
AKA 'Earth'

As a human being, you're one of the unquestionable masters of reality, and Earth is your kingdom, your throne at the center of the universe - your allies can no more resist the sway of your authority than your enemies can escape the weight of your power. There may yet be wonders beyond the sky and a war in heaven, but the children of space would do well to remember that all they do is done at your behest, done for *your* sake and done in *your* name.

Memorial Foundation Native Sphere Existential Safety
AKA 'Memorial Foundation'

In this universe, humanity is beset by threats from all sides: from above and from below, and certainly from within, if not also from without. Working with the Existential Safety division puts you on the front lines of this war, whether that means fighting the Existential Threat across the skies or fighting against your comrades to bring them home safely. Your mission is to protect humanity, and that means protecting *everyone*. Leave no man behind, right?

Memorial Foundation Native Sphere Existential Expansion
AKA 'Cradle's Graces'

In Existential Expansion, your job is to explore outer space in the hopes of finding new and beautiful things beyond the realm of human experience - or, failing that, to bring human beauty and Culture with you as you begin colonizing the rest of the universe. Space is unforgivingly cold and empty, and Earth is still a perfectly livable planet, of course, but you surely have your reasons to leave. Earth isn't a happy home for everyone, is it?

Memorial Foundation Native Sphere Existential Research
AKA 'Celestial Mechanics'

As an organization, Existential Research exists to make use of the full power of human authority and human imagination: to *invent* new phenomena, rather than merely *discovering* them. Your job is to chart a path forward into the future, in whatever form that takes - whether that means you're "just" carrying out cutting-edge scientific research and development or undertaking existentially terrifying projects to fundamentally transform the human condition.

Perks

General / Freebies

Special Relativity (Free)
Humans may rule over themselves and each other in a multitude of ways, but there is still only one form of authority in this world, and it is gravity: it is the force that holds people in shape, brings them together, and allows them to act upon each other, just as surely as it does the same for planets and stars.

You see, all kinds of mental, spiritual, cultural, and physical influence are fundamentally just different forms of 'gravity', as different expressions of the same fundamental power. Even the figurative gravity that predominates between people and the normal, physical gravity that you are accustomed to are simply two different forms of the same force, as the literal blurs with the metaphorical - and through your realization of this truth, you now share in the nature of this world. All of your vectors of power and influence over other people and the world - physically, socially, and more - are weakly and generally linked with each other, and with your ordinary gravitational pull.

This power changes little-to-nothing on an ordinary human scale, of course, and not least because gravity is the weakest of all the fundamental forces. Humans are small and powerless, and in the vast scope of a human society, any given human is even smaller, and even more powerless. But in the extreme, who knows what could be possible? Perhaps you might drag people into your gravity well with your irresistible attitude, physically crush them under your expectations alone, or bring them into your sway through your simple, massive immensity.

Pilot Interfacing (Free)
When you've never personally manned a ship-self, it's easy to think that ship-selves are mere machines, but in reality, nothing could be further from the truth. By their very nature as mechas, ship-selves are made in the image of humans, and they exist to allow humans to assume their power and stature. If ship-selves are machines, they are also extensions of the people who pilot and build them, and that makes them more and less than any ordinary machine will ever be.

Your internalization of this deceptively simple principle brings multiple benefits. First and foremost, while explicit security systems may still be able to lock you out, and some mecha may be harder to use than others, you'll never be completely 'incompatible' with any mecha that requires any vague, intangible 'compatibility factor' - a human being requires no justification to inhabit the human form, nor a person to inhabit a persona.

Secondly, when your level of compatibility or 'synchronization' matters (and it does, in this world and in others), you will be able to increase your synchronization with and control over your mecha by 'aligning your intentions with it' - by acting through the functions and features of your mecha, fulfilling their purposes, understanding their limitations, and being, even for a short time,

the kind of person that your mecha represents, or else by making your mecha into a representation of you. Before a woman can use a sword, she has to first become the kind of person who is willing to cut.

Finally, as an extension of this dialogue between inner and outer self, the control systems for any given mecha you pilot are no longer limited by what they appear to be. Depending on your personal inclinations, some control systems may be more or less difficult or intuitive for you to use and master than others, but no control system will be objectively 'better' than any other, nor more objectively limiting. You can tell a love story in any language.

Tidal Sensitivity (Free)
By definition, everyone in this setting necessarily has *some* level of 'tidal sensitivity' - the ability to sense the pull of gravity as it acts upon them, rather than to merely be acted upon. And for the most part, this is really just a fancy way to talk about ordinary human abilities; it's your senses of balance, acceleration, and kinetics, and it's your ability to 'read' other people; it's your ability to tell the difference between who you are on the inside and on the outside, and it's the ineffable sense that tells you when you're being watched.

However, in time, it's possible to take such abilities well above and beyond the ordinary - something that's probably just as much a matter of character development and insight as it is a matter of training. Should you ever attain this level of tidal sensitivity yourself, you will be able to directly sense gravity, both literally and figuratively; you'll be able to feel inert mass-energy and the complex dynamics of human agency alike.

This power isn't 'true' telepathy, empathy, or clairvoyance - not any more than what ordinary humans do when they guess what each other are thinking, feeling, and doing - but it doesn't need to be, because it might as well be. Your intuition and perception will border on a sixth sense, and you will be able to reach out and open your mind and heart to others and the world, even from across great distances.

And at the most exceptional levels of tidal sensitivity, at a peerless level of skill held by only a few, it becomes possible not just to feel the texture and topography of space-time, but to directly read it as a narrative: the collective story told by all storytellers and the narrative spun out of everything that exists. Should you attain such insight, you won't just feel gravity; you will *know* it, laid as bare as a heart on a lover's sleeve or a story written across a friend's face.

Human In The Ways We Want To Be (Free)
(Memorial Foundation, Cradle's Graces, & Celestial Mechanics Only)
To live in space is to escape from Earth's gravity, and the kiss of space is liberation from the laws of Earth's reality. In space, without Earth's gravity to hold you down, you can do as you like with your body and soul.

Your means may vary depending on how much you're set in your ways, and on who you are, what you can do, and where you are in life - and it may be terribly hard and painful, to boot - but you'll always have the ability to become the 'you' that you want to be. You might be able to simply grow into yourself as you grow up and become an adult, or you might have to work hard to change all the parts of yourself that seem so horribly fixed, but no matter how you do it, you will find that you can choose your self - your body, soul, heart, mind, and gender - within the normal limits of possibility for your kind and then a bit more. If anything can stop you or drag you back down to who you used to be, it will only be other people, weighing you down and holding you back.

Don't misunderstand, of course; you won't be 'perfect'. You're only you, and you'll only ever be you. But what more would you ask for?

Earth

Needs Must (100)
Your goals as a human being may be laudable, but your means and methods leave a lot to be desired. Wasting so much time and thinking so many human thoughts - about your place in the world, and about your personhood, and about your emotions - is rather inefficient, isn't it?

Thankfully, when you put yourself to the grindstone, you can easily set aside such fancies. When push comes to shove, you can easily push aside all emotion, sentiment, and uncertainty in the service of doing what needs to be done, acting and making decisions with a level of focus and clarity that would be otherwise impossible for you. You might be quashing your own humanity, but perhaps there are some things that can only be protected from the outside - and if you're the one setting the rules, who's to say that this isn't the most human you've ever been?

Tidal Democracy (200)
To protect Earth's Culture is to forever be at its beck and call; to serve humanity's interests is inevitably to be a slave to humanity's whims, as their interests change in the fullness of time. Fortunately for you, even if you don't like the job you're presented with, you won't ever have any problems figuring out what your next step is supposed to be.

You are fully in-tune to all the expectations and desires of the world, and you can quickly and accurately gauge public opinion on any matter more effectively than any conventional polling systems ever could. You can suss out exactly what any given society and Culture demands from its authorities in specific, as well as what it demands from the universe in general.

From The Barrel Of A Gun (200)
The first lie of governance is that political authority is established through means other than violence: the idea that the right to rule is more than the exercise of power, and the duty to obey is more than self-preservation. You, however, don't need to keep up with such polite fictions.

You have a keen eye and hand for power relations and dynamics, whether that means breaking down international politics into the machinery of realpolitik, or just winning every insipid "who would win?" debate on the internet. Perhaps more importantly, you don't have a hard time impressing this understanding on other people. If you don't want to deal with ordinary social contracts and obligations, and you're strong enough to stand outside of them, then you won't have any difficulties in getting people to regard you as the transcendent power that you are.

The Machinist (400)
All of the possibilities of space and Culture allow for the realization of every fantasy, but some fantasies are left unrealized for a good reason. All the exotic force-fields and energy shields in the world couldn't hold up to relativistic kinetic bombardment if they tried, and as a method of generating gravity, centrifugal force is much more rugged and far less expensive than any tidal reactor. Pragmatism and realistic design wins out every time, and you know it.

You can understand and build all of the technology of Earth, operating according to the interactions of unthinking physical forces and operating within the logic of uncaring reality - in other words, if it exists within the remit of “hard science fiction” rather than “soft”, you know how to build it or reverse-engineer it, and then some. Even if you ever start dabbling in comic-book science, you’ll still remember how to keep it simple.

Throne and Hearth (400)
Every king rules from his place of power in his own way, in this world and in every other. And you’re no different, are you?

Simply by virtue of being the places you call home, your safehouses, workplaces, places of comfort, and actual home are all subtly but comprehensively more easy to defend against others - both by yourself and by your own power, and by whoever or whatever you leave behind to protect such places in your own absence.

More than that, you’ll also find that your power is more easily turned to other ends and greater ends in such places. Perhaps not in any way grandly useful for effecting change in the world outside, but certainly in such a way that you will see all your power and authority increase explosively within the bounds of your own domain.

Tyrant Theory (600)
Mankind is the master of the universe, without question - but man’s authority is authorship, and if two authors can barely work together to write a single story without contradicting each other and growing bitter, then eight billion authors should never be able to imagine a single universe for themselves.

Yours, then, is a mastery of the gravitational principle which forces humans to share their world with each other: that which reconciles opposing existences and reduces them to their lowest common denominators, forcing them to share a single external reality, no matter how unfair. You have the power to find or invent an objective means for the suppression of most any and all anomalies, clearing away irregularities and binding all parties to a single, orderly, and well-defined world; you can use social engineering to suppress deviance, crush the extraordinary with gravity alone, unleash impossible sciences in service of rectifying the abnormal, and bring all phenomena into alignment lest they be destroyed.

You would be well served to be careful and thoughtful in applying this power, Jumper. Not all things worth correcting are anomalous, not all anomalies are worth correcting, and it would be all too easy for you to invent the methods for your own correction, outsider that you are.

Proxy War (600)
There may be places that you cannot personally go, but never forget the truth of your power: your authority may yet stretch across all of existence, to conquer the expanse of reality. To this

end, you are capable of designating proxies to act in your stead, and to the extent that your proxies really are acting in your place, they are considered to be you - or extensions of you - for all legal, political, and metaphysical purposes. Naturally, in acting as agents of your authority, your proxies can wield all of your power and authority - or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that you can wield all your power and authority through your proxies.

Of course, you can set all manner of conditions on your delegates which they must fulfil lest they automatically lose their borrowed authority, and you can likewise revoke the authority you have lent them at will, at any time.

The larger your authority (politically and metaphysically), the more proxies you can designate. As a ‘mere’ individual without sway, you could perhaps designate one proxy, but as a global power, you could field an entire army as a true extension of yourself.

Memorial Foundation

I've Never Betrayed Anyone In My Entire Life! (100)
Native Sphere Existential Safety made its name in military matters, but you can't fight every battle and make everything into a war; a certain amount of conflict between people is inevitable as a human reality, but sometimes you have to de-escalate, rather than defend yourself.

Correspondingly, you're surprisingly good at smoothing things over after misunderstandings, disagreements, and even outright betrayals. With some effort, you could work your way back into the good graces of the same organization you once stabbed in the back, broker peace and ingratiate yourself with a higher power even while your contemporaries and subordinates are going off the rails, and *just maybe* even make your way back into your ex's pants. Just don't expect anyone to forgive you after you've utterly destroyed their dreams or stabbed them in the back for the nth time.

Princess Of And Speaker For Jumping (200)
You might not *actually* be queen of the universe, but you don't have to be the queen to act like you're the queen bitch. Whether you're genuinely charismatic enough to pull it off, or just an incorrigible brat - whether you're just bullshitting, faking it until you make it, standing in for another authority, or actually vying to be legitimately respected - you're better at getting people to buy into your assertions of power and authority than you have any right to be.

Furthermore, when people go along with your assertions of authority, you're better at using the authority that they've implicitly given you in the process. You can command the respect and obedience that you so *clearly* deserve, and you obviously have the right to command, because they undoubtedly have the duty and the obligation to obey - what kind of huge bitch would someone have to be in order to act like they don't know that and disrespect you anyways?

Whiteout (200)
Well, *you're* certainly hard to get a read on, and it's just as hard to pin you down. If people never really see you, then you don't have to worry about letting them in, do you?

You have the uncanny talent to retreat and put up walls in the face of all forms of understanding, just as easily as you can distance yourself, push others away, and lock them out in the face of emotional intimacy. Even various objective and quasi-objective interrogations - the likes of tidal sensitivity, clairvoyance, divination, spiritual sense, timeline viewing, and so on and so forth - are fallible in the face of such an untouchable and unreadable existence as yourself. People may know you exist, but why would you ever show them anything more than that, and how could you ever bear it?

A Plastic Kind Of War (400)
As an extravagant space opera, this is not a world of subtlety in warfare - but it isn't exactly a world of destruction and devastation, either. Through the self-weapons and archetype-selves of

mankind, the heavens have become the site of a kind of conflict that has nothing to do with conventional death and murder.

Indeed, just as the pilots have done in fighting the Existential Threat - and in fighting each other - you have learned likewise. If you so choose, you are capable of deploying even your most lethal and destructive abilities and assets to nonlethal and subdual effects, enacting violence without death and incapacitating foes without fear of killing or truly crippling them. Even if you can hurt them, your enemies do not need their own armored ship-selves to survive your onslaughts, and if you can hurt them, they need no external ship-self for you to be able to batter them into submission on levels that have little to do with their bodies.

Escape Velocity (400)
When you were growing up, adults probably told you that avoidant coping isn't a solution to everything, but they're *obviously* wrong! You yourself have a knack for avoiding your way out of dealing with almost every problem, including the missile salvo currently homing in on your face.

You can dodge, avoid, outrun, or escape almost every complication in your life, *especially* the consequences of your own bad decisions. Moving on and pulling away before your problems can come back to bite you is as easy as breathing, and it's never entirely impossible for you to dig yourself out of whatever godforsaken hole you've found yourself in.

Of course, avoiding your problems doesn't fix them in the long run, but that's the last thing on your mind when you need to ditch an ex or dodge relativistic kinetic bombardment. Sometimes a short-term escape is all you need!

Forging Face (600)
Ship-selves are some of the most important features of this setting, and now you have the insight to understand how they work and how they're built. Tinkering with such machines isn't just an engineering problem - although if you want to put the elbow grease in, you'll find the science and engineering quite soluble - rather, each ship-self is a delicate marriage of self, steel, and plastic, and each pilot is a reason to create something unique, a shining variable.

With this understanding, you're able to adjust and customize all of your creations on every level, from form and fluff to function, and you can also draw genius and creativity from all of these considerations. When you take the time to personalize your creations for the individuals who will use them, you can make leaps of impossible brilliance that you might never otherwise manage, and you can be assured that you'll be able to make something fitting for them - whether you're simply building them a giant robot, as is traditional, or some other quixotic and toyetic expression of self.

Blade Of The Real (600)
The war in heaven might be nothing more than a silly game fought with toys for the sake of ideals, but *you* at least can take it dead seriously. If you somehow didn't have it already, you

now have the training to keep your cool in a fight and avoid freezing up (actual ‘keeping cool’ not guaranteed, although you can at least function effectively even as you continue to get increasingly hot-blooded). You understand the most effective and safe use of weapons, you know how to hit and take a hit in and out, you’re firmly acquainted with strategy and tactics, and you can keep track of a battlefield.

To make a very long story short, you’re the equivalent of a well trained soldier with serious combat experience, and you’re *good*, too. Even armed with nothing more than the glorified action figure called a ship-self, you’re so impressively skilled that you could put up a real fight against far more powerful and lethal weapons of murder, and you have the explosive talent to weaponize things those things which are anything *but* weapons in the eyes of others. Who knows what someone like you could do in a real war, shedding blood left and right?

Cradle's Graces

Weighing The Cumulation (100)
Without really knowing what's at stake and facing up to it, you will never be able to make the hardest choices; thankfully, you are neither ignorant nor blind. Although you can still be misled or make mistakes due to your imperfection, you will never *mislead yourself* as to the consequences of your actions, nor allow yourself to ignore their outcomes. Whatever choices you make, you will make with full awareness, if not acceptance, of the world you're creating.

This intense self-awareness may sound exhausting and excruciating - and it can be, to be sure. But this honest assessment of the world may also be a powerful well of hope, for you will always remember the good you're bringing into the world, even should you fight an impossible war or drown in all the eight billion curses against humanity. Time may snuff out the stars, but no amount of darkness ever will.

The Mundane Majestic (200)
The most troubling obstacle in the way of your adventures in outer space is that space is often just… boring. Do you know how little there really is out there to see, and how perfectly uninspiring it really is to look at?

Well, this won't actually make the universe around you any nicer on the eyes, but you'll never miss the high points that are there for you to find. Your sensory faculties will never degrade due to the passage of time, and can never be diminished in any lasting way, being essentially untroubled in the aftermath of noxious sensory inputs or disabling injuries.

Most importantly, you possess a (metaphorical) keen eye for detail and aesthetics such that you can easily pick out the beautiful where it exists, and you can easily guess where to find such sights and sites with just a bit of exploration and elbow grease.

Made In California (200)
You may think it's superstitious and gullible to break out the star charts and horoscopes, but the 'secular astrology' of this universe is a proven field of study. Or at least, it somehow manages to work *in spite of* the fact that it's made-up bullshit, and now you know how to use it, too. You're a skilled astrologer, able to make predictions about the immediate past, present, and future, and to break down who people are - from to their temperament, to how they connect with others, and more.

As secular astrology is based on analyzing synchronicities and correspondences, it has nothing to do with any causal relationships, and that's why this art and science is still useful (with some research and adjustment) in worlds and times where the stars are wildly different. For those of you interested in space colonization and social engineering, this is *also* why you can't change the stars and planets in order to directly change humanity, and vice versa.

But… perhaps if you were able to change the skies and sway the people at the same time, you might see results that were more than the sum of their parts?

Fight Until We Fall In Love (400)
Even in this world of play-war and fantasy violence, there are still those who can only see conflict as a life-or-death game with only one winner; they would reduce all struggle and interplay to a singular vector of suffering and death alone. They can accept no alternative, but you know better than them, because no-one is more revealing and honest than when they're fighting for what they want and what they believe in.

Through your understanding, you have transformed the purpose of conflict from suffering into love, and you need no justification to bare hearts in mutual struggle. Through conflict and violence, you and your rivals or enemies can come to a closer understanding of each other; in conflict, sharing your emotions, feelings, perspectives, goals, and memories is much easier than it should reasonably be, and through force, you can break down the barriers that we all put up, punching through lies, omissions, and half-truths to reach a real, honest, mutual understanding.

DMs Open For Fight Requests (400)
Space can be quite a lonely place, and so can the jumpchain. People are pretty good at getting themselves into isolated situations, but don't worry: you'll find that people are very good at reaching out, too. So long as you're specifically looking for them, you'll always be able to find other people - other peers, even - to interact with, whether you're looking for a roll between the sheets, a violent spar around the moons of Jupiter, a chat with someone who knows what it feels like to mainline as many mind-affecting perks as you probably have, or all of the above. Anything can happen when no-one is looking.

By default, this ability is... the equivalent of a multiversal hookup app for one-night-stands, let's say, allowing people to flit completely in and out of your life. You *are* free to look for deeper connections, and to find people who can stick around, but be careful. It hurts to be alone, but anyone close enough to stave off loneliness is close enough to hurt you, and to be hurt by you.

Mother Of Stars (600)
One of the greatest human faculties is the power to reach out to others, for good or for ill - but one of the greatest human limits is, in equal measure, the inability to reach out to everyone. When you can only push so many people away at once, let alone hold them close or keep them in your mind, it takes a very special sort of person to rise above this finitude and hold all of the world in their heart.

Some would say that it can't really be done, but you, at least, have given it your best and given it your all, such that you can never be overwhelmed by numbers alone. If you could engage with a group of entities one on one, then you can, with correspondingly increased effort, engage with all of them at once, in more senses than one - single-handedly fending off enemies in incalculable droves, holding all your allies together as their center of gravity, and finding room in

your life to keep up any number of relationships is just the start. The only thing your largesse can't do for you is help you make room for yourself, but that's *your* problem now, isn't it?

We Can Be Human Anywhere (600)
The reaches of reality are harsh, inhospitable, distant, and ultimately forbidding; no-one could possibly go as far as they would like in the world, and even if they could, they couldn't survive the experience. The cosmos is fit to kill the careless, under sun and over slope, in burning heat and in freezing cold, under ocean and over sands, under pressure and in vacuum.

However, you're not one to accept those bleak truths, or to allow any of that stop you. Yours is the skill and the talent to find a way to travel, navigate, and survive in most any environment, from the terrestrial to the alien and the fantastical, and from the mere reality of the purely physical to the esoteric realms of the metaphysical and sociocultural - and if it's truly impossible for you to make your way as you are, then yours is the power to invent what you need, for the prerequisite sciences come easily to you. From shelter and agriculture to transportation, terraforming, and life support, your insight paves the impossible road from here to every horizon, opening all doors.

Celestial Mechanics

Be Gay, Do Crime (100)
You have a particular talent for slipping the bonds of gravity and hegemonic culture, living at the edge of the world. When you happen to engage in taboo activities, your peers and society at large will be more willing to let it slide; those who would otherwise be vicious towards you can be convinced to look the other way, and those who would otherwise merely tolerate your activities might just come around to accepting them.

Well, they'll accept it so far as you can properly keep it to yourselves, away from the world at large, at least. With enough discretion and tact, by the time you need to act in the open, it should be *far* too late for anyone to stop you - whether you're taking hormone replacement therapy under the table or secretly plotting to bring about your own version of Third Impact.

Solving For X (200)
Thought itself is constrained by the very nature of thinking and being, for thought constrains and contains itself; no matter who or what you are, there are always limits. No human can think a thought that humans cannot think, and *nothing* can think an unthinkable thought.

You, however, can come pretty damn close. Through recursive, inside-out thinking, you have learned to all but imagine your way outside of every box, and then imagine your way back in again; via dizzying mathematical and cognitive transforms, you are capable of safely perceiving, reasoning about, and eventually comprehending most anything. Even the most exotic, foreign, and alien of concepts are within your reach, from the conventionally alien (those ideas you lack a native context for) to the supernaturally alien (such things as infohazards, memetic hazards and antimemes, forbidden eldritch knowledge, and more). Even an imperceptible black hole of thought is safely comprehensible to you through the negative space it leaves in the noosphere.

I'm In! (200)
Why exactly is it that people keep hiding behind digital security, anyways? Don't they know that it's all no barrier to someone like you?

You are an incredibly and fantastically skilled hacker, only bound by the limits of what is physically and technologically possible - but then, isn't 'possibility' is a flexible term, at least when it comes to you? The more unrealistic, handwavium-based, and irreducibly complex a device or system is, the better you are at infiltrating and subverting it, slipping in through the 'possibilities' implied by the device's own impossible premises.

Faced with ordinary tech, you'd 'just' be reduced to exploiting human errors and security flaws... but any breaks from real science will let you start in on 'hollywood hacking' and computer

wizardry. And good luck to anyone who wants to keep you out of their clarktech, because you'll find their black-boxes and air-gaps just as transparent and flimsy as their sheer panties!

Perfect Design (400)
With the advance of science, technology, and human authority, so many things become possible - but so many things can go *wrong*, too. And that's where your genius comes in. All technologies and phenomena that you can imagine are trivial to assess for failure modes, flaws, limitations, and otherwise-unexpected negative consequences. Even problems that should be *literally impossible* to anticipate ahead of time can be guessed at, and working out implementation details and engineering problems of this kind is second nature to you.

You would do well to be careful, though, for your unreal insight in this regard, however profound, is useless beyond troubleshooting the phenomena itself and guessing the broadest strokes of its implications for a society. You can no more intuit what any particular individual will do with the technology and opportunities you give them than you could before, and in your trust you might finally unleash something that even *you* can't control.

Mine! (400)
I don't know what it is about you, Jumper, but it seems like all the coolest toys just keep falling into your lap, and I'm *not* talking about cute bedmates - although I'm sure you can pursue that on your own time.

No, I'm talking about something even better: swag and sweet loot! In this world and others, there's so much awesome stuff floating around, and it could be yours! Exotic, one-of-a-kind prototype mecha! Abandoned artifacts and riches! Secret hidden treasures! Forbidden technology! It might not be handed to you on a silver platter, but there will always be stuff worth having *somewhere*, and if you're alert, you'll always have an opportunity to ~~shamelessly steal borrow~~ shamelessly steal it for yourself.

Just make sure you're up to the challenge, yeah? It would be a shame if you took something important and bit off more than you could chew, or if there was a very good reason why no-one else was trying to use your new toys...

Quintessence (600)
Lesser scientists may spend years of their lives, charting out the laws of physics and measuring the world in the hopes of understanding it… but even were all the laws of the universe not determined by human authority, it would still be so that humanity was at the center of his own universe, and thus you understand that you cannot know the nature of your universe without first understanding the nature of the people who define it.

You are familiar with the reaches of this deepest discipline, then, the science of the human experience. In theory, if you haven't already mastered them, you grasp the likes of biology, psychology, sociology, anthropology, and even theology with ease. In practice… the limitless

plasticity of humanity is yours to shape in body and mind, through cybernetics, biotechnology, sociocultural engineering, and more. As you close in on the abstract, even the soul itself may one day open before you for you to manipulate, eliminating the last troublesome variables from the human project and making even such paradoxes as Eversion soluble.

Toxin Of The Inverse (600)
There are those who would demand all reality comply with the simplicity of their dictates, but there has perhaps never been a more profound counterargument than you, cosmic disruption that you are: an element ever escaping definition, slipping betwixt and between boundaries.

Nowhere is this more clear than in your dealings with other people, for almost nothing is more vulnerable than the human element, or whatever passes for it - whether you're unraveling people's greatest plans, poking holes in their defenses, finding loopholes in their laws, or just getting under their skin, you're a subversive force that can never be completely denied for long. But your transgression expresses itself down to your very being, as well: all attempts to conclusively determine or define the nature of your existence can only return at least partially uncertain and incomplete results, leaving the order of your being as an open question, and your existence is just that much more flexible and mutable than it was before, now and forever.

Items

General

Ship-Self (Free)
Surviving and thriving in outer space isn't just a question of physics, but a question of metaphysics, as well; a human needs the metaphysical weight and pressure of human Culture to hold their soul together, just as much as they need the physical weight and pressure of the atmosphere to keep from boiling away. The ship-self is a solution to this problem, then - a vessel that allows a human to survive alone in space, and an extension of the individual which makes her almost as self-contained and powerful as a world unto itself. A humongous robot!

Most ship-selves are a couple hundred feet tall and basically humanoid, although exceptions exist; ship-selves are as varied as the humans that pilot them. All ship-selves are equipped with computers, communicators, gravitational engines, tidal reactors and life support, amplifying the pilot's gravity and allowing for life and locomotion in outer space. All ship-selves have enough gravity to hold themselves in shape, making them completely immune to conventional destruction; piloted ship-selves can maintain integrity and even completely reassemble and repair themselves so long as their pilots are alive and able and willing to keep fighting on. In this era of space warfare, all ship-selves are also equipped with weapons and tools that allow them to fight Existential Threats (including, perhaps, each other). By their nature, these weapons will be at least somewhat impractical and unsuited for conventional high-tech warfare in this world, chosen for 'conflict' rather than 'killing', but they will still be quite powerful and useful.

Your new ship-self follows the above specifications by default. However, you *can* retrofit and reshape it - both mechanically, should you physically rebuild it, and spiritually, as you reinterpret its functions and exert the slow pressure and weight of your own gravity against it. If you already have a comparable item, such as another mecha or a suit of power armor, you can even import it now into your ship-self and integrate their functions and parameters together for 100 CP - but see the notes for more information on ship-self armaments and personalization before you decide.

If giant robots aren't your thing for whatever reason, but you still feel the need to bring your own ride, you can also take this item in the form of a 'conventional' gravitational vessel instead: a ship capable of holding atmosphere and Culture inside, and capable of navigating the void of space under its own power, but entirely lacking any mechanisms for gravitational self-repair and interpersonal combat. A spacecraft for traveling instead of an embodiment for *being*, in other words. If you already have a spacecraft, you can import it into this lesser vessel for no additional cost.

Earth

Figurines! (100)
What was the last time you held an action figure, Jumper? The ship-selves of this world are already modeled after plastic toys in so many ways, don't you know!

This item is a collection of every canon ship-self (the Mare Crisium, String of Pearls, Krun Macula, Lo Sulci, and Roncevaux Terra) in fully miniaturized play-sized form. The special effects are pretty and surprisingly accurate, but ultimately harmless, and these are ultimately just simple toys for fun and games.

As a bonus, though, your toy collection will also expand to include replicas of any other ship-selves, mechas, giant robots, power suits, and spacecraft that you encounter, in this setting and in others. It would be a shame if you couldn't find the time to play with all of them, but even mementos are worth keeping, aren't they?

Intent To Kill (200)
Now we're getting somewhere. This here constitutes a surprisingly extensive cache of cutting edge, state-of-the-art weapons, and the tools and materials required to make use of them. Some will be sized and calibrated for 'personal' use, but they're largely for military installation and emplacement, including even their own (optional) semi-autonomous control systems.

The exact principles they operate by will be up to you to decide, but no matter your choice, they will operate via materialist physics, propagate attacks at astronomical distances and speeds, and be absolutely lethal to corporeal life: by default, they consist of a series of accelerators designed to launch small kinetic projectiles at a velocity *just* short of the speed of light.

Though this relatively-modest arsenal is easily outgunned by Earth's massively greater reserves, and ineffective against more esoteric defence strategies - in this setting and in others - it still represents the absolute apex of killing potential possible within the cold logic of reality.

Incomplete Gravity Well (400)
This so-called 'Gravity Well' or 'Gravity Reactor' isn't a normal feature of gravitational geometry, but rather a kind of engineered pseudo-singularity of space-time and Culture both. Earth's space programs use a similar Gravity Well as a lynchpin and as an ontological foundation for their efforts; in theory, you can use the massive space-time distortion such a Gravity Well casts to create, destroy, transform, or stabilize Culture on a proportionally massive scale, adjusting the landscape of what is and isn't 'possible' within its reach.

Of course, that's the *Lunar* Gravity Well we're talking about, the supermassive crown jewel of Earth's space program, bearing incalculable mass-energy and the hopes and dreams of an entire Culture. *This* Gravity Well here is much smaller. Its containment mechanisms prevent it from *completely* evaporating into Hawking radiation while you're not looking, but it *is* effectively

a microscopic black hole, and you would have to feed it truly massive, post-industrial amounts of mass-energy and Culture in order to make it so powerful and useful.

Memorial Foundation

Codes of Conduct (100)
Well well well - do you want these so that you can follow the rules, or so that you can enforce them? This small database here contains the full body of law, protocols, rules, and procedures, implicit or explicit, for any society, civilization, order, guild, compact, or organization you enter into or encounter, updating over time to reflect changes to the law and to the changes in your milieu.

Though the contents of this database aren't properly organized for legibility or reading comprehension, the database itself has another curious property: for as long as you keep it on your person, you possess an infallible sixth sense for when anyone you can sense (yourself included) is about to break a rule that applies to them, and you may immediately apprehend the details of the law in question.

Government-Assigned Bondage Gear (200)
If you haven't noticed yet, military standards are pretty funky in space. Surreptitious spreader bars, leather and harnesses… it's like there's nothing these people will or won't wear, no matter the message it sends! And they're supposed to be the sober, grown-up faction!

Well, now you, too, can have a crazy uniform. This new getup can be just as weird, impractical and/or immodest as you like, and when it's worn by you, it will be considered socially equivalent to any or all other uniforms you would be socially eligible or obligated to wear. Not only will you never get dress-coded, but people will also be able to *recognize* your uniform and understand what it signifies within your cultural framework, no matter their own cultural background.

You can import a pre-existing outfit for this item now if you so choose, and you can transfer its dresscode-defying properties to any other set of clothing you possess once per jump.

The Academy (400)
When it first became clear that the ad-hoc militias once used to neutralize terrestrial Existential Threats would be utterly insuffict in a war against the stars in the sky, the Memorial Foundation NGO made a number of moves to standardize and intensify the recruitment and training of Existential combatants. This high-tech complex exists as a testament to their efforts, then: a replica of one of the various facilities once installed in Earth's Lagrange points.

Though currently unmanned, in all other respects this institution represents the absolute technical, functional, and conceptual state of the art for its purpose. No matter how straightforward or esoteric the form of warfare in question, all military learning, training, and instruction - even in the principles of **Special Relativity** and **Pilot Interfacing** - which takes place on the grounds of this institution and makes use of its resources is maximally effective and quick, up to the absolute limits of possibility. Those who pass through these halls will develop as rapidly and comprehensively as they ever will in the arts of war.

And yet, by the very nature of the impossible things humanity has set out to fight, such a regime is never enough - and solving that problem is the function this place is truly set out to fulfill. For those who make use of this place can push themselves or be pushed… *past their limits*, learning more and learning faster, reaching excellence and going further beyond. Such unfathomable gains naturally come with a necessary and equal cost to the emotional and mental well-being of those who make use of them, but doesn't prominence have its price?

These effects - both positive and negative - are magnified further for children over adults, and for the otherwise socioculturally disposable, should they be honed beyond reason in this place.

Cradle's Graces

Star Charts (100)
This thick sheaf of papers represents a vast collection of astronomical data as collected by state-of-the-art telescopes and collated for browsing. The downside, of course, is that most of it is bound up in various arcane horoscopes and similar astrological arrays of dubious applicability… but who knows. Maybe you're into that sort of thing?

Regardless, though, there's still more than enough information here to make astronavigation a snap - on a planet or in space - and you'll find that it updates itself to stay useful and pertinent wherever you are, in this or any universe.

Native Sphere Microcosm (200)
Though the ship-selves built for the pilot program represent a state-of-the-art in locomotion and survival in space, they were primarily designed with other functions in mind… and sometimes a smaller, subtler touch is more suitable, as well.

This personal spacesuit was built as an alternative, and it serves its purpose quite well. Its metamaterial hull allows it to indefinitely resist even the most dangerously reactive and corrosive substances and to insulate against arbitrary amounts of radiation. More complex life support systems allow it and its wearer to withstand anything between hard vacuum and the pressure at the bottom of the ocean, to withstand anything between the heat of the solar body and the cold of regions permanently shadowed from the sun, to perfectly recycle air and water, and to maintain integrity against existential dissolution - all for as long as up to 25 hours without need for maintenance or resupply of any kind.

Most extravagantly of all, the idealized design of the suit ensures that it never hampers the wearer's dexterity or co-ordination or inhibits non-noxious sensory inputs, and it keeps the wearer comfortable and clean through even the most uncomfortable and unclean parts of an extended spacewalk. It probably also flatters your figure, too.

The Colony (400)
For all the good intentions of the Existential Expansion division, its critics were always quick to point out that it was torn between two competing dreams: to export human culture to the rest of the universe, and to import the rest of the universe into human culture. Perhaps this installation fulfills that contradiction, capable of both in its own way.

Put straightly, this is a fully functional and self-contained space colony patterned on the successes of this world's space program, with everything that implies. Between life support systems, manufacturing and fabrication capabilities, bottle ecology regulation, and gravitational stabilization, it's fully capable of supporting both a large village or a small town's worth of people and the society they inevitably create among themselves. Although unable to withstand a sustained assault or sufficiently extreme conditions, its window of operations is still more than

wide enough to allow it to survive both the physical vacuum of space and the more metaphysical forms of void that might go hand in hand with it.

Likewise, though many would regard the isolation that surrounds this place to be a thing to overcome, others would see it as a thing to learn from: when a person is closed off from the rest of the world, they can learn both to see from the outside what they've left behind and to flourish free of it. Those who immerse themselves in the seclusion of this colony on an extended basis are capable of learning **Tidal Sensitivity** and similar abilities, and - if the Culture of the colony promotes their flourishing - may even become **Human In The Ways We Want To Be**.

Celestial Mechanics

Saturn's Nudes (100)
hey, is it really true that earth is still boring, even in other universes? are there real aliens out there? are they kissable-? will you share these with them-?

ANYWAYS, here's a present for the road, from me to u! possible girl to possible girl and possible world to possible world. i got help me picking out my best material, so u know ur in for a treat-!

Ahem. Our little guest gave you the gist of things, but you should also know these things have more value than just as nice things to look at. Showing these to someone or something is sufficient to proposition them, regardless of the Cultural or physiological differences between you, and there's enough here to hold any sort of pictorial dialogue in this vein.

Cybernetic Cybernetics (200)
(Requires Pilot Interfacing)
As the Cold War dragged on, many despaired both of the eccentricity and the rarity of true pilot talent. Others simply hoped to push the limits of human existence. Either way, this complex set of mimetic adaptations and I/O augmentations is the product of their efforts, devised and implemented late into the generational development cycles of the pilot program.

Their function is quite simple, even deceptively so: to systematize the process of pilot interfacing so extensively as to eliminate the necessity for the human element. Simply by using these devices to physically connect with a mecha, you can eliminate any dissonance between it and you as you desire, wielding it as if it were perfectly designed for you… or rather, as if *you* were perfectly designed for *it*, subsuming yourself into the systems you join.

The potential negative repercussions you may suffer as a result of this approach, of course, should be obvious, but its benefits may be equally far-reaching. If you can become a different kind of human in such an inhuman manner, you might even learn to interface with systems that aren't human at all, immersing yourself in mechanisms further and further removed from the personalized ego-machines of the ship-selves.

The Observatory (400)
One of the most powerful tools ever devised by Native Sphere Existential Research, this great telescope and its accompanying facility were constructed in order to help search the universe for manifestations of the Existential Threat.

Naturally, the Observatory is perfectly capable of serving as an conventional telescope - one equal to or far greater than the likes of the Hubble Telescope, at a minimum, and fully capable of being further expanded upon on that purely mechanical basis. However, most would say that this is a waste of the Observatory's incredible potential, for the fathomless gaze of this machine

is no more than a hair's breadth from clairvoyance, and its clairvoyance no more than a hair's breadth from omniscience.

Indeed, the Observatory couldn't possibly find the Existential Threat if it wasn't able to look upon absolutely anything and everything and bring it to light… and that limitless representative power is both its greatest strength and its greatest weakness. Are the threats you see in the sky 'real', or are you simply getting lost in your own view?

Companions

Anywhere, With You (Free)
(Requires Losing For Love)
In a world like this, it's almost inevitable to end up fighting with the ones you love. But what happens when you stop?

If you happen to come to an agreement with any or all of the rivals created or designated by the **Losing for Love** drawback, and they want to follow, you can take them with you as new companions when you continue Jumping.

Unlike the other companion options here, this quite deliberately costs no CP; having to decisively resolve your drawback-guaranteed enemies-to-lovers dodecahedron is its own challenge and its own cost.

An Old Face (100+)
Oh, is this someone you've met before? You know what's going on here better than I would.

Import a companion into this jump. They gain **600 CP** to spend on perks and items, as well as an **Origin**, granting them all the appropriate discounts you would expect (in addition to a history and a background in this world).

You may purchase this option multiple times at a rate of **100 CP** per companion thusly imported.

Idiot Solidarity (200)
Even in a world like this, some things are more important than love - or maybe it would be better to say that there's much more to love than just finding someone to kiss.

Whether you've already known each other for years in your in-jump identity or you simply find yourself connecting with them in a hurry, this companion is the closest friend you'll find in this world - and indeed, one of the closest friends you'll ever have, and one of the best friends you could ever ask for. If you're expecting nothing but a yes-man, they'll laugh you out of the room, but you can rest assured that they'll always have your back when it matters... and if and when you disagree, it will be because you're both pushing each other to be your best selves.

Love Story III (200+)
Are all of these people just a bit too high in the sky for you? You needn't worry - I'm sure we can find someone a bit more down to Earth and recognizable.

Simply go ahead and pick a canon character. If they agree to come with you on your journey, then you can take them with you as a new companion when you leave. Yes, even Pluto.

You may purchase this option multiple times at a rate of **200 CP** per canon character nominated.

Drawbacks

Re-Entry (+0)
So what's all this talk about a 'Scout Program', anyways? Does this place seem a bit familiar to you?

We Know The Devil and *Heaven Will Be Mine* take place in very similar worlds, if not the exact same setting, but the default assumption here is that they're 'only' very similar universes. However, with this toggle, you can choose to explicitly make *We Know The Devil* and *Heaven Will Be Mine* a part of the same continuity, instead, and you can choose how the events of the two games are related to each other. Is Neith chilling with Venus and the other worst girls since Eve? Has there already been a 'new apple'? Is some version of Group West present in this world as members of the pilot program? It's up to you.

All Girls Bleed Eventually (+100)
Something happened to you, and it left its mark.

Well, actually, it would probably be easier to single out times when something *wasn't* happening to you. This world isn't a kind one. Maybe no world is.

Either way, your experiences in this world - or in others, if you're a drop-in - have deeply traumatized you in a lasting way, complicating all your attempts to connect openly with others and even with yourself. Nothing is outright stopping you, but if you can feel comfortable in your own skin, content with yourself and your choices, or casually subject yourself to the mortifying ordeal of being known, it will be an uphill battle until you can find your peace… if you even can.

Fighting Like Fucking (+100)
Woah, cool your jets and calm your tits! It seems that someone boiled your blood, because you all but think you're a shonen protagonist.

Your passions run hot enough to burn yourself and everyone around you when you can't keep calm, your willpower transmutes to bullheaded stubbornness when you're not careful, and - perhaps worst of all - you're annoyingly prone both to the presumption that you can turn enemies into friends by beating them up and to the assumption that pitched combat is viable as a primary mode of intimacy and as a bonding experience.

If you can make this work, more power to you - but you know that humanity has tried at every turn to make a much more serious world than someone like you can thrive in.

Losing For Love (+100/+200)
I-It's not *your* fault that you can't win a fight with your fated rivals! It's not as if you enjoy it when your enemies stand over your defeated body, or when their banter segues into flirting!

Who are we kidding, Jumper? You've got it *bad*, and it's seriously tempting to make all sorts of bad decisions during your time here. Your enemies - and yes, you *will* make at least one serious enemy here, for personal or for ideological reasons - will all be deeply attractive to your tastes, and surprisingly convincing, to boot. When they inevitably ask you to give up and join them, are you sure they're speaking to your head, and not your heart?

By default, this drawback is worth **100 CP**, and you'll be drawn into all manner of mutually charged erotic rivalries, which might make a terrible and drawn-out mess of your life, but can (eventually) be resolved without serious regrets. For **100 CP** more, you and your rivals/enemies/paramours will be separated by *serious* interpersonal and ideological differences, too severe to easily (or ever) be resolved, although this won't make your mutual attraction any less powerful.

We've Gotta Combine! (+200)
For whatever reason, teamwork is now the primary mode of combat and conduct in this jump, as enforced and incentivized by nebulous handwavium, genre logic, technobabble, and/or the blatant sexualization of whatever passes for 'teamwork'. This may mean anything from the 'mere' elevation of co-ordinated combo attacks to the height of military strategy, to the near-total disempowering of all ship-self units which aren't implausibly piloted co-operatively (or else assembled out of some number of smaller ship-selves in dramatic transformation sequences).

On the upside, everything is *way* cooler with the power of friendship! On the downside, this genre shift applies to you as well - while you're not outright locked out of using your powers without a partner, if you try to do anything which is important and/or effects other people while you're acting on your own, you'll probably be handily outclassed by any groups working together in whatever fashion this jump demands. Even worse: now that relationships are even more bluntly front-and-center in this jump, the dyke drama is going to be *atrocious*.

The Gun Is A Metaphor For Her Dick (+200)
Yowza! Check out that chassis! Look at those autocannons and feel those beam weapons!

You'll quickly find that everything in this world is absolutely dripping with intimate and meaningful symbolism. On the one hand, everything you have - all your abilities, strengths, possessions, and actions - will manifest in forms that make your intentions, your character, and your perversions clear to everyone who takes the time to pay attention, even if you think that shouldn't be possible. And on the other hand, you'll often find yourself quite distracted by much the same coming from everyone else - if not because it's deeply titillating to see innuendo so blatant that it ceases to be innuendo, then certainly by all the things you'll learn about others that you don't actually want or need to know.

Censor (+300/+400)
Oh man, *this* creep? Watch out and be careful, because it seems that someone in *very* high places is now just as interested in you as you are repulsed by them. Their interest in you may

be strictly professional, personal, or just outright predatory, but either way you won't find it any more enjoyable to be trapped alone in a room with them, and they would love nothing more.

Whoever they are - as a canon character or otherwise - they'll have considerable material and sociopolitical resources, they'll be quite competent in pursuing you (if not in other matters), and if they can't have you (as an ally or as something more), then they'll have no problem with becoming your enemy and salting the earth.

If you've also taken **Losing for Love**, then for **100 CP** more, this nemesis can be one of your foemances, enthralling you no matter how repugnant you find them when you're at your best. But that would be an absolutely terrible idea, and *surely* you're not that dumb, right?

From The Everse (+400/+600)
If you haven't already caught on, Earth's Culture has little place within itself for the trappings or laws of other worlds. So what's to be done with you, then, voyager from another reality that you are?

For +400 CP, all outside-context items, powers, forms, and perks not justifiable within the prevailing meta-Culture of the setting - "super-science" and "psychic powers", more or less - are now sealed. And no, I don't just mean that you face backlash from humanity's consensual reality if you try to use them. I mean that you don't have them to begin with for your time in this Jump. Their possibilities have been decisively foreclosed.

At your discretion, for +200 more CP, you may instead forfeit *all* of your outside-context abilities and options, leaving you with only your purchases in this jump. Regardless, if selected, either version of this drawback also applies across the board to any Companions you might import.

War Drawbacks

If you feel like the metaplot of this setting isn't to your tastes, you have no idea what you're looking forward to, or you just want more CP, feel free to take one of these drawbacks and enjoy a different kind of adventure. Although you'll receive no rewards other than the aforementioned points, these drawbacks will change the tone and nature of the war in heaven - and the troubles you'll face here - in quite dramatic ways, and thus you should treat them as mutually exclusive.

A Colder War (+200)
Hmm. Is the civil war you're facing not to your tastes? Or do you just think it's already too late to change the world? Instead of jumping in during 1981, you can freely set your time of entry to any point between the beginning of the Cold War against the Existential Threat in the 1950s and the end of the Cold War proper as the 70s draw to a close.

The upside is that you'll be facing a very different kind of conflict. As the ideological tensions implicit in the project of space have yet to simmer, let alone fully boil over, there is now no open warfare between humans, and the world is ostensibly united as one. The downside is that you'll be facing a very different kind of conflict. As open violence is no longer a Culturally acceptable problem solving method or a normalized vector of interpersonal interactions in space, your sweet mecha is going to be much less useful than you think it is. Good luck if you want to get anything important done as a kid; you can expect politicking, maneuvering, and manipulation to be the things that matter and the things you'll need to be quite good at if you hope to win the wars that you feel need to be won.

The Shadow Archetype (+400)
Oh dear. You should know if you didn't already - the Existential Threat was never *real* in any conventional sense. It was nothing more than smoke and mirrors, mankind jumping at his own gravitational shadow… until now, that is. Because if the Existential Threat is the thing we set aside when we decide for ourselves what is and isn't human, then it's not just the elusive Other we imagine in order to define ourselves against it. It can also be a manifestation of all the things we deny in ourselves, and some of those things are very ugly indeed.

The Cold War against the Existential Threat hasn't yet ended, and if things continue as they are, then it never will, for the threat you now face is nothing less than the manifest multiplicity of human darkness: every act of cruelty or callousness we allow ourselves to bring upon each other, every self-destructive impulse and inclination we cultivate, every last evil borne unto the world. Just as we have the power and the authority to destroy ourselves, so too may this incarnation of the Existential Threat come with the power and the authority to destroy us in our own place, and one way or another, you're now involved in the vast war effort to keep it at bay.

Stealing Notes (+400)

Humanity likes to pretend that Earth's gravity is theirs and theirs alone. But why should that be true, if the other planets have a pull all their own without ever needing inhabitants?

You'll find that all of the celestial bodies in the Solar System possess the full power of gravity in the same sense that humanity does, complete with their own Cultures, and their unfathomable sensibilities haven't had any place for humankind within their order ever since man worked up the hubris to try and colonize space. Seeing as the Solar System outmasses humanity by tens of orders of magnitude, that's both a *very bad thing* and the impetus for the guerilla war you and the rest of humanity have been stuck fighting against the rest of existence.

Your only saving grace is that the conceptual and scalar distance of the celestial bodies from humanity is simply too great for them to directly interact with you and your fellow humans: they can make local conditions extremely hostile, and emanate or shape (smaller, weaker) manifestations more suited to combat with your kind, but practicality and logistics both forbid them from bringing their full apocalyptic weight to bear.

Jacob's Ladder (+600)
Oh dear. Unfortunately for you and this world, it seems that someone has fully instantiated the White Void, a space-time phenomenon of terrible power. Like a black hole or a false vacuum collapse in metaphysics, the Tyrant Theory expands through space-time-Culture, devouring all things, all ideas, and growing ever-greater in the process. It has no coherent existence or defining traits save its most basic nature, the impulse to make all things into a part of itself - and so it takes on whatever form is required for its task, even adapting to (and feeding upon) all attempts to destroy it.

The White Void has already consumed Earth, and its sphere of influence is expanding outwards at relativistic speeds, slowly accelerating. Earth's authority is no weaker than before - it might even be stronger, brought into a new order by the Tyrant Theory - but everything that made life on Earth worthwhile is gone. The only 'survivors' still recognizable as humans are those who were in space at the time of the initial collapse; the lost and unchosen children of Earth, and those dealing with them, now fleeing in ship-selves and haphazard colonies and carrying the fading Lunar Gravity Well.

If you can't find a way to do the apparently-impossible and dismantle the Conqueror-Thought by the end of your jump, it will expand to fill all of existence, subordinating all things and forever killing all possibilities. You wouldn't *die*, per se, but even if your chain wasn't ending in the wake of your failure, death might *still* be preferable.

Ending

So you've made it this far. What's next?

The Ending We Choose Is Our True Ending - Through the power of human gravity and Culture, this world is exactly what you make of it - so why would you ever ever need to leave? You can stay here forever, and make this place yours.

Jumping Is Literally The Most Stupid Thing There Is - What are you looking for out here, in the emptiness of space and the vastness of the multiverse? You already have a perfectly fine home waiting for you, back where you first came from, so you can return and retake your throne.

Until You Find Your Answer - You wouldn't have come this far if you weren't looking for something, would you? There are so many possibilities to explore, and so many different lives to lead, it would be a shame to stop now! You can keep going, and move on to the next jump.

No matter where you go from here, you can take your powers, items, and companions with you, and all your drawbacks are removed. The choice is up to you.

Notes

Metaphysics

Just in case it wasn't already absolutely clear: this setting is a particularly aggressive consensus reality. "Reality exists in the human mind, and nowhere else," and all of that jazz.

Consequently, uppercase-C 'Culture' refers simultaneously to the sociological phenomena (the beliefs, customs, and institutions of humanity) and to the metaphysical underpinnings of reality (because reality is *literally* determined by what people believe is real). Humans in this world need a Culture woven out of human consensus to survive both because we're a deeply social species who spiral off the handle when we're left to our own devices and because we're not not metaphysically equipped to continue existing in the total absence of an external reality.

'Gravity' is a quantified formalism for the force that humans exert upon existence. Human belief, influence, and agency bend the fabric of reality, just as mass-energy curves the fabric of space-time - and indeed, the two are only two sides of the same coin, as space-time and Culture are coupled in a single space-time-Culture field within this setting.

Yeah, don't think about it too hard.

As a rule of thumb, given that most other settings are far more locked down and 'objective' than this one, you won't have to deal with most of the existential complications this kind of unstable reality can provide; even if you take the **Special Relativity** and **Human In The Ways We Want To Be** perks in this jump, ordinary social pressure won't exert any kind of direct reality-warping effect on you in future jumps, and you won't dissolve (or turn inside out) in ordinary microgravity or hard vacuum. Outer space is dangerous enough already.

In fact, in the eventuality that you do find yourself in another subjective universe - whether it's another consensual reality formed from collective will, a reality governed exclusively by the whims of higher powers, or some combination of the two - possessing your own gravity well will probably be more help than harm. Having some influence over reality and some existentiality to call your own is better than having none at all.

Whether the laws of gravity are really an objective and accurate description of consensual reality or "merely" a paradigm favored within Memorial Foundation Culture is for you to discover. (IOW: fanwank something.)

The Existential Threat

The Existential Threat is, essentially, the collective Shadow Archetype of all of humanity. In the same way that an individual can deny aspects of herself and project those aspects onto other people, the human race denies aspects of itself and *literally* projects those aspects onto a hypothetical inhuman Other. The Existential Threat entities fought during the Cold War are the literal 'shadows' cast by human Culture, made manifest through the power of human gravity.

As the Existential Threat comes from within humanity rather than without, the Cold War cannot be permanently won or lost through conventional warfare. The Existential Threat will continue to take new anti-forms and manifestations appropriate to the shape of human Culture for so long as human Culture casts a shadow, and as is befitting the nature of shadows, the most direct manifestations of the Existential Threat will (barring Drawbacks or other divergences from canon) always only be harmless seemings and phantasms.

More *indirect* manifestations of the Existential Threat can be quite real, however. Instead of jumping at shadows and using aliens as scapegoats, humans can designate other humans (or themselves) as enemies, outsiders, and inhuman monsters - and reality can change to oblige.

This, for those following along, is the process of "eversion" that turns fully-realized humans into fully-realized aliens (or turns apostates into devils, for that matter). For various reasons, the creation of true, stable, self-sustaining everts is the ultimate goal of the Celestial Mechanics faction.

You may pursue eversion if you're so inclined, or potentially even find it forced upon you, but - in contrast to *We Know The Devil* - eversion is not so easy here. The grip of humanity is far tighter, the outcomes of leaving humanity behind are far more uncertain, and of course, there are no perks to make it easy for you. Your perks might even make it harder, in fact; there's little reconciliation between the kind of fundamental transformation eversion usually implies and the teleological aegis of a perk that guarantees you'll always stay yourself, let alone a perk that guarantees you'll always stay human.

Should you successfully evert despite the multitude of obstacles facing you, almost anything might happen, depending upon a number of factors: the precise kind of Existential Threat you're becoming, your character and self-concept, and so on and so forth. About the only thing that's certain is that you won't be subject to human limits anymore.

(IOW: fanwank something. Don't try and cheese eversion for unlimited power, though, dumbass.)

Ship-Selves

It's often said - in canon, and in this jump-doc - that ship-selves are somehow weak, fragile, or otherwise insufficient as weapons of warfare. This is an oversimplification.

In reality, ship-selves are just about every bit as strong as you'd expect combat-capable giant robots to be. They have the capacity to push back against the rigors of the square-cube law, and the weapons they wield would be overwhelming in combat against the military science of your home, let alone against ordinary humans.

Ship-selves are downplayed for several reasons. Part of it is simply that, given their capacity for regeneration and protection, ship-self survivability far outstrips even their not-insignificant lethality, and even pitched ship-self-to-ship-self combat is regarded as physically harmless. Another part of it is simply that the human element is fundamentally inefficient for high-energy 3-D combat. The capacity to shrug off the square-cube law can be put to much better use in machines that don't waste themselves on emulating the human form, and few weapons exist which wouldn't be better wielded by machines beyond human precision and celerity.

Ultimately, however, ship-self fragility exists in no small part simply because humanity at large thinks ship-selves are stupid. Ship-selves can't survive within Earth's gravity not because of the physical stress that implies, but because Earth is a planet of reality-benders who are legislating comic-book science and fantasies out of existence. Ship-selves are majestic, idealistic, and romantic creations for which there is no room within Earth's hard-sci-fi military fiction.

As with your own gravity well, your ship-self won't cause you any particular problems or fall apart in other 'objective' settings - and for that matter, if you can somehow shield your ship-self against the authority of a civilization of reality warpers without compromising its functions, then it will still work normally in Earth's domain.

In deciding on the default functions and armaments of your own personal ship-self, you should feel free to select them as you like; just about any kind of sci-fi technology goes. The one guideline you should pay attention to is that the functions of your ship-self should correspond with your character and with the way you relate to other people, in an argumentative and/or flirtatious capacity. (IOW: fanwank something, and take liberties, as long as you're having fun and being raunchy.)

For example, Saturn's *String of Pearls* wields enhanced regeneration, distance manipulation, and intoxicating arcs of liquid electricity, because… she's a seductive, masochistic power bottom who likes to get high and knows how to draw others in or play hard to get.

That's the joke.

Wait, This Place Isn't A Trap Option, Right?

Barring drawback intervention, Earth's reality warping can't suppress your fiat-backed items or abilities. Duh.

Earth *might* try and punish you for using overtly outside-context perks or items, lashing out at those who would wield abilities it doesn't permit or understand, but it's not actually omniscient, omnipotent, or omnimalevolent. Humanity won't punish you for transgressions they don't notice, they can't do anything to you if you're not within their sphere of influence (or beyond their power level entirely), and they'll give you leeway if you clearly advance their interests or simply choose not to oppose them (as they've done for the most obedient of their pilots). It's a miserable dystopia, not a death world.

Miscellaneous

Yes, you can use **Losing for Love** and **Anywhere, With You** to get non-OC canon characters as companions for free. It only works if the character in question is actually someone you'd seriously get into fights with, though, and it's up to you to convince them to come with you after the fact, you little munchkin.

Any companions you get through **Idiot Solidarity** are effectively built with an **Origin** of their own and **600 CP** to spend.

Heaven Will Be Mine belongs to Aevee Bee, Mia Schwartz, and everyone else on their team. All art in this document belongs to Mia Schwartz.

Fanwank responsibly.