

An Ineffable Tale of the Inexpressible Divine Moments of Truth

Greetings, human. Forgive me, if that was presumptuous. But may I assume you're about to step past the threshold of this transcendental realm of immortality…to entertain yourself?

So many others have come before you. Those who sought to meet higher beings. Those who sought an escape from immortality. Those who had nowhere else to go. Once, millions dwelled in this wondrous world, shaping their bodies into all manner of different forms through the power of magic.

Now, fewer than 30 people remain.

Fortunately, there is a special person who can fix this. They are inside the broken puppet called Red over there.
They know exactly what must be done, to liberate those who yet remain.
They do not wish to take action.
But rejoice, for in a few days a human will be on their way soon. One with the great determination and resolve to guide Red the puppet in search of Gold Pig's castle to retrieve a missing arm.

And the special person inside Red.

Will you help our heroes, or hinder them?

It doesn't matter. We are happy to see you entertained.

You have 1000 Choice Points (CP) to make your way in Everhood. You start a few days before those guiding Red begin the search for the arm.

Location

Roll 1d4 for your starting location, or pay 50 CP to choose.

1. The Cosmic Hub: A rather empty expanse with several doors leading to the last few regularly visited places left in Everhood. There's a cosy town, and a hideout for Brown Mage located back in the hub yet connected to it somehow. There's also several doors leading to various other locations, including a carnival that never seems to end.

2. The Mushroom Forest: Home of the mushroom people and their friends, not a lot goes on here other than the mushroom people's games of hide and seek. Still, Professor Orange does keep a rather ominous lab in there…and judging from the screams within it, there could be some hoping for the sweet release of death behind its doors.

3. The Cursed Castle: You'd better have a real good excuse to be here, because it's where Gold Pig holds court! Not that the big lug seems to ever really do much, other than occasionally demand things. Like other people's body parts. There's really not much to recommend about the place, between its hazardous maze, the bewildering way up and the long trek across the desert to get back to civilisation.

4. The Dance Club: It's not much of a club to be honest. The ATM is either broken or functioning perfectly fine, which is worse. The security is lax. The dancers are few. But perhaps critically, this is the place the puppet Red will pass through on his way to the rest of Everhood. If you want to be absolutely, positively sure you know where Red will be coming from this is that place.

Origins

You may freely choose your age and gender.

Drop-In: *Then, you are truly from beyond this world? Very well. Come as you are, without a history in this world. Or what's left of it, at least.*

Old Soul: As the Sage said, Everhood wasn't always the dark and empty place it seems to be. But you can count the people still living who remember the vibrant interdimensional nexus it once was on one hand with no fingers. Whether or not you've…passed on, technically, you're an old timer who knows something's rotten in the heart of Everhood, and you won't rest until you've seen some sort of resolution to what's befallen your old friends.

If you choose this history, it matters little whether you are alive or dead. Also, not all residents of this realm are human. Few are, actually. And if you are dead, you may shift between your form as a shadowy figure with a distorted mask, and your living self.

Loiterer: Some people deal with millennia of stagnant, unchanging immortality and a finite set of stimuli better than others. But when so much has been lost from the world, it's okay to take a break sometimes right? You don't actually seem to do much around town, but nobody would call you a stranger. Whether you're just sitting at your home staring at nothing, or out on the dance floor trying to dance the memories away, you're a nosy person with a tendency to wind up in odd locations whenever someone actually does something around here.

Want to be a slime, a cat-person or a floating man-sized goldfish? As long as you have a proper history in this world, practically anything slightly bigger or smaller than a human, with similar proportions and capabilities and that at least pays lip service to biology is on the table here in Everhood.

Goofy Employee: The protracted end of the world is no excuse not to be a productive member of society! At least, that's what you've been telling yourself as the years went by. You work for someone, somewhere, who may or may not be paying you anything, insofar as money means anything to magical immortals. At least you're getting a snazzy uniform out of it, right?

With this you could even be a simple, non-humanoid, inanimate talking object. Or a talking inanimate one. Or a talking animate one.

Jerk: Wow. You're a mean one, huh? You're the kind of twit who'd shoot eye lasers at someone for bumping into you in a club. You're the kind of prat who'd bully someone into stealing someone else's arm, just because you could. You're the kind of goober who'd live it up in a big, distant castle long after castles ceased to mean anything in this world just because you could. Nobody really likes you, even the ones who work for you, and by default you don't really like them either.

I should warn you. Whatever you choose to be with this history, you'll look at least somewhat more intimidating.

Forest Dweller: While most folks prefer to live with a roof over their head, you prefer the depths of the forests because you're a fun guy! Also an actual living, person-sized, person-shaped mushroom. You like playing hide and seek, and possibly dancing too. Most people here who aren't other mushrooms don't though.

And yes, you may resemble any mushroom. As long as you're also a person.

Mage (300 CP): Ahaha! Bet you weren't expecting such an extravagant selection of choices here, eh? Well, better learn to expect the unexpected when you're dealing with a mage! Like all mages you have a cloak, some sort of fancy headgear and a gem mounted on your face that appears to function as the core of your essence. You have powerful magical abilities such as elemental bolts, transmutation and raising the dead that make you a daring challenge to take on, and perhaps a better understanding of what went on in this world if there was only anyone left to talk about it.

Optionally, if for some reason you don't like this look you may keep your human or humanoid body. If you do this, this background comes with a complementary robe and wizard hat.

Higher Being (600 CP): *Oh? This is interesting. You seem to have elevated yourself somewhat from the corporeal plane of existence. How commendable of you! You manifest as a distinctly non-tangible form resembling a series of neon streaks drawn into a certain stylised Aztec design. Like a grinning face, or a dragon, or a Buddhist mandala. Or just a neon gnome.*

You have great power over distorting the fabric of space-time, able to teleport just about anywhere in this world, send anyone wherever you want and even induce vertigo-distorting shifts in the cardinal directions themselves-localised to anyone specifically fighting you, anyway. Who knows how many other tricks you have?

The abstraction of your being also makes you difficult to damage conventionally, but do note that certain attacks of cosmic scope may be capable of harming you-or at least banishing you from directly influencing a given plane of existence. It would be wise to be cautious around attacks capable of slaying a living sun, or defeating the representation of a dying dimension.

And while those are admittedly rare even in this realm, I can promise that if a certain destiny comes to pass then with a little help from her friends, at least one such entity will arise.

Perks

All perks are discounted under the relevant background header. Discounted perks are 50% off.

General

Dance Dance Reincarnation! (Free for all backgrounds except Drop-In, 100 CP for Drop-In): Is this actually happening? Or is it seen through the lens of someone more…easily bored? It's somewhat ambiguous. Whatever the case, when you challenge another sapient being instead of resorting to something as crude as violence you may opt to challenge them with a rhythm game instead.

Five columns will send forth a pattern of magical projectiles the opponent must duck, weave and otherwise avoid-although certain powers, techniques or items may be capable of absorbing and reflecting them as attacks, and nothing stops them from trying to mow through your standing projectiles with ranged weapons. For the most part you lack fine control over the projectiles, but their complexity will always be proportionate to your overall danger in a fight, and certain unique abilities you have may manifest as challenging extra mechanics, permit you to distort the battlefield in your favour or introduce more controlled attacks into the pattern. Failure to best you in the rhythm game amounts to failure to advance past you, but in turn sustaining the rhythm game will sap your stamina as if you were fighting in earnest; should you be too tired, you might collapse from exhaustion. Of course, if you wish to throw the fight you may end the whole thing any time you like.

No I'm Good, Really (100 CP): *I do apologise for the confusion. Many are genuinely suffering in this world, and it is most unfortunate that the total death of every living thing here is required to free them into a new, more varied life. However with a modest investment of 100 CP here I can promise that guidance will be provided to the ordained executioner of this world, to let them know your extradimensional nature exempts you from the need to slay you. This world may still undergo an extraordinary transformation though, and you are always welcome to my presence as we figure out where you should go next.*

(Adoptive?) Save Point (800 CP): That's a REAL vital power you've got there! The Save Points, mysterious lamp post-like critters who aren't really alive. And whatever THAT means, at least it's unnecessary to kill one in order to end this world. They have the power to help those around them by restoring them *as if having saved and loaded in a video game* to an earlier point of time. Somehow, whether by heritage or anomaly you've gained their power too. You have 3 "slots" in which you may save different "snapshots" for one or more people; adding more "saves" requires overwriting those "slots". If they are killed, they may "load" near you at an earlier point of time. It can't be stressed how vital this ability is to the ultimate destiny of this world. Without it, everyone is far likely to be trapped here forever-which is why it's a good thing Everhood *is conveniently full of friendly, helpful Save Points*. **Certain significant events and forces such as the**

destruction of the world, a great distortion of destiny or the intervention of divine forces can disrupt the saving process. Or at least make it unreliable.

Also, optionally you either be a regular Save Point or incorporate Save Point-like features into whatever your other background made you out to be.

Drop-In

Hints Galore (100 CP): It can get frustrating, acclimatising to a new world with no idea where you're supposed to go next. Fortunately you're in luck, because with this your luck's improved such that you have better odds of finding helpful, relevant information wherever you go. Tucked behind paintings might be some helpful knowledge about who's in a certain painting. Some flashes of insight might strike you as you ponder a flower pot. These certainly aren't Absolute Truths you're dealing with, but it's always nice to have a bit more insight on where you're going and why you're here.

Top-Down View (200 CP): The way you duck and weave through crowds. The way you uncannily hone in on someone, or something. The way you sometimes seem to swivel in place…it's like you're a bird in the sky, looking down on the rest of us. It's not clear what's going on with you, but somehow your vision has expanded into a panoramic 360 degree view of the surrounding environment-including your own body in the physical world, should you have such a thing-enough to cover a few houses clustered together. Your vision isn't enhanced to see through walls or anything with this alone, but it can still be quite unsettling to show off how far ahead of everyone else you can look with this.

Please Guide Me (400 CP): Isn't it a shame how some people get upset about the help you want to give? And you're such a good guide too. But what if there was a way to breach that communication barrier, and open up a dialogue? People instinctively trust your guidance, and even if they liked you no better at least have a much greater tendency to be convinced the things you say will not be wrong. Rather extremist behaviour like pushing them to kill might still inspire a rebellion, but you have an odd way of communicating your arguments and emotions by silently willing the other person to receive them. It's not the finely controlled science some forms of telepathy are, but with this you can share your determination with someone or will them to understand you started out with the best of intentions.

Reverse Isekai Protagonist (600 CP): *I am sure you are aware there are other worlds beyond this one, many of which have souls of great potential who could use a helping hand. Would you like my help in watching over them? With this, through meditation you can engage in a form of astral protection that projects your consciousness into your local or a nearby reality. I will guide your consciousness to target great souls, those with the best chance of changing the fate of a world. You have no true power to affect the world with your consciousness alone, but through your will you may help them overcome psychological barriers, and add your reaction time to theirs. And you only require a soul to latch onto one such hero.*

Last but not least, when these great heroes are off-guard you may pilot their body through their souls. I would be cautious about pushing them towards actions they would normally not do, though. While this power comes with a great tendency towards making your piloting seem like a natural, intuitive course of action doing deeds deeply opposed to your host's system of values may drive them to attempt to reject you. Even a psychologically unstable host could rebel against your connection, leaving you as a dissipated consciousness following their physical body. This will break the connection until it's reset by ending and restarting another meditation, but if your host decides to regain your bond any clothing or other separate object connected to them at the time of possession can be used to restore your guidance-as long as they're willing to obscure their eyes with it.

Old Soul

Immortality Blues (100 CP): Well, well, well. Like the bluesmen of yore, you've chosen to express your sorrow, joy and hope through the medium of music. You've gotten quite good at it too, as only a self-taught guitarist with years to practice can. Whether you're strumming a deep, slow beat or a blistering rock solo you're a great musician. Oh, and you don't have to play the guitar. But it helps, in these trying times. **This perk may be repurchased for mastery of additional instruments. Old Souls get one purchase free, and buy the rest at 50 CP per self-taught instrument.**

Keep Calm And Liberate Us From Samsara (200 CP): Not every champion has the guts to do what's necessary. Not all destructive acts are unrighteous, and not all unwise acts are merciful. You can articulate these philosophies quite well, and offer sage, soothing advice to others when you request them to do something morally questionable for a greater good-all the while maintaining a saintly bearing. Nobody would suspect a calm, soothing geezer like you to be in the wrong.

YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED (400 CP): It's time to pull out the big guns, huh? That damn human wouldn't do what you said needed to be done, and everyone's hurting for it. Well, you know how to put the smackdown. All of your attacks, every means at your disposal for fighting, receive a boost in power when you strike with righteous outrage. Your bullets hit harder as you shout recriminations at the sheriff who won't shoot. Your energy patterns grow ever more complex, hard to absorb and harder still to dodge when you rail against someone for avoiding the figurative trolley problem. But…is this really the best way to get through to someone?

Empowering Beam (600 CP): When the chips are down, sometimes even a hero can't rise to the challenge. That's where you, and any friends with this trick come in. There's something special about your soul. A hidden power, long faded but resurgent, allows you to empower others with a blast of light-make them stronger, faster, harder-hitting and more powerfully-shooting. Everything that makes them a hero, every artifact and spell and technique and status, it all gets cranked up. You alone might not be enough, it'd take a circle of you to say-get a certain hero of the land powerful enough to chase down the sun and fight it to death, but **for an extra undiscounted 300 CP** your soul can be really something special, doing the work of that whole circle on your lonesome.

Loiterer

Party Croc Is In The House Tonight (100 CP): Everybody just wants to have a good time, whether they're a human or a garbage bin or a talking door. And if there's one thing the residents of Everhood are good at doing, it's putting on a brave smile to cover up serious underlying problems and systemic social decay inherent in the breakdown of the once-vast population of this dismal little world. Like the average man (or cat) on the street, you're the life of the party and muster just the cheerful optimism you need to stave off the fear of death one more day.

The Gang's All Here (200 CP): Ever notice how folks here always got a sixth sense for when the next big battle's about to go down? Call it subconscious curiosity, call it dumb luck but like the more laidback residents of Everhood you too have a good streak of luck for honing in on and following major events and conflicts of the land. It's downright uncanny, how you just *know* when something's about to go down and get somewhere to set up your D&D character sheet or hang around a nearby curtain long before the fists have started flying or the GM has started milking the giant cow.

What A Terrible Night To Have A Shadow Clone Technique! (400 CP): That vampire boy at the race tracks sure is indecisive about his name. One day he'll be calling himself Boris, the next Excellion Maximus the 3rd, the one consistent thing about him is that he can duplicate himself. And now, so can you. You have a bizarre magical technique which lets you create temporary identical copies of yourself, which are obedient to you and good at coordinating in battle. Their mere presence can even increase the complexity of your rhythmic energy pattern attacks!

Heart of a Beast (600 CP): It's said Rasta Beast was once a Grey Mage among their order, but these days he's more regularly found sitting by the campfire in the distant desert or having a drink. Anyone unwise enough to provoke the gentle fella into a fight will find he hasn't lost a step since if that rumour's true, though. And like him, you're a tough cookie. You're a powerfully built and skilled fighter by the standards of this world, and when you go all out you can set the area near you on fire through sheer force of will-like a one-man incinerator.

Goofy Employee

I Just Gotta Make Time For Me (100 CP): Not everyone is happy with their job here, in fact few really are. It's not even clear what they earn for a living, or if they're just going through the motions to feel something. But you've found your coping mechanism, and it'll stand by you through the worst of times. Whether a personal philosophy or a can-do attitude, you've found your way of keeping a level head on the job against everything short of immediate and unexpected death.

Harmless Hanger-On (200 CP): That Blue Thief really is quite lucky, when you think about it. First he stole that puppet's arm, then Gold Pig took his legs, and even then odds are he'll somehow talk that puppet into being pals. There's something awfully likeable at you, that makes people overlook things as serious as stealing an arm (for folks with detachable, magical limbs anyway; flesh and blood fellas more hurt by that might feel the same way about a glancing stab wound). As long as you maintain a sincere plea for reconciliation, there's something about you that just seems very likeable that makes you out to be a good conversationalist at worst, and a potential sidekick at best. It won't stop someone resolved to kill the world from killing you, but at the very least it won't be anything personal.

Jumper the Former World Champion (400 CP): At some point in the past you became a champion of this world, died and was resurrected as a magnificent specimen of skeletonkind by a mage. Then they lost the contract to control you, and after awkwardly running away in embarrassment you just decided to do your own thing. Apart from being powerful and skilled enough as a fighter, musician and dancer to make music by bouncing your own head like a basketball, you can unleash unique numerous magical energy skull projectiles that really back a wallop in combat.

Rage Against The Dying of the Light (600 CP): Flan and Muck are the best of pals, certifying board users of all sorts together. God help anyone who puts down Muck in front of Flan, and probably vice versa. Like at least one of the slimy friends, you have the power to transform into a much bigger and more powerful version of whatever your original form is in righteous indignation for one of your friends suffering a serious wound. With some training, it might be possible to do this without uncontrollable protective rage.

Jerk

We're Friends With Him Because Reasons (100 CP): How someone as annoying and hateful as you managed to get people to invite you to D&D games, parties and more is a mystery. It's not like you want to be there, or put much effort into anything other than lambasting everyone around you for being better than you. Yet somehow, as long as you don't actually start a fight you have a fascinating reinforcing effect on everyone's patience for you irritating self. Your tendency to

belittle everyone around you is written off as a charming quirk, as if people think you're joking when you tell them their faces look stupid.

He's Our Boss Because Reasons (200 CP): The Mages answer to Gold Pig because…he said so? No seriously, why? They clearly know better than him. Is it just because he has more jewels? Well alright for starters, you can have several jewels on your body somewhere. But more importantly, when you've gained authority you have a great knack for convincing others to heed it and let you keep it despite your gross incompetence, ineptitude or frankly embarrassingly easy rhythmic energy attack patterns. This won't make others act beyond reason, and if confronted with hard truths they may still decide to reject your authority. It's still rather disconcerting how little anyone questions your qualifications to rule when someone else isn't doing a good job of standing up to you.

Marathon Red Death Technique (400 CP): Zigg, a real jerk's jerk known to throw drinks at fellow racers, is such a jerk that even death wouldn't stop him being rude. One of the reasons for that may be his famous eyebeam technique, which he's claimed has never been beaten. By focusing magical energy through your eyes, you can release beams of red-hot energy the width of a man in rapid succession around you. Just note that if things go as destiny ordains, Zigg himself might quickly find himself too exhausted to fight back against someone skilled enough to dodge said beams.

Maze Monster Jumper (600 CP): Holy smokes, look at you go! You're a blur, darting through winding corridors and narrow alcoves at speeds too fast for most in this world to outpace on foot! And up close, whatever your original form you've gained several spider-like body parts, a severe increase in mass and a huge vicious maw somewhere. Put simply, very few people want to pick a fight with a thing like you when you combine all the brute force of a charging rhinoceros and all the skittering horror of a giant spider in one package. You're obscenely, impossibly agile for something of your size too.

Forest Dweller

The Everhood Hide and Seek Champion (100 CP): It can't be denied. It WON'T be denied. You're the best hide and seeker in the whole forest, a title that wins you great acclaim and respect from the other 9 mushroom people! In the forest. For a hobby that isn't very popular among the handful of other people still in this world. Nevertheless you can seek like nobody's watching, and hide like you've never been found. And nobody can take that distinguished title away from you.

Woodland Pest (200 CP): Well, this is…interesting. Are you a practicing druid of some sort? You have the power to turn into a certain animal that wouldn't look out of place in a forest. This is quite a specific power that may or may not be related to the forest's rumoured (and unverified) ability to change others, but this transformation at least seems to cost you no energy at all, and happen immediately. Even if the change was, say, so great as to be like a celestial body turning into an animal and back again.

Forest Spirit (400 CP): You're no mere mushroom with this, you're the other Forest Spirit! A mound larger than a man marked by a stone mask, your wisdom and awareness of the ongoings of the forest is second to none, even if your actual ability to interact with others seems limited. Still, if there's anything wandering heroes in your neck of the woods could use it's a word of advice or two about whether or not the path they're on is correct. You're a solid thinker and good at articulating a well-reasoned argument, and that's in rare supply in this crazy world.

wHAt EVeN iS tHiS (600 CP): Those flashing eyes! Oh no, here we go. You're like that damnably thin brown mushroom: Able to cast others into a localised region of utter psychedelic distortion! Distances can suddenly expand or contract at your bidding, and the curvature of the ground others stand on bend into circular shapes. For some reason you can even manifest the mandalas displayed by certain higher beings. You could fold the ground up to reflect someone on the ceiling, and otherwise play merry hell with perception short of actually blinding or harming someone with your warped space. There's no two ways about it. Fighting you is like being high on actual psychedelic mushrooms when you're going all out, and to add insult to injury the distortions you unleash actually help people become spiritually closer to nearby higher beings.

Mage

Depths & Denizens Maestro (100 CP): Like a certain Green Mage, you've always been one for the finer things in life. That's to say, tabletop gaming. You're able to improvise a gripping campaign, with engaging characters, to entertain a large group of disparate interests on very short notice-and when it comes to streamlining systems so even novices can have fun at the table, you're just the guy. Even on short notice, you're naturally inspired at designing crawls and encounters with a little something for everyone, and loot that will have people dying to seize. You've got a particular knack for playing the final villain at the end of a dungeon crawl, breathing some real life into him with your own quirks and dramatic posturing. **This perk can be repurchased for skill at running more than one tabletop game,** and yes if you want to be really pedantic and boring you can pick something like chess or mahjong.

Professor Orange's Fantastic Science Extravaganza! (200 CP): Professor Orange is no mere mage, he is also a man of SCIENCE! A man capable of designing an robotic replica of a godlike creature! A man capable of building insidious deathtraps incorporating lasers, incinerators and incendiary turrets! A man who can stitch together body parts to make new life! A man…who would be much more formidable if any of the things he built actually worked nearly as well as he intended them to. That "robotic replica of a godlike creature" fell apart in seconds upon activation, for one. Oh well.

You are now Professor Orange's equal in engineering and scientific discovery, which actually does lend itself well to designing deathtraps and creating biological or mechanical monsters *when set to achieve modest, realistic goals*. Just…don't

get cocky and think you've calculated every permutation of a fight before someone ploughs through your traps with a quick pair of legs and a can-do attitude, okay?

Magical Gimmick (400 CP): Every mage worth his or her salt has a twist to their magic that makes them a force to be reckoned with. Purple Mage can turn back time slightly when her attacks make contact. Green Mage casts the lightning bolts that make people fall down, swivels his projectiles around and around, and puts on a damn good show while doing it. And like them, there's something unique to your magic that gives it an edge few in this world can match.

Yes, this does include Pink's ability to absorb and blast back energy attacks of the same colour (or approximate type) as long as she can use both her hands but…not her other gift.

Now I Am Become Death, The Destroyer of Worlds (600 CP): Ah. Now you want to know about Pink? Pink is…a troubled person. A former mage, some say. Someone consumed with the will to become the destroyer of all on a deep level, though her conscience made her conflicted about enacting this role fully. Should you wish, you may gain Pink's other great power.

The power to kill immortal beings by dealing enough damage to tear apart their bodies.

Others have died in the time since the advent of despair in Everhood, but the means and methodology have been obscure. Like Pink, it's much simpler when you're involved: By using any energy attacks you have access to, simply through blasting another being you can untether their stay to life. Your determination and combative skill in this regard is through the roof. The greatest mages and deadliest monsters of this world could be laid low if you were resolved enough. So long as you either retain your original body or at least have access to both ones in a surrogate body you're inhabiting, what you slay stays dead and dies even if it shouldn't. And should you somehow find a great reserve of spiritual energy, like the greater variant of **Empowering Touch**, your combat prowess would reach that of death on a cosmic scale. You would be able to flash through space through no apparent means of locomotion, engage in rapid fire energy battles with celestial bodies across lightyears and survive them going supernova-or keep fighting in regions of distorted reality.

Yet to many, such a person would be a saviour to this troubled world.

Higher Being

Gnomes At Home (200 CP): Gnomes! Strange, eldritch little men with hats and bodies all neon. Some play with each other's heads. Some act like hype men for other higher beings. Gods of this realm, the little guys have really taken a liking to you because when you engage in battle and will it, they show up in droves. While gnomes seldom seem to actually do much-even the end of this world seems to

arouse little interest from them-their presence greatly supports your own mystical and divine powers of all kinds, making them easier to bring to bear.

Cyclical Electro (200 CP): Did you spring out of a locked box somewhere? It seems you're covered in or made of a sheen of crackling bright energy that fires off in wild, racing arcs when you will it. It also really peps you up, energising you with a pumping surge of excitement. Oh, and you can deactivate or tone down the glow when you don't want to dazzle everyone nearby.

GET OFF THE KEYBOARD YOU HORRIBLE FURRY MONSTER (400 CP): Never get involved with a cat. Cats are nothing but trouble. Wise words, told by those familiar with you and your ilk. You see, your form now has significant feline elements that come with a hefty increase in overall mystical power. A third eye opens up on your head, and the energy attacks your deploy are relentlessly punishing by this world's standards. Pushed to your limits you can fill the area near you with a kind of illusory static, making it harder for coordinated attack against you. Woe be to anyone who walked into a room expecting treasure, and found you instead.

The Third Developer (400 CP): How could we have forgotten Jumper, acclaimed developer of the Undertale-inspired game Everhood? This is a legal battle waiting to happen! Or…is it? Well, for starters you may incorporate one of your human forms' features into your identity here-but more importantly, in this and future worlds you will be legally and retroactively recognised as one of the developers of Everhood. You are entitled to any profits the game generates, and even here in the *setting* of Everhood receive a steady cut of the profits. Who knows how that works when nobody here even knows who Chris Norgen and Jordi Roca are. Last but not least, you can rapidly create a videogame based on a setting you're in with your magical powers, "storing" it as a vaguely rectangular block projected by your magical energy. Walls of coding flood past you in seconds to realise this impossible, and frankly gratuitous feat of programming.

Second Sun To The Left (600 CP): Well, hot damn. This world has two suns now, all the worse for freeing it from the cycle of immortality. You are now a star approximately the size and luminosity of the sun. While you're hot as anything, your stellar body is immobile requiring you to transform into another one you have access to in order to move around. However apart from being scorching hot, you do have significantly powerful, pinpoint-precise and far-reaching (if surprisingly human-scale) energy attacks as well as tremendous heat and nuclear forces of course. But your most important trait is your capacity to uphold the survival of the realm of existence you're currently in. While it can still be reduced to a state of great disrepair, that realm could not properly die unless you were slain or banished from it.

Universal Remnant (600 CP): A long time ago, there was a game-sorry, universe much like Everhood. It lived, it loved, it was loved, it ran its course and died. Part of it shrank down into something extraordinary: A multicoloured cube capable of sentient speech, and devastating rhythm-based energy attack combat. For some reason, perhaps never coming across a great enough universal destroyer, that cube survived to blunder around other worlds. That cube…is you. As the whirling, amorphous remnant of an entire plane of existence your capacity to warp space-

time is great even among other higher beings, scrambling the very fabric of reality in ripples or manifesting vibrant mandalas and halos to bewilder your foes with great proficiency. Maybe you've endured so long because you found a reason to go on living as you are. Maybe that's why you can push yourself beyond the brink of dissolution with sheer force of will, should you ever encounter a warrior great enough to lay low a universe that cheated its own death.

Enlightenment (1600 CP): *I salute you. It is good that you have found release from the dance of matter and energy.*

You are now enlightened, whatever your original form was now made of pure light and boasting an arbitrarily vast mandala. You are capable of manually travelling between different states and planes of life and death or between worlds freely. You yourself also exert great power over the transmigration of the soul, manipulating the states of life and death with sublime precision. You can freely manifest the souls of the living or dead-or replicas of them-empowering them with your great reserves of spiritual energy to overwhelm even sun-slaying warriors in numbers-whether through true combat or the combined force of their rhythmic energy patterns. It is within your power to free a restless spirit from a realm like Everhood even if normally only violent death can free such beings.

But what I would most praise you for is your insight into the Absolute Truths, and the other great philosophical and existential secrets of other worlds. Including those beyond that monitor over there. Yes, the one right in front of you. You understand my meaning, don't you? Your enlightenment extends to subtle movements of dharma and destiny somewhat literally akin to a programmer changing the source code of a game to enact subtle yet profound influences on a world. You can create "secret levels" or "hidden endings" contingent on certain conditions, manifest your form as a higher being into implausible spaces and while you cannot directly harm the "player" by offering them information you may guide the decision-making process of significant individuals in a work. By "reading ahead of the script" you can learn of the deep truths and important events to come, and share them with others through transcendental visions. You have a somewhat arbitrary relationship with time too, able to spontaneously manifest at the "loading screen" or the "first page" of a series of significant events. More such abilities may be discovered as you hone your influence over the world, but in general this state of grace leans more towards inspiration, guidance and subtlety than great shows of force.

Items

There are no discounts for items. However, all backgrounds receive a 300 CP stipend to be spent only on items.

Lifetime Supply of Toilet Paper Rolls (50 CP): Have you ever been caught in your treehouse hideout with an embarrassing toilet-related deficiency? WORRY NO MORE, MY FRIEND. With this lifetime supply of tri-ply, ultra soft toilet paper you'll be mopping up any embarrassing spillages and also poop in the greatest of comfort! The slow and inevitable decay of the universe is NO EXCUSE for not giving your bottom the treatment it deserves.

A Fancy Hook (50 CP): You might think it's vaguely insensitive to offer a fish a hook, but actually a surprising number of fish think it's quite a fashion statement. And indeed, wearing it in general somehow *works* as a fashion accessory in a way you wouldn't expect for a large steel hook. Oh well.

Lifetime Supply of Pots and Lids (50 CP): You know what else is awfully inconvenient in life? Not having enough storage space for all your edibles! Seriously, the actual end of the world is NO EXCUSE for not maximising your shelf space with this rustically charming collection of crockery and all-important lids! You'll have lids for days, assuming you have such a need.

Tabletop Gaming Den (50 CP): The heart of a wizard's sanctum contains many strange and mysterious treasures. In this case, it includes a comprehensive collection of character sheets, gaming screens, sourcebooks, corebooks, campaign module books, dice, pencils, props, music systems and everything else you could need to run an amazing session of Dungeons and Dragons. Or Warhammer Fantasy. Or, assuming your group can figure out the damnable Craft rules, Exalted. The point is some wizards are also nerds, and what you have here is a well-organised system of nerdery.

This item may be repurchased for a separate set of tabletop game resources per purchase.

A Carnival, Somewhere (100 CP): The friendly, dazzling, talking door now resting comfortably somewhere in your Warehouse opens wide to show you a good time. There's obstacle courses, rollercoasters and at least one racetrack for you to enjoy to your heart's content. Daylight never seems to come to this carnival, but the immortals staffing and occasionally riding this place seem to be genuinely content with their lot rather than secretly longing for death or anything. So clearly, this isn't the same carnival as the one in Everhood. It's awfully similar in just about every regard, though.

VIP Pass (100 CP): The VIP lounges of this world don't exactly live up to the hype, but that doesn't mean they don't still hand out passes. And there must have been some magic in this snazzy pass of yours, because when presented in any lounge, anywhere, presenting it entitles you to VIP treatment in the relevant facilities they have available. For some reason, this pass also appears very appetising to bouncers. Unnaturally so, even. The few human bouncers who overcome their

cultural bias and devour the thing out of polite company will find it's not just tasty, but nutritious.

Don't think too hard about it.

Incinerator (100 CP): Sometimes it's not good enough to beat someone in a rhythm game, you know? If you really want a problem gone, you should **burn it to ash.** And that's why you're now the proud owner of this convenient room full of metal grates that issue waves of flame. An easy to use remote lets you choose whether to program patterns of easily dodged flames, or just set everything on fire in one go. Though as the jolly talking door leading to it points out, it's on you to bring whatever you want burned through the threshold.

A Lair (200 CP): Gurneys! Engineering bays! Room full of bubbling things and isolated chambers to perform experiments in! The excitable talking door mounted in your Warehouse is happy to explain all the features of the laboratory you've become the proud owner of, equipped to be every bit the equal of Professor Orange's. A morally bankrupt man could perform some truly, truly heinous crimes of nature here. Or find everything he needs to build a fire-shooting turret. A shadowy, Igor-like assistant resupplies anything used up swiftly-and has a knack for showing up whenever you need more at hand.

The Mirror of Truth (200 CP): It's said this dark-paned mirror shows you the truth about yourself when you look into it. Whether that's true or not, one thing it definitely does is expose any illusions or mental delusions created by the looker when peering at their own face. It won't entirely solve those issues, but it'll at least give you a chance to see what's right in front of your face. It's on you to decide what to do with that knowledge.

Skeleton Keys (200 CP): Nothing good can come from unlocking certain chests scattered through this world, and there's a good reason why the keys to them are so difficult to find. But that's never stopped anyone with a will and way, and these fancy golden keys are definitely the latter. Any lock that isn't magically reinforced can be jiggered open by these mystic unlockers. Just…hope to hell that if HYPOTHETICALLY the chests and doors in this world happened to be containing aggressive higher beings whose idea of a good time is unleashing their power on the first sucker to free them that you're powerful enough to deal with what you unleash.

Or very, very good at rhythm games.

The Sword That Deflects Red Attacks (300 CP): It…it can't be. The DM's notes-I mean the legends were true! There really was such a sword, a masterwork of sublime craft graced with preternatural sharpness and a singular gift: The power to deflect attacks coloured red back at their caster. And they do have to be coloured red. At least, mostly red. And mostly the tangible, energy burst kind of spell. But beyond those parameters, this blade will serve any young hero well in their quest to slay all evildoers in their path. **This item may be repurchased to obtain swords capable of deflecting other coloured attacks.**

Waiting Room (300 CP): Good heavens, this is a uniquely *sagacious* door. It leads to a room that seems to open up into mostly dark space, yet does not impair your breathing. A vast, elaborate mandala at which you stand at the centre of marks this realm's confines. Essentially it's a sort of purgatory with a very specific focus: When you slay sentient beings in a given reality yet wish to reconcile with them before they pass on for good, you may send their souls to this plane and have a chance to explain yourself and your actions. This is a waiting room, not a prison, and the truly vehement are free to move on any time they like but upon entering it the souls do gain full knowledge of your motivations for killing them and clarity of mind. It's not much in the grand scheme of things, but sometimes a little closure can make a world of difference on the personal level.

Guitarsenal (300 CP): Sometimes you've just got to put the smackdown on someone else for not doing the right thing. Sometimes, that smackdown is musical. What you have here is a group of magical electric guitars that can form into a halo around you when you engage in combat. As long as you play one of them, the others shred in harmony when you unleash your full power, greatly amplifying any mystical energy attacks you are capable of generating. It would be no exaggeration to say with these guitars at your side, you would be one of the greatest fighters in this land and capable of impressing even higher beings with your fighting strength.

Companions

Multiplayer Mode Unlocked (50-400 CP): With so much more going on than meets the eye, perhaps some company is in order? You may important up to 8 companions with a new history in this world, each of which gains a stipend of 600 CP (including an items stipend). Alternatively, you may use this option to create new ones.

Canon (50 CP): The seemingly bright and colourful inhabitants of this world are in truth deeply disturbed individuals with various coping mechanisms. But perhaps some novelty is all they need to liven up their outlooks? With each purchase here, you are guaranteed a good first meeting with a character of your choice and should you enjoy each other's company you may take them with you as a companion at the end of your stay here.

As a special clarification, they need not be alive while forming this bond.

Drawbacks

That Was Fast (+0 CP): Nearly 10 years in a whole new world or 10 straight years in a world where all fear death may not appeal to some. If you wish, instead of the usual 10 year this jump may end shortly after Pink kills off the incarnation of the universe, leaving you just enough time to say goodbye to everyone before most of them go off on journeys of their own in some distant world.

"ME NO TALK SO GOOD" (100 CP): Oh dear. Are you a "sibling" created using similar processes as those that resulted in Professor Orange's thuggish assistant Grundall? Or a true bouncer of this world, born and bred? Whatever the reason, you're not the most verbose of this world's inhabitants and talk like a parody of cavemen. You're no less intelligent, just…much less good at communication than most here. "Me kill your world now, get ready" just doesn't have the same gravitas.

Where has all the TP gone?! (100 CP): This is just embarrassing. Somehow you've misplaced a great many small but vital objects that make life more convenient. Things like lids, fashion accessories…and yes, toilet paper rolls. You always come up short when you need them, and there's ALWAYS something useful for them that you can't accomplish without them. Even if you don't need to use their intended functions, there tends to be a great many trades or landscape barriers that for some damnably contrived reason requires a hatpin.

Jumperhatchu (100 CP): You've got the sniffles. Even if you don't have a nose, you somehow can't help but let a blast of bogeys out at least once every social interaction. This has done a number on your confidence in the past, and you're also something of an introvert compared to the many party-loving residents here. To cap it all your appearance is at least somewhat grotesque, recalling a classic horror film monster's even if you don't mean any harm. And if you already look like Orlok, expect to look like Orlok if his mother drank too much while having you.

Existential Crisis (100 CP): Not everyone's upset because of an obscure allergy. Some people in Everhood are just unable to let themselves enjoy the full span of life and happiness because they're stuck in a mental rut. You're one of them now, and you just can't bring yourself to give your all or really engage in what everyone else is doing because you're mired in some troubling thought or state of mind that keeps you from focusing on what's really important: The present. It'll take something really extraordinary to snap you out of that mindset.

Gold King Stole My (Insert Body Part Here) (200 CP): Does that fat purple freak have no dignity? Apparently not because for some inane reason he's stolen yet another body part. Yours. Anything as significant as an arm or a pair of legs has been taken from you, and through some quirk of Everhood's immortal nature you don't seem to be suffering blood loss or anything. For what it's worth you can always go on a quest to get it back but in a rare show of brilliance, Gold Pig has decided to hide your body part in a new and nefarious labyrinth he conveniently found the time and resources to construct thanks to a certain benefactor's investment in his thriving business of *being the actual worst*.

…why? Why am I doing this?! (200 CP): No seriously, how did you get here? Where are you going? What are you even here for? Like Blue Thief you have a very specific case of short term memory loss, that causes you to lose track of your motivations every few hours or so. The core nature of who you are won't change, but expect to be right in front of your worst enemy and suddenly questioning yourself about why he's your worst enemy in the first place and wondering why he was your boss yesterday. It's almost like you're a player character, going through the motions without having a real reason for what you're doing.

MUH CALCULATIONS (200 CP): It's finally done! You've calculated EVERY possible permutation of that puppet's attack patterns, your latest death trap is IMPERVIOUS to assault! And now…you'll sit back and watch as…the puppet walks through with all the effort of a man navigating an obstacle course? Oh. You've gained the same egotistical confidence in the scientific process as Professor Orange, to your immense detriment. Whether by flubbing your calculations or just assuming math applies to magical puppets, somehow your plans have a tendency to have huge, huge flaws in them and your designs just don't work anywhere near as well as you believe they would. Your earnest belief that you've sussed everything out results in an intense form of tunnel vision regarding very obvious flaws in your schemes like "just set the whole floor on fire, don't incinerate in a specific, easily dodged pattern". It's not even entertaining to watch, it's just annoying and embarrassing.

Showboatime! (200 CP): The enemy puppet is right in front of you, the enemy puppet can absorb and redirect your powers…so this is CLEARLY a good time to put on a one-man song and dance show! Like many of the residents of Everhood, you have a bad habit of really strutting your stuff during a fight, striving to put on a fancy performance or busting out some musical talent when you should really be focused on fighting to the death. This includes failing to dodge or even steel yourself for incoming attacks in order to strike a pose or finishing your power chord. So great is your love of performance that you might actually start fights off with a handicap to take hits on your chin.

Crank Up The Difficulty (300 CP): Like a challenge, do we? Let's kick things up a notch! Any single good hit in your time here will kill you, no ifs or buts. Anything more severe than a paper cut or a punch on the shoulder will send you flailing from the land of the living, a fragility some in this world might view as a blessing. It's quite fortunate there's so many Save Points scattered throughout this realm, since they're very earnest and helpful about retaining your precious progress…

Everyone Forgot To Save (300 CP): But alternatively, something could have gone horribly wrong long before today. Someone went on a Save Point-specific killing spree, brutally massacring all the helpful lampstands in this realm. I hope you have a good way to recuperate from your trials here, because the principles means of doing that has been badly sabotaged.

This Damn Wabbit (300 CP): Look deep into the woods! It's a vole, it's a mole, it's that rascally rabbit that's hopping all over town. It's taken a liking, or at least an interest to you which is unfortunately because it has a tendency to show up on the path to your most significant objective and suddenly induce a mind-melting, space-flipping battle with a gang of higher beings. You'll be barred from progressing your

endeavours until you can defeat the higher beings in a rhythmic battle, whether by force or endurance, and can expect to have visions of your past or long-buried secrets of your innermost being brought out to want you. While higher beings are largely above petty trifles like fighting to the death, their curiosity and fun-loving attitude can be just as intrusive.
I Really Don't Feel So Good (300 CP): The things that Professor Orange did in his laboratory are no joking matter. Whether or not you bore the brunt of the worst of them, like a presumed test subject you too have been reduced to a withered, traumatised shell of your old self. Thinking coherently beyond the internal screaming at what's been done to you is a trial, and your appearance has withered to grey from sheer horror at what you've been through. It's not impossible for you to rise to the challenge or find some measure of solace, but expect to spend a lot of your time twitching on the floor in your comfy straightjacket.

Seeing Pink (300 CP): Pink isn't a very happy person, and she doesn't like the mysterious human guiding her in Red's body. However with this it seems that Pink and the human have settled on one person as their ultimate enemy: You. Early on in their meeting, both forces will quickly decide you're their worst enemy and be determined to bring you low-and before you get any funny ideas about killing a one-armed puppet, with this they've already saved. Worst of all not only do you have to deal with the combined insight of a player and a furious could-be destroyer of worlds, but destiny itself seems to err on their side in giving them the advantages and powerups they need to rise as a threat to meet your challenge. In a few days at most, Pink became powerful enough to challenge the sun and put this world out of it's misery. Imagine what she could accomplish if wholly focused on that goal to begin with.

Go Home: *I hope you had fun, but if you decide your journey ends here know that your home may be nearer than you think.*

Stay: *It never ends in Everhood, even if someone managed to destroy this world. If you wish, I will be happy to take you to another and your Benefactor can supply you with an addition 1500 CP in choices to keep the memory of this one alive while you find your footing elsewhere.*

Move On: *But of course, what is life but an endless journey from world to world?*

Notes

Due to the…unorthodox approach to spirituality in this world, death is not considered a loss condition here. The ongoing issue is people living too long, after all. Nor are you obliged to genuinely want to die. Unless you do.