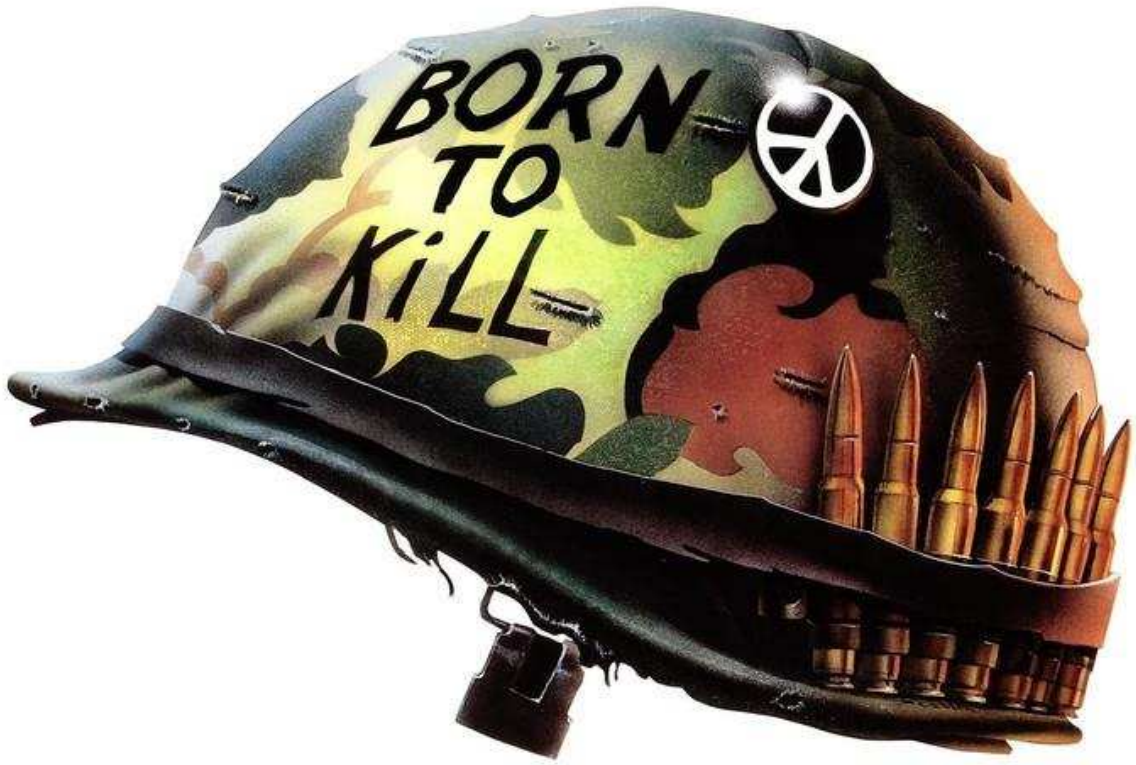


FULL METAL JACKET



Alright, maggot, welcome to five years of pure, unrelenting hell!

First up? Six months of bootcamp misery at Parris Island, where you'll train alongside Joker and Pyle under drill instructors who exist solely to break you down, rebuild you stronger, and make you wish you'd never signed up! You'll crawl through mud, march until your feet bleed, and learn that pain is just weakness leaving the body!

Survive bootcamp? Good! Now it's time for war! You're headed straight into the jungle for two tours of duty, where the heat is suffocating, the mosquitoes are relentless, and Charlie is ALWAYS watching! The first tour will test your endurance, your instincts, and your ability to keep breathing when every day is a fight to survive. Then comes the second tour — the Tet Offensive! You'll fight alongside Joker in the brutal street battles of Hue City, where the enemy will throw everything they have at you, and if you blink, you'll be dead before you hit the ground!

Still alive? Then congrats—you get a seat on the Freedom Flight home! But don't think for a second that means your war is over! Back in the USA, the battle shifts from bullets to broken minds, from jungle ambushes to isolation and disrespect. You'll struggle to adjust, haunted by combat, lost in a world that no longer makes sense. The hardest fight isn't the one overseas, maggot—it's the one waiting for you back home!

Now grab your rifle and get ready—because you're starting this war-torn carnival ride with 1000 Combat Points in your rucksack. Once this nightmare begins, there's NO turning back!

Origins



Sniveling Bookworm

Congratulations, private! You spent your pre-Marine life with your nose buried so deep in books that you didn't notice the real world passing you by. You think quoting Shakespeare or doing long division is gonna save you in a firefight? Newsflash, Einstein: the enemy doesn't care how many spelling bees you won—they care how fast you can pull the trigger!

Clueless Draftee

Well, look who the draft dragged in! You were probably minding your own business, maybe flipping burgers or fixing car engines, when Uncle Sam came knocking. Now here you are, wide-eyed and dumb as a sack of hammers, wondering if this is all some bad dream. Spoiler alert: it's not! The only thing more lost than you right now is your map-reading skills, which are guaranteed to get your entire squad hopelessly stranded!

Cocky Know-It-All

Well, isn't this a treat? We've got ourselves the reincarnation of General Patton! You think you're smarter than everyone else and that your natural genius will carry you through this jumpchain unscathed. Here's the deal, sunshine: your so-called brilliance means squat when you're knee-deep in mud, crying for mommy because Charlie outsmarted you in five seconds flat!

Now all of you grab your rifles and fall in line—I'm about to educate you on the fine art of survival the Marine Corps way!

Location



Parris Island is the unforgiving crucible where worthless civilian scum are forged into United States Marines. Every inch of this swampy, sand-flea-infested hellhole exists to break your body, shatter your spirit, and rebuild you into the finest fighting machine this world has ever seen!

Perks



Listen up, maggot! If you picked one of the listed origins, then congratulations—you just earned yourself a 50% discount on every single perk under that banner! And those 100 CP perks? They're FREE, you ungrateful swamp rat! That's right—no charge, no hassle, no excuses!

"Sgt. Hartman Inspiration" (FREE)

Listen up, maggot! This here's your free perk, and if I catch you crying about it, I'll make you drop and give me fifty—disembodied voice or not! Long after you leave boot camp, my booming, no-nonsense words of wisdom will echo through your thick skull whenever you're wallowing in self-pity or struggling to tie your boots without tripping over yourself. Feeling lost? Struggling with an uphill climb? You'll hear me in your ear yelling, "Are you quitting on me?! Are YOU quitting on ME?! Get up and fight like a Marine!"

Whether you're outsmarting the enemy, pushing through exhaustion, or just trying to cook a halfway decent meal without burning the kitchen down, my voice will whip you back into shape faster than you can shout "Sir, yes, sir!" With this perk, you'll never be truly alone—you've got me haunting you as your relentless, motivational, spectral drill instructor.

"Combat Calculations" (100 CP – Sniveling Bookworm)

Oh, so you think numbers are your friend, huh? With this perk, your brain is a walking calculator of carnage. Trajectories, bullet drop, wind speed —everything becomes a formula you can crunch faster than you can say 'incoming!' Whether it's aiming a grenade just right or figuring out the odds of surviving a bayonet charge, you'll have the math to turn chaos into cold, hard precision. Don't let it go to your head, nerd!

"Tactical Think Tank" (300 CP – Sniveling Bookworm)

Alright, Einstein, now you're starting to earn your keep. This perk lets you turn the battlefield into your personal chessboard, seeing not just your next move, but the enemy's next three. You'll calculate ambush patterns, predict supply chain choke points, and even work out which cover will keep your sorry hide intact. Turns out war is just a giant word problem—and you're solving it before the rest of us even find our pencils!

"Mathematical Mayhem" (600 CP – Sniveling Bookworm)

Holy mother of math! With this perk, you become the ultimate weapon of war wrapped in a nerdy package. Your calculations reach a godlike level, allowing you to predict artillery barrages to the second, engineer traps that would make the Viet Cong jealous, and find battlefield solutions so genius they'd make Sun Tzu do a double take. You're not just playing the numbers game — you're rewriting the rules! Just don't trip over your own shoelaces, Poindexter!

"Dumb Luck" (100 CP – Clueless Draftee)

Well, well, looks like someone's kissed the backside of Lady Luck! With this perk, you've got the uncanny ability to bumble your way out of tight spots. Whether it's dodging stray bullets by tripping over your own feet or "accidentally" finding cover at the perfect time, your cluelessness somehow keeps you alive. I don't know if it's luck or divine intervention, but don't count on it forever, buttercup!

"Fortunate Fool" (300 CP – Clueless Draftee)

Congratulations, private, you've upgraded from dumb to dangerously lucky! This perk ensures that you're in the right place at the right time more often than not—like stumbling onto an enemy's blind spot or finding an unexploded grenade just when you need it. It's almost like the battlefield bends around your idiocy, saving your hide despite your best efforts to get yourself killed. Enjoy it while it lasts, moron!

"Blessed by Chaos" (600 CP – Clueless Draftee)

Holy smokes, are you even human? This perk makes you an unstoppable force of luck on the battlefield. Missiles veer off course, ambushes somehow go your way, and supply drops "accidentally" land right at your feet. Chaos is your best friend, and the universe itself seems to conspire to keep your clueless rear end alive and kicking. If this weren't so baffling, it'd almost be impressive!

"Motivational Mouthpiece" (100 CP – Cocky Know-It-All)

Well, look who's got the gift of gab! This perk gives you the ability to rally your squad with rousing speeches and quick-fire pep talks, even when the odds are stacked against you. Whether it's barking out orders or lifting morale with some well-placed sarcasm, your cocky charisma keeps the team focused and ready to charge into the fray. Just try not to talk so much that you forget to duck when the bullets start flying!

"Commanding Presence" (300 CP – Cocky Know-It-All)

Alright, Napoleon, now you're starting to shine. With this perk, your natural arrogance morphs into an aura of authority that demands respect. Whether it's organizing tactics on the battlefield or calming nerves under fire, your leadership inspires confidence and loyalty in those who follow you—even when your plans are borderline insane. Just don't let the power go to your head, Captain Ego!

"Legendary Leader" (600 CP – Cocky Know-It-All)

Holy smokes, we've got ourselves a bona fide war hero in the making! This perk turns your cocky self-assurance into a legendary ability to lead troops through even the darkest days of combat. Your team won't just follow orders — they'll go above and beyond, charging headlong into impossible missions with unshakable determination. Your leadership creates bonds so strong they'll swear you're bulletproof (don't test that theory, hotshot). Congratulations, you're now the kind of leader that movies are made about!

Items



"Private's Starter Kit" (FREE)

Alright, you miserable excuse for a maggot, here's your freebie: the standard-issue loadout for a Vietnam-era private. Treat this gear like your life depends on it—because it does!

- **M16A1 Rifle**: Your bread and butter, the tool of your trade. Keep it clean, keep it loaded, and keep it from jamming, or you'll be using it as a fancy stick to ward off Charlie!
- **Steel Pot Helmet**: This iconic hunk of metal doubles as head protection and a water bowl for your pathetic attempts to stay hydrated. Wear it proudly or wear it as a grave marker—your choice!
- **Alice Pack**: Your trusty rucksack, packed with all the essentials—ammo, rations, maybe a letter from the sweetheart who won't be waiting when you get back. Carry it everywhere or prepare to go without!
- **C-Rations**: Delicious canned misery that's sure to keep you alive and perpetually disappointed. Bon appétit, grunt!
- **Bandolier of Ammo**: Strapped to your chest like the overachieving soldier you definitely aren't. You'll burn through this faster than you can yell 'Incoming!' so use it wisely!
- **Jungle Boots**: These beauties are your best bet for surviving the mud and muck of Vietnam. Break them in quick, or the blisters will eat you alive.
- **Insect Repellent**: Your only defense against the jungle's most relentless foe: the bloodthirsty mosquitoes. Apply liberally, and try not to smell like a walking chemical factory!
- **Poncho**: Rain or shine, this tarp-like lifesaver will keep you slightly less miserable. Bonus points if you figure out how to use it as a makeshift tent.
- **Dog Tags**: These shiny little rectangles will make sure they know whose sorry hide they're burying if you screw up out there. Don't lose them!

This is what separates Marines from corpses, private! Treat it with respect, or you'll learn real fast why Vietnam isn't the place for slackers!

"Full Metal Jacket: Jumper's Cut" (50 CP)

Your war just went widescreen! With this item, the iconic "Full Metal Jacket" gets a cinematic overhaul—Jumper's Edition! That's right, you're now in the movie, front and center, woven into every scene alongside Joker, Animal Mother, and the rest of the grunts!

Bootcamp? You're shoulder-to-shoulder with Pyle during the infamous jelly donut fiasco. Vietnam? You're clearing buildings and cracking wise under fire with the squad. Every blood-soaked frame, every shell casing, every haunting moment—you're IN IT!

"Ol' Reliable" (50 CP)



Alright, maggot, feast your eyes on this upgraded warhorse: the legendary M151 Jeep! This 50 CP item grants you your very own rugged, battle-ready, all-terrain M151. Whether you're hauling wounded troops, delivering supplies, or making a daring escape under enemy fire, this trusty vehicle has your back in the swamps, jungles, and mud pits of Vietnam!

"Mule of Mayhem" (100 CP)



Alright, maggot, you've just snagged yourself one mean little machine—the M274 Mechanical Mule, armed with a 105 mm Recoilless Rifle. This 100 CP item is the perfect blend of rugged utility and raw firepower, ready to turn the battlefield into your personal playground of destruction!

The Mule isn't just a glorified lawnmower; it's an all-terrain, four-wheel workhorse designed to carry gear, haul ammo, and deliver fiery justice wherever you point that 105 mm cannon. Need to take out enemy fortifications? Blast through jungle cover? Or just make Charlie regret waking up this morning? The Mule of Mayhem delivers, with pinpoint accuracy and enough recoil-less devastation to make artillery blush.

"Hillbilly Armored Juggernaut" (150 CP)



Listen up, grunt! For 150 CP, you get your hands on the ultimate symbol of brute force and battlefield dominance—the M39 Gun Truck, outfitted with Hillbilly armor and packing enough firepower to send Charlie running for the hills! This rolling fortress doesn't just take punishment; it dishes it out like an angry drill instructor on a bad day.

On each side, you've got twin M60 machine guns, perfectly positioned to unleash a relentless hailstorm of lead. These babies will tear through jungle cover, suppress enemy positions, and make sure no one gets cozy anywhere near your truck. And front and center, mounted like the star of the show, is the legendary .50 caliber Ma Deuce—capable of shredding vehicles, annihilating emplacements, and reminding the enemy why America is not to be messed with!

"Rolling Thunder" (200 CP)



Alright, maggot, for 200 CP, you've just acquired the battlefield's most dependable beast—the M113 Armored Personnel Carrier, equipped with the legendary .50 cal Ma Deuce! This armored war wagon is more than just transportation—it's a mobile fortress, a lead-slinging nightmare, and your ticket to rolling through enemy territory like you own the place!

The M113 can tear through mud, jungle, and whatever sorry excuse for terrain stands in its way, carrying troops straight into the fight while keeping them protected from small-arms fire and shrapnel. But this isn't just a tin can on tracks—on top, you've got the brute force of the .50 cal Ma Deuce, capable of shredding infantry, chewing through light vehicles, and making any enemy who dares stand in your way wish they had picked a safer career!

"Talkin' Thunder" (250 CP)



Listen up, private, because this little box just became your best friend and your biggest responsibility! The "Talkin' Thunder" radio lets you call in the big guns when the going gets tough. Artillery support, napalm drops, gunship strafing runs — you name it, this baby gets it done. But don't you dare treat it like a toy!

"M41 Walker Bulldog" (300 CP)



For 300 CP, you're getting your sorry hands on the M41 Walker Bulldog—a light tank with a mean bite and a serious attitude! This steel predator boasts a 76mm cannon that'll ruin Charlie's day from a mile out, excellent speed for quick strikes, and armor tough enough to laugh at small arms fire!

Fast, lethal, and easy to maintain—even a mouth-breathing grunt like you can keep this baby roaring through rice paddies and jungle hell!

Companions



Import (200 CP)

Alright, you sniveling excuse for a commander—fork over 100 CP and you can drag your entire sorry squad of Companions into this hellhole with you! Each one of those freeloaders gets 600 CP to gear up, grab perks, and try not to get themselves killed! And if they're feeling bold—or just plain stupid—they can each take up to +400 CP in Drawbacks to sweeten the pot!

Export (100 CP)

Alright, listen up, you sentimental sack of beans! For 100 CP, you get the honor—no, the privilege—of dragging poor souls from this miserable setting along with you on your jumpchain parade! That's right—just get their consent (try not to scare 'em too bad), and they'll follow you lockstep through hell and back across the multiverse!

And yes, if you've got the brass to handle it, even Private Gomer Pyle can hitch a ride—assuming you've got the patience of a saint. Now make your pick and MOVE OUT! The chain waits for no one!

Followers

"Hell's Hounds" Fireteam (250 CP)

Alright, maggot, you're not going into this jungle nightmare alone! You've got yourself a fireteam of battle-hardened, mud-soaked, lead-spitting US Marines—four of the finest warriors this miserable war has ever seen. These men are your brothers, your lifeline, and the only thing standing between you and getting turned into jungle fertilizer!

- **Corporal "Ironjaw" Henderson** – Your fireteam leader, a grizzled vet with nerves of steel and a voice that could make even the enemy feel guilty. He's got more field experience than most officers, and if you don't listen to his orders, he'll make sure you regret it before the jungle does!
- **Private First Class "Boomer" Davis** – Your demolitions expert, and a man who loves explosives just a little too much. He can rig a grenade to go off exactly when he wants, clear obstacles with a well-placed charge, or just casually talk about detonations like most people discuss the weather!
- **Private "Slick" Ramirez** – Your designated marksman, a sharpshooter who can pop enemy heads like soda cans from distances that make snipers jealous. He doesn't talk much, but when he does, it's either a grim warning or a lethal joke right before he pulls the trigger!
- **Private "Ox" Thompson** – Your heavy weapons guy, built like a tank and armed like one too. If it spits lead, he loves it, and if Charlie tries to rush your position, he'll lay down suppressing fire so furious it'll make them rethink their life choices!

These four Marines are the backbone of your fireteam, and they fight like a well-oiled machine—assuming you don't screw it up! Watch their backs, follow their lead, and don't you dare embarrass them in combat, or they'll make sure you earn a nickname you won't like!

"Shadow Stalkers" Vietcong Squad (250 CP)

Alright, maggot, you've got yourself a squad of post-jump Vietcong warriors who've traded their loyalty to Charlie for allegiance to your jumper army. These jungle ghosts are masters of guerrilla warfare, and they'll fight tooth and nail to ensure your army dominates the battlefield. Don't let their size fool you—this squad packs enough cunning and ferocity to make even seasoned Marines sweat!

- **Squad Leader "Phantom" Tran** – A tactical genius who knows the jungle like the back of his hand. Phantom can plan ambushes so precise they'll leave the enemy wondering if they were fighting ghosts. His leadership turns chaos into calculated destruction!
- **Scout "Whisper" Nguyen** – Silent as the grave and twice as deadly, Whisper is your eyes and ears in the jungle. She can sneak past enemy lines, gather intel, and disappear before anyone realizes she was there. If you need to know where enemy is hiding, she'll find them!
- **Demolitions Expert "Boomstick" Le** – Don't let the nickname fool you—Boomstick is as subtle as a thunderstorm when it comes to explosives. He can rig traps, sabotage supply lines, and turn enemy strongholds into smoldering ruins with a few well-placed charges!
- **Marksman "Deadeye" Pham** – A sharpshooter who can hit a target through the thickest jungle foliage. Deadeye's precision is unmatched, and his ability to pick off enemies from a distance will keep your squad safe and your enemies terrified!
- **Medic "Patch" Dao** – When the bullets start flying, Patch is the one keeping your squad alive. She's got the skills to treat wounds, patch up injuries, and keep your fighters in the game, no matter how bad things get!

These Shadow Stalkers are loyal to your jumper army and will follow your orders without hesitation. They excel in hit-and-run tactics, ambushes, and jungle survival, making them the perfect addition to your forces. Just remember, maggot, that loyalty is a two-way street—treat them right, and they'll fight like demons for your cause!

Vietcong Interrogator "The Silk Whisper (300 CP)

Alright, maggot, meet your new secret weapon—a female Vietcong interrogator so skilled, she could make a stone confess its deepest secrets. Known only as "The Silk Whisper," she's a master of psychological warfare, persuasion, and the fine art of making captured enemies spill their guts without ever laying a finger on them. If you've got prisoners who think they can hold out, she'll turn their resolve into a puddle faster than you can say "classified intel!"

Loyal to your jumper army, she's not just an interrogator — she's a force multiplier. With her on your side, you'll always be one step ahead of the enemy, armed with their secrets and ready to strike where it hurts most. Just don't get on her bad side, maggot—because if she ever turns her skills on you, not even your deepest, darkest secrets will be safe!

"Ghost Reapers" Green Beret Team (400 CP)

Alright, maggot, you've lucked out—you've got two of the most elite warriors ever to walk the battlefield joining your sorry excuse for an army! These Green Berets aren't your average grunts. They are the best of the best, handpicked, battle-tested, and trained to turn entire war zones into tactical playgrounds. If you screw up in front of them, I swear I'll haunt you forever!

- **1st LT "Specter" Callahan** – Your team leader, a man who moves like a shadow and hits like a sledgehammer. Specter is a tactical mastermind who can map out an entire battle in his head before the first shot is fired. He's fluent in jungle warfare, counter-insurgency, and making sure rookies don't get themselves killed. Follow his lead or follow your own funeral plans!
- **Sergeant "Grim" Kowalski** – If death had a voice, it'd sound like Grim. He's the close-quarters combat expert, the demolitions guy, and the one you least want to cross. He doesn't talk much, but when he does, every word comes with the weight of experience and enough intimidation to make seasoned officers rethink their career choices!

These two Green Berets are your ace in the hole, the ultimate force multipliers. Need a surgical strike? They execute flawlessly. Need an enemy camp wiped out? Consider it gone. Need someone to train your recruits? They'll turn them into warriors or break them trying! They don't babysit, they don't tolerate incompetence, and they sure as hell don't lose. If you keep up, you might just learn something—if you don't, well, good luck surviving without them!

Drill Sergeant “Unbreakable” (500 CP)

Alright, maggot, congratulations—you’ve just secured the meanest, toughest, most unforgiving drill sergeant to ever stomp across a parade ground. Known only as "The Unbreakable," this walking storm of discipline and rage is here to whip your jumper army into battle-ready shape, whether they like it or not!

Slacking off? He’ll make sure they regret it. Complaining? That earns extra laps. Can’t follow orders? Expect a lesson in suffering until obedience becomes second nature! The Unbreakable has one mission—turn your forces into an unstoppable machine of warriors who eat steel and spit fire!

- **Iron Discipline:** Boot camp never ends under his watch! He drills tactics, formations, and survival skills until they’re second nature.
- **Unrelenting Toughness:** Pain is temporary—weakness is forever! He trains bodies and minds to endure the worst conditions imaginable!
- **Battlefield Experience:** He doesn’t just shout orders—he knows war inside and out, and his strategies will make sure your forces stay alive and dominate!
- **Fearless Leadership:** Even the rowdiest recruits will learn respect. His presence alone turns slackers into soldiers!

Your army isn’t just going to train under Unbreakable—they’re going to wish they could die just to escape him! But those who survive his boot camp will emerge stronger, meaner, and deadlier than ever before. So keep up, maggot, because he won’t let ANYONE drag this army down!

Drawbacks



"No Handouts, No Mercy!" – Meta Drawbacks

You think you're special, maggot? You think you get to stroll through this war with cheat codes and cosmic crutches? Welcome to the real battlefield, where survival is earned the hard way—or not at all!

"No Cheating!" (+200 CP)

Alright, maggot, think you can waltz through this war with the luxury of a Cosmic Warehouse at your beck and call? THINK AGAIN! For the duration of this jump, that overpowered storage space is completely LOCKED! No weapons stockpile, no emergency rations, no convenient hideaway—nothing! You are fighting this war the way EVERY grunt does—out in the open, with only what you can carry, scavenge, or beg for!

So suck it up, grunt! War isn't about cheating your way to victory—it's about blood, sweat, and sheer determination!

"Blood, Sweat, and Tears!" (+300 CP)

Alright, maggot, time to strip away every fancy trick you've picked up along the way and see if you can survive with nothing but your grit! For the duration of this jump, ALL of your jumpchain perks—every power, every ability, every cheat—are GONE! The only thing you get to keep is your Body Mod, because at least that proves you've put in the work!

Every bullet will hurt, every mission will push you to the breaking point, and every moment of survival will be earned through sheer determination! No shortcuts, no crutches, NO MERCY!

Parris Island Purgatory – Bootcamp Drawbacks

For six long months, maggot, you're trapped in the unforgiving meat grinder of Parris Island—where drill instructors break you down, rebuild you tougher, and make damn sure you wish you'd never signed up!

"Bootcamp Blues" (+100 CP)

Alright, maggot, welcome to the lowest circle of bootcamp misery! For 100 CP, you'll endure relentless physical drills, endless shouting, and the occasional "motivational" shove from your drill instructors. It's tough, but manageable—if you don't cry yourself to sleep every night. You'll be sore, exhausted, and questioning every life choice that brought you here, but hey, at least you're not dead yet!

"Hazing Hell" (+200 CP)

Oh, you thought it couldn't get worse? Think again, grunt! For 200 CP, you're now the prime target for every prank, punishment, and humiliating ritual your fellow recruits can dream up. Missing socks? That's on you. Extra laps? Guess who's leading the pack. You'll be the punching bag for every frustrated recruit and the scapegoat for every mistake. If you survive this, you'll be tougher than nails—or broken beyond repair!

"Pyle's Problem" (+400 CP)

You've officially earned yourself a lifelong seat on the Private Pyle Disaster Express! Somehow, someway, no matter what you do in boot camp, you always end up caught in the middle of his constant screw-ups, blunders, and outright bad luck. If Pyle messes up, YOU mess up—if he drops his rifle, somehow yours is missing too. If he's caught goofing off, guess who's suddenly standing next to him looking guilty? That's right—YOU!

"Betrayal Barracks" (+600 CP)

Congratulations, maggot, you've officially hit rock bottom! For 600 CP, your own batchmates have turned on you. Whether it's jealousy, frustration, or just plain cruelty, they've decided you're the enemy within. Expect sabotage, isolation, and **the occasional "blanket party"** when the lights go out. You'll have to fight tooth and nail just to make it through the night, let alone survive the day. If you make it out of this alive, you'll be a hardened warrior—or a walking trauma case!

Jungle Warfare Hell – Vietnam Drawbacks

Listen up, maggot! The following drawbacks don't kick in until your boots hit the ground in Vietnam! Once you deploy, that's when the real suffering starts — so brace yourself, because there's no turning back!

"Marked for Mayhem" (+100 CP)

Alright, maggot, you've officially earned a one-way ticket to Charlie's hit list! For 100 CP, the Vietcong and NVA have singled you out as a priority target. You're not the ONLY one in danger, but whenever they have an opportunity, they'll focus their ambushes, sniper fire, and traps on your sorry hide. You're going to be dodging bullets a lot more than your fellow grunts, and if you let your guard down, you'll be in a world of hurt!

"Hunted Like a Dog" (+300 CP)

Oh, you thought being a priority target was bad? Think again! For 300 CP, Charlie isn't just after you — they're OBSESSED with you! They're tracking your movements, setting up ambushes, and making sure every engagement turns into a nightmare specifically tailored for your suffering. Whether it's punji pits, booby traps, or relentless pursuit through the jungle, you can expect Charlie to go all-in on making sure you NEVER get a moment's peace!

"Artillery Magnet" (+600 CP)

Congratulations, maggot, you've officially become Enemy Number One! For 600 CP, it's no longer just a few skirmishes and sneak attacks—Charlie wants you GONE! Every time you dig in, every time you take cover, the NVA will rain down artillery fire like the wrath of an angry god. The second you set up a position, expect mortars, rockets, and heavy bombardment zeroed in on YOU. Move fast, stay low, and pray to whatever deity you believe in—because if you sit still too long, you'll be nothing but a crater and a memory!

"Running on Fumes" (+100 CP)

Alright, maggot, looks like you're learning the hard way what happens when logistics takes a backseat to bad planning! For 100 CP, your supplies are running thin—ration packs are stretched, ammo counts are concerning, and water? Let's just say you better hope it rains soon! You're not completely helpless, but every fight, every march, and every day in the field comes with the creeping dread of running out of the essentials.

"Bare Bones Battlefield" (+300 CP)

Oh, you thought things couldn't get worse? Think again, grunt! For 300 CP, your situation has gone from "tight" to outright desperate. You're scrounging for scraps, squeezing the last drops from canteens, and counting every bullet like your life depends on it—because IT DOES! Food is minimal, medical supplies are nearly nonexistent, and if your weapon malfunctions, well, better hope you can improvise, because resupply isn't coming any time soon!

"Survival of the Stupid" (+600 CP)

Congratulations, maggot! You've officially entered the realm of suffering where supplies don't exist, desperation is constant, and your fellow soldiers have started eyeing each other with the kind of hunger that no ration pack can satisfy! For 600 CP, not only are your resources completely gone, but every single item—from bullets to bandages—is now a matter of life and death. You'll be bartering, scavenging, and fighting tooth and nail just to stay in the fight. If you don't figure out how to survive, the jungle will chew you up and spit you out!

"Blundering Brass" (+100 CP)

Alright, maggot, welcome to the wonderful world of bad leadership! For 100 CP, your commanding officer is a walking disaster—completely clueless, prone to terrible tactical decisions, and somehow convinced he's the reincarnation of Patton. Orders will be confusing, strategies will be questionable, and you'll spend most of your time trying to survive despite his incompetence. It's frustrating, but at least you've got enough brain cells to work around his mistakes—most of the time!

"Moronic Chain of Command" (+300 CP)

Oh, you thought your last officer was bad? Guess what, grunt—things just got worse! For 300 CP, not only is your direct commander an idiot, but everyone above him is equally useless. Your squad is stuck following orders crafted by the most tactically challenged individuals to ever hold rank. Expect botched missions, pointless objectives, and frequent last-minute changes that make no sense whatsoever. Every operation is a disaster waiting to happen, and you get to be front and center for all of it!

"Endless Parade of Idiocy" (+600 CP)

Congratulations, maggot—you've officially hit the bottom of the barrel! For 600 CP, you will NEVER escape incompetent leadership, no matter what you do. **Fragging your officer**? Won't work—he'll just be replaced by someone equally stupid, or worse. Every order you receive is a death trap, every strategy is suicidal, and every attempt to fix things only leads to more chaos. You will be screaming internally, questioning existence itself, and praying for a miracle that never comes. Welcome to an eternity of suffering at the hands of military stupidity!

Combat Wounds – When the Jungle Bites Back!

Halfway through your first tour, the battlefield stops playing fair — bullets find their mark, shrapnel tears through flesh, and every injury is a brutal reminder that war doesn't care how tough you think you are!

"A Few Scrapes? Walk It Off!" (+200 CP)

Alright, maggot, for 200 CP, you've been introduced to the lovely world of battlefield injuries! You're nursing wounds — bullet grazes, nasty cuts, and maybe a broken bone or two—but nothing that'll keep you out of the fight. Every day is a test of pain tolerance, and every mission forces you to grit your teeth and push through. You'll heal—eventually—but don't expect comfort, because sympathy is in short supply!

"Patchwork Soldier" (+400 CP)

Oh, you thought a few scratches were bad? For 400 CP, you're officially in the realm of serious injuries! You've taken some brutal hits—gunshot wounds, torn muscles, maybe even a limb that doesn't work quite right anymore. The medic does what he can, but you're not walking away from this unscathed. Infection is a constant threat, and every movement feels like a fresh stab of agony. You're still in the fight, but it's clear the battlefield is winning!

"Sent Home in Pieces" (+800 CP)

Congratulations, maggot—you've officially pushed your luck too far! For 800 CP, you get a one-way ticket home, but not in the way you hoped! The war has chewed you up and spit you out, leaving you without your legs and with a lifetime of pain as a souvenir. You won't be seeing combat again, and now the real battle begins — facing the world outside the war with a broken body and a mind full of ghosts. You'll wake up every day knowing Charlie took more than just your fight—he took a part of you that you'll never get back.

The War at Home – Post-Deployment Drawbacks

You may have left the battlefield, maggot, but the war didn't leave you—back home, the fight takes a different form, where judgment, isolation, and ghosts of combat ensure you never truly escape!

"Echoes of the Battlefield" (+100 CP)

Alright, maggot, for 100 CP, you're starting to feel the weight of war creeping into your mind. Nightmares of firefights and ambushes haunt your sleep, and sudden noises make your heart race like you're back in the jungle. It's manageable—for now—but the constant tension is wearing you down. You'll find yourself flinching at shadows and questioning whether the war ever really ended.

"The War Never Ends" (+300 CP)

Oh, you thought a few nightmares were bad? For 300 CP, the horrors of war have taken root in your soul. Every loud sound feels like incoming fire, every crowded room feels like an ambush waiting to happen. You'll struggle to separate reality from the battlefield, and even moments of peace will be shattered by flashbacks that drag you back into the chaos. The war in the jungle is over, but now you're fighting a war in your own mind.

"Prisoner of the Past" (+600 CP)

Congratulations, maggot—you've officially hit the breaking point! For 600 CP, the psychological horror of war has consumed you entirely. You can't sleep without reliving the worst moments of combat, and every waking hour is filled with paranoia, fear, and the overwhelming sense that the enemy is still out there, waiting for you. People start avoiding you, whispering about your erratic behavior and wondering if you're a liability. You're trapped in a never-ending cycle of terror, and the only escape is to keep moving forward—or risk losing yourself completely.

"Cold Shoulders and Side-Eyes" (+100 CP)

Alright, maggot, for 100 CP, you'll get a taste of the frosty reception waiting for you back home. The hippies don't like you, and they're not shy about showing it. Expect dirty looks, whispered insults, and the occasional snide remark about "baby killers" when you're out in public. It's annoying, but manageable—if you've got thick enough skin to ignore the noise.

"Public Enemy in Peacetime" (+300 CP)

Oh, you thought a few insults were bad? For 300 CP, the hate ramps up to full-blown hostility. Protesters will follow you, strangers will shout at you, and even some of your old friends might turn their backs on you. You'll be treated like a walking symbol of everything they despise, and there's no escaping the judgment. Every trip outside feels like a battle, and the home front starts to feel like enemy territory.

"Stateside Nightmare" (+600 CP)

Congratulations, maggot—you've officially hit rock bottom! For 600 CP, the hate and disrespect have reached existential horror levels. You're not just disliked, you're actively despised. Hippies will spit at you, crowds will jeer, and even the local authorities might give you grief. You'll start to wonder if Charlie was easier to deal with than the people you fought to protect. Every moment back home feels like a cruel joke, and you'll wish you could trade the stateside nightmare for the jungle chaos all over again.

Conclusion



Alright, warrior, you've clawed your way through five years of pure, unrelenting hell, and you are no longer the miserable excuse for a grunt that first stepped into this nightmare. You've endured bootcamp brutality, jungle warfare, enemy ambushes, and the war that never truly ends. But you made it. You fought, you bled, and you came out the other side forged in fire and stronger than most men could ever dream. You are now a battle-hardened Marine—respected, feared, and damn near unstoppable. The question is, where do you go from here?

Will you STAY (+1000) in the fight, RETURN HOME (+500 CP), or MOVE ON to the next chapter of your journey? The choice is yours, but wherever you go, one thing is certain—you are no longer a maggot. You are a warrior!

Addendum

Other works by /u/randalReps

Inferno of Elegance: A Flameco Odyssey

Dos Equis: The most interesting man in the world

Married . . . with Children

The Jerry Springer Show

Keeping Up with the Kardashians!

Cryptobros Jumpchain: A Blockchain Adventure!