World Conversion to RPG System Jump

Is your world boring? Is it not giving you enough bang for your Buck? Spice it up with a System Universe Conversion (Though it starts at just one world.) Choose from one of the System Seeds to get precisely which system mechanics you desire. What is picked will take the place of in-world physics. If you feel really creative, you may design your own from scratch and apply that.

If you choose not to take any drawbacks, the world will have a pretty painless changeover. People choosing new races, dungeons not attacking outside of their dimensions, and countries gaining access to faction controls allowing things to pass through painlessly. Governments will have to designate mob spawning grounds within six months, or they will start spawning randomly.

Here is [1000cp] to help you survive, or [3000cp] if you are daring enough for it.

World Conversion.
Your world doesn't feel...right. What's more, is you catch odd things in the corner of your eye. Screens and stat bars overtop people and animals telling you arbitrary numbers like health, stamina, etc. If that wasn't crazy enough, massive mana explosions are occurring all over the place.

Random people are gaining powers out of fiction and are capable of destroying buildings and large swaths of the countryside with nuclear-like fireballs and lightning bolts from their fingertips at the extreme end, depending on what level you choose. Monsters and other races are spawning across the land, destroying or fortifying everything that crosses their path. Needless to say, things just aren't how they should be, and thankfully for you, you make it through alright because you are the protagonist.

Slowly, the world as you know it is turning into those RPGs you love so much, but unlike most people, you're fully prepared. You know just exactly how to survive and how to thrive despite these changes. Of course, there will be others who are just as well adjusted, if not more so, but unlike them, you can't die as easily. Still, with everything you know and love thrown upside-down, you should definitely tread carefully, lest you let your hubris get the best of you.

Reasons for Conversion

May choose more than one

Divine Will [0cp]

The gods found a way back into the world and imposed this System. While you do not receive points for it, this will be a smooth and painless way of System Introduction.

Magic is BACK + [**100cp**]
Magic was gone for a long time, slowly vanishing during the Dark Ages due to lack of belief. Now, thanks to Role-Playing Games being well known, that belief is coming back. Because of this fact, it is easier for everyone to understand what is happening.

Overabundance of Mana + [**200cp**]
Not enough people using Magic caused it to gain a mind of its own and impose the System by its own will. It achieved this by utilizing the ideas from video games and books. While this Introduction will be a bit rough, the end goal of magic is to be used to preserve the lives of the people who wield it.

End of an Era + [**300cp**]
There is an ebb and flow to magic like the tides. Magic coming back each time incorporates ideas from the era before it. This time it happens to be game system mechanics, which is suitable for someone as familiar with those as you.

Do you see all those myths and legends of elves, dwarves, dragons, and things that go bump in the night? They were exiled to a parallel world, which, while survivable, is not nearly as good as **our** own. However, they will do their best to take their place in our society.

Invasion + [**400cp**]
With the discovery of Earth by a galactic council/federation/union. They forced the System onto you by buying up cities for real estate so they could have a stranglehold on Earth for an exp and loot farming monopoly.

Dungeon Planet + [**600cp**]
Turns out, someone out there or up above really hates us and has turned us into a Dungeon Planet. High-level mobs are spawning inside cities, and people are randomly turning into other races. It is complete chaos with massive panic, and people are dying in droves.

Insane Difficulty + [**800cp**]
The system imposed is one for masochists only. EXP and monetary rewards are reduced to a third, and all mobs spawned have double every stat. Rare and valuable item loot drop chances

are tripled. Survive by perseverance and grinding alone; that is what makes a true hardcore gamer.

Boons.

Boons are things granted to you by the system based on luck and how difficult the place you start in is to survive.

Choose 1 Greater, 1 Great, 1 Lesser, and 1 Least.

You get an extra boon for every [**600cp**] worth of drawbacks that you take.

Greater.

Lost Map of Seeing.
It is unknown what powerful magics were used to enchant such an ordinary map. A map that could reveal the secrets of the universe in their entirety. Precious resources, hidden treasures, uncharted worlds, lost empires, and ancient civilizations, instantly displayed to the owner upon opening. Its omniscience of the land is absolute and thorough.

The immense fame, wealth, and power that the enchanted map provides has seen it travel between numerous hands. Tragedy and death have followed it, for the greed of man sees it journey on, only to be stolen once more in an endless cycle.

In this modern age, the outwardly ordinary map had found its way to an ancient art collector named Ashton Nim, who proudly displayed it in his private collection of ancient artifacts. Being the savvy entrepreneur he was, he came up with the idea to profit off his rare collection by inviting some public to see it.

Little did he know that upon inviting you for an exorbitant price, that you were determined to take a picture of it. Phone hidden quietly in your sock; it didn't take long for you to snap a photo of it. Ashton became enraged and had all of his guests thrown out of the exhibition. Unfortunately for him, his beloved map had disappeared from his collection in the process. It's magic bound to a singular image. Now, your little phone that stores the image file is a magical one that unlocks the secrets of the cosmos.

With the snap of your fingers, you can transform it into its previous form and its brand new one; All the modern conveniences of digital imaging with the ability to blend into any period in time you choose to jump into.

Gaia's Favor.
You have it. No matter what happens around you or where you go, you never get affected by any kind of environmental hazard or damage. Any severe natural danger from frostbite to magma proves entirely ineffective against you.

Reincarnation into the Past.
It is a trope in many of these stories that, at the start, the protagonist can go back to the beginning to do things over. Now you have come to find you have this power, not just over yourself but also over others.

This power not only allows you to travel to alternating timelines but back into the past of your current one. While you cannot do this in combat, once per jump or per ten years, it will function as a 1-up.

After you finish your chain, this limit is removed, and it also gives instinctive knowledge of the location of Truck-kun, so you may effortlessly avoid him.

You may also choose to sacrifice the 1up in a jump and just rewind time without death. If you decide to surrender your 1up and rewind, you will keep any monetary and item rewards obtained at the current point of the jump in which you rewound.

Ascension Approaches.
Your true potential is fast approaching, and where others would stagnate, you accelerate to greater heights. Once you have reached max level, you will revert back to level 1 but retain every stat you have gained in that process. Likewise, every level gained back to max from this point on has double the stat gain in **EVERY** area. Mortality means nothing when even the gods fear your ascension.

Exploit.
You have gained the ability to find vulnerabilities in the system and exploit them to your own benefit. Want to double your current money? You can! About to die? Give yourself an unobtainable damage boost to one-shot your foe! You are limited to 3 implausible glitches a year to keep you under the system's radar.

Resilient Regeneration.
You are resilient, so resilient in fact that you innately regain 20% of your max HP/MP pool every minute. Enemies will really have to dish it out to wear you down, and spellcasters will always have something to cast in times of desperation.

Great.

Wedding Ring of Ixia.
Ixia Layten was a powerful sorceress and Archmage known throughout the land west of a small town called Riverdale. Her power was so fierce and knowledge so expansive that none would dare challenge her to a mage's duel or even a battle of wits. Her cold, lonely demeanor had left the impression on many that she was a heartless woman and that power had brought with it arrogance.

Then, one day. A young craftsman, known only by the name of Zachary, had caught a glimpse of her as she passed through Riverdale in search of a lost grimoire of great knowledge. Against all advice from those around him, Zachary attempted to speak with her and was met with annoyed tongue lashings and indifference.

Not one to be deterred by her coldness towards him. He set about making her a ring so filled with the effort of his smitten love that she would have to speak to him. Months passed, and he toiled endlessly, crafting the most beautiful and precious ring his skills would allow. All of his life earnings were sunk into the precious gold, pearl, and jeweled ring.

When Ixia returned through the impoverished town, some years later, she was gifted the ring by a disheveled, gaunt, and homeless beggar. Instantly, her heart melted, and she stayed in town to learn his name and his efforts to create the beautiful piece of jewelry. Touched in ways that magic never could, she eventually fell in love with Zachary. She then accepted his ring as a symbol of their newfound love.

It is said from that day forth, Ixia never removed the ring, and it wasn't until her passing that the memento found itself in the hands of a pair of graverobbers. It had been worn so much by the powerful Archmage that it shimmered with energy and possessed within it not only the essence of her love but a fraction of her power.

Enchanted - Love's Growth: Triples mana pool, decreases training time of ANY skill by half, allows training of all magics and abilities as though under the proper conditions, and doubles magical damage the user deals.

Alternate Use: Can be used to propose. : 3

Treacherous Eye of Zeltan.
Zeltan Fir, the Wizardslayer, was an arrogant and petty mageling who sought glory for his family's proud wizard lineage. Still, his incompetence and ineptitude for magic led to his expulsion from the wizard academy of eastern Sindisan. Unfortunately, rather than accept that he did not possess his forefathers' talents, he became bitter towards those that achieved what he could not.

With hatred in his heart, he chose a path of political endeavors that found him in higher and higher positions over several decades. Eventually, he became a personal advisor to King Charles Henry Vanden, the XII, and betrothed to his only child, Serenity. Not long after their wedding and his title became that of the prince, the King took ill and died within a fortnight.

Zeltan quickly blamed the use of nefarious magics for his beloved stepfather's end and promptly began persecuting those gifted by magic's touch. Prison sentences, fines, destitution, anybody willing to call themselves a wizard, sorceress, or mage found themselves in dire straits. When he finally ascended the throne, not but a year after, his beloved wife Serenity took deafly ill and followed in her father's example.

With the kingdom up in arms and the new Queen now dead, Zeltan used all of the kingdom's strength to lead a violent purge on the "afflicted" for their crimes against the monarchy. Children, elderly, novice, and even masters were slain in the chaos. The drive for purity from accursed magic had the streets soaked in an ichor of magical blood.

After a decade of murder, torture, and oppression, the once headmaster of Sindinsan Academy, Archmage Firion Layten. Offered to craft Zeltan a trinket that would allow him to combat the more advanced mages and gorilla revolutionaries in opposition to him. In exchange, Zeltan would have to release his son from prison and allow his family to escape unharmed.

Zeltan agreed to his terms and was crafted an enchanted eyepiece that would allow him to see through the mage rebellion's trickery. When he placed the monocle over his eye, he could immediately see through the illusionary spells cast by Archmage Layten as a test. After he was satisfied with knowing it worked as promised, he had the elder Archmage's son brought before him and his throat slit.

When Archmage Layten retaliated in his rage, he found himself unable to put up much of a defense. Now that he had given Zeltan the means to see through many of his defensive spells. He was quickly slain, and soon after, Zeltan took to the front line to crush the city's last mages.

To this day, magic is outlawed in the kingdom of Sindisan, and though Zeltan is glorified in death as the hero liberator king of the magical scourge. Magic-users know the truth and look

upon the enchanted eyepiece with fear and disgust. To them, it merely has become known as the Treacherous Eye of Zeltan.

Enchanted – All-Seeing Eye: Those wearing this are gifted with permanent true sight, dispelling ALL illusionary magic in one's line of sight. All traps and secret passages are more easily detected. You can also spot non-magical illusions far more quickly than the average person. Hit rate against targets is increased by 50%, and you are also immune to blindness so long as it is worn.

Alternate Use: May be fashioned into any piece of eyewear style you choose. Contacts/Glasses/Monocle/ etc.

Evolving Weapon.
It really sucks when you outgrow a weapon, doesn't it? Getting familiar with a whole new one, getting a new one... it's all too bothersome. Good thing you'll never need to be concerned about that ever again!

You have a weapon that seems to operate on RPG rules now. That is, this weapon gets pseudo-XP from everything you use it for, and eventually, it morphs into a more potent weapon variant as time goes on.

Use a Warhammer to break rocks; it gets sturdier. Sword edges keep getting sharper by themselves, and the draw weight of a bow keeps rising. This can be entirely undetectable visually, or you can have designs and visuals show up on the weapon as you please. You may also merge other weapons with this, gaining their forms and abilities.

Age Control.
Age is a funny thing. Mortals wish to escape its flow yet chase it in all of the little things life offers. Antique furniture, aged wine. It's a long list and one that you really should get familiar with, considering your new power.

You now control the very concept of aging in all things apart from yourself. You may age other people or animals upwards or downwards, making them older or younger as you desire. You can do the same to inanimate objects even, affecting possessions, food, and even alcohol if you so wish it.

About the only thing you can't do is make yourself older to gain power, although growing younger is no problem for one such as you.

Unearthly Charisma.

You are so charismatic that you can likely convince someone to sell their house to you for a blade of grass. People connected with the system will offer steep 50% discounts on all things sold, and you will have an incredible advantage in diplomacy/bargaining/romantic/sexual/influential scenarios. This also increases the effectiveness of companions, mounts, and controlled units by 50%.

Ancient Bestiary.
A comprehensive and astonishingly thorough recording of all the creatures in the system. Including those of legendary or uncertain status, such as gods, mythological beings, and demons. It was supposedly drawn up by an unknown explorer who may or may not have been immortal himself. Having this exposes all stats, weaknesses, and resistances, as well it details the materials and dropped items that can be gained from all mobs. Preparation is the necessity of success, and simply having this magical tome gives you the insight required to fell any foe or counteract their combat style.

Divine Favor.
You are blessed by the holy spirits for your faith and are gifted with innate abilities befitting one such as yourself. The healing you do to others is increased by 50%, and your healing to yourself is increased by 100%. You are also immune to diseases, poisons, INT/WIS stat reductions, and curses. In the event you come in contact with a cursed item, you will not be able to use or wield it, but it cannot affect or harm you. You may carry it to have it cleaned or to sell it.

Lesser.

Beginner Spell Collection.
A collection of a basic spell from each school of magic. Contains 1 permanent skill book from every school of magic. These do not disappear if used to instantly learn the spell contained. Gives at least a moderate affinity to the said school of magic and updates in future jumps. You cannot be corrupted from what you learn through these books.

Voice of the Universe.
Well, probably not, but you could convince everyone you are easy enough. You now can replicate literally any sound you've ever heard with nothing but your good ol' voice. It doesn't matter if it's a car backfiring or Angel Song. You can replicate it as good as the original, just as you'd speak your own native language.

Hand of Midas.
A strange and shimmering golden glove that transmutes ordinary objects into gold (50 000 x Object Size in feet.) It doesn't do much else, but with it, you can buy your way to the top of the social hierarchy or afford things that most NPCs or other players could only dream of.

Magic Timepiece.
An enchanted timepiece that, when set, will fast-forward time to that exact point. It will not increase the user's hunger or fatigue but will allow them to skip to specific parts of the day or night as they desire. Fast-forwarding **DOES** count the time, so if an event happens and the user fast-forwards too far, they will have missed it and **CANNOT** rewind time to go back. Time fast-forwarded **DOES NOT** count towards the 10 years of the jump.

Incorporeal Sight.
You can see beyond the planes at the ghosts that walk alongside us. You may converse with spirits or other incorporeal entities to find out information unavailable to anybody else or for long-lost rewards that once belonged to them when they were among the living. Most non-evil spirits will now become neutral to you unless you antagonize them first, and you may attempt to converse with them in the same manner as friendly spirits if you so desire to try.

Ethereal Armaments.
You are granted the ability to transmute one weapon or piece of armor per year into an ethereal one. Ethereal arms are entirely weightless, you can see through them due to their transparent and ghostly nature, and they increase the defense or damage of the transmuted item by 25%.

Least.

Safe Teleport.
A spell or ability that will teleport you to a place of safety and has a cooldown period of 24 hours. Will do so automatically if you are unable to do it yourself.

Bag of Holding Supply Set.
Skill and spell books, a canteen of endless drinkable liquid, a limited amount of food, and a basic suit of armor (Leather/steel/cloth.) There are a set of basic spell books, a fire, a water, and a healing one. Skill books for cooking, skinning, trapping, and gathering. All are contained within

a Bag of Holding that can contain over 40 items and any amount of different currencies without regard for weight or size.

Charbek's Movable Mansion.
From the outside, this object is nothing more than a traveler's tent and is only slightly nicer than the simple tent a typical traveler would use. Inside, however, is an extradimensional space that can change between one of five settings chosen by the creator. Also teaches the technique to create more if one desires.

Provides comfortable shelter for up to twenty people, and the space provides food and drinks according to the setting.

Settings – This can be changed to one of the following five settings: Island Villa, Mountain top Lodge, Sultan's Palace, King's Castle, Elven Mansion, and Dungeon Complex.

Indestructible – Exterior item is immune to damage. Interior space repairs itself when changed to a new setting.

Quick-set – Command word causes the tent to set itself or collapse, ready for transport.

Prince/Princess' Gift.
A letter from a beautiful or handsome prince or princess who is completely infatuated with you. This note bestows upon you a royal title. You will now be treated as high nobility, and most of those in the system will act accordingly in your presence. You have the opportunity to travel yearly to your lovely benefactor, and they will enact an ordinance of your wishes on your behalf.

EG. If you wish to enact an ordinance that raises taxes by 10 percent, you will receive that extra income. If you want to pass an ordinance stating shops shall be open twenty-four hours, you may do that as well. Ordinances remain in effect unless canceled by you.

Enchanted Thief's Key.
An enchanted key that will unlock most basic to advanced locks with relative ease. It does not open any expert or master locks, and it cannot open enchanted or magical chests/doors. It also does nothing to ward against booby traps, so be careful opening a higher-level chest or door unless you have a plan to deal with what's behind or in it.

Lazarus Crystal.
A crystal said to contain the spirit of a beggar. If the one holding this crystal dies, it shatters, and the owner is resurrected with full HP/MP. Can be destroyed before death to heal oneself

fully or bring life or healing to any NPC, companion, or mount of the owner's choosing. This is a one-use item and does not count as a perpetual 1-up. Death will always trigger this BEFORE any other repeatable 1-up effect you may have. Receives 1 charge at the beginning of each new jump or every ten years, whichever comes first.

General Perks.

3 [**100cp**] perks are free.

[**300cp**] Stipend for general perk line.

The RPG System Existence. [**0cp**]
No matter which origin you pick, there will be many things you will have to keep track of there, so you receive this to help you with that. It is a Hybrid RPG system, which will keep track of your stats and skills and let you level up nicely and efficiently.

Some of the stat tracking features include. HP/MP/Stamina, EXP for killing things/learning things, inventory, Levels, Titles, achievements, skills, abilities with levels/books, menus, party groups, etc.

If you can imagine it or have seen it in a LitRpg story before, this can include it, allowing you to fully customize it to your tastes. It will seamlessly integrate with any similar systems, should you already have access to them.

Bad Things to Bad People. [**100cp**]
You aren't the kindest or most subtle person, but that doesn't really matter so long as you have enemies. As long as there is someone – anyone – worse than you, no one will care what you do in comparison. The bad guys could be slaying a village, and you could be picking up the gold from the corpses. No one will care; the law has bigger fish to fry than a corpse thief.

Base skills. [**100cp**]
A selection of 2 combat skills and 5 non-combat skills to start you off with. The broader the skills chosen, the lower level you will start with. For example, if you select a broad weapon type like "swords," you would start out as a novice with them, but if you choose a specific one-handed weapon such as a "main gauche," or something exotic like a "meteor hammer," you would start off at master level with that specific weapon.

This also applies to non-combat skills. Choosing the broad skill “cooking” would start you off as a chef, whereas specifically “western game cooking” would see you skilled enough to easily open your own restaurant.

Acrobat. [**100cp**]
You are adept at movement. You gain +10% SPD/DEX per level, and actions that require SPD/DEX, such as lockpicking, are performed 25% faster.

Educated. [**100cp**]
You are well-read and intellectual. You gain +10% INT/WIS per level, and conversations that involve diplomacy or disagreement are 25% easier for you to win.

Athletic. [**100cp**]
You are robust and hardy. You gain +10% STR/CON per level and your resistance to physical damage increases by 25%.

Kind. [**100cp**]
You are incredibly kind to those around you. You gain +10% CHA/DEF per level, and hostile conversations are 25% easier to resolve with a positive outcome.

Pet/Mount Drops. [**200cp**]
With this, all of your monsters now have a chance to drop remarkable creatures when defeated/killed. This has several benefits.

The first is that adventurers will fight to get the rarest ones. Even people who don't go into your dungeon will want these pets. Depending on the rarity of the monster and the effort spent to defeat it, two variants of each pet can drop.

The first variant, the most common one, is just a regular pet, something to love and cuddle.

However, the second variant is a pet that can be useful to you. Either by joining you in combat with magical powers or to be ridden as a mount.

Comes with a separate portal spell that leads to two locations.

One is a collection of pet arenas and dungeons where they/you can compete for Glory and loot. The other is a pet shop that sells all the things needed. (These auto-generate and will not cost you anything.)

You can pass this ability along to anyone you meet in the future.

System Copy. [**200cp**]
While here, you impressed the System. So much in fact, that the System rewarded you with the ability to impose such systems into new worlds or replace/modify an existing system if one already exists.

Think Reality Conversion to a Gamer RPG system to force the new reality to obey its rules. It may take a while to happen, but everything will eventually do so at some point. When you encounter new realities that are operated by system logic, you will already know every detail of it. Enough that you can combine its attributes into a new custom system and impose it as you desire.

For the new systems you forge, you will have to make a choice in the end. Will they have an intelligence behind them, or will they be just a system that does what it is programmed to? Just know, however, that starting the unstoppable avalanche that is Reality Conversion will only cost you a moderate amount of energy, and the conversion process itself is not instantaneous, but the change can be accelerated by feeding it more energy.

Prodigy. [**200cp**]
You are very talented and have a knack for quickly catching on to new things. The skill level and EXP growth are increased by 25%. This stacks with other items/perks and works on systems with an exp/skill XP reduction.

Aptitude. [**200cp**]
Choose one weapon type. You now have +20% Damage and hit with it, as well. You will receive a base speed bonus with it by one level. EG. If a sword you are wielding is considered "slow," it will be increased to "moderate" speed because of your aptitude for using the weapon.

Sadist. [**200cp**]
You love pain. In fact, it gets you "going." For every percent of lost HP you suffer, that total is added to your damage output. So, if you lose 75% of your HP, then that 75% is added to your damage (EG. 100 dmg x .75 = 75 = 175 new damage total until hp increase.) Works on both magic and physical but does not work for controlled units.

Divine Fertility. [**200cp**]
You now have the unique ability to impregnate women or be impregnated by men at will. This perk also removes all conceivable race restrictions for reproduction. Meaning you are capable of getting aliens, demons, anthropomorphic animals, and even machines (androids) pregnant should you desire.

The secondary ability of this perk is that it will allow you to customize your own child's traits, characteristics, temperament, and appearance. However, they will still be a mix of the two races of the parents and will still be restricted to both halves of their parents' traits/genes (though you may select your favorite of these and add perks or knowledge.) Once born, they will be their own person to act upon the world. You just get to give them a perfect head start based upon you and your lovers' wishes.

Anthropomorphic Conversion. [**200cp**]
You now possess the remarkable ability to transform any animal DNA, inanimate or conceptual object/being, into an anthropomorphic entity. Doing such a conversion will grant them complex sentience, and they will become as close to a living human or alien could possibly be.

This conversion will open the possibility for you to have sexual and romantic relationships with them should you both choose, and the transformed creature's appearance may be stopped at any point in the process so that they have a look you prefer. Whether that be fully human, human with animal ears, or even an anthropomorphic furry animal.

This conversion can also work in reverse on other companions you have. If you have a full human, you may take an object or animal and transmogrify them with it. So, this is for you if you want Lisena or any other companion with you to be a furry catgirl or have bunny ears.

Objects or abstract conceptual things that are transmogrified can be customized entirely as to whether they need to eat or breathe. You may also select the level of intelligence you want your conversions to have, whether a super genius rabbit or a plain jane dog.

World Conversion.

First 2 [**100cp**] free, rest 50 cp, you get 2 of each tier besides 1400 of which you get 1 at 50%.

System Identity. [**100cp**]
There was quite a bit of confusion during the conversion to the system. This will help clear all of that up, retconning the past of the target reality into giving the target a full background. It comes complete with memories on both sides, paperwork, primary schooling or training, and a job. Typically, as an orphan adopted by parents who later died, you provide resources for the process. The target will have a better background commensurate with the provided resources.

Always a Fallback. [**100cp**]
While combat and being chased isn't in your usual repertoire, you know just what to do when such a thing occurs. Whenever you really screw up and have an angry hoard after you, you know just where to hide until things cool down enough for you to step outside again. This doesn't mean that people won't recognize you, but if you wear a disguise, surely you can try to go about your daily business without being stabbed.

Surviving the Unexpected. [**100cp**]
You get double the reward you would have otherwise received whenever you survive unexpectedly. Double the experience, double to loot, etc. This will double other stacking effects, meaning if you have 3 times the loot drop chance from an effect, you now have 6 times when this activates.

Dungeons! [**100cp**]
You can create dungeons by opening doors. The mini dimensions follow a theme when you set them, such as RPG-style dungeons, sprawling MMO city exploration with quests, and various empty workshops if you're so inclined. The monsters will drop loot appropriate for their quality. When opening a door, you and each person will see it colored according to the danger level it poses to you.

Language Download. [**100cp**]
This is a complete mental download of every non-magical language in the setting. This does not damage your brain and comes with a perfect memory to hold these and any new ones you gain. **For an extra 100cp,** you will receive a grimoire on the magical ones that will help you learn those unique languages a bit faster than usual. Updates with every new jump.

Skill Discovery. [**200cp**]
You have a knack for discovering new skills, especially those that haven't been discovered before or that have faded from living memory over the years. You are able to figure it out yourself, find the right books and tools, or stumble across willing ghostly teachers. You also have a knack for seeing synergies between different skills and combining them into something new.

Mana Crafting [**200cp**]
Pseudoscience has always been a point of concern in your world. Who can be said to be telling the truth about things that are barely understood, especially in magic? Well, you aren't the expert, but you can take advantage of that knowledge gap to do some extraordinary things.

Using mana, you can create solid objects directly from the magical ether, transforming them into powerful devices or mundane products to sell. While taxing, this ability can be refined and amplified with practice, allowing you to do it with little effort. Need a convenient boulder to fall on someone? Unarmed and suddenly need a sword? You can even create a stable reduced mass electron and degenerate Matter.

You gain the skill 'Scan,' which will let you scan items for blueprints to recreate them. You can even scan heavily enchanted items, divine artifacts, complex mechanisms, and large buildings at higher levels. The larger or more powerful the creation, the more mana it costs.

MINE! [**200cp**]
Every being defeated by you will drop something that only you can pick up. It could be a skill/expertise book, spellbook, or a better weapon/armor piece that will automatically fit whoever owns it.

Manipulating the Creation of Media Worlds. [**200cp**]
Media explorer can enter any type of media and interact with it. Things such as books/fanfiction/comics/movies/video games/etc. When interacting within it, it takes a life of its own, eventually becoming a new reality.
With this, you can….
1: Break off a piece of the media world to use it as a pocket reality or personal retreat.
2: Boost with magic to instead go to actual realities.
3: Bring people/things out, but the more complex/powerful they are, the more energy you need to spend to do so.
4: Have perfect memory of all media you have ever heard/read, or interacted with, so you may enter such worlds without the material at hand.
5: Create a short-term portal to anywhere you have been. Even if you have been kidnapped to another world.

Reality Traveler Insurance. [**200cp**]
There were some during the conversion who, besides getting the starter kit everyone got, also received Greater Boons, and then there is you.

You were lucky beyond belief and gained the ability to travel to mirror realities. You can decide what to aim for, such as a different president, ten years in the past, or to go at random. The farther out you go, the more drastic the changes can ge**t.**

For an extra [**100cp**], you can choose to retcon your history, businesses, organizations, and empire on an individual or group basis into any new reality or world/setting of any sort.

Though, they will be beyond reproach and will not make any market or essential changes until you take the helm.

System Climate Control. [**200cp**]
Allows you to shift the climate or weather to suit your needs. Changes to the system climate will affect the surrounding area and residents of that area. For example, turning a tropical island cold would adversely affect the population and region and allow those resistant to the arctic climate to thrive. Changing a winter wonderland to a desert could unveil incredible treasures and dungeons lost to time but could also flood nearby cities and towns.

Gamer Power Manipulation. [**300cp**]
This is the power to adopt different gamer/RPG systems that you encounter and merge them together while granting it in part or whole to others.

Many are the realities that run video game or RPG mechanics in some form or another. Now, not only do you run on some version of these when you encounter them, you may incorporate them in whole or in part into your own to make your own custom system.

You may impart your custom system or any of the ones you have encountered to any person or world in any combination you desire. When combined with "Creation of Media Worlds," any game-type systems located through this power count towards ones you may create later.

Energy System Manipulation. [**300cp**]
This is the power to adopt different energy systems, such as magic/charka/cultivation/etc. and merge them together, and grant it in part or whole to others. You have encountered so many systems of magic and power that you now have an instinctive feel and control over them.

This lets you merge them together on a whim and even allows you to grant the ability to use them in whole or parts as you desire.

This ability also allows you to teach magic to anyone, even those who otherwise would not have the aptitude or knowledge to do so, and they will simply gain the ability as you teach them. Should you travel to a new reality/setting under your own power, you will have the option to get access to that form of energy manipulation.

Skill Book Creation. [**300cp**]
Using magic-infused paper and mana, you can make skill books to teach you any skills, perks, knowledge, spells, Classes, expertise, and even race change and shapeshifting abilities. The more powerful and/or esoteric the text created, the more mana it takes to finish the book.

Though mundane, knowledge such as tech know-how or cultural history drastically decreases the cost and will work with other talents to make books containing known skills or magic. This also conveys the needed abilities to use the skill such as a mana pool or ability to cultivate.

For an extra 100cp, You can make Crystals that can either have an unlimited number of uses, or you can set a specific number during their creation. You may even set conditions on the ability for others to use them.

Faction Creation. [**300cp**]
Allows you to start your own in-system faction, which enables you to do such things as set taxes on loot, money, and exp. The exp allows you to level up your faction, and setting up a faction automatically builds a faction castle, which to start off is in ruins but can be built up by donating mana to its stores. Once established, monsters cannot randomly spawn in your faction cities, and you will be able to designate places outside the cities that monsters will spawn.

Evolutionist. [**300cp**]
Consider yourself a regular Reginald Punnett or a Darwin? Do the prospects of doing the dirty work yourself just make your stomach churn, or do you ever go down alleyways wishing you had an extra hand ready to kill anyone who dares try to tango with you?

Thankfully, while hiring people or making friends is costly and time-inefficient, there are better ways to get followers. Using your magical abilities, you can force monsters into ascending to higher evolutionary forms at any time. While this doesn't technically force them to obey you, this does help in a jam if you're stuck between a rock and a hard place, and you think the rock can be used to get you out of it.

Of course, taming a beast before you evolve it is an option as well, and no one would dare think of tussling with you if they see you riding a twelve-foot-long Dire Wolf into combat or even down the street.

System Store. [**400cp**]
This is a place where everything is available, for a price. Info, lands, secrets known to only one person, magics tremendous and terrible, items powerful enough to slay true Immortals, as well as paths to becoming immortal yourself; even a race or gender change is within your reach. All payments are either in system currency or in mana. The more secret or powerful something is, the more it will cost.

Extinction Protocol. [**400cp**]

There are times when someone or something is out to get your entire species, and no matter how powerful or well prepared you are, there is nothing you can do. This is for those times; hidden deep in your species DNA is the Extinction Protocol. This does five specific things.

First is, should your species be close to extinction through nefarious actions by a second party. It will teleport you and several others far outside of their reach. Whether it is a different galaxy or an entirely new reality is up to you. You will also know of a way to get back so you may take revenge. It will make those trying to wipe you out think they got all of you.

Second is, it will activate previously dormant genetic knowledge and memories, giving those surviving the complete tech/magic database and cultural knowledge of your species.

The third is, those surviving will begin outbreeding the Krogan, Magog and Drasin combined. This is to make sure you and your species will survive.

Fourth, your healing will put Wolverine to shame and let you survive whatever the new environmental hazards are and get nourishment no matter what you eat. Though, once you are space-faring, this power will again go dormant.

Fifth is, you may also spread this to other species merely by cutting your palm with whom you intend to share it and mixing your vital essences. Within days it will have spread to the entire species.

System Existence. [**400cp**]
Everything you ever were and will become is now based in the system and can be leveled without limit. (Eg. All powers/abilities/perks become skills that you can train.) Also, this prevents the deterioration of any of your skills, and you are essentially immortal in terms of longevity. Like a dragon, the older your system-based form becomes, the stronger it will become.

Realm Creation. [**400cp**]
Starts off as small a world, as in, the size of a small city, made to order with flora and fauna and magic or gamer systems that you have encountered. These can be given away to others if you so desire and may incorporate things and species you have seen or know of.

At the creation, you may set the features of the technology, society, culture, environment, adventure, magic, systems, divine/damned pantheons, and the power level they start/cap out at.

Power grows with use and leads to crafting entire universes or planes, capping out at an omniverse node cluster. You may connect these nodes through the ways you choose and specify the difficulty of this travel. Examples include warp, madness gap, direct teleportation, etc.

It may also be used to create temporary or permanent dungeons. You may base them on media you know of or pick a difficulty level and get something random if that is your wish. Such dungeons created this way will drop loot based on the difficulty.

For an **extra** [**100cp**], you can create templates of realms and save those to use or build off of in the future. You will also gain templates of every setting you have visited or will visit in the future. When revisiting them, you may use this to create those realms as a means to see a future point in time on the timeline.

Combining this with Media worlds makes this much easier by basically giving you a template on which to create a realm without much effort. Though you can change the domain to fit your whims/desires.

Media Extraction. [**400cp**]
Have you heard of Libromancy? Media Extraction is what Libromancy wishes it could be. You can extract anything from any type of media, including people. The more complex or powerful the thing or person extracted, the more energy and effort it will take. Sapient beings extracted in this way will be loyal to you. Comes with a complete media of your original world perfectly indexed

World Convertor. [**600cp**]
It can be a pain to go through all the trouble to master things in one world, only to face so many complications actually using them in future worlds. Even if you could, though, imagine everyone else you talk to, no one would be able to benefit off your expertise. Not anymore.

Thankfully, you have the very unique ability to just... 'import' any given setting's “systems” into future jumps. This includes everything from physics to magic, and how it works is that it just… adds to the cosmological setup of a setting.

No parts of the original setting are overwritten. Instead, you can just add to existing laws as you please. Mind you, this does have to be subtle. This is not a reality-warping power, or at least, not on the level, you'd imagine. "Hyperspace is a thing now" can happen, but "a person with my biometrics gets omnipotence" cannot. Just... try and be reasonable, Okay?

System Entity Extraction. [**600cp**]
You can choose one entity from the system and extract their being, essentially giving you the option to take standard mobs or a person to mold into what you desire. This entity will retain its form, or you may give it a new one if you prefer. The entity will gain complete sentience beyond the system and act as a distinct person. They will be treated as a complete companion, and you may take them beyond the system from which they spawned and into other jumps. This may be done once per jump unless the entity is of considerably lower power than yourself, then you may do it at a rate of 1 per level difference.

For an extra [**200cp**], You may choose a powerful entity such as gods or high tier characters and legendary or god-like mobs for use as a mount or pet. Limited to once per jump, does not count against the number of extractions for standard entities.

EG. (You = level 100. Enemy = level 10, so 90 level difference = 9 level 10 extractions. If an enemy is 9 or lower, you will be given 10. If you choose 1 level 60 entity, you will be left with 3 level 10 extractions and cannot extract a second level 60 entity at 100. 100 – 60 = 40 – 10 = 30 level difference, so 3x level 10 extraction and 1 60.)

Luckiest Player in the System. [**600cp**]
The rarest item or piece of equipment a mob could possibly offer will drop with a 100% guarantee when it is the 100th enemy slain. This works on all bosses and super mobs and will activate without fail on every enemy with a multiple of 100. If you combine with the Ancient Bestiary, you could become really scary really quick o.o

Pay to Win. [**600cp**]
You ain't got the time to grind, but you sure do have the money. You gain the ability to exchange gold for **ANY** grindable commodity. Exp? Gold will give you that. Monster Drops? You can pay! Materials? No problem!

Chart.
EXP = 1 X 100, so 1000 exp = 100 000 gold.
Skill EXP = 1 X 1000, so 1000 exp = 1 000 000 gold.
Influence/Romantic/Affection EXP = 1 X 50, so 1000 exp = 50 000 gold.
Material = 1 X Rarity times 10 000, so 1 of a level 100 rarity would be 1 000 000 gold.
Monster (Equip) Drop = 1 X Rarity times 100 000, so 1 of a level 100 rarity would be 10 000 000 gold.
Quest/Required Drops = 1 X 10, so 10 of a req quest drop would be 100 gold.

Essence Syphon. [**600cp**]
You gain the unique ability to steal the essence of defeated foes. Every time a random mob is defeated, you will gain 1/100th of that enemy's primary attribute. Every 100 generic mob of the same primary attribute type defeated yields one permanent stat in that attribute.

For every boss or legendary creature, you will automatically gain + 5 in that primary attribute upon defeat and will be given the option to learn 2 of that powerful creature or person's abilities or spells.

EG. Killing a primary STR attribute dragon will yield you +5 perm strength and 2 of its abilities or spells. Killing 100 intel trash mobs grants you +1 perm intelligence.

Save Point. [**800cp**]
You can set a point, and you will return to that point if you die. If you use a save point and are vanquished, you will retain the gear you had at the time of the save but will lose all acquired

equipment and exp obtained after. Do not think yourself immortal, though, as the use of this ability is limited to 1/year, more than once in a year will consume a 1-up.

Shaper. [**800cp**]
You are a master of biology and life in all forms and functions. You can complete control and manipulation of all organic material within a massive area and also sense and understand every detail about it down to the atomic level.

Your power can generate biomass to fuel its uses, meaning you are not limited to whatever material is on hand. Shifting the nature and function of biomass takes only a thought, with it automatically conforming to what you desire and what you will it to be and do.

This power extends to your own body as well. You and special creatures you design can function as the nexuses of a hive mind. This allows you to function consciously even if you lose your entire nervous system, and as long as some organisms and biomass remain a part of this, you can re-assemble yourself.

If Panacea, Nilbog, Kerrigan, or Alex Mercer could do it, then you can do it better and faster. The only limit to the range of your hive mind is that organisms must be within reach of a nexus. Otherwise, distance is meaningless, and you are incapable of being severed from it while retaining absolute control.

Dungeon Master. [**800cp**]
Most of the plebs have to deal with the dungeons. You get to master them. You can create a dungeon of your choosing anywhere in the system and have complete control over everything that goes on inside of it, from booby traps to mobs, to treasures, to the boss. It is all as you desire it to be.

Every time unwary adventurers wander into your lair, you reap the benefits of their defeat. You gain all of their lost gold, all of their items, and all of the experience for your minions having defeated them. Your mobs can be things imported from other jumps, pets, companions, creatures, or anything you like. These creatures can never die and never need to be "replaced." They will regenerate on their own after a dungeon run is completed.

You may choose your dungeon level regardless of your **OWN** level and begin collecting high-level loot from advanced adventurers at level 1 if you so desire. You may also invite and or lure specific system characters to dare challenge your labyrinth.

A dungeon can be changed, moved, or redesigned at any time and placed in areas to garner specific loot you might desire. EG. Placing an arctic dungeon so that you may gain cold resistance equipment and potions.

Power Manipulation. [**1400cp**]
Some of the rarest and most valued powers are those that

can affect the powers of others. People who can nullify can subdue enemy powers effortlessly. Some boast the ability to boost others' capabilities, giving their allies a much-needed edge over the opposition, and even greater still are those that possess the ability to copy or steal powers temporarily.

You can do all of this and so much more, and it is only your personal desires that can stop such effects from being permanent. You can nullify, enhance, modify, copy, and even steal the powers of others. Transferring powers from one person to another is trivial, and you can even stack multiple abilities onto a single target.

You have 5 charges a day that will let you create powers like yours, whose nature is entirely under your control. A single charge can result in a low tier power, with more charges applied substantially increasing its power, pushing ability, and versatility. While simultaneously removing limits and adding more functions to them.

You do not have to use a full charge on a power, and you also possess the ability to manipulate and sense created energies, regardless of your location compared to somebody else. Your ability to sense the supernatural and powers extends beyond large distantness and even possibly reach other unseen planes of existence.

Created powers are yours until you transfer them to someone else. Charges can be spent to boost any of your powers, including others bought here. Changes can be reversed at will, and you can
deconstruct powers you have created, but you do not recover any charges from doing so.

You may also use this ability to create/copy any possible spell/skill/ability/expertise books. You do not have to know the knowledge within, though it will take fewer charges when you do.

You may use these powers to create a power vault and just copy out your abilities from there. You may use this to create, copy or improve items. Charges per day can increase in three ways.

1. You gain an extra charge slot per 10 levels you gain.
You may bank charges if you desire. Just because you don't use them does not mean they disappear.

2. The more combat and stress you endure, the more likely you are to gain an extra charge a day. You can only gain at most one charge slot per 24 hours this way.

3. Dedicate an entire day's worth of charges to increase your available charges by 1, So if you spend your starting 5, the next day, you will have 6. Be warned, though, if you have more than one day's worth of charges stored up, it will also consume the extra saved.

Game Genie. [**1400cp**]
You can break the system; in fact, you can break it so hard that nothing stands between you and your goals. Your powers are so beyond reproach that even the most powerful beings in the system's existence dare not speak ill of you.

You can change any code, any object, into what you desire. You care not for any pathetic "loot table" when you can literally create your own broken equipment from nothing just for a lark. System entities will fear you, for it takes only but a mere change of code to make an item so broken they will be erased from existence.

Due to your ability to alter the very core of system items, you have gained infinite knowledge from the many objects it contains. This allows for removing all restrictions on all things and creating and combining weapons types for unexpected results. Ever want a flaming ax, spear, sword, hammer that returns to your hand when thrown and is weightless? Now it is within your infinite power to have at your leisure.

You are a god of items in this system. Nothing is outside of your grasp, and the very fabric of these items is made from your exact wishes.

System Game Conversion. [**1400cp**]
You gain the ability to select any fiction that exists and then change it or leave it as is. Once decided, it creates that fiction as a whole dimension.

While it starts off as a pale Imation of a true dimension, it will become an actual self-sustaining universe in time. You may choose if it follows you around and whether you maintain a permanent connection to it at the time of creation. Either way, it stays connected to the place you created it.

The game NPCs, bosses, characters, and creatures will gain sentience and operate outside of the established confines of their programming. Most things will now follow the natural order of life rather than AI or predetermined programming.

Should they be confronted with the fact that they were once fictional, they will shrug and say, "I think. Therefore I am," though the more philosophical or spiritual people would enjoy getting into a debate on it.

Because you are the one that set this change in motion. All things that exist within the confines of the game will know you were the one that granted them life, and thus, treat you as a god for better or for worse should you desire it.

Functions.

All-important figures, leaders, religions, and demons will acknowledge your presence and treat you appropriately as a deity based on your alignment and actions. EG. An evil character will be worshiped and pampered by demons and the nefarious but disgust the good and righteous. (You may also choose to hide your alignment and your actions from all if desired.)

People can be transported in a manner you choose, whether by logging into a game, filling out a CYOA, or something else. You may also select conditions for people to return or open trade between the origin and your creation.

All dungeons within the game system can be taxed, and you will receive a percentage of the loot and gold that is dropped in them. You will also be able to set quests to be given to others based on your requirements and desires for the system.

You will receive a private plane in the game system that nobody, game, or system resident can enter unless you invite them. Nor can they harm you there even then.

World Conversion Items.

First 3 [100cp] free rest discounted to [50cp]. You get 2 of each tier at 50% off.
Items may be imported into things of the same type. For example, weapons to weapons, clothes to clothes, and armor to armor.

Book of Opposites. [100cp]
Edward Falton was a noble of high standing, wealthy, charming, and truly generous. He spent many a year of his youth pining for the heart of a lord's daughter known only as Myria.

Though Edward was more than suitable to be the suiter of a high-standing young woman such as her. She was said to be an incredibly selfish and despicable woman. Many claimed she would use her suitors for her own personal gain, and rumors say that her father would commit violent acts against others at the slightest hint of her displeasure.

The hearsay of Myria did not dissuade Edward from attempting to get to know her. However, he could immediately sense the wickedness within her heart when he did. Crestfallen, he returned home to sulk alone in his father's estate.

Archmage Tiven, his father's dearest friend, was there when he arrived, and one so old and wise as he merely asked why Edward appeared so glum.

"Myria is despicable! O' how I wish to love her, but this can never be!"

The elder mage nodded as he listened, and smoke puffed out of his long wooden pipe. After a moment, he reached into his leather bookcase and pulled out a rather fancy-looking text. It shimmered and looked to be decorated with gold etchings.

"Your father has long been my friend, and as my life fades, I feel this will benefit you more than I. Turn to the first page and recite the incantation before your beloved, but be warned, proceed with caution if you go to the end of the text. Otherwise, you might get far more than you bargained for."

Edward trusted Tiven, so when dawn came, he visited Myria and fooled her into listening to the magical chant by claiming he wrote her poetry. Her ego stroked, she sat to listen, but Myria

began to glow brightly as he finished the magic spell. Then as if night turned to day, she transformed both in demeanor and dress.

Her negative traits were replaced entirely, and it was apparent to Edward that she was not the same person. It looked like Myria, it sounded like Myria, but she was the exact opposite of her despicable self.

Edward and Myria were quickly wed, and her reputation for cruelty and disgusting behavior became just that, a rumor. Edward locked the book away in an old chest, having gotten all he needed out of it. Still, as the trunk was passed down from generation to generation, it was eventually auctioned off for a pittance. That is where you found this book sitting by its lonesome.

Functions: The book of opposites will produce the opposite of whatever the spell is cast on. Evil becomes good, fire becomes water, gold becomes silver, the ground becomes the sky.

Last Page: The book's last page apparently contains a powerful spell that will allow one to travel to the land of opposites. Everything and everyone in your current existence will become its exact opposite, and even events' outcomes will be their opposite.

You may travel between both dimensions at will and be given the option to affect change in either dimension. If you choose to do this, the other plain will shift to the opposite of the action taken. (Eg. Saving a good minor king in the LoO will kill the crucial evil variant in the other. Which, in turn, will cause widespread chaos in the natural world, but bits of peace in the LoO.)

Joseph's Cloak of Dreams. [**100cp**]
Joseph Dewitt was a renowned painter the world over. His surrealist works were so vivid and captivating that it was as if his dreams were reality.

The strange happiness brought forth by his works led many to seek his advice on their beyond dreamlike quality. He would always smile, though a tad sadly, and respond to inquiries.

"I dream every night, though I see these worlds, I long to taste, smell, feel, and live in them. My paintings are as close as I can come to that. It is just compensation for the impossible."

He continued to paint awe-inspiring works for many years, but it was clear to many that he was unhappy. Success, money, and fame can indeed not give you everything, and so he languished.

However, it all changed late one winter's eve when a strange old woman came knocking at his door. He was surprised to see a too frail elderly woman in a foot of snow when he answered. Almost immediately, he insisted she come in and out of the cold. He offered her food and hot tea to help warm her as she did.

She refused with an old smile and merely made a request in her haggard voice. "O' King of Dreams. I ask that you paint me mine, as I know you are the only one that can. I have only this to offer, but I long to experience what I dream before my death."

As she took off and offered her old, tarnished, blue cloak, that's color had been muted by time. Joseph merely smiled and wrapped his hands around hers, clenching her gift tightly in her grasp. "I would never take such a thing from you if it is your only desire in this life. I shall grant it to you."

And so, he selflessly set about painting her dream. She described every detail of it, such that it was as if Joseph were traveling there himself as he painted. Hours passed, and the woman grew silent. What usually might have taken days was done in only eight hours.

As exhaustion set in, he came back from his own imagination and turned to offer the painting to the old woman. It was then that he realized that she was gone. Disappointed and surprised, he merely shook his head at his own foolishness and was off to sleep.

Dreams came, and the old woman smiled at him as he slept. "Thank you for giving me a beautiful home. In return, I shall give to you what it is your heart most desires."

When he awoke the following day, he walked out to view his finished work. He was shocked to see that his dazzling painting of fascinating colors now portrayed the pleasantly smiling old woman. Beneath it sat an elegant cloak decorated in the very shimmering colors he had painted last night.

He truly understood the old woman's words when he wrapped it about himself and fastened it. Shutting his eyes, dreaming of the faraway landscapes and weird craggy, melting cliffs. He was brought home, and for the rest of his days on the mortal plane, he became a traveler of worlds man can only fantasize about.

Function: Allows the wearer of the beautiful, magical cloak to travel into their dreams and the dreams of others. Doing so creates a real-world out of the subconscious that can be interacted with and utilized as one sees fit. All physical properties and rules may be defied, and changes made to dreams will stay in effect if one travels to the same dream more than once. You may not bring things into reality or leave with stuff from the dream that are obtained. However, you will be able to conjure things as one could in any dream to make anything possible.

Function 2: Going into people's dreams gives you influence over them. If you wish someone you despise to have a nightmare, you may cause it however you want. If you want to influence the opinions a king has of you, you may warm up to them through their sleep. If you wish to simply have a fling with that hot barmaid, you may enter her dreams and give her something she will *never* forget.

Enchanted – Master of Dreams: Nefarious magics that use sleep or drowsiness of any kind will not affect the wearer. The wearer can also cast a powerful resistance piercing sleep spell that will enable the wearer to enter their enemies' dreams.

Nicholas' Gift. [100cp]
Nicholas was a kindhearted and giving woodsman who lived far in the mountains to the north. Year-round he would travel the long distance to the city town of Sil from his secluded home.

A weekend tradition all looked forward to. Nicholas would bring them meat, fur, wood, and just about anything that would make the year far easier. All of the town of Sil would fight to have him as their guest for the night, and any gift they offered, he flatly refused.

“I do this not for any reason other than it makes me feel good. Kindness to me is my own selfishness, and I ask that you all not think too highly of me.”

Nobody ever saw him as anything but a saint regardless of what he would say. A person to strive to be, and as the years passed, all of Sil began to take after his mannerisms.

People would say it was the kindest and happiest village in all the world, and though hard to believe, it held much truth. Many inevitably flocked to become part of the outstanding community, and Sil eventually grew into a massive, thriving city.

Still, into old age, Nicholas made his way to town, bringing with him things that people were ever thankful to get. A legendary celebrity known throughout the land as the King of Generosity.

His visits were cause for a grand celebration, and a yearly festival was held with him as an honored guest. Nicholas lavished in attention and love, and year after year, the city threw ever more extravagant parties. That was, until one year, Nicholas failed to appear.

Worried beyond measure, the city panicked and wasted no time in assembling. Huge swaths of people volunteered to travel to Nicholas’ secluded cabin. When not one person could be chosen, everybody went.

Hundreds of people took to the snow in the dead of night, and the shimmering light of their torches made it seem as if a flame itself had come to life and traveled through the darkness.

When they arrived at his cabin, and the city mayor went inside, they found an old, frail, and bedridden Nicholas, who merely smiled ear to ear when company had come.

“I… am so sorry.” He paused with a cough. “I fear this old body can no longer make the journey to see you any longer, and I while I know you would offer me a place in your fine city. This is my home, it was my father’s home, and I cannot bring myself to abandon it.”

The townsfolk left with a heavy heart, but Nicholas' love would not be easily quelled. Not but a day after, everybody decided that they would go to him if he could no longer visit them. Not just that, but everybody agreed he deserved to have a gift to end all gifts, something so extraordinary that only the gods themselves could provide.

On a single night, the dearest goddess' temple was flooded with prayers, offerings, and requests on behalf of Nicholas. Some even pleaded for a gift on his behalf. The goddess was moved immensely with many blessings, so she left but a single deflated sack upon her holy altar.

It looked nothing more than a brown bag that one could stick their hand in, and when everybody looked into it, it was naught but empty. Their faith unwavering; if this is what the dear goddess left him, it would be given this day.

When Nicholas took the bag, he was flattered. Empty or no, it symbolically meant more than words. He reached a withered hand in, and to his shock, felt his hand grasp onto something in the empty sack.

With a tug and a small flash of light, he pulled from it a darling puppy. His eyes lit up, and he began to cry. For there was nothing more in his heart that he wanted than to have his old faithful companion who had died some years back.

Unmistakable, he knew it to be him. He recognized now that, for his generosity, he would be given anything his heart desired that could fit within the cloth container.

Years passed, and Nicholas used it to bring happiness not only to himself but to those that would visit him daily, and inevitably when he died on a cold winter's night. The sack ceased to work and became lost to the ravages of time until it eventually resurfaced in your grasp.

Function: The sack will work based on the amount of kindness and good deeds done. The more you give, act selfless, and do great things. The more varied, valuable, and powerful the objects you may pull from it are. You may entirely CHOOSE what you draw, but it is contingent on your kindness. Evil, nasty, or unkind acts will take away from this tally.

Function 2: Putting objects into the sack acts as a bag of shrinking. Meaning, that magic can shrink objects to any desired size to be placed into the sack. Endless amounts of armaments, full cabins, tools. Anything can be stowed and restored at any time the owner commands. This is **NOT** contingent on good deeds.

Enchanted - Lighter than air: All objects placed inside the sack are weightless, and the bag itself is also weightless. It can be folded and stowed in any way you like and is impervious to all damage forms.

Decanter of Plenty. [**100cp**]
In the far east lies a deadly desert known only as the land of fires. Its sands were so hot that they have been known to sear the flesh of those that would dare touch it with their bare feet. Often used as a cruel torturous execution for those that would think to challenge the despotic King of sands, many were swallowed by the grains of fire.

A young scholar, shaman, and revolutionary named Hababab Hazier used to work under the King of Sands, researching the many projects that the King put before him. It was not until his mid-twenties that he self-reflected and recognized the unjust nature of his lord.

Using his intellect and abilities, he plotted with the city's many people to revolt and overthrow their heinous dictator. Unfortunately, the King learned of the plot and betrayal, so he was quick to banish not just Hababab but every single citizen who plotted against him to the desert of fires.

Stripped of all they had but the cloth on their back, they were sent out to wander until dead. The scorching heat and searing of flesh were enough to kill some within the hour, but Hababab continued on, refusing to succumb to death.

Traveled, they did, from endless dune to endless dune, suffering and suffocating as they went. Blisters and pain about their skin only desired to reach nightfall, which was said impossible. Thirst unbearable and breath heavy, more fell, and it slowly whittled down from hundreds to a mere ten men and women.

Tricks of the eyes and some wandered off to be lost to the sands, but Habab ignored all, and as the orange glow of sunset came over him, he collapsed to the searing grains. He could move no further, and though he had proved the legends wrong, his death was assured.

He slammed his blistered hands against the dirt, and as he did so, it unearthed a skeletal hand. Surprised at its sudden appearance, he sat backward, and it was but a few moments that a sandstorm began to blow along the desert. The sands lashed and stung his face and body, and not soon after, he saw the bones start to rattle and take to the air.

He had thought he had gone mad, but it wasn't long after the sands began to settle that the skull opened its now reassembled maw and spoke to him.

"Child of the desert who has shown perseverance beyond normal men. None have ever reached the night, and thus none have ever reached my bones."

Habab, in fear, bowed before the creature, tired and fearful. He cared not if it were a mirage.

"I am the lord of this desert, the god, and I offer you salvation, but only if you promise to go forth and bring back worshippers so that I might be remembered once again."

Habab nodded and exclaimed his willingness to do so, if only he had the means to reach the other side. With a skeletal grin, the bones began to rattle. After a moment, it dropped to the ground in a scattered pile, leaving nothing but a disembodied voice.

"Check the skull of your god, for it will give you all you need to reach the other side of the desert."

With haste, Habab grabbed hold, and when he lifted it up, a decorative decanter fell from the hole underneath. When he picked it up and opened it, he could see that it was entirely empty. Though a beautiful solid gold, gold would not help him survive.

Disappointed, he turned the skull over and looked inside. To his surprise, it was full of a handful of water. Enough to fill that very decanter. He drank the liquid desperately, and when there was barely any left, he poured it into the container. Not much left, but enough to keep him going through the frigid night of the desert.

Walking for hours on end, he would sip from the decanter to keep motivated, but about an hour in. He noticed that the water continued to pour forth from it. A giant swig here and a colossal swig there, and he eventually opened it to peer inside.

To his shock, it was entirely empty, yet it poured forth the precious lifesaving liquid in endless supply. He ran it over his sores, head, and body and drank his fill. The rest of the trek was

effortless, with boundless spring water in his hands. When he eventually made it through and far to the mid-west, he began to frantically tell his tale to any that would listen.

At first, none believed one could survive the desert, but they all desired to see this skeleton he had spoken of when he demonstrated the decanter to them. With endless water, Habab brought his new disciples to the place of the desert god, and it was here that a yearly pilgrimage began taking place.

With worship restored to the god of the desert, the sands grew less harsh and the heat less powerful. Eventually, Habab established his own desert city known as Ishiira. Its people worshipped both the god of the desert and the holy decanter for which he had bestowed upon their leader.

Function: The Decanter of Plenty will take any liquid and allow one to have an endless supply of it. Lava, molten metal, rare elixir, medications, water, wine, spirits. Anything can pour forth from it will both be weightless and endless. To change what is already inside it, all one needs to do is offer no more than a drop of whatever liquid you wish to have next. You may also switch between any liquids the decanter has come into contact with, and what it produces cannot harm you. Whether that be burns from lava/molten metal or ingesting the poisons it could make.

Function 2: Any toxic or caustic materials placed in the decanter can be detoxified. The user can remove and cleanse all negative properties if they so choose.

Talassax Weed. [**100cp**]
Medicinal herbs are an essential staple of the world. While many varieties exist, few are as potent and helpful as the Talassax weed. Grown by a sect of monks in the secluded valleys of Shin-Dao. It provides its user more than just incredible healing and painkilling properties.

Master Akeno, the leader and carrier of the weed's growing secrets, had learned it from his own master. Traditionally it went from master to pupil throughout a century, but with time came ruin, and the small order diminished from decades of pressure to obtain their secrets.

Defectors, death, destruction, ware, and war inevitably left no one but Master Akeno. He recognized that there would be none to pass on his knowledge to without a pupil. Unwilling to let the Talassax weed die, he wrote an encrypted letter with a complex cipher.

“Only those who are worthy, persistent, and intelligent enough to decipher my text will have the right to the Talassax weed."

His words sat written on a note along with the cipher and secret paper.

Not much is known after they were discovered, but legend tells that Master Akeno was captured by the King of a powerful nation and tortured for his secrets. It is said that no matter how brutal the torture, Akeno would never speak, let alone cry in pain.

When death eventually came, the encrypted note was never solved, and it passed about through the ages as nothing more than a collector’s item with a history that most considered to be fake.

The item's small price made it intriguing to you, and when you finally laid eyes on it up close… It seemed to naturally make sense to you.

Function: The Talassax weed can be grown and turned into a potent medical elixir. This elixir can instantly remove ALL adverse status ailments. This elixir can be combined with any other potion to add the "cure-all" effect to whatever you wish.

Function 2: The Talassax weed may be smoked at any time, and it will provide a mighty high, not to mention it will reduce the pain one feels by 95%. The medicinal herb's pain-relieving properties allow one to plow on through adversity and not succumb to harsh elements as quickly.

Function 3: The Talassax weed may be added to food and eaten to create a “chill” effect on the user. The user will be cured of all boredom and wander about giggling at the simplest things. All social interactions with the user become positive, and charisma is put to max for the time it lasts.

Function 4: The Talassax weed may be processed and fermented to create potent nontoxic alcohol. This alcohol produces a drunken high state so strong that it can only be described as euphoric. All coordination goes down by 50%, but there is no inebriation like it. :)

Marcus’ Mirror. [**100cp**]
Marcus was a man who, above all else, was lazy. It wasn't as if he didn't work his apprenticeship under the local tavern's head cook. Still, truth be told, he had a desire to spend his time on more leisurely activities. Fishing, hiking, sleeping in, oh how it sounded pleasant to him.

Meager means abound. He knew he would never escape his life of wage slaving to make ends meet. Better than being a poor and homeless beggar, but still, his mind so often desired the endless enjoyment of life.

He struggled for years doing the same thing day after day until an elderly magician opened a local apothecary to help the poor with his sagacious wisdom and potent medicines. True, there was little he could buy from the old man, but his life had become so tiring, he merely sought advice.

Late one eve, after spending a few gold on some hard liquor, he made his way over to the old man’s shop. It was the talk of the slums, for the man was far more than generous with his prices than anyone ever dreamed, and rumors of his magical prowess kept away any that would dare try and rob him.

Marcus' first steps into the shop were met with greetings and pleasantries. It was jam-packed from wall to wall with unknown elixirs of every color and verity.

"Welcome, my young friend, how fare you this eve?"

Marcus rubbed his sweaty head and then let out an exasperated sigh.

"I… don't know why I have come. I just merely feel like I am lost… overworked… Tired. I do not wish for an elixir… I just, well, I dunno."

The old man merely nodded and smiled beneath his snow-white beard.

“Oh, I do know, and I think I have something special just for you.”

After taking a moment, he searched along a back shelf of decorative objects that looked to be nothing more than gaudy ornaments. His hand stopped when it reached a fancily decorated silver mirror with a red gem beneath the glass.

He held it in both hands and presented it to Marcus with a cheery smile.

"This mirror will allow you to spend your days as you please while living your life as you must. The cost you must pay is a tad… steeper than what I charge for my usual wares.”

Marcus was entranced by the mirror, and the glint in the old man's eyes told him this was not a bluff or con. He didn't know exactly what it meant, but nonetheless, he pulled out his entire sack of gold and offered it to the man.

The man smiled and pushed the gold back into the palm of his hand.

“Objects such as these are paid for in life essence, not coin. If you wish to have what you desire, you must pay me ten years of your life so that I may live ten more.”

Marcus was hesitant but eventually understood why the man was so old and powerful. Many had made this deal before him, and in trading a fraction of his life to sustain the magicians, it would benefit both of them.

With a nod of acceptance, the old man grabbed hold of Marcus’ hand, and after a brief shimmer of magical power. The mirror was handed off to him.

“Stare into your reflection for several seconds, and you will have what it is you desire.”

Marcus did as he was asked. After the allotted time, the red gem shimmered with light, not but a second later, a complete doppelganger of himself appeared. He was indistinguishable from Marcus and would follow his every command.

The endless possibilities swirled, and he knew now he would never have to work another day of his life. His doppelganger was sent to do every task, every annoyance in his life so that he would receive all the praise, glory, and earnings from it.

Endless days of fishing and sleeping in were how Marcus now enjoyed his life. Though shorter than it would have been, it was definitely better off than it could be otherwise.

Eventually, when he died, his mirror wound up lost as if it were nothing more than some trinket of useless rubbish.

Now found and in your possession, staring at your reflection causes the gem to glow red once again…

Function: Create a doppelganger of oneself that can do any task you can and function as an ordinary sentient being. Send it to make you money, craft things, gain experience, or even fight by your side if you desire. It is a perfect replica that gives you all the benefits of actions while you sleep, eat, and sit around and do nothing. The doppelganger is impervious to any sort of domination magics and can only ever obey the master that summoned it.

The doppelganger itself may be hidden at will or changed to any previous iteration of your face or hair, even if it is your youth. These may also be mixed and matched and allow you to not arouse suspicions from those who witness you together.

Function 2: The mirror affords the current owner the capacity to share a mental link with the doppelganger. It allows the user to experience what the replication does at will and know what it does, as well as issue commands to it from afar. If the doppelganger is killed at any point, a short waiting period of 24 hours will be necessary for the magical being to regain its strength.

Secret Techniques of Master Smith. (**Gerard Dufair.**) [**100cp**]
Gerard Dufair was a world-renowned smith and one of significant influence worldwide. He created and restored masterworks of arms with the strike of his hammer like no other before him. Many would travel through the lands to simply gaze upon his art, if not, be lucky enough to obtain use of his skill.

He created and fixed some of the most incredible magical trinkets the world had ever seen throughout the years. Commission after commission, he demanded high prices for high art, and he lived in absolute awe and opulence to those around him.

His life was his work, and though young, nobody could deny his talents. He had many suitors, and in the prime of his life, he sought to find a woman for whom to have children.

Life was perfect for Gerard, up until he found himself becoming ever more incapable of working long hours. Days slowed, his commissions stalled, and inevitably it was apparent from his now gaunt figure that he was ill in a way that magics could not heal.

Not one to be discouraged, he tried to keep pushing through his sickness, but eventually, it robbed him of his strength to leave his bed. His demise was apparent more now than ever, and with no family to pass on his craft, he set to taking his last days to write his secret techniques into a manual. It was but a few pages long but housed the intimate knowledge to enhance, combine, or repair any item, magical or otherwise.

With lost arts now in hand, you set to work reinforcing, repairing, and improving all manner of objects or merely creating your own masterworks in the name of Gerard Dufair.

Function: This pamphlet allows one to enhance and improve any item discovered by a factor of 3 and increases the base value of objects created from scratch by 5. This means that any item

found, the statistics on it can be enhanced by triple the base value, and any item crafted from scratch will have all statistics quintupled.

There is no limit to this, and it transcends jumps. You will always understand the will of Gerard and act accordingly. Your limit is your imagination, and to have such knowledge is a valuable thing beyond measure.

Function 2: This manual explains how to repair and fix any broken item. It reduces the cost of required materials for all repairs down to 25% of what it would have cost otherwise. Once an item is repaired, it can then be enhanced using the other knowledge within the manual.

Function 3: Gerard wrote a special page dedicated to combining any two objects. With this knowledge, ANY item of any type may be combined with one another. You may pick the output of the combined object. (EG. Combining a damage amulet with a spear, you may choose the spear's properties to be an amulet or vice-versa.

If converted to another object, the attack damage of a weapon becomes defense for armor or attribute of choice for an accessory. Items may be enhanced before combination using Gerard's techniques. Then you may improve the combined item by a factor of 5, as it is considered a "from scratch" object regardless of how the components were obtained.)

Progenitor Grimoire. [**200cp**]
The origins of this ancient text are shrouded in mystery. Though many such copies exist, nobody truly understands the nature of the first text. All that is understood is that one special apprentice is chosen and given the progenitor's next descendant.

It is a mystical yet unassuming book that perfectly replicates and copies new magic and rituals into its pages without effort. Transcending logic and certainty, as the book fills, it begins to take on a life of its own. Its essence seemingly linked to its newfound master.

Voices begin to whisper into their ear, and knowledge of forgotten arts comes to them in their dreams. The progenitor wishes to sow more seeds and needs to reproduce itself. It requires them to cast the lost spell and send forth a new copy into the aether so that it can continue to reach further than ever before.

Its silent desires do not come emptyhanded, though, and the promise of power beyond measure is what it offers. Visions of the greatest magelings from across the aether come, and it asks they choose a successor.

And then, with an utterance of a ***word***. They choose you…

The cycle repeats itself and as one learns the lost spell. All those apprentices that come after to take their place to teach their magic to the one that came before them. One can only imagine all the knowledge the actual copy of the progenitor grimoire contains. Still, some have whispered that its original creator possesses the ability to visit those they deem worthy.

Unicorn Horn. [**200cp**]
Princess Adalon was a young woman of high standing, and she spent many evenings hobnobbing with polite society. She was wealthy, beautiful, and intelligent. Her only flaw was her unfettered greed.

She would receive gifts from suiters, but it was always beneath her desires no matter what opulence or kind gesture would come her way. One eve, as an old mistral, put on a play for her amusement. She became enchanted over the lead's devotion to his beloved and a gift that none could give. The fabled horn of a precious unicorn. Dazzling and spectacular, it was the only gift one such as herself deserved.

The decree was sent to all men far and wide. He who would bring her the horn of beauty would be wed to her and become future King of the most prosperous kingdom in the known land. Men attempted to find such a creature far and wide, and when all failed, they resorted to trickery.

False horns, horse heads in the guise of unicorn heads, and claims of live captured creatures filled the castle. Mages and diviners tried to locate such a beast, and it seemed as if all hope was lost. The more impatient Adalon became, the more frantic her prospective suiters became.

One day, a quiet librarian named Jermaine came to the castle seeking an audience with Adalon. He was to be turned away until he gave a hint he knew about the fabled unicorn. When the princess saw him, he introduced himself and spoke his piece to her without delay.

“O’ fare princess. I know how to find a fabled unicorn in the enchanted forest of Merr. It is but an afternoon’s travel from here, and the only requirement is you must go alone. For it is only a maiden of virtue and beauty such as yourself that can see such a pure creature."

He held his hands out and promised to take her to the forest and let her search by herself in exchange for her hand in marriage when she located it. Against all advice, she agreed and would not be dissuaded.

“If indeed a unicorn you bring to me, so shall I wed you as you desire.”

Off they went to the forest in his poor man's carriage. None but her would enter the woods, and once found, she would slay the beast with an enchanted dagger made by her royal mages. The horn would be hers, and she would finally have as she deserved.

She went through the dark forest alone with a dagger concealed beneath her cloak. It didn't take long for the lone maiden to find her prize. The curious and majestic creature appeared before her as if attempting to read her heart.

When it drew near, she brandished the blade, and with little hesitation, stabbed the magical creature callously. It bled yet did nothing in retaliation. She stabbed, again and again, becoming more vicious with each strike, until it collapsed. Viciously she sawed its horn from its head, leaving nothing but a bloodied stump.

Making her way from the forest, horn in hand. She returned to her prince-to-be. When she sat next to him, she showed him the bloody magical horn that dripped and shimmered all at once.

With a smile on her selfish lips, she leaned in to offer a kiss to her new fiancée, but as she did, she felt the cold of steel pierce her chest. Her eyes widened as Jermaine grabbed hold of the horn and wrestled it from her grasp.

"I needed a maiden, a special maiden, and one of royal blood to draw it out. With this in hand, I shall have untold power… Having served your purpose, your spirit shall answer for the slaying."

She held her bleeding chest but was kicked from the carriage as it sped off into the darkness of night. Leaving behind the selfish princess to be claimed by the forest she had desecrated.

Function: A magician or spellcaster of any type holding the unicorn horn will have their magic powered by **500 percent**. A heal doing 1000 now does 5000, and a magling's fireball doing 50 now does 250. The horn can be used to power objects magically and can be worn as an accessory rather than a wand or weapon if one chooses.

Function 2: Those of good alignment may tap into the power of the slain unicorn and utilize its magnificent purifying properties. Once per day, the horn will allow the purification of any and all diseases or poisons that may infect any person or object (such as a poisoned lake.)

Function 3: Women who wield the unicorn horn regardless of alignment or affiliation are seen as pure and good-natured to anybody they desire. They can manipulate people for their own purposes and attract other mythological beasts seeking to interact with special maidens of purity.

Enchanted – Purity Test: The unicorn horn will detect evil and deceit of any person near it. One can always know who to trust and who not to with such information.

Vial of Decrepit Withering. [**200cp**]
Aria Tana was once a kind and gentle woman of the small town of Illata, a quaint place far to the west of Riverdale. She was known by many to be overly kind and owned an exceedingly successful bakery on the west end of the town.

Fortune and success were hers, and she would travel about from their small village for supplies in another. Things were happy for a time until one eve she set off on another supply pickup and seemingly disappeared from the face of the earth. Days passed, and then a week, all the town was ready to send out a search party to look for the kind young girl.

However, before anybody could, her wagon rode into town. When swamped with questions and affection, she coldly told them to leave her be and that she had been through much. Her wagon was filled with sour milk and many dirty blankets that reeked.

As time passed and she resettled, whispers began to cycle through the town's housewives that Aria had made a change for the worse. She was nothing but a devil in glamour. At first, it seemed silly to the men, but they began changing their opinion when the townsfolk started disappearing into the night.

With her change in behavior and the fact, her bakery shut its doors to customers. They felt she had something to hide, and they were now sure that the missing children and adults in town were connected to Aria.

Late one eve, the townsfolk gathered and headed to her shop with torches in hand. When they arrived, they intended to apprehend and interrogate Aria, but no one was found as they searched the dark, foul-smelling bakery. Frustrated and finding nothing but blotted stains and nasty smells, the citizens set ablaze the shop.

Satisfied that perhaps they scared her off from their town, they tried to forget what had happened, as with the shop gone, so too should the disappearances.

Unbeknownst to them was that Aria had not left, but she had merely hidden deep beneath the floorboards and rubble where her bakery once stood. In a hidden chamber of stone, standing in vile darkness lit by naught but candles, she sat on her knees before a dark altar.

A female corpse, flayed of her flesh, hung from rusted wires. It was dripping blood into a bowl slowly, the smell of death surrounding Aria as she prostrated herself before the mutilated human.

“The time of sacrifice draws nigh, dear Lord. The life I have stolen has granted me time, and though I wear her skin, they could see through me. O' my lord, I ask that you give me the strength, the strength to punish them for their insolence. Gant me this power! Give me the means!”

With her plea of intense anger, she lifted the bowl of old, partially coagulated blood and began to drink it. Its sour irony taste splashed against her tongue as it went. The candles of the flames flickered as an ominous wind blew against the bloodstained cobblestones.

After a moment, the wired skinless husk began to move, and Aria backed away in surprise. It tore its musculature from the cables and stood before her as a vessel of malicious intent. It neither spoke nor could see for lack of eyes but knew precisely where she was.

With a quiet gesture, it ran its skeletal finger along her cheek, slicing into it so that she would give more than what she had already promised. With no sound, the corpse lifted its hand and grasped the knife that had skinned it. Plunging it into its own wrist, it began to bleed, but this was dark and shimmering, unlike normal blood.

Still frightened, Aria cowered, and the creature squeezed the essence from itself into the stained altar bowl that Aria had drunk from. Once full, the husk collapsed to the floor into a rotting mess of muscles and fluid. The candles blew roughly and snuffed out entirely, leaving all in complete darkness, save for the glowing blood that illuminated the room.

"Our deal is complete…." The sickening whispers filled the room.

“With that, you shall offer me great sacrifice, and I shall quench my thirst forevermore."

Aria let go of her fear and wasted no time in scooping up the glowing essence into a jar. With the vile foul-smelling elixir in its glass container, she set out under cover of night so that her lord's thirst could be sated.

Pattering across the grass by the light of the pale moon, she headed towards the town well. Without hesitation, she tilted the jar and let, but a drip of the rancid blood fall into the bottomless pit. Within seconds she heard the hissing of heat, and it sounded as if acid were dissolving and burning something away.

Satisfied, she went to the swamps to hide until midday, and it was when she returned that she saw the destruction her master had wrought. The people of the town withered and fell apart, their muscles barely able to hold together as they had decayed alive in agony along the ground. Their life essence flowed where they melted.

Aria drank her fill with glee and satisfaction, then turned and fled the village with her precious elixir. When the horrific discovery was made, at last, the paladin sect of Ralia was immediately sent to investigate the carnage.

Sadly, the only stink of evil found was the bowl containing the tainted blood, the skinned corpse by the altar, and the beautiful suit of skin once worn by a monster.

Function: The Vial of Decrepit Withering will allow the user to unleash a horrible and incurable affliction onto any population. The magic in the corrupted blood gives the user the ability to control the potency and symptoms of its target's suffering. This can be used to eliminate enemies, get revenge, and manipulate the economics of vast swaths of land.

Function 2: The liquid from the vial may be swallowed by the user, and in doing so. One will gain the blessings of the dark entity. They will be able to shed their skin and steal others as they see fit, collecting blood for their own strength as well as their insidious ally. The user will have choice and control and does not need to follow the dark one's wishes, but the more it is pleased, the more power and destruction it offers in return at the user's request. The user may regrow their own skin and appearance at will.

Function 3: The vial refills over time, so long as any blood exists inside of it. It takes no more than a drop to use and has the secondary ability to curse any object and remove wards and blessings. One can violate sanctimonious places and dispel robust protections to access holy treasures guarded by the church. When one curses an object, they are free to choose the properties, type, and strength the curse inflicts upon the target, whether horrible or humiliating.

Tyfin's Copy of the Manual of Planes. [**300cp**]
In its own right, the Manual of Planes is an exquisitely crafted book that details the many planes, how they function, what beings reside in them, and the magic associated with traveling to and creating them. It is undetermined what influential person penned the original, but that has not stopped the teenage mage apprentice Tyfin from copying it.

Strange as it may be, one would think that copying a book would be relatively simple. Unfortunately, the tome's language and magical understanding were relatively higher than what

the young boy had to offer. Still, he tried his best, and over two years, he secretly transcribed the pages to an ordinary leather-bound book.

Some of the essential functions were intact but somewhat hard to understand in his version. Many of the more challenging and complex magics were either outright not functioning or had… unintended results. When it was found out that the boy was copying the book, he was shamed and disbanded as the apprentice to the head wizard. He was given his copy back despite this, as it was considered worthless, and he an idiot.

Tyfin never felt ashamed, however, because claiming to be the author of a famous magical book made him quite attractive to the adolescent girls of his town. They just simply never needed to know that his work was a befuddled mess.

Book Contents:

Planatar Map – Can display a map of the current plane. Area's you have not visitet or have no knowledge of may be shown in less detail.

Planat Hadbook – Details the basic trait of a target plane, including name, runic address, elemental/magical traits, ruler, primary residents, and common monster.

Plane Shift – Once a day, take user and up to one creature per ten level to target plan. Location arrival depend on familiarity with the target desination.

Rambling – How daate hadmas er wallas tell me I canhav sno more to drink. What a basferd. I really think I kno was I can tolrant.

Strange Plane Spell – When its cast it doesn seem to do much. When I go to sleep, however, I have dreams of planes I have never seen before. Is this some kind of interdimentional site spell?

???? – "Then he remobed her robe and licked her body all over. She maoned with passion as he began to…."

List – Fix wand, remember level one spells for exam, learn first level two spell, feed cat, get some bread and cheese for snacking…

Plane Random? – When I cast this sell it seems to teleport what object I cast it on elsewhere. Results are random, sotimes things are transport to elsewhere in this plane, other times into the unknown.

Elemental Kitty! – I think I mess up when copying the plane description of elemental beings. Some reason I wrote it as a spell instead when I was trying to feed Sparkles. When I cast out of curiousity I create an elemant variant of whatever animal I think. So now I has a wind kitty named Gale.

Plane Food – Stronge spell. If I cas it I find myself nearly impervous to elemental damage. I tried tasting fire and found it to be tasty and filling. This spell is great for solving hunger crises!

Strang Ecsistance – I condocted an expirament today and I ended up getting transport to an empty plain. I was scared at first, but then the plain itself started talking to me, weird huh? I explaned that I am the grand apprantice of the wizard and it asked to see my work on my book. I showed it, and it told me it wold help me.

Writing appeared on the page an I started to read it, but got bored cus the plain was whiny. I fall asleep not long after and woke up in my bed.

- *The emptiness of existence brings me sorrow. I long to be filled with company, as do other planes in the great cycle of life and souls. I have given you the key o' wizard to craft beings to your specification, so that you might see and understand the great cycle. If you set it in motion on my behalf, I shall permit you to be the ruler of me and all that come to call me home.*

*(**Accurate and astounding magical writing fills the page, containing spells and information on the great cycle of life and souls**.)*

Blah, blah, what a baby. I will leave it in, but I don wanna talk to that thing again.

Tarnished Ring of the Fabled Drunkard. [**300cp**]
"*A curious thing, this ring! Oh, how they laughed, but my success makes me sing!*"

Jonathan O'Neil was an old beggar and drunkard who wandered Luce's big city town. He was known to the residence as a harmless old man who was not quite so right in the head. He rambled incessantly when he was deep in his cups about the vast power of his ring—a tarnished and barely worth a pence pile of trash.

"*The ring, I done made it in me youth I did. Back at the height of my magical mastery.*" He'd say to any fool wandering by willing to lend an ear. Most would laugh, as it was absurd to think that the old codger had any sort of power and languished enfeebled in the slums.

Oh, how Jonathan spent the cold nights on the smelly streets babbling incoherently to the sky. "*Soon itll'all be worth it, I'knowsit!*" He would cry. Eventually, late one evening, those who lived by where he'd shout became so fed up with him and his ranting throughout the night that they took to the streets in protest.

They wanted him gone, and as dawn's sun rose, let him know as such. They yelled, laughed, pushed, and threatened him as he fell back into a dirty puddle on the cobblestones. "*Yer want me gone?*" He asked, and the townsfolk just yelled a resounding, "yes!" Jonathan stood up, dusted himself off, and finally pointed his ring towards the sky. "*Well, it'll has been long enough!*"

Then, to everyone's surprise. A magical castle descended from the clouds and overshadowed the morning sun. It was so massive, beautiful, and elegant. It was almost heavenly compared to the courts of mortal men. The daze crowd looked onward as the old man began to rise into the sky. Quietly removing his ring but keeping it clenched in the palm of his hand.

It didn't take long for old Jonathan O'Neil to disappear up into the clouds, taking with it his resplendent castle. The entire city couldn't believe any of what they had just witnessed, and as time passed, many of the folk figured that the sad beggar had never existed at all. The magical tale of Jonathan O'Neil, the beggar, became nothing more than a bedtime story for young children.

At least it was that way until you happened upon an old, tarnished ring sitting in the window of a derelict antique shop.

Perhaps but a small payment is worth finding out if the old wives' tale was accurate?

Function: Once you put it on, the enchantment takes your MP pool down 5% of your max. This is not a fixed amount, and you may increase how much you wish to spend to speed up the effect. 5% is the least one can spend at one time.

So long as you wear the ring, a home will be created using the drained MP. Only you and whoever you bring with you may go to this home, and at first, it starts off as nothing more than a shack, but after a few days of taking your mana. It will upgrade itself to a nice cabin with an attached outhouse. The more mana drained, the greater your homestead becomes.

It will continue upgrading itself, taking longer each upgrade, but there is no limit to how high and resplendent the home becomes. It could be a five-star mansion with a pool or any kind of workshop you could ever need. Once you are satisfied with your home and remove the ring, it becomes locked to that final form. You may then put it back on so that you may access the house, and it will no longer take mana from you.

Dungeon Builder's Guidebook. [**400cp**]
This guide allows the user to channel the magic of the gods and create a Dungeon. You have administrator privileges over this dungeon and can either take an active hand in its growth or leave it to its own devices and allow it to grow by itself.

Dungeons may not be placed within ten miles of an existing dungeon. Creating a dungeon requires either a suitable vessel to be the dungeon core. If no suitable vessel is present, one may be created if sufficient MP is spent. You gain complete control over building the dungeon, and it does not disappear when used.

Lifedrinker of Abraxas. [**400cp**]
Abraxas was a warrior known for being a sadistic and unstoppable force on the battlefield. When the call of combat came, he would fly into a frenzy and not only just slay his opponents but completely mutilate and dismember their corpses.

The more Abraxas killed, the seemingly stronger he became until he eventually lost his mind one day and began mutilating the citizens of a small village for little reason other than he wanted to. Word was sent to the Paladin Order of the Eastern Star. After cutting down 100 out of 150 paladin warriors and clerics, he finally fell at the hands of the sect leader.

The paladin known as Raylin Lyril, who struck the finishing blow, claimed Abraxas' signature weapon from his lifeless hands, a massive ax so twisted and gnarled by design that it looked otherworldly. Its metal head soaked so much in the blood of its victims that it had become a sickly brownish crimson hue.

When the whispers of sinister voices began to enter Raylin's mind, she cast the accursed weapon into a nearby lake, hoping that it would rot and rust into oblivion.

Unfortunately, it resurfaced and somehow has found its way to you….

Lifedrinker's lust for the blood of the living knows no bounds, and it offers great power to those that wield it…

While wielding Lifedrinker, the first **100** victims mutilated will create a soulbond between the weapon and the user. After this happens, the user will gain a permanent speed and strength boost while wielding the heavy ax. Its speed will increase from moderate to very fast, and it can be wielded one-handed as opposed to two.

For every 50 enemies mutilated while wielding Lifedrinker after soulbond, the user will gain a stacking, semi-permanent + 1 increase to both **STRENGTH** and **CONSTITUTION**, making the user both inflict more damage and more challenging to kill in battle. Should the wielder die and the soulbond is torn, this bonus is only lost. If the user switches to another weapon, the bonus is kept because the soulbond still exists.

Enchanted - Dark Clarity: Wielding Lifedrinker makes the user immune to panic, domination, and confusion magics. The insidious whispers of the weapon will keep your mind clear and focused on the bloody task at hand, as there is no panic or confusion unless Lifedrinker is causing it.

Relic of Mystic FTL Space Exploration. [**600cp**]
A strange relic of unknown origin and metal was discovered at the site of a devastating meteor crash that destroyed a good portion of a small town known as Lantsing. Nothing more than an oddity at first, it was auctioned off for a quick buck by the discoverer.

As the strange item went from hand to hand, it languished on shelves for years as a decorative ornament. That is until it was purchased by Professor Marty Haneberg of Aeronautical Space Exploration Studies. He had long read about the fated meteor crash and took an interest in the object out of personal curiosity.

Marty illegally spent a quarter of the lab's entire budget to procure the object and set to work studying its properties. He was a skeptic by nature and was perplexed by the complete inexplicability of the materials and how they vibrated in his hand.

After months of study and testing, Marty had a breakthrough when he decided to replicate the meteor crash by attaching the mysterious object to a medium-sized rock and then dropping it. The minute he did, the stone disappeared and smashed into the ground with such force that it

caused a miniature earthquake that nearly toppled everything inside the building. Cracks ran through the floor, and it was a miracle that nobody was hurt.

It took examining the video recording of the experiment at 1/10000th speed to even see the object with the naked eye, and it was then that Marty recognized the actual properties of this mysterious "relic."

With new resolve and no concern for his own safety, he grabbed hold of the vibrating object and held it high in the air towards the sky. Fantasy taking over skepticism and his dreams of the endless sea of stars now entering his mind.

Feeling as one with the object, he let go of all logic and desired it to whisk him to the images he saw. By the time he was willing to open his eyes, he had found himself no longer on his dainty little planet but hurtling through the cosmos at speeds the mind could barely comprehend. Impervious to all elements and dangers, it carried him to his destination.

At this moment, Marty realized that the meteor that crashed so long ago was no meteor at all, and was the previous possessor of this mysterious relic. He knew now that would be his end one day when his age became too great to control the relic's force.

It was eventually so, but now that same relic sits before you. Nothing more than a collector's ornament, waiting to be discovered again. Where ordinary mortals complete this endless cycle, your incomprehensible strength might allow you to travel the universe at FTL speeds forever.

Functions: Able to survive in space and fly at FTL speeds to explore new vistas.

FTL speeds increase with age or power, allowing you to cross an average galaxy within six weeks at max speed. Capable of crossing extragalactic gulfs in two months as rates drastically increase outside of a galaxy.

Alternate Use: Can be attached to ships, cargo, objects, and even an RV or other stuff you own! Doing so will allow it to share the FTL speeds and properties, making whatever it is applied to space-worthy with appropriate sensors and controls. This will enable you to traverse in better comfort and move large, rare objects or materials vast distances in very little time.

Heart of Kyoko Hirata. [**600cp**]
Kyoko was the gorgeous daughter of a famed samurai known as Ito Hirata. She was raised from a young age to be subservient to men's needs, and her father had planned to marry her off in exchange for more incredible wealth and political favor.

As time passed and Kyoko became of marrying age, she had come to find a heart and mind of her own. She was secretly taught to read by a young noble named Kaito, and as her knowledge bloomed, so did their love.

Of course, nothing ever stayed a secret from Ito Hirata for too long, and when he inevitably found out that the two were making plans to flee to escape her arranged marriage. He gave Kaito two options: kill himself honorably or slay him and claim his daughter.

Kaito chose to attempt to kill Ito. Though he knew he was no match for him, he would rather die trying to free Kyoko than do nothing at all. Kyoko pleaded for forgiveness and begged that Kaito be spared, but Ito would not listen, as he felt he was being insulted by the boy's actions.

When the two squared off to duel, it was hardly a contest, and Kaito was dispatched by the elder, experienced swordmaster within seconds. Kyoko was left heartbroken, lost to despair and misery.

Kyoko's despair was so great that she began pleading to the spirits nightly that she be given the strength to escape her father. Then, one night as she cried before an altar, she cursed and banged her delicate hands against the stones of the ground until blood began to seep from her knuckles. In that instant, she heard the quiet whispers of some unseen force speak to her.

"*Offer your spirit to me, and my heart shall be yours.*"

Kyoko was afraid but merely uttered to the cold air that she would give and do anything for the power of freedom. No sooner had the words left her mouth did she feel a sharp pain stab her chest, and she doubled over in agony. When blood began leaking from the area onto her hands, she panicked but stopped when she saw a necklace hit the ground where a pool of blood had formed.

Her pain and emotions now severed. She picked up the necklace and stared at the blood-colored jewel that sat in the middle. She now understood the whisperer's will and took to confronting her father after grabbing a decorative wakizashi from his collection. When Ito saw her coming towards him, doused in blood, he had worried for her, but when he drew near to tend to her, he saw that she was armed.

His foolish daughter, how he loved her, but he knew he could not let her make an attempt on his life. He quickly swung his katana to disarm her but was surprised when she dodged the attack so fast that his eyes couldn't detect her. He hesitated as she poised to attack, and then as she went to swing, he jabbed the sword up to pierce her chest.

When the fatal attack reached where her heart would be, the necklace tightly wound around her wrist glowed, and time itself paused. She could feel nothing but the desire to kill him; her love was now replaced by emptiness and malice. She stepped to the side and began to walk, all the while, the jewel draining of its crimson light. At last, she stood behind him completely, time resumed, and when Ito's attack hit the fleshy blood-filled husk of Kyoko's replica, she stabbed forward, piercing the back of his neck.

Blood squirted out and started drenching her hand as he gagged and struggled with his last gasps of air. When she ripped the blade from his throat, the blood that splattered onto her began to travel upwards towards the jewel and revitalize it to its former sickening glow.

"*Freedom from all oppression is yours, so long as you feed me the blood of the living.*"

Her conscious blank, and her understanding absolute. She claimed her father's prized katana from his corpse and took out into the dark night. From that day forward, there were

whisperings of sightings of Kyoko Hirata. As mangled corpses of villagers began being discovered, many men were sent out to slay her.

All would claim they did upon their return, only to be discovered mutilated in their homes the following day.

Function: You can stop the flow of the battle at will so long as there is enough blood in the jewel. When the treasure becomes dark and lacks light, it will be unusable for this function.

Alternative Use: You may also use this power outside of combat to kill innocent people, assassinate targets, and sabotage or sneak about.

Enchanted - Still Beating Heart: When a blow that will kill you is delivered, the Heart of Kyoko will instantly intervene and completely block the fatal blow. This effect will leave behind an indistinguishable faux copy of your body as it would have been if you were slain. Time will be paused for ten seconds, resetting all aggro and allowing you to escape to safety if you choose. This can be activated once every 24 hours, even should the jewel be depleted entirely of life essence.

Armaments of Lisena. [**800cp**]
Lisena Terr was not a warrior by nature, in fact. She was a sickly and frail teenager from Ari's frigged, pine forest village. Small and lethargic, she was born with a degenerative disease that affected the muscles of her body.

She was doted on by her parents but not useful for anything the village would need. She languished at home, bound to a chair with wheels attached to it. The snow in the area was such that she could not go outside and even enjoy life beyond the fantasy of the books her father collected for her.

How she dreamed, she could do something, anything, with her life, but she knew that she would be bedridden at some point. Withering away without experience or happiness.

Then, one day, her parents returned home with two strangers that Lisena had never seen before. They both looked weathered and happy to be in a warm home. Her parents rushed over and wheeled Lisena before them.

"This is our dearest daughter that we told you of. She is timid, but we think you will get along very well."

Lisena looked down at her feet and blushed.

“I am Lisena, and I-well, um, it is a pleasure to meet you.”

The two strangers chuckled amongst one another, and their smiles were warm and comforting.

"Hello, young one, my name is Ixia, and this is my husband, Zachary. We are traveling the world in search of knowledge, and since you lack an inn of any kind, your parents were generous enough to allow us to stay here for a time."

Lisena could sense their kindness and shyly smiled. Over the coming weeks, she bonded with the two while her parents were out doing their daily work. Though Ixia and Zachary tried to forbid her from waiting on them, Lisena refused to be unhospitable, and though she wheeled herself about all day fetching research books from the study. It felt good to be useful.

When Ixia and Zachary took time away from Lisena, they couldn't help but feel her absence. Ixia's heart had been melted by Zachary, and now both sought to bring joy to others while they gained the knowledge of the world.

After some discussion and with the aid of the village's local blacksmith, they crafted a resplendent and decorative set of armor with many of the jewels and gold they had collected in their adventures. Zachary's fine etching, coupled with Ixia's vast knowledge of enchanting, allowed them to create something that shimmered in the sunlight.

On the day of their leaving, they offered the armor to Lisena, who almost broke down into tears. She knew she could never wear such a thing, but to have a beautiful gift like something out of her fantasy books meant the world to her.

Ixia smiled and merely began to push a spring-loaded contraption on the side of the sets of greaves. With ease, she snapped them into place on Lisena's legs. Lisena was surprised at first, but she felt her legs grow studier as they sat attached. After a moment to take in the feeling, she tried to stand. She toppled over the first time, but as she regained balance to her feet, she recognized she could stand independently.

Lisena's eyes were full of wonder and awe as she watched Ixia place each spring-loaded piece of armor onto her until all but the helmet was left. Her body now felt as secure as it did strong, and she was struck with giddiness, realizing the set itself did the work that her frail body could not.

"It is our first gift to you, Lisena, that armor is enchanted with the most powerful materials we could spare. We both agreed that your life and happiness are worth more than enchanting materials could ever be."

Lisena cried visibly and hugged Zachary with her immense strength. He choked and laughed as she did and responded.

"We want to teach you how to fully use that armor, and we have already gotten permission from your parents to let us take you further north if you desire. That is our second gift. You may live life on your own terms."

Scared but elated. Lisena wasted no time accepting, and by next eve she was wandering away on her own two legs. Through the generosity of a powerful mage and an elegant jeweler, Lisena made a name for herself as one of the greatest and most powerful warriors to wander the lands of the north.

Function: The armaments of Lisena all have powerful and extremely useful enchantments that go beyond typical enchanting. The armor is controlled by magics not yet understood, and for this reason, it is considered a priceless and one-of-a-kind set of armor.

Helmet of Lisena. - The helmet of Lisena has powerful protective magics that not only negate and nullify all critical hits but also seems to emit a powerful magical barrier on command that protects the wearer from all forms of projectiles for 30 minutes. The recharge time is 4 hours.

Armor of Lisena. - The Armor of Lisena is enchanted with powerful defensive magic and an emergency light magical reserve. The armor will reduce damage from all physical sources by 50 percent, and the magical reserve acts as an absorber that will reduce 25 percent of all incoming magic damage. The absorption will also allow the wearer to save 1 spell cast at any level and use it in an emergency, regardless of class.

Leg and Arm Armor of Lisena. - The leg and arm armor are magnificent creations that act based on the user's strength of will. The arm and legs will continue to work at full capacity despite injury or even unconsciousness. They will continue to fight until the user drops to near death, which they will both attempt to defend the wearer and flee if possible. While wearing these pieces, the wearer's strength attribute is tripled by converting mental strength to physical.

Greaves of Lisena. - The greaves are enchanted with a powerful holy spell that acts as a pain reliever. Whenever the user is tired, in pain, or wounded. The greaves can be activated to send a rush of power from the user's toes' tips to the top of their head. While this does not heal hp, it negates any pain and prevents further self-injury caused by the leg and arm armor if they take over. Its duration is 12-hours with a 1-day recharge period.

Function 2: The Armor of Lisena is spring-loaded and extremely easy to strap on, even for the handicapped. Its enchantments are such that they cannot be removed once they are on until the wearer wills it. When not equipped, the armor has a weight of 0 and will not weigh even a child down if placed inside a large sack.

Function 3: The magical reserve function and the sheer power of the enchantments allow even those that do not have natural mana regeneration or reserves to develop it the longer it is worn. The armor allows the teaching of unique techniques and abilities if given to and placed on a pupil.

Enchanted - Lisena's Legacy: When someone wears the entire Lisena armor set. All enemies will recognize the distinct and powerful armaments. All low-level enemies have a 25% chance to flee immediately upon seeing the user, dropping their loot as they go.

Strong enemies will have a 25% chance of beginning the battle in fear, allowing the user to take the first strike. If the enemy does not snap out of fear every ten seconds, subsequent free actions may be taken. (50% chance per 10-second intervals to break out of fear.)

Sword of Elemental Harmony. [**800cp**]

Long ago, four kingdoms resided on the opposite sides of a great forest known as Elestra. It was a sacred place that was said to keep the world's balance in harmony—Air, fire, water, and earth, the things that keep the planet alive.

The wars between the four kingdoms became so grand that the thirst for power and desire to claim Elestra corrupted the four kings' minds. Each King spread discord through the forest as they journeyed to the great spring to seek to be the one the spirit would empower.

The specter obliged each King but issued a warning to each.

“Your desire for true power has led you on a fools’ errand. In the end, the elements are split, and so, you shall meet your demise in the quest to reclaim harmony.”

Each King scoffed and accepted a sword of each distinct element. Air, fire, water, and earth. With glee, they rejoiced, knowing that they were stronger than at least one other King. And so, the war of elemental chaos began.

Carelessness and carnage raged through the land, and each King selfishly used the power of each sword for their own gain. The land began to rot, the seas began to spill, the winds began to rage, and the heat began to rise. The world had become as dark and rotten as each selfish King’s heart.

The world seemed lost until a goodhearted young ranger only known as “Kait” confronted the King wielding the sword of wind and requested he relinquish it for the good of the land. Naturally, the King of air refused and spoke in an arrogant tone.

“If you want it, you will have to pry it from my cold, dead hands.”

The ranger, unwilling to back down, and wanting to stop the desecration of all beloved wilderness, drew her blade in anticipation. The King of air released an onslaught of incredibly devastating magical and physical attacks against the young girl. Still, her will kept up, and she fought bravely. Knocked and pulled, pushed, and shoved, it seemed hopeless.

The King sneered at the girl and raised his blade to strike the finishing blow.

“Anything to say before you are rent asunder by the winds?”

Kait raised her fingers to her lips, and with a decisive blow, a whistle sounded through the destroyed room. Out of the shadows leaped a wolf whose pelt was as white as winter's snow. Caught off guard, the King attacked the wolf, but as he did, the young ranger pounced forth and pierced his chest the moment it became open.

As quickly as she could, she grabbed hold of the great sword of wind, and with it, any resistance in the castle was neutralized. Such power brought fear and respect, and Kait went forward to the next King. Knowing that the sword of earth would be easy to claim with the sword of air.

King of water, how quickly he fell to the might of claimed earth, and when at last the blade of water was within Kait’s grasp. It quivered amorphously with magical energy, transfusing it into

the sword of air and earth. Its power growing ever more potent, and the world growing ever calmer.

With wind, earth had been claimed, and with earth to tame the lands, the water was now calmed. There was now nothing left to do but confront the King of fire. Unlike the others, he tried reason to hold what little power he could retain. Unfortunately, his crimes against nature and its people were beyond forgiveness. The desire for harmony was more potent than his own will.

Once he fell, ranger Kait was astounded by the resplendent blade that had been created. Shimmering like a rainbow, its ability to shift with the will of its user would ensure that balance would be preserved by the hand that had made it.

Function: The Sword of Elemental Harmony can shift between the four elements at any time. The blade is made of unknown materials and can never break or dull.

Elements: All elements can be used at a second's notice. The effect power differs depending on what element you are currently on.

Air: Appearance becomes that of a long, decretive silver blade with a grey hilt. Elegant engravings travel along it, so delicate and refined it was as if the sharpness of the wind itself put it there.

The element of air grants the user 50% resistance to its weakest opposing element (earth.) Its attack can double as ranged magical, conjuring winds that can push, knock around, pull, damage, and cut enemies and objects for half your physical damage converted to magical. Rocks and the land are easily pushed, moved, and deflected, as well as other physical objects such as bullets, arrows, stones, and other projectiles.

Storms can be conjured to wreak havoc on entire fields, towns, and kingdoms, dealing constant and impressive damage. (Massive storms mustered into existence deal ongoing damage so long as a battle is in effect. Unlike regular magical spells, the ones the blade conjures can cause critical strikes, dealing **double** magic damage.)

Fire: Appearance becomes that of an enflamed firebrand. A hilt as glowing red as hot irons and a raging inferno along its blade.

The element of fire grants the user 50% resistance to its weakest opposing element (air.) Its heat is so intense that any enemy in a 10-foot radius of the carrier is dealt 100 continuous burn damage a second. This damage will be double for air creatures. The sword can light up dark areas, set fires, melt ice, and becomes ever stronger when air fans the flames.

The flames created by the blade are never harmful or burn the user no matter what, and the blade itself can be swung to send raging infernos that scorch everything in their path. If the user desires, they can lower the heat so that it is warm to the touch and provide lifesaving warmth in the dire cold.

Water: Appearance becomes an almost amorphous ethereal blue blade as pale as a pure spring. The handle is decorated in the colorful scales of beautiful mermaids.

The element of water grants the user 50% resistance to its weakest opposing element (fire.) The sword's blade seems to ebb and flow like liquid in a jar. It can move in all directions, extend, shorten, and take on various shapes at the wielder's behest. The cleansing blade's magical properties are unique in that they lack power but make up for it in great utility.

Each hit by the blade has a 50% chance to dispel 1 basic buff from an enemy, and that positive buff is transferred to the wielder. It has a 25% chance to cast greater dispel, which not only purges all buffs and adds them to the wielder but blocks the enemy from reapplying them to itself for 5 minutes.

The blade's wielder can breathe in the water, and their swim and movement speed are increased by 100% while submerged. They are given the ability to create whirlpools that act as a gateway. The wielder can choose the destination of the vortex, and it has unlimited distance, so long as the other end is in a moderately large body of water. This technique can be used to dodge and confuse foes in battle.

Earth: Appearance becomes that of an ancient and cracked sword with green moss growing along the blade. The handle is wrapped in vines, and it bears a shimmering emerald in the hilt.

The element of earth grants the user 50% resistance to its weakest opposing element (water.) Each blade strike has a chance (accounting for enemy resistance) to infect the target with one of the following status ailments. Poison, Rot, Dizziness, Sickness, Slow, Bind, Blindness, Confusion, and Disease. All of these status ailments stack and can be reapplied with every hit. The more negative status ailments an enemy is inflicted with, the more potent the effects will become.

Poison = lose 2% hp/second.
Rot = Parts of the body can wither and break off.
Dizziness = Falls to the ground and stumbles.
Sickness = Lose 2% of all stats a minute.
Slow = Unable to dodge and move quickly.
Bind = Vines bind the enemy in place.
Blindness = Unable to see.
Confusion = Befuddled and unable to think.
Disease = A terrible illness that lowers def/mag res 2% a minute.

(For every affliction applied, all % goes up by 2, and afflictions have a cure fail rate of 10% per ailment up to 90% total, as there are 9 of them. This also considers **OTHER** status effects not part of the sword, for instance, sleep.)

Cure Fail Rate = Chance an affliction will be cured after a particular time has passed and if healing magic is used.

The wielder is immune to all the above status effects while equipped. Certain afflictions, such as poison, will heal the user instead of damage. When water attacks are used on the wielder. The

vines and moss begin to grow along the blade. When the plants have developed fully, they will bloom and causes a beautiful pink flower to appear across the gem. This flower has a life span of 1 week. It allows the wielder to control poisonous barbs that travel through the ground and inflict enemies with ailments from afar.

Function 2: As the wielder becomes more proficient with the sword, they will gain mastery over the element they dedicate themselves to. Once they decide their primary element, they gain the ability to combine this element with the other elements to create wild and powerful effects.

Enchanted – Prescient Element: The Sword of Elemental Harmony can learn new elements from other worlds. So, for example, if Dark/Light/Void count as an element somewhere, the sword will learn and add them to its repertoire of powers to master.

Repository of Eons. [**1400cp**]
Shane was once an apprentice to a singularly powerful apex mage who had a passion for collecting things. His master, though old, clearly had the heart of a child. Mocked out of jealousy by his peers, he strived to teach Shane that all things were worth preserving, no matter how insignificant or trivial they were thought to be.

His master had a collection of toys and books that he prized just as much as any magnificent spell or magical trinket. His collection grew, and once he had one so vast that it could not be contained, he set to working on a powerful magic spell to hold them. One that someone only of his skill could craft.

Unfortunately, before its completion, the great magus died. Shane, who had admired his master through his studies, took up the mantle of preservation. Years and decades would pass before he would finally be able to finish his master's spell. Still, Shane was not about to let the one he admired most be disappointed that he merely finished his work.

Another decade, two, three... Shane became withered and grey, but he persisted, not merely creating a place that could store his beloved master's collection, but expand it beyond the confines of mortal understanding.

At last, when all work was completed, and Shane was near the end of his life, and an Apex ArchMage himself. He uttered the great incantation that, with incredible strength, shifted the dimensions of the entire multiverse so that they coalesced to a singular point. Shane entered his newly created dimension and was astounded to have completed such a monumental and history defining task.

All knowledge, all things that could be collected and preserved, had found themselves here in one way or form. A spell so potent that any object destroyed would be added to his boundless collection for eternity if it did not exist in his dimension already.

Preservation thought the natural cycle of destruction. It is without question that any person with this magnificent spell will have all of the knowledge and trinkets they could ever desire.

Function 1: The plain contains all Lore/history and Media contained within the many universes in the multiverse (Game, novels, movies, music, internet, etc.) as well as one skill/spell of each school to start with. As skills, magic, and books are used and created in the jump this plain is connected to, it will be added to the Plane of Knowledge to expand the repertoire of information to unfathomable levels.

Function 2: Each room has 7 levels. Common, Uncommon, Rare, Epic, Legendary, Mythic, and Godly. They update in each new jump, and the rarer the books, the longer it would take to obtain said book. Any book in the library can either be used as a skill book, after which it is consumed, or you may choose to read through slowly, in which case you keep the book and get a boost in learning what it teaches.

Function 3: Comes with a free Library/Bookstore floor for your Dungeon or a building if you choose to be a City Dungeon.

Library.

A Library filled with the collection of whatever setting you find yourself in. People can pay you money, mana, or items to purchase the books from these shelves, and you will gain a new copy of any books sold a week after purchase. You may choose to exclude certain books from the store if you don't want them for sale. Libraries Available Lore, Skill, Spell, Enchantment, Ability, Recipe, Craftsman, Story (Fiction only 1 level.)

Should you choose to buy the Entrance Chamber instead of placing the following library rooms deep into the dungeon, you may place an entrance to them there instead.

Warehouse Addons.

Follow you jump to jump in the world or attached at your discretion. The first [**50cp**] cost is free; the rest are 50% off. These retain any changes and are guaranteed to be ignored by all who cause problems. Your employees may follow you from jump to jump for consistency and an added benefit. Though, they cannot impact any plots seeing as they are just regular working people.

[**300cp**] stipend to spend on this section.

Transmutation Hall [**300cp**] - Large room that can merge things to give them alt-forms. Can increase or decrease in size as needed. Does not give extra functions, just merges them to let you use them between their forms.

Belief in Games. [600cp] to [800cp]

Belief is a compelling thing, even from just one person. When it is coming from tens of millions of people, numerous of whom would have gladly given everything to actually live in those worlds. This is a manifestation of all of that belief, though probably not all that there is.

It is a towering circular room where even your advanced sight cannot see the top of glowing portals with just a few feet between each one. Where do they lead? Why to every type of dungeon, raid, city, and instance of every game with more than a thousand players?

The more players it had, the more lifelike the NPC's within will be. Dungeon's drop loot, you can craft and learn things in the cities, and should you have a knowledge of a way, you may even grant the NPC's souls, turning them into living beings.

Portals change color based on how dangerous it is to the person looking at them, and next to the portal, there is a plaque, a switch, and a timer. The plaque tells you the game and what instance the portal leads to. The switch lets you keep changes you make to what is found. The timer enables you to know when you can expect the enemies inside to drop loot again. The more powerful the loot that drops, the longer you have to wait between clears.

Large Trophy room. [**50cp**]
Expands as needed and holds not just stuffed trophies, but things you have made, taken from defeated enemies, or perhaps even those same defeated enemies in cages so you may eternally gloat over them.

Great Gallery of Victories. [**50cp**]
A resplendent long hall with many murals, banners, and paintings dedicated to your many victories across the planes. Each incredible event on your journeys winds up becoming a memento in this elegant area. The art pieces will be in the style of art you choose.

Warehouse Gamer Inventory. [**50cp**]
Well, looks like even your warehouse got upgraded during the Conversion. Now all of the crap and treasures you just had laying around helter-skelter [SP?] has been put into a gamer-type inventory just like what you have.

This does not give you any more space than you already had, nor does it connect with your own gamer inventory. Instead, it keeps you from digging through piles of stuff you have gathered over the epochs.

The junk that used to push against the ceiling with a few paths here and there to get to the housing sections, you now just have a large empty room [It changes size to your biggest item.] There is a touchscreen table to organize your stuff and bring things in and out.

For an **extra** [**50cp**], this extends to all of your vehicles and ships, yes, even that wooden pirate ship you stole. The vehicle part comes with a remote so you can materialize it into the world.

Companions.

Party Up. [**0cp**]
This allows you to import/create up to 8 companions with 800 CP to use freely. This also gives you the **Party Invite ability**. Which is the ability to invite anyone into a party where they can gain exp and loot just like you. Post jump, you can invite people, even those who are not part of the system. Whom while in party gain all the same benefits you do.

Guild Import. [**200cp**]
The mass import option, every companion you have Gains 800 CP and grants you the **Party Invite ability**. Which is the ability to invite anyone into a party where they can gain exp and loot just like you. Post jump, you can invite people, even those who are not part of the system. Whom while in your party gain all the same benefits you do.

Pet Import. [**0cp**] **to varying cost.**
Import one of your pets from your warehouse, one you left behind on your homeworld or one of the pets you are into from here. Your pet will retain their memories of you as well as get an intelligence boost.

The free part is bringing them here and into the system. The variable comes in when paying the price of the other pets.

Queen Shoggoth Llathu. [**100cp**]
Past: When asked about her past, Llathu's eyes light up with excitement over your interest in her. At first, she speaks of her travels searching for a master, but the further she goes on, the sadder she seems to become. Once captured and placed in confinement by someone she refuses to name, her transformative powers were used to be nothing more than serviceably eye candy for those willing to pay to have her take on the form of anyone they wished.

While she admits service is her greatest desire, it is to be to one master, and it is an interpersonal relationship that transcends simple servitude as humans understand. With your question answered, her sadness vanishes, and she smiles, looking longingly at you, only stopping her current task to say one last thing.

“It no longer matters; I finally have my master.”

Travels: When asked about her life on the road, Llathu blinks and then speaks of her time before her capture. She went out, as most Shoggoth do, in search of a master for which to serve. She speaks of her clever ways of getting free things such as a place to sleep by impersonating staff or even animals to gain entry.

After her capture, she mentions that when her desire to find a master to bond with became too strong, she actually used her amorphous body to ooze out from the keyhole of her solid prison door. After that, it was merely a shift to a guard, and out the door, she walked with her freedom. She stops and then grazes your hand with hers and smiles.

“And you know the rest, when I traveled here, I met you… Now I have somebody for which to devote myself to.”

Abilities: When you ask Llathu what she can do, she only ever seems to become more excited. She moves her unformed body and shifts between inanimate objects, then to different people she has seen.

“What can’t I do!?” She exclaims.

Her demonstration of transformations is impressive. She continues to go into detail about how her body can create and regenerate organs, altar her master's state of being to protect them from damage, or lengthen their lifespan indefinitely. She can do just about any task a maid or craftswoman can do, but better in every conceivable way.

A personal tool kit, a healing mechanism, and the ability to take any identity she chooses. She can absorb both mass and materials to increase her size to the point of being an entire house, complete with furniture and holodeck-like portières.

Aside from simply copying people, she only needs a glimpse at their thoughts. With her mind charged for several seconds, she can also copy the personalities, either whole or modified, for your enjoyment.

Her repertoire of talents is impressive. Though, with a sly smile, she admits.
"Thinking on it, the one thing I can't do is say no to you."

Herself: When asked about herself, she becomes exceedingly shy and averts her gaze from you. A sheepish smile on her lips. She says at first that she wants nothing more than to serve her master, but when pressed on the issue, she becomes hesitant. After continual prodding by you, she eventually concedes and admits the truth.

"I long to be more than just a servant… I… I have always wanted a master I could bond with, both physically and spiritually. When I met you, I was certain that we were destined to be together… Though I am not sure why I have known your essence since time immemorial and desire you for your strengths as well as the flaws that make you a person."

She continues on to say that she knows that she is a monster by nature, but her intentions are pure.

Dislikes: When asked about what she hates, she scowls slightly at the mere thought.

“Anybody who tries to hurt my beloved master.”

Her voice quivers as she continues to speak of how world ending this would be for her, and you can sense that her intense devotion was not something to be taken for granted.

Lilly the Dual Arcane Fairy. [**100cp**]
Past: When asked about her past, the small, 12-inch fairy smirks and responds in a distinct Irish Gaelic accent. She claims to be from the great forest, and while she professes to be young for her species, she is quick to preemptively counter any complaint by stating that she has had much experience in her few hundred years of life.

She talks about the great forest and how she explored the uncharted ruins of a long since lost civilization for a time, and it is that experience she claims that makes her "better than other bratty fairies."

Travels: Lilly's eyes light up when you ask about her exploits, and she immediately goes into tales beyond her exploration of the lost civilization. She claims to have gone in every direction on the compass, to areas where even men fear to tread. Lilly sounds so overconfident that you wonder if perhaps she is exaggerating, but when she sees the look on your face, she doubles down.

“Don’t believe me, aye? Well, ifin’ ya wanna’ find anything about this entire world. I can take ye to it!”

Abilities: When you ask her what she can do, Lilly laughs loudly and puts her hands on her hips. “What can’t I do, Boyo? I’ma’ chancer true and true, an’ I have power to suit yer needs.”

She continues on to tell you more of what she knows about the system and its hidden places and then goes on to claim that she can help a fighter or mage as she pleases. She says that when she is bound to a mage, she can increase their mana regeneration by a factor of five and also allow them to tap into her current mana pool for their own spells. She also mentions that when magically linked, the mage has access to her plethora of personal spells, including her healing magics and enchanting skills.

When you ask what she can do for a fighter, she merely waves her hand and explains that she is adept as both a healer and a mage because she learned the secret techniques from the lost civilization. When with someone who goes into the thick of combat, she says she can cast constant healing, offensive, and defensive spells for the warrior, so long as her mana pool holds. Since you are not linked, she says she is autonomously capable of reviving you at the cost of her entire mana pool, which can only be restored by resting.

Herself: When you ask about her, Lilly seems surprised, as nobody ever really seemed to care about who she was. She averts her gaze as if sad and tells a tale of how she lost her parents when she was young. She admits that part of the reason she took to the woods in search of lost

places was that she had hoped she would perish. She tells you of how relentless other fairies were against her mannerisms and lack of manners, to the point that she avoided her kind as much as possible.

When you put your finger out and place it on her tiny back, she smiles and looks up to continue on. She says that when she'd unlocked her magical prowess, she, all of a sudden, became useful to her kind. When that happened, though, she rebuked her home in favor of traveling with other races, finding them more tolerable, even if they were using her.

When you ask why she would let people use her powers selfishly, she gets an impish smile and puts her hands behind her pink hair.

"Because they can use me, but I always borrow somethin' for me troubles when I take off in the twilight hour."

Dislikes: When you ask Lilly about things she dislikes, she scowls a bit and immediately speaks about what she has already stated. "Other fuckin' fairies, they are bloody annoyin'." After a pause, she realizes that you wanted more, so she tells you she dislikes selfish people and people who disrespect nature or animals.

Pet Saber Bear Cub. [**100cp**]
Saber bears are dangerous predators that are fiercely territorial. They are often found near mines of metallic ore. They can ingest this ore and, through a passive use of magic, can digest it to grow their claws, fangs, and bones while their blood turns to a pure molten form of this metal. These all will be made of the latest metal the bear has ingested.

This fresh bear cub is entirely loyal, has a mental connection to you, and like the psi dragonling, you can upgrade its powers and capabilities. Comes with your choice of a small replenishing ore vein that you may place in your camp/lair/warehouse/etc., so the cub may feed off of it.

Nesessei the Lamia Servant. [**100cp**]
Past: When you ask Nesessei about her past, the Lamia slithers over to you and continues folding clothes. She starts by explaining that she has spent much of her adult life being a servant for those seeking the exotic, mainly for those of nobility and of wealth.

She freely admits that she knows they only care to stare at her bare chest or odd body, but she is not ashamed or shy over it since her work always comes first.

Travels: When you ask about travels, she shakes her head and responds.

"I cannot really travel, master, for my place, is the home, pleasing and taking care of that which provides for me."

Abilities: When asked about her abilities, she begins to list the many household chores she excels at. She can sew most anything, cook a meal to die for and provide a good deep cleaning to any home.
"Housework isn't all I can provide, though." She says with a smile and then moves her long hair out of the way of her chest.

Once her moderately sized bare chest is revealed, she slithers in close and runs a finger along your chest.

"If you are pleased to look at me, tI pose. If you wish to be hand-fed, I will do that also."
She finishes by stating there is no limit to her skill and no equal to the speed at which she accomplishes it.

Herself: When you ask Nesessei about herself, she stares at you then nods as if accepting it as a request.

“I love to keep things tidy, cook, and clean… However, I also like to make sure that when my master is home, I tend to his comfort.”

When you shake your head and ask her about herself and not what she wants to do for others, she is speechless for a moment, then awkwardly speaks to you.

"I well… um? I like to swim in water…. Hot baths are a must… I also love jewelry… Especially the expensive, exquisite kind."

Dislikes: When you ask what she dislikes, she fixes the French maid hat on the top of her head.
"I detest violence of all kinds. Though my species is known to be savage, I am high class and demand tidiness and order."

Qa’Ahni the Young Dovahkiin. [**100cp**]
Past: When asked about her past, Qa'Ahni seems withdrawn and silent. Even without speech, though, you can tell by her scars and the brand seared into her that she was at one point a slave. When she looks over to see you gawking at it, she lowers her sleeve to hide it.

After a short bit of awkward silence, she admits to you that she was sold into slavery as a young child, after which she found herself in an orphanage when her captors were killed by the Imperial Legion. It is clear that despite her abuse and tragic life, she conducts herself in a friendly and positive manner.

Travels: When asked about her travels, she seems glad to tell you about it, if for nothing else, then some kind of relief. "Qa'Ahni has traveled much! Come, sit, and listen to Qa'Ahni's tale."

She speaks of her time after the orphanage and how she was adopted by an elderly couple who made their home in Riften. She reminisces on how kind they were despite her race and only

found prejudice outside of the home that she took refuge in. She continues on sadly and says she was forced to leave when the old couple passed on, and the town refused to hand over the deed to a Khajiit.

Once again, without a home, she said she traveled the lands in search of a place to belong. Morrowind, Blackmarsh, all over Skyrim. The only place she refused to return was the Khajiit homeland of Elsweyr, but when you pry at the issue, she refuses to give a reason for not traveling there.

“Qa’Ahni believes that some things are best left in the past, yes? I am sure you share feelings with Qa’Ahni sometimes.”

Abilities: Qa'Ahni, upon hearing the question, tenses up but then relaxes after a moment. "Qa'Ahni has many important skills!" She continues to speak of her time in Riften and how she picked up the skills to steal and pickpocket simply by watching others do it daily.

She also explains that she can fluently speak Ta'agra and is willing to translate anything you want or need easily.

She admits that her adoptive father gifted her a book with strange writing for her fourteenth birthday. When she reaches into her bag and pulls out the book. It contains writing you cannot even comprehend or understand. When you look confused, she laughs and shakes her head.

“Qa’Ahni not understand why it was given, but Qa’Ahni is the only person that Qa’Ahni knows that can understand the writing.”

When you ask her what it says, she shrugs and explains she has learned many abilities from the book, and it talks about how she can inherit the essence of slain dragons. She admits that she has actually overcome a few of the mighty beasts, and upon defeat, they granter her powerful abilities.

The longer she talks, the more it becomes apparent to you that Qa'Ahni was explicitly adapted because of what she was.

Herself: When you ask, she seems perplexed. "Qa'Ahni is Qa'Ahni, yes?" After a moment, she seems to get the gist of what you are requesting and speaks on herself. She says that she loves archery and that she can move like the wind of an Autumn breeze. She admits that she has been lonely for most of her life, but that doesn't stop her from happiness.

“Qa’Ahni does not get to choose life, but Qa’Ahni happy to have one anyway.”

Dislikes: She looks angry for a moment and then begins to speak of her hatred of prejudice and slavery. She is willing to go as far as to say she will kill anyone with her paws who dare exploit a child. She continues to say that despite her skill in thievery, she dislikes the practice and would only feel ok doing it if it served a good purpose.

Chystlis the Eternal Dragon. [**100cp**]
Abilities: The creature uses its mind link to share its abilities upon hatching. Despite its young age, it is brilliant and seems to immediately understand its purpose. Whatever type of dragon this is, it seems to transcend that of its kin.

It senses your thoughts and merely implants the answers as fast as you can think of them. It seems to know it lived a previous life but cannot recall it. With more thoughts entering your head, you get the idea that even were it to be slain, it would be reborn and bound to you so long as you drew breath.

As you think about the potential in your own head, it begins to assertively answer more and briefly discuss some of the things it can accomplish.

Aside from the fact it will grow massive in size and possess the ability to ferry you. It seems to act as if nothing can stand against it. When you wonder why you are immediately given the answer.

"Because I have no weakness, the damage I do is pure and without resistance."

As you try to wrap your head around it, you recall how all dragons possess elements, this one, however, does not. It is highly resistant to other dragons' elemental attacks, and you realize its pure breath cannot be resisted, even by magical spell defenses. The dragon merely stares at you while it senses you are beginning to understand it and allows your mind to wander with possibilities.

Itself: "I am eternal, born and reborn as a phoenix rises from ash." You hear in your mind. It states that as long as it is bound to you, its memories remain intact, but once its soul bond has died. It will be reborn anew, with your secrets lost beyond the veil.

Dislikes: When you think about what it could possibly dislike, it answers simply in your head.

"I hate what you hate, and your enemies are my own."

Tyfin the Bumbling Ward. [**0cp**]
Past: When asked about his past, Tyfin merely waves a hand up and blows you off in favor of staring at a scantily clad woman walking by. When you snap your fingers, he eventually turns to you and speaks.
"Fine, fine! Geez, I am a celebrity, dontcha' know?"

You look surprised to hear that, and he stands up as if he is going to lecture you but inevitably slips on the wet floor of the cleaned bar and falls ass-first into a water bucket.

When you begin to laugh, he looks angry and stands up. "Aye now, dontcha' know you are talking about the master wizard who wrote the manual of the plains?!"

When you turn away, he tries to tell you more about himself, but frankly, him falling into the bucket was all you needed to know.

Travels: "Oh, where haven't I been?! This world, that world! The women's dressing room…."

Tyfin amuses himself and then begins to spin grandiose yarns about how he saved his first master from certain death, only to be stabbed in the back and thrown out of the academy because "his master was just jealous of his enormous talent surpassing them."

When you show the slightest bit of skepticism, he merely throws his arms in the air and tries to storm out to the bathroom, but the second he turns back to curse at you, he accidentally walks face-first into the door frame.

“Ah! Bugger!”

Abilities: "Well, I am a master writer, as well as an accomplished painter." He begins and then continues to assault your ears with how incredible he is at everything in existence.

You continue to look unimpressed, and he balls his hands into fists. "Alright, I will show you then!"

Within seconds, he summons a pathetic, wimpy fireball that moves so slowly you have time to stand up and casually step out of the way as it crawls past you. Once it hits the bar and sets it aflame, the enraged bartender comes over and begins screaming while wringing Tyfin's neck over the damages.

“Ahh! rrr! See, I told… ach! You!”

Himself: "I knew you'd wanna' know about the great Tyfin!" He began rubbing his sore neck while sitting on a towel and holding ice to his nose with his free hand.

He begins to tell you all the things he loves in the world, but by the end of it, you realize it is all the sexual parts of a woman that he blathered on about.

After his tirade, an offended barmaid walks over and slaps him in the face, leaving a red mark across it.

“OW!”

Dislikes: When you ask him what he dislikes, he is a mess and merely has his face down on the table. Eventually, after a long silence, he answers.

“My luck…”

When nothing happens to him, he raises his face, revealing the red mark across his cheek, and he stares at you.

"Oh, good! Nothing happened!" He exclaimed excitedly.

Unfortunately, the volume at which he shouted caused the loose lamp hanging overhead to detach and come crashing down against the top of his head.

“Ahh!” He cried as he collapsed on the floor.

You get up and stand over him, then it hit you how beneficial it would be to have Tyfin with you. All of the bad stuff happens to him, so it can’t happen to you…

Francois Laurent the Disgraced. [**100cp**]
Past: When asked about his past, Francois seems annoyed with your prying but reluctantly relents when you press the issue. He explains that he was the son of an extremely wealthy merchant, but when it came to light that his father was an adulterer and had a bastard brother, their family's reputation was left in shambles.

He says that they lost everything, and he and his mother were left destitute. The bitterness rises in his voice when he talks about the luxury he once lived in but eventually comes to sigh.

“Enough of the past, I grow weary of your question.”

Travels: When asked, Francois reminisces and then responds affirmatively. "When we had money, we'd travel all through the lands." He vividly details the exquisite vacations he once took and how he learned much through reading in these new cultures.

Abilities: Francois scoffs at your question. “As if you think me to be simply a dirty urchin… The nerve.”
After breathing in, he seems to view you as more ignorant and straightforward than insulting. He decides to humor you and explains that being the son of a once-renowned merchant had taught him all about trading. He claims his charisma is enough to sell water to a fish.

He further explains he can get massive discounts and substantially more money for selling by bartering. He also says he is able to handle all monetary affairs with ease on your behalf to reduce or eliminate any sort of tax.

After that, he moves on and tells you how he was trained to use a rapier since he was a child, for it is a “gentleman’s weapon.”

Himself: Francois laughs a bit, seemingly unwilling to believe you'd never heard the name Laurent before. Still, he begins to tell you how even though he'd never lost his manners, he'd become accustomed to being poor. He further states it is his dream to regain the wealth and the respect his name once carried.

Dislikes: Francois immediately states his father and then quickly moves on to other things. He speaks about how he hates rudeness and likes decorum over savagery. He says he also finds treacherous disloyalty disgusting, and it is something he would rather die over than commit against family or friends.

Specimen CG135 (Kikyo) & Specimen CG136 (Ichika). [200cp]
Past: When asked about their past, Kikyo and Ichika smile and then caress one another's cat ears. They then hug one another tightly as Kikyo speaks.

“We have no past, but thanks to you, we may yet have a future. Long have we been slumbering in this abandoned lab… Thankfully, you have freed us from our endless sleep.”

After Kikyo finishes speaking. Ichika begins to tell you how they were both created in this very lab. Kikyo, having once been an ordinary girl, and Ichika created from Kikyo's DNA.

"We are beloved sisters who share a telepathic link. Even in our slumber, we could converse with one another in our minds."

As Ichika finishes, Kikyo begins to lick the other’s cheek, and you cannot help but notice how overtly sexual in nature they are with one another.

Travels: When asked, Ichika and Kikyo laugh in harmonious unison. Despite their difference in cat features, they are clearly identical twins.

“We have never left this lab, but we have astral projected our essence to move about these halls.” It would seem both are special in compelling ways but have no experience with the outside world.

Abilities: When you ask about their abilities, they speak in unison about their various telepathic abilities. They say they cannot move or manipulate objects, but they can read thoughts and leave their physical vessel to traverse small distances through the astral plane.

Ichika states that she was born of her sister and that her DNA was mixed with a nimble and quick breed of cat. She states that she is highly agile and fast compared to her sister and that she was preloaded with combat intel during her slumber. She says she can use ranged and advanced weaponry to significant effect.

Kikyo states that when she was spliced with a cat, it was of a solid and hearty breed. She says that while not as fast as her beloved sister, she can perform incredible feats of strength. She says her combat data is best used with high-tech melee weapons, such as energy sabers.

After they finish individually, they begin speaking in unison again. "We believe we are a perfect pair. One is to protect the other, while foes are eliminated from afar."

Themselves: They look at one another and then embrace lovingly. "We only need each other, our love transcends human understanding, and it is as if we are two parts of the same whole." They then speak of how they long to experience things outside of this tomb of a lab and that their gratitude for your help will be repaid in their unwavering loyalty.

Dislikes: They stare at one another and then say the same thing harmoniously.
“Being apart from one another pains us greatly.

Lisena the Lioness. [**100cp**]
Past: When asked about her past, the tired Lisena raises her hand from her place on the bed. She seems to be recovering well but cannot move easily on her own without her armor.

After a moment of thinking, she begins to tell you of her travels all over the north after her departure from her mentors. She said she forged a name for herself by doing good deeds all throughout the kingdom of Ristil. Her deeds not unnoticed; she shyly admits her nickname was given to her by people who considered her both regal and brave beyond men.

After a pause to take a drink of water, she stares at the ceiling and tells you how she came to be injured. A friend she had trusted tried to impale her from the back of the neck, and she barely moved before the strike pierced through a part of her chest. She said if her magical armor hadn't taken over, shed of died in the woods and that it was lucky happenstance you wandered by and nursed her tenderly.

"I… It is mighty gracious of you and embarrassing for me to have a hero of my own."

Travels: When you ask Lisena about her travels, you learn that she has traveled not just through the entire north but gone far to the east as well. She said she is known in many kingdoms and her reputation usually proceeds her presence. People are already whispering about her before she visits, and she admits she is pretty shy about it.

“I am no more than a disabled girl, yet, people act as if I am some goddess of battle and heroics.” She finishes by telling you this area was new to her, and the friend that had betrayed her likely wanted her valuable armor for themselves. She says they probably didn't consider that the armor could kill them autonomously to protect her.

“Strange how they lay headless in the woods for their greed, and I still draw breath despite the severe wound I received.”

Abilities: Lisena smiles in appreciation, as if happy you have never heard of her before, and she begins to speak on her abilities. "Inside the armor, I am a warrior with few equals, outside. I am smart, though physically frail."

She says that her armor has nullified the progression of her muscular degeneration but cannot cure it. She admits that without it, she feels terrible about herself. She goes on to tell you about her combat experience, her good deeds, her gained magical abilities through her armor, and the fact that simply being around here will get you high esteem and free things.

After a quiet moment, she says that she cannot walk on her own power without her armor and needs a wheelchair to move about. She tells you that she is extraordinarily well-read and a master tactician because of it and her experience. She tells you she can read several languages, knows every geographical location, and can write a letter to any king for an audience if needed.

When you look at her damaged armor, she looks at you and weakly rubs her arm. "If you want to use it, you may; I only ask that you have it cleaned in repaired. It is important to me, but since you saved my life, I owe you at least that much."

With shyness, she explains that she can allow others access to her armor, but you would be the first. She said while wearing it, people might mistake you for her and that you will have a great deal of enhanced strength.

When you ask, concerned about taking her ability to move autonomously, she shakes her head and smiles.

“I can repay my debt to you with or without the armor on my body. It is merely what use you will find in me. If for nothing else, I can clean and tidy your home while you are away and I am recovering.”

Herself: When you ask about her, she shifts her gorgeously long, blond hair out of her vision and responds. "What is to tell, really?"

She seems humble and merely speaks of her time with her family. How they always took care of her, as the burden she was. That is until two people stayed at her home and changed her life forever by giving her that armor.

Outside of her exploits and deeds, she said she adores reading and writing and has always wanted to write a fictional book. She then says that in all likelihood, without the magics of her armor stopping the progressive degeneration of her muscles, she'd already be dead or utterly immobile by now.

“I am thankful for this gift, and I live with my pain, but I admit I am still afraid I will wake up and be unable to move my arms any longer.”

Dislikes: When you ask what she dislikes, she tells you she despises evil. She goes on to admit she's even slain powerful demons and that they disgust her to her core. She says that she also dislikes selfishness and anybody who is selfish needs to watch out for the back of her hand.

Q'urah'xr the Lost. [200cp]
Past: Q'urah'xr's insidious thoughts fill your mind, and the mere conception of the form of such a creature is enough to send chills down your spine. Though you cannot see it, it is clearly there, and though it gives no answer to the question in your mind. Without question, if indeed it had an answer, you wouldn't be able to comprehend it.

Travels: The thought of its travels sends pain through your skull, and though you seem to be able to tolerate the immense power and fear it forces upon you, you find that it tries to oust control. When it obviously cannot, images of things you cannot understand or comprehend begin to flash in front of your eyes, and you feel your heart seize up, and by the time it is over, you stand in wonder if what you have just seen was death itself.

Abilities: The abilities of the silent entity are being used in full force upon you, and only someone as unique as you could resist its might. Images of the dead choke the crevices of your mind, and you feel as if you understand its need to feed. What becomes of those unfortunate enough to fall victim to Q'urah'xr is enough to bring one to the brink of madness because of the sheer terror it invokes.

Itself: At the mere thought of the creature that no one can comprehend, you feel lost and alone, segregated from the world itself in an endless abyss. It seems to find it intriguing that you have lasted this long, and it shows you flashes of its form. Massive beyond measure and lacking definitive shape. It lurks within the lost trenches of an abyss without a name. It calls to you, but you are not at its mercy, and when you try to breathe, it is as if you thwart the creature from doing anything meaningful.

Dislikes: At the mere thought, all you can really comprehend is suffering and consumption. It seems to take your thought of its dislikes as an opportunity to show you its hatred of the living. It revels in discomfort, but as you stand your ground against it, you can sense its distaste in you rising. Most likely because it now understands you are in control, and it resents you for it.

Sentient Sword, Saran. [100cp].
Past: When you ask about the history of the weapon you hold. It lights up as it speaks, and it is pretty strange to you what a personality it has. It essentially tells you that at one point in the past, he was a wizard named Saran that accidentally afflicted himself with a transformation spell.

When you ask what he was trying to do, he merely laughs and responds.

“Hell, if I know, I was drunk, and when I think hard on it, I slightly remember trying to impress a woman.”

Travels: “Oh, well, I don’t have legs, so I only go where my owner goes, at least until they die like they usually do.”

Saran tells you he enjoys traveling, but sadly, spends much of his time in boxes or luggage. When he is used, he says that he enjoys the countryside of the east more than anything else and would love to revisit.

Abilities: "Hah! Abilities, you say? A sword you can have a conversation with is not enough for you?"

After his bit of levity, he explains he has a plethora of abilities, but most people are unable to wield him properly. He states that nobody is ever willing to let him dictate the course of a fight, so many of his abilities go unused.

“I am still a wizard at heart, and though I cannot feel or do anything but cut physically, my mind still houses the spells and magic strength of a seasoned mage.”

He explains that while he knows not how to undo his affliction, he can grant himself magical properties, the most notable of which seems to be the ability to siphon the magic of powerful creatures or mages. He also mentions that because of his area of expertise as a human, he is now one of the few weapons that exists that can damage or kill incorporeal beings, such as specters or ghosts.

Himself: “Ahhh, I haven’t had this long of a conversation in years!”

He happily tells you that he was born on a farm to a widowed woman, then explains that despite his poverty, he was given a chance to apprentice for the local wizard because of his score on the magical aptitude test.

Over the years, he tells you he was actually looking for a way to resurrect his slain father and now deceased mother so that he could have a family again. Saran says he never did discover a way, but he learned much about the otherworld and the spirits within in the process.

He concludes by telling you about his time as a sword and the many hands he passed through over the past several hundred years.

“Most would look at my predicament as a horrible curse, but because of my current form. I am essentially immortal, and should I ever find a way to revert back to my human form. I will be but a 34-year-old once more.”

Dislikes: “Life is really too short to hang onto hatred… However, if there is one thing that upsets me, it is being forgotten in a tomb or storage chest."

…

“It is just soooo boring!”

Mount. [**100cp**]/ [**200cp**]/ [**300cp**]
Choose a non-combat mount from a video game, book, web novel. For [**100cp**], you get the mount, and when not in use, you can choose to turn it into a charm on an unbreakable charm bracelet. For [**200cp**], you get 10 mounts, and for [**300cp**], you get 1000. They start with around 1/3 of your combat potential, if they had any, to begin with. You can, however, direct your XP to them to level them up.

Marisa the Shadow. [**100cp**]
Past: When asked about her past and why she had bonded herself to you. Marisa merely smiles from behind her dark makeup and piercings, then finishes with a sinister laugh.

“Why? You hide me from persecution, but my past is none of your business.”

When you persist, she merely holds her tome against her tight leather top and runs her fingers down her dark and silken robe.

"What do you care…? I've already agreed to teach you my tricks…."

As you pester her further, she realizes that you will keep hounding her until she says something. She eventually relents and admits she was once the daughter of the highly celebrated archbishop. One of which who used his position of power to do many insidious things to her and the people he purported to help.

“The only way to fight the holy is with hell, and I still need time to grow strong before I can torch my enemies. So, hiding behind you will do nicely for the time being.”

Travels: When you ask about her travels, she seems disinterested and merely rubs her short black hair.

“Do you have anything relevant to say? Or are you just going to waste my time?”

When you give her your usual look. She sighs and speaks. "Bastard…"

After her remark, she quietly tells you how she ran away from home as a child and nearly starved to death. She said it fueled her hatred to the point that she resisted her religious upbringing to embrace the abyss and that her 'travels' were mostly to different astral plains subjugating creatures of terror.

Abilities: When you ask about her abilities, she smiles with confidence and speaks of how she can not only summon creatures from the nether plains as well as the abyss, but she can also manipulate shadows to have a physical impact on the world.

“I told you I’d teach you my arts in exchange for hiding me… Though, don’t think you control me entirely just because I am bound, for I have no master save for death itself.”

She gives you a taste of one of her powers as she becomes one with shadows, then travels through them like an unseen force. Once she reemerges, she speaks.

"The power of darkness shall be unlocked for you if you but keep the binding in place."

Herself: When you ask Marisa about herself, she seems unimpressed and simply responds. "You have heard enough about my past life. Now silence yourself."

When you say that is not what you are asking, she becomes frustrated.
“What? You want to hear my favorite color? About my loneliness?”

She sneers at you and then gives you an answer despite the fact you thought she wouldn’t.
“Souls… I like to collect souls… Ok? They’re… company.”

Dislikes: She glares at you and then huffs. "Your incessant questions, that is one."
After a moment, she turns away and speaks more about her goal.

"I will tear my father asunder and swallow his holy congregation into the pits of hell."

She says how she hates the holy and how it is more an affront than creatures born of evil because they at least were not choosing to do it.

Raxitho the Vile. [**100cp**]
Past: When asked about his past, Raxitho seems unable to retain his silence. He explains that his history of savagery had brought him from a peaceful world to eternal imprisonment. He says that you freeing him to be a slave in your dimension, as detestable as it is, is preferable to nothing at all.

When you ask of his crimes, he responds as he is commanded. He explains that under the insidious influence of a demon he calls 'the shape,' he would abduct people of all social standing and places to be fattened and fed.

"The demon, naught but a mouth with endless rows of teeth, tasted the flesh of many a virgin, many a pure, holy man, and many a sinner."

Travels: When asked, the old warlock responds promptly and explains that he has traveled all through the lands he comes from until he was banished to a dimension of nonexistence. A place where nothing but a white void exists, and that can only be manipulated by special powers from the outside.

With an almost cheery disposition, he speaks. “I do look forward to seeing the sights, sounds, and delicious people of this world.”

Abilities: When asked about his abilities, Raxitho says that for years of grisly live feedings, the demon he first summoned bestowed upon him a dark contract, one which allows him to call all manner of powerful creatures to do his bidding.

“The entity I fed was more powerful than all, and I sensed it was willing to allow his legions to be under my control for my years of unbroken loyalty. His intent likely to spread fear, chaos, and degradation throughout the mortal lands through me.”

Raxitho states that as your slave, you are now in complete control of his contract, without the downsides of using it. He says that if you are willing to use such unholy creatures, they are yours to unleash.

Himself: When you ask about him, Raxitho bluntly answers that he used to be a researcher in his youth. After that, he became the town librarian for a time. He admits his love of rare books led him down the path of necromancy and being a warlock.

He tells you that since he understood things most did not, he was able to summon a demon of considerable power easily, though admits himself a fool, for he hadn't the strength to bind it from hurting him.

"Whatever the creature knew, it was not letting on, and it merely uttered a simple request of me. It asked me to feed it my wife. At first, I was hesitant, then I became curious, then…."

Raxitho states that after tricking his wife and locking her in the room. He listened to her beg for salvation as she was slowly and viciously devoured. He admits he found a happiness in her cries and that the blood seeping under the door against his feet thrilled him.

“It was then I knew it saw my black heart before I had, and with its feeding, came more strength for my craft.”

Dislikes: When asked what he dislikes, Raxitho states that he opposes anybody who interferes with the enhancement of his craft. He says that if not for his hatred of his imprisonment that you saved him from, he'd hate you as well.

“Even as a slave, if you are willing to do anything necessary so that I gain even more power. It will only forge beneficial bonds between us. However, if you are merely happy with a puppet, consider my dislike of you absolute.”

The Convergence Only Companions.

These are created by the energies of the conversion going wild and bringing in people from fiction or coalescing the ideas of people/main characters/Archetypes of various fictional planes/tropes.

Faezi Parev. [**100cp**]
Past: When you ask Faezi about her past, she gives you a seductive smile and merely changes the subject. She begins to talk about her bar and meaningless errands during the day but refuses to provide details about her youth or accomplishments.

When you reveal you already know she is a spy and information broker, she laughs a little bit. “Who told you that? Someone with fanciful daydreams, I bet… I am just a simple dancer and consort.”

Slightly annoyed, you decide to give up on this question, as you know someone like her will always play cat and mouse, especially when it is personal.

Travels: When you ask about her travels, she shrugs and alludes to the fact she is "everywhere." You aren't entirely sure what that means, but you do have an idea.

She continues to talk about boring things until you start to get the feeling you need to read in between the lines.

“What’s a matter? You seem… frustrated.”

When she says that, you just smile and continue playing it as if you are cool, even though it is difficult.

Abilities: When you move on to her abilities, she is straightforward and says she gives a mean blowjob and makes a good drink. When you respond to her taunting claims with finesse and ask her if she makes a "killing," you hear her audibly laugh.

"Mmm, not as dumb as I pegged you for. You get a point for making me laugh!"

She lowers her game a bit and nonchalantly admits that a few die now and again.

Satisfied you are getting underneath the surface, you ask her about some of her "special talents."

She merely laughs again at your continued effort and responds. “What? My dancing isn’t special enough…? Might have to prove you wrong.”

With her sly smile, you move on to ask her something else.

Herself: When asked about herself, she points to herself as if you aren't talking to her. "Me???"

You nod, and she leans her chin on her hand. "Well, aren't you a darling? Still able to hold your own with me."

Impressed by your perseverance and wit, she talks truthfully for a change. She explains that she is but a young, 300-year-old asari that happens to "run" things around here. Also, that sometimes she sells intangible goods to make a little scratch.

She admits to having once worked for the law but found dancing and serving drinks much more fun than espionage.

You seem happy that she is opening up and is talking to you in a way you understand. She raises her champagne glass to her lips, takes a sip, and then speaks again.

"If you wanna work with me, you either need a big wallet or charm… I would say you have the latter."

Dislikes: When asked what she dislikes, she giggles a bit tipsy and then places her glass down. "Only thing everyone hates around here, and that's nosey people sniffing around."

Eva. [**200cp**]
Past: When you ask Eve about her past, she cuts straight to the point and answers in a direct manner.

"I am an advanced quantum A.I. that has its own body."

She explains that her body is modeled after a young elven woman. Then proceeds to tell you that she is designed with a one-of-a-kind miniaturized A.I. core that functions as a brain and quantum link to her central ship core.

"To summarize, I was built to function as both a ship A.I. and a complex android to accomplish numerous tasks."

Travels: When asked about her travels, Eve states that she has been all over the Milky Way Galaxy but has not traveled much outside of it. She shows a bit of emotion and admits that as much as it is cliché, her favorite planet in the galaxy is Earth.

When pressed on why, she struggles to give a definitive answer, and it is as if she is trying to find the logical answer to her emotional opinion. After a moment, you just pat her on the back, to which she simply nods.

"It seems I am still not perfect at this 'being my own "person" thing,' but I appreciate your gesture."

Abilities: When asked about her abilities, Eve blinks and considers the question. Like a typical A.I., she then begins to list off her abilities in quick succession.

“My abilities have wide ranges and functions… A few of which are.”

“Being resistant to extreme atmospheric environments, weapon fire, and impact trauma.”

“Having a hacking protocol that lets me cut through enemy defenses in seconds.”

“Having the capacity to move my body in an incredibly agile and flexible way that an organic cannot.”

“Having a lifelike android body that is completely indistinguishable from an augmented body without advanced scanners.”

“Having no need for sleep because of my artificial body.”

When she stops, and you take it all in, she stares as if waiting for you to say something. Then, after a moment, you ask what type of technology she is equipped with.

A second later, she responds.

"I am equipped with different technology and have alternative addons that will allow me to fight, infiltrate, and repair myself more easily. Some of which include."

“An energy shield.”

"Clusters of Nanobots that constantly work to keep my platform in pristine condition."

“Three switchable body types. One comprised entirely of artificial flesh, one cybernetic, and my default, which is a mix of both.”

"Advanced nanobots from an ancient starship. They act as a super-smart suit that allows me to inherit all its properties. That of which include, extreme durability, strength, speed, and quick self-repair."

“A heavy plasma cannon attached to my left arm, capable of penetrating battle tanks.”

"A 2-meter plasma blade that can be generated on my right arm for close combat."

"Reconfigure nanobots that can allow me to take on the appearance of anything or anyone roughly the size and shape of a human. I can also split some of these off, and with time, build whatever you have blueprints for."

…

"Speaking of blueprints… I have a custom yacht blueprint in my files designed for an ancient hedonistic emperor who fancied far-reaching exploration. Sadly, it doesn't have much in the way of offensive weapons but has rather robust defensive capabilities."

After she finishes listing all of her equipment and abilities, you nod and pat her on the shoulder. She expresses a smile, and it is charming that she is displaying feelings despite what she is.

Herself: When you ask about her, she seems confused, and after you contextualize it by saying things she likes. Then she seems to go into a long thought.

“Weather… I have strange sensations when I look upon the different types with my eyes.”

She continues by saying that she also likes data collection and databasing. She finds having pertinent information easily accessible to her at all times safe, if not pleasant.

Dislikes: At first, she doesn’t know how to answer, as innate hatred isn’t part of her nature as much as logical thinking is. However, the longer she ponders the question, the more one begins to take shape, though she isn’t sure why it does.

“I suppose if something were to be distasteful to me, it would be somebody trying to hurt you. I do not like that at all.”

Aquila. [**100cp**]
Past: When asked about her past, Aquila begins to speak in a respectful manner expected of one such as her. She tells you that she is and has been an Asari Justicar for many years and that while she still loves her sisters in arms, she finds the restrictive measures of the Justicar code too much to bear, as to do what is absolutely right isn't always a black or white solution.

"It pained me to leave, yet, I find freedom in my choice and find that I create more happiness as I am now than I ever did before."

Travels: When you ask about her travels, she smiles and speaks. “Ah, thank you for taking such interest, but I spent most of my life near Thessia, writing the wrongs of the asari.”
She goes on to admit she hasn't traveled too far, but she is pretty happy that after becoming lax with the Justicar code, many other species seemed more willing to work with her. She tells you she desires to help people in the furthest galaxies and bring justice to places that lack it.

Abilities: She nods and begins to tell you of her abilities. “I am quite a powerful psion that is capable of learning and mastering such abilities with ease. Because of this, I am well respected among the asari.”

She tells you that in her presence, any asari will likely help or house them if need be without cost. She tells you that aside from her psionics, she is pretty fit and an expert in the use of a psi blade.
Mixing the two together, she says it would be challenging to fell her, even with ranged weapons.

Herself: "Wonderful to have such appreciation from a companion." She approves of you asking, then speaks on her love of justice and her homeworld.
She said she is thankful to make a difference by forgoing all pleasures in life and living with naught but her blade in her hand.

Dislikes: When you ask what she dislikes, she immediately speaks of evil and inappropriate things. She also goes more into detail about the rigidity of the Justicar code and that while she still follows it, she dislikes its inability to consider context.

Scenario.

The Convergence. +[**1000cp**]
There is a drastic change coming to the solar system Jumper. All these dramatic changes and new magics on Earth are not going unnoticed. Indeed, it's having a significant effect on the cosmic level. The "metaphysical weight" of the planet has soared, and as it turns out, that affects real things too! The Earth is now drawing everything in the system towards itself, while all other planets, asteroids, and physical matter are heading here to merge into a giant super planet.

You have about a month until the moon begins to merge and about six until Mars does. First will be the more tangible things, such as the inner planets, the asteroids, and comets in the system, which is better news since the cataclysms those bring will be much less severe than the ones the gas giants bring; of course, this pales in comparison to the final cataclysm, which will be the Sun itself merging into the planet. As cataclysmic as this may be, Magic does want to be used and will ensure that there will be beings around to do so.

Thing is, magic doesn't care who uses it. It'd be fine with just about anything, and that's where you come in. Your job is to ensure that humans (with a breeding population) in a recognizable form will be among those who survive this, and if possible, thrive from it.

If there is a breeding population of humans still around by the end of your jump, your reward is a spell or ritual that will do the same in future jumps without the cataclysms. I don't know how or where merging solar systems into a super planet harmlessly will be useful, but it could be one hell of a party trick, that's for sure.

Gauntlet Mode.
Turns jump into a gauntlet. You get no powers/warehouse/starting CP besides any gained from choosing the Cause of Conversion. You only get up from drawbacks for both this doc and any you add this to.

Supplement Mode.
Turns this from a Generic Jump into a supplement. You may also use this to instead vist a setting without a jump.

Drawbacks

No Limit on drawbacks. Choose what you can handle. You get an extra Boon per 600CP of drawbacks you take.

Loot Tax. +[**100cp**]
When you find loot, the system takes a cut in exchange for a cp amount.
+100 25% less loot. A small tax paid to the system.
+200 50% less loot. Half of all loot goes to the system.
+400 75% less loot. You lose most of your loot to the system.
+600 90% less loot. You lose almost all of your loot and have to scrape through.
You have to survive on what little you can buy or make. Though you can harvest materials/recipes/blueprints from defeated foes.

Insomniac. +[**100cp**]
You stay up all hours of the night and into the day. Unfortunately for you, that means you are tired and weak during the day and unable to rest until the point of absolute exhaustion.

I Don't Need Directions. +[**100cp**]
You are a person that knows where they are going, or at least, you think you are. Sadly, you are easily lost and turned around and wind up wasting more time than you should in dangerous areas.

Consider a map or a guide because it is your only hope on this journey.

Patsey.

Particular companions, allies, and people are more likely to throw you under the bus or betray you to save themselves.
+[**100cp**] – Hired mercenaries and workers will be disloyal to you and might betray you.
+[**200cp**] – Shopkeeps, Inns, Guilds, and Lords will cheat and conspire against you.
+[**300cp**] – Kings/Queens/Nations will be disloyal to you on quests and contracts, as well as with land you buy.
+[**400cp**] – Companions you have can and will be disloyal/mistrust you, and can turn against, steal from, or abandon you.
(Perks that counteract pets, characters that are incredibly loyal regardless of alignment, [Llathu,] and companions that have become your lover/romantic partner are excluded from this effect.)

Sickness. +[**200cp**]
You have an illness that cannot be cured and causes you to be sick most of the time. Medicines and unique items/companions can alleviate these symptoms, but you will forever and always live with your ailment.

Fool's Gold. +[**200cp**]
You cannot tell the value of minerals, objects, and items. You can only see what an item is genuinely worth after it is already sold, or you have it appraised and identified by somebody else first.

(Companions that are smart/experienced/merchants, such as Lisena/Lilly/Francois, can identify items for you)

Emotionally Unstable. +[**200cp**]
Experiencing damage can cause you to become Enraged and lose control of yourself, as well, experiencing trauma can make you depressed and unwilling to talk to anyone for a time.

Booze Hound. +[**200cp**]
You live for booze. If you do not drink alcohol often, you will become sicker and sicker, then lose stats. The only way to restore your stats to normal is to get smashed, this might leave you stumbling in battle, but at least it's fun, right?

No powers. +[**300cp**]
You start in the system with none of the powers you have gained from previous jumps.

No warehouse. +[**300cp**]
You start in the system, unable to access your warehouse or anything contained within.

No Plastics or Explosions. +[**300cp**]

As soon as the conversion starts, things made with plastics will disappear. Not to mention any conventional gun and things relying on internal combustion will no longer function.

Random Species. +[**300cp**]
When the conversion happened, the entire population underwent a species change. Each person went through an individual change.

Halved XP. +[**300cp**]
Takes double the XP to level up each time.

Goddess' Disfavor. +[**300cp**]
Whatever you have done, you don't know, but the goddess has decided to make you suffer for her amusement. Lousy weather, unlucky happenstance, and angry religious zealots follow you like the plague and make your life a living hell.

EXP & Loot Obsessed. +[**400cp**]
You are so obsessed with gaining EXP and Loot that you will go to any lengths for it, even if it means murder and betrayal. These two things are what you start your day with.

Quartered XP. +[**400cp**]
Takes four times the XP to level up.

High-Level Area. +[**400cp**]
You are dropped into a high-level area as a level one and will not be able to go to a lower-level area the entire time you are here. I hope you can find someone to mooch off of.

Wanted. +[**400cp**]
You are dropped into the system immensely disliked; shops will not tender you, guards will try to imprison you, and bounty hunters seek you dead or alive. Hopefully, you are resourceful or cruel enough to survive against the world.

Troubled System. +[**400cp**]
The system is plagued by horrific natural disasters and devastating storms. (Tornados, Earthquakes, Blizzards, Volcanos, etc.) This makes the system subject to mass destruction, and the store that was there yesterday might not be there today. Beyond that, you are in constant danger unless you are adequately prepared.

End Game Area. +[**600cp**]
While not scaling, you are dropped into the highest-level area on the planet and left to fend for yourself with just the things you bought in this supplement or primary doc. After you leave the

area, you get your powers and warehouse back. Should you buy this, it will apply these restrictions to any companions as well.

Dungeon Start. +[**600cp**]
You are dropped into a high-level dungeon as a level 1 and cannot leave until you defeat the boss. Good luck, you are going to need it.

Blood Moon. +[**600cp**]
Once a week, the cursed moon will become as red as blood. Under its glow, your max HP/MP/Stats are all halved, and the land becomes littered with powerful nightmarish entities that will seek to consume the souls of the living.

(This effect stacks with other enemy enhancements and player drawbacks. Powerful blood moon creatures drop unique phantom loot that ignores enemy resistance/elements and defends against/damages ghosts. Good luck killing them.)

No Memories. +[**600cp**]
You have no memories of your past and also no memories of video games to help you out.

All-Seeing Eye. +[**800cp**]
All hostile enemies are given complete foresight against you. You will always be surprised by their attacks, and all enemies can preemptively protect against moves they know you have before you use them.

NPC's will be nearly impervious to lying, and thieves will know what loot you are carrying and try to steal it from you any chance they can.

Notes

A great thanks to Rinpoo for all his help and ideas and editing of this.

Some things inspired or taken from other CYOA's such as Shaper and Power Manipulation, others from system apocalypse genre of fiction and fanfiction.

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