

Welcome to the musical realm of Hatchetfield. An inconspicuous small town somewhere in America. The quiet town is rarely exciting, notable mainly for its fierce rivalry with neighbour Clivesdale on the mainland and the exceedingly lush and vibrant forest surrounding its town. Of course, there have been stories, folklore, rumours about dark goings on. Cults amidst the town's founding families, Serial Killers putting their bloody work to practise, Things That Should Not Be and Creatures from Dimensions beyond our own inflicting insanity among the Populace. Also one guy had a whole thing with his car… Yeah. The first thing we will have to do is determine which foe you will face during your stay here and if you will commit to solving more than one problem facing this world.

Jumper, the musical multiverse of Hatchetfield awaits you! Take 1000CP and don't think of the Implications!

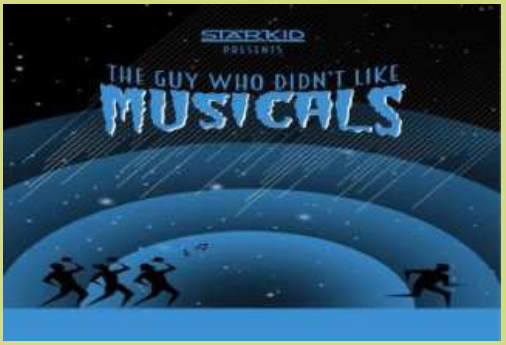
Enemies:

Jumper, I am not sure how to break this to you. But my name is General John McNamara, United States Military. I am a member of a small team that deals with crises of a certain nature, crises not unlike you yourself could be were you so inclined. As such, what you see before you are a series of dossiers that list several major threats to humanity in this dimension. In your all too brief time with us, you will have to face and conquer one of these threats… Though any extra you are willing to deal with will grant you our eternal gratitude. And a small allowance of Extra CP handed to you by your unknown benefactor.

- To complete this jump, you must defeat one of the 400CP valued threats; this first 400CP threat will not gain you extra CP; any enemies you choose to face mean the plot of the corresponding musical or episode will occur. The plots will occur in succession, even when they should be impossible due to the repetition of certain characters.. You may only face a total of three extra enemies to a maximum bonus value of and extra 1200CP

The Meteorite +400CP as an extra foe

https://youtu.be/IrxKX44qBJ0
The following astrological information has been brought to the attention of PEIP by one Professor Henry Hidgens, formerly a biology professor at Hatchetfield University. He postulates that this meteorite will be the trigger for a catastrophic event unlike any this world has ever seen. Yes Jumper, like the dinosaurs, humanity may be brought to our very extinction by this apocalyptic ball of space rock. It may sound ludicrous, but somehow this extra terrestrial terror will turn the entire world into a nightmare of deadly musical theatre via parasitic spores emitted from its impact point into the air. If you choose to face this threat jumper, I hope to God you don't like musicals as even joining in for a moment will see you become a puppet for this Musical Meteorite's Malicious Mama Mia.



Wiggly +400CP as an extra foe

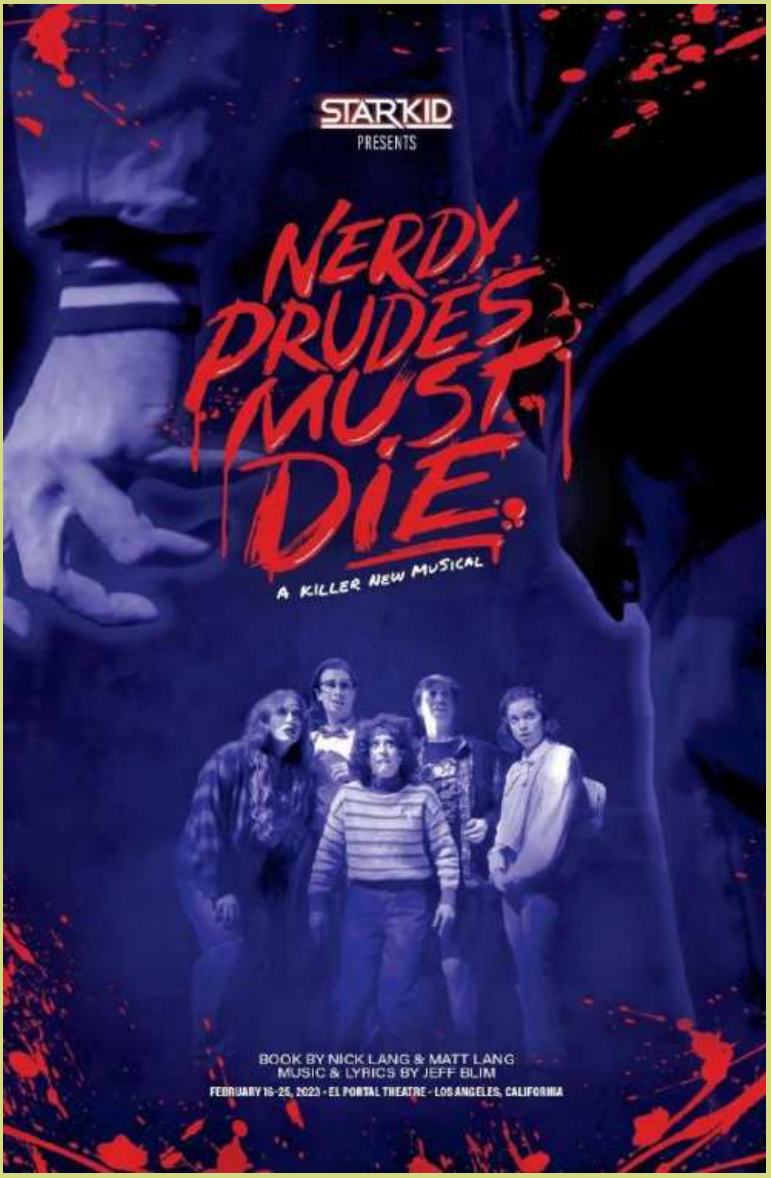
https://youtu.be/Bqt4_tHLSB4

Jumper, PEIP has become aware of a space between dimensions we have taken to calling "The Black and White" within which dwell many cosmic creatures most foul. Some of these entities have designs on humanity far worse than even our darkest nightmares. At this time, the most dominant of these Eldritch Forces is a being that styles itself as "Wiggly". Our finest Colonel went into the Black and White for but a scant few hours - whereupon he returned utterly maddened, swearing his eternal servitude to "Wiggly." We do not know how or where Wiggly will make his move, but he is becoming more active Jumper. And we must stand ready to thwart his malignant machinations."



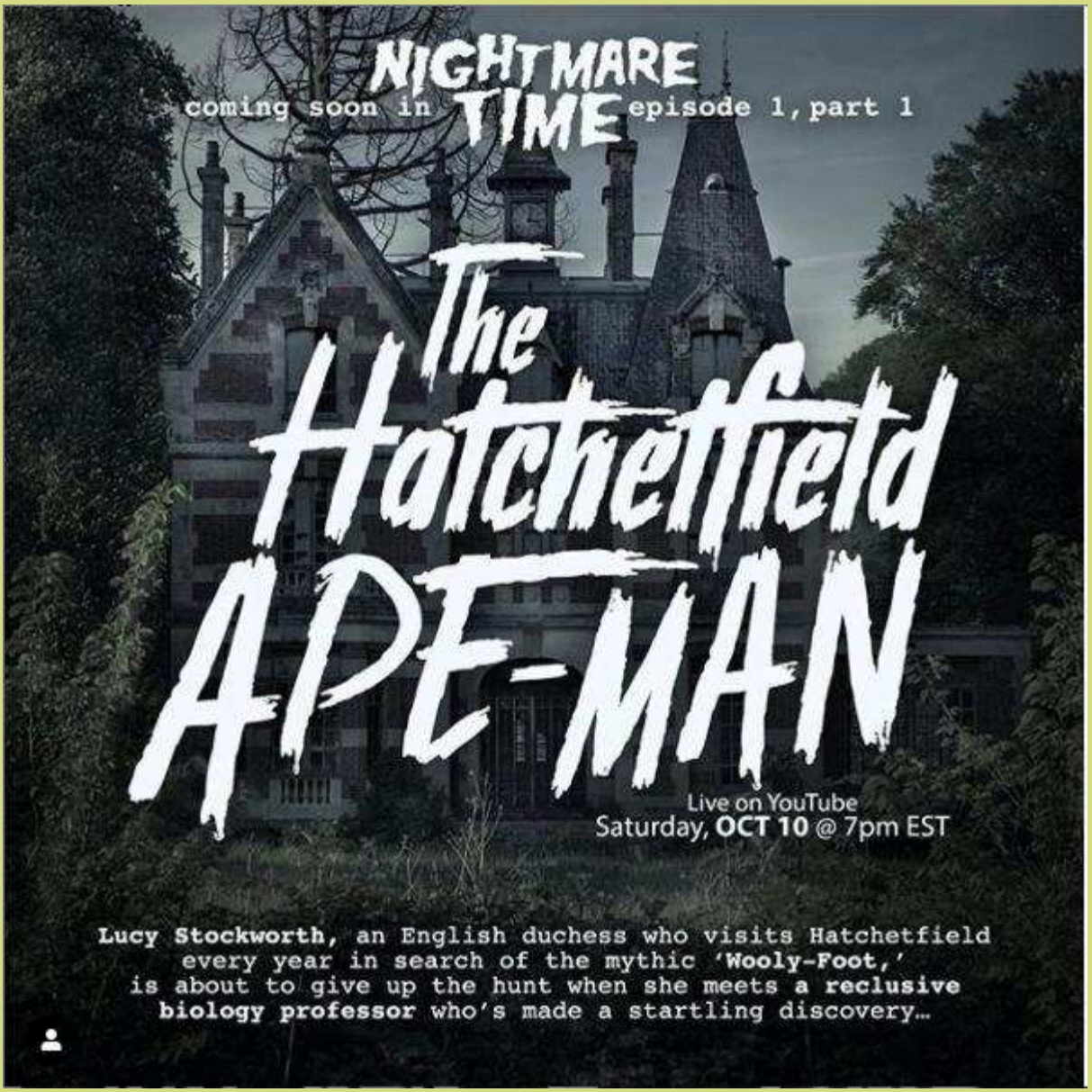
A Revenant +300CP as an extra foe

https://youtu.be/PG3RDdyD_GQ
Jumper I am afraid we have very little intelligence in this manner. Where PEIP strives to be proactive, this is a case in which we are responding to an extra dimensional incident's aftermath. We do not know how, we do not know who, we don't know why or even where. But someone has performed a profane ritual in the small town of Hatchetfield. Something or Someone has slipped through the impenetrable veil separating our world from the next and that is something PEIP cannot allow to continue unopposed. Our experts theorise that whatever this is you're dealing with, will have become something neither alive nor dead. A being with unnatural abilities that is obsessed with righting whatever wrongs have been inflicted upon it with an utterly warped and corrupted sense of morality. Good luck.



The Hatchetfield Ape Man +50CP as an extra foe

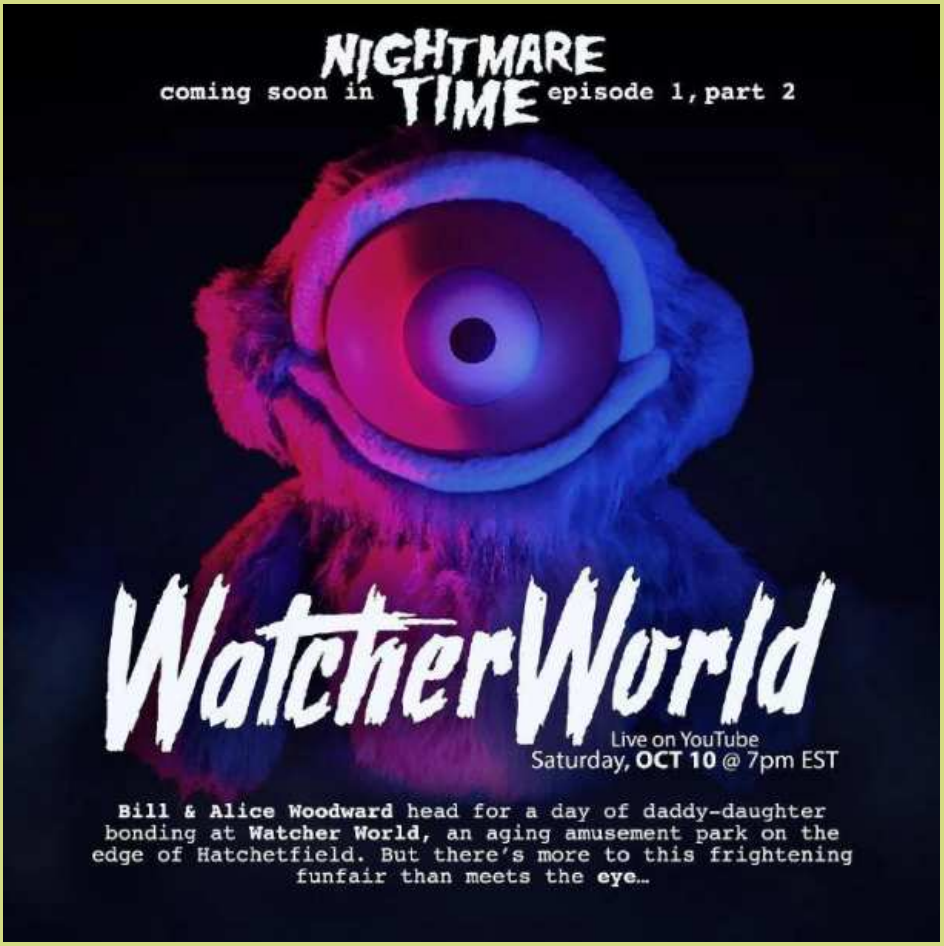
https://www.youtube.com/live/zl2QJZBqQjU
Jumper, not every foe you fight will be a grandiose test of your innumerable skills. Some, like this one, are more of a… Settling. Here at PEIP we've been constantly bombarded with all manner of cryptid, true crime, mysteries of all stripes due to the overabundance of trite discovery channel hoax-umentaries and of course the bane of any professional in the realm of the paranormal… The infernal perversion of glorious radio transmission technology commonly referred to as a podcast. Some English duchess is throwing extortionate amounts of wealth around Hatchetfield to enlist any aid whatsoever in finding the fabled Hatchetfield Ape man. I'm looking at this as a way for you to pad both of our pockets with no real danger, enjoy your paid vacation in Hatchetfield Jumper.



Blinky +400CP as an extra foe

https://www.youtube.com/live/zl2QJZBqQjU

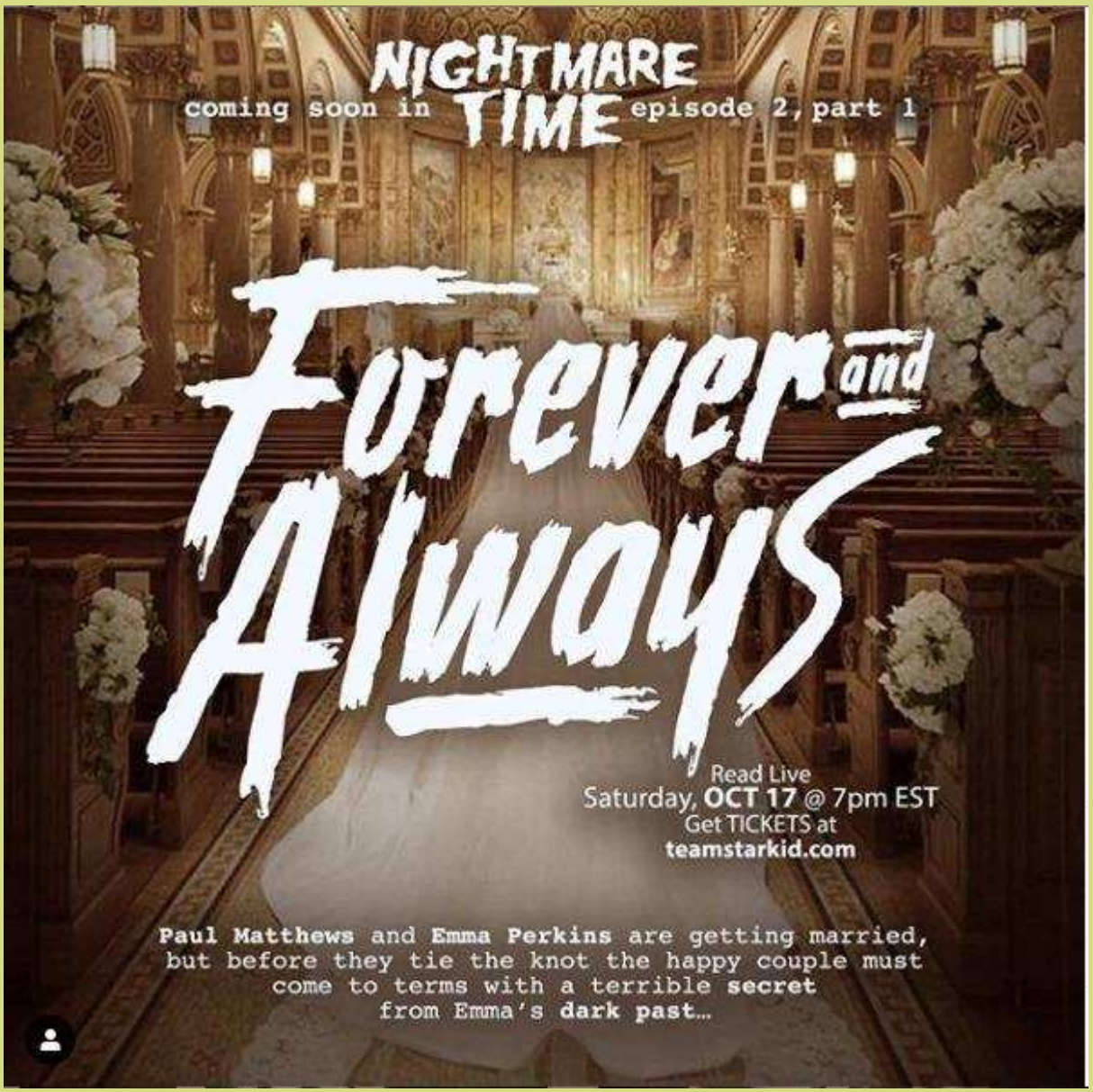
Jumper here at PEIP we take our responsibility of employing the best of the best very seriously. How seriously? Not only does our company offer a fair living wage, excellent health insurance, dental, paternity leave, maternity leave, mental health leaves and an on-site staff of fine medical professionals with the sole and solemn duty to keep our agents fit and firing examples of American Exceptionalism… We also have a unique hate for those who would treat their employees, minions, staff, underlings or interns as modern slaves. Do you understand Jumper? We've had troubling reports of the unlawful termination of workers at Watcher's World. Not enough for you? Well if you're going to be weird about it, here's the unusual part. Industrial accidents causing the death of park attendees has gone up 1700% with the root cause of every single death being employee tiredness. We have people working at this park too terrified to blink, bathe or even go to the bathroom. And let me tell you something stinks and I'm not talking about the mascots Jumper…



Imposters +100CP as an extra foe

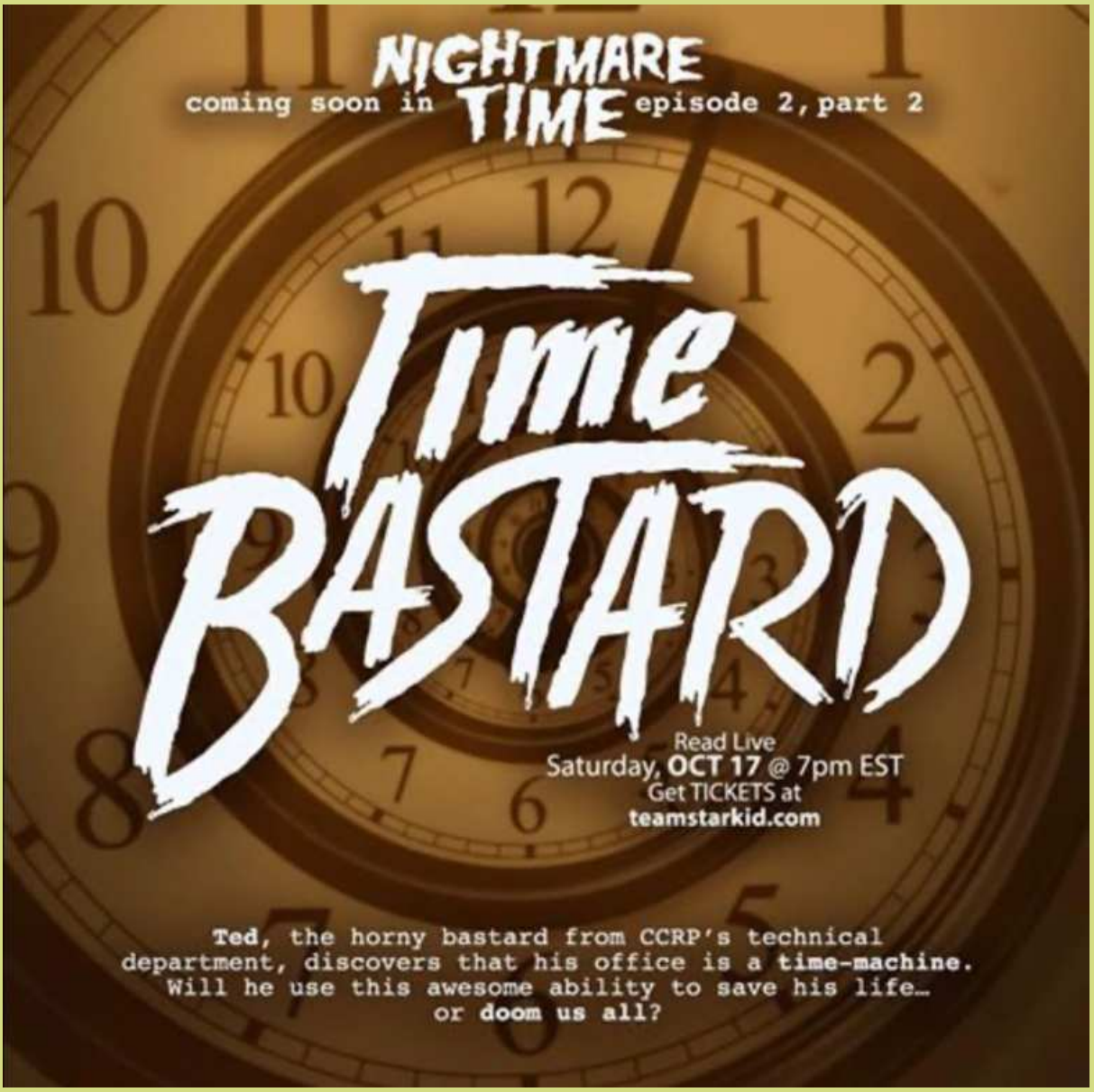
https://youtu.be/JBjSDz8C_ik

Jumper, you have been invited to a wedding. Yes, I don't quite understand it myself but the thing is absolutely radiating with radiation that should not be possible to bring into existence for another 500 years or more. No you can't know how I know that - not a PEIP from me. It's a joke, let's move along. In short, the department will be providing you with some formalwear and a wedding gift for the blushing bride and her groom so that you can get to the bottom of whatever weirdness is working its wiles on this would be white wedding. Would you? Wonderful. Your flight leaves at eight and here's the registry, remember to look suitably emotional at the vows now.



Tinky +400CP as an extra foe

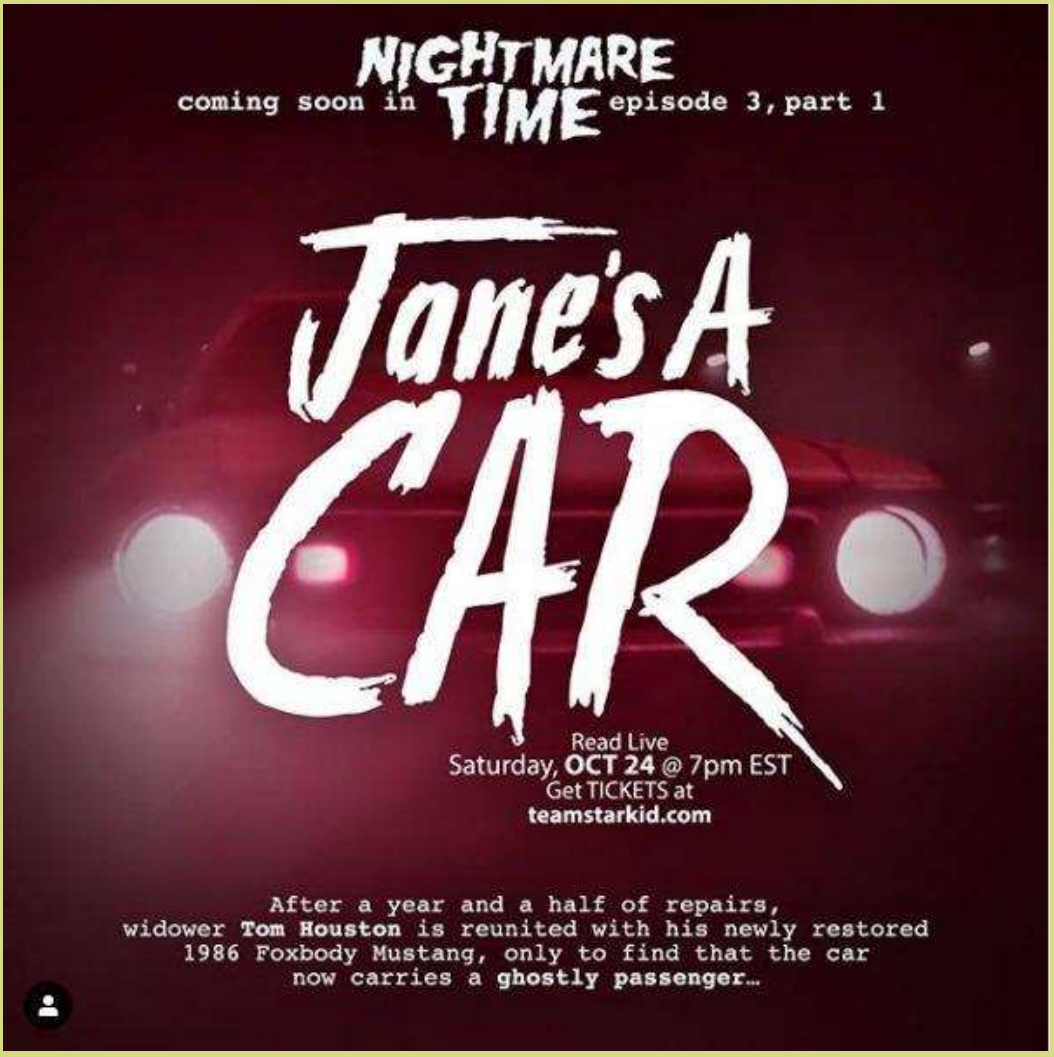
https://youtu.be/JBjSDz8C_ik
Hello Jumper, it's General John McNamara of the United States Military. PEIP. What do you mean we've already met? Regardless, I'm here to inform you that our devices have interpreted what can only be a one point self sustaining time loop, located in the town of Hatchetfield. You've probably- I already told you about Hatchetfield? Well I'll bet you didn't know that this time loop involves CCRP now did you? No, I haven't told you this already. Jumper, if this is some kind of tonally inconsistent joke because my assignment is to do with temporal shenanigans perpetrated by an all powerful being outside of our comprehension… Well I'm here for it, I knew I'd enjoy meeting you for the first time all over again. Now get out there and stop a time loop soldier, God Speed.



A Fan of Cars +50CP as an extra foe

https://youtu.be/seQ-QbuWRZY

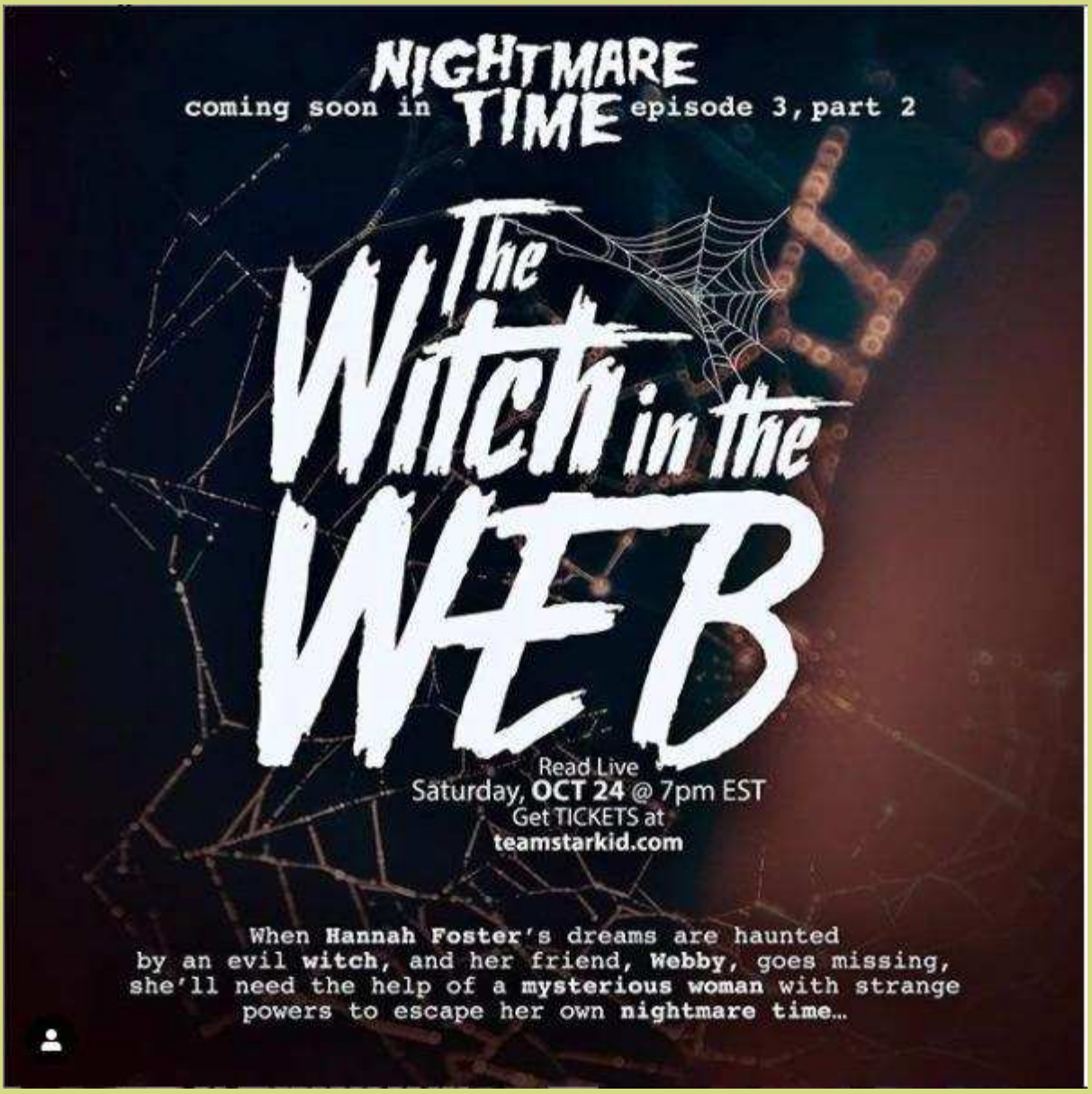
Jumper, it is not policy of PEIP to kinkshame, slut shame or behave in any way but sexually positive. But I'm afraid at this time we must task you with dealing with deviance most foul. A formerly great man Mr Tom Houston suffered a great tragedy. Coming home from two tours of Afghanistan he got into a wreck that took the life of his wife, horrible. But now it appears 18 months later he has snapped, wining and dining his car. He claims the car is his wife and while I would like to pass this along to a psychologist or Priest I'm afraid there are enough worrying signs that point to this being more than a broken man who loves his car. Y'see, Tom's wife was a fan of the occult and we've come to believe she may have been in possession of knowledge deeply dangerous and certainly powerful enough to have her spirit linger after death. Find out the truth and make sure nobody else ever does Jumper.



The Witch in the Web +200CP as an extra foe

https://youtu.be/seQ-QbuWRZY

Throughout our existence Jumper, PEIP has had to both contend and cooperate with communities that some of your more orthodox religions may call unholy or satanic. These occult practitioners are at times the only people with the know-how, savvy and backbone to stand against the things which our man-made science cannot reasonably explain. What we have here, Jumper, is a simple old fashioned haunting. We believe the victim Hannah Foster may in fact be one of the fraction of a percentage born with certain sensitivities to the forces beyond this world. She's going to need help, help that PEIP may not be best placed to provide. So Jumper, we hand this over to you in the hopes you can do what we can't. Git 'er done.



Nibbly +400CP as an extra foe

https://youtu.be/Z9FhxG_pjWI

Jumper, from the time it was founded Hatchetfield has always celebrated the harvest with the annual Honey Festival. For a long time we have considered that this annual tradition of love, joy and mirth is in fact a golden skin over a rotten, black, unholy core. Every year, a beauty pageant is held for the title of Honey Queen, as if the objectification wasn't enough Jumper. We here at PEIP now believe that the Honey Queens themselves are not swallowed up by the predatory curse of aspiring young women in the jaws of Hollywood. But instead swallowed up forces all the more sinister than mere human cruelty and greed. We are authorising you to look into this, even giving you leave to enter the pageant yourself. Good Luck, we're all counting on you.



Oddly Behaving Nighthawks +300CP as an extra foe

https://youtu.be/sm6VlpHLhTM
The Hatchetfield Woods have long been home to some interesting Flora and Fauna. It is something in the soil, it makes things grow fast. Sometimes it makes things grow wrong. But whether for good or ill if something is grown within the soil or boughs of Hatchetfield woods, it will be strong. That is why the area surrounding the tiny town of Hatchetfield is so treasured by those who would grow products not yet deemed legal by our dear government. I'm talking about drugs Jumper. But most curiously those who would grow marijuana and other illicit substances have begun raving about the local checkered-tail nighthawks eating their product and behaving oddly. Now this is usually a little out of our wheelhouse, but we'd like you to go take a look. If the anomalous properties of hatchetfield woods have been transferred to the birds from the plants, we need to deal with this before the migration season. If you fail, we could be looking at a total ecological collapse.



Christo-Fascist Camp Councillors +100 as an extra foe

https://youtu.be/sm6VlpHLhTM

Jumper, we've been looking into a spate of disappearances centred around a rather unusual and specific camp in the Hatchetfield catchment area. Every year a selection of teenagers are shipped off to Abstinence camp to learn that God Almighty can stop them from their depraved sexual urges. Now Jumper, I am a red blooded American Man. I have fought and died for our country in places and at times I cannot disclose without needing to terminate you. But there is nothing more American than the teenage romances and furious power of love that runs through each and every American's veins. As a god fearing servant of our great nation nothing makes me more furious than people like these camps… Apologies, I'm clearly still dealing with something. Every year or every other year. Two campers will disappear suddenly, with one constant being that they had been close during the summer. Now I don't think it takes a detective to puzzle out what's happening here, but Jumper I need you to confirm this suspicion; if it is the case. I want you to deal with it on my behalf. When they get to Hell they'll know PEIP sent them there.



The Ageless Ones +100CP as an extra Foe

https://youtu.be/9urReWW1958
Jumper, we've had disturbing reports of what can only be described as immortal creatures occupying Hatchetfield. A succession of handsome men have gone missing over the last century, only months after their wedding. Seven of these men have left cryptic warnings, with bartenders or loved ones claiming "The Family Is Not What It Seems." Always with that wording. Well it turned out that over half a dozen disappearances over a century in repeating circumstances is when PEIP gets involved. We want you to take a look at the family, sniff around, figure out what's going on and end their…. Activities. I'm going to be honest with you Jumper, we don't know what exactly could be to blame, so here's some holy water, silver bullets, salt and cold iron too.



Killer Track +300CP as an extra foe

In the 80s there was a song, a succession of chords and a melody that would drive men to insanity. The most upstanding, noble and just of men could not resist. The most devout of priests would begin feasting upon their own choir, mothers would rip their children limb from limb with hysterical strength or in turn children would turn knives upon anyone in arms reach. Now a similar problem has beset us. The old rumours and urban legends of a killer track have begun to resurface. Our undercover intelligence gathering unit Gathering Operational Situational Secret Intelligence Personnel - we call them GOSSIPS have informed PEIP that the underground raves, clubs and dive bars have been talking about a performance in which every attendee died soon thereafter. Now thankfully these rumours are just limited to Hatchetfield for the moment, but in this new digital age if someone so much as points their cell phone at a band playing this thing the world as we know it will fall to this memetic murder melody without hope of stopping its spread. Remember to pack hearing protectors Jumper.



P'kotho +400CP as an extra foe

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Kse9m65KYfA
Jumper, it is time for a tournament arc. We have heard that certain metahuman and paranormally blessed individuals in Hatchetfield have come under the sway of a disgustingly wealthy individual and his twisted fantasies of a super powered death battle. There is nothing complex here Jumper; The United States Military wants this tournament shut down, its fighters detained and every single shred of this abominable death tournament ripped from our beloved planet. As a PEIP you will rarely if ever get carte blanche to go as loud as this, for once Jumper stealth and subtlety or optional routes to your goal. This mission is simple: Search, Destroy, Scour. McNamara Out.



The Kitty Cat Club +100CP as an extra Foe

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z-yeTc_6FQ0

Jumper we do not have much time, it has come to PEIP's attention that a cabal of sorts has formed in Hatchetfield. We do not know their capabilities or their true motives. In fact we do not know much, their insidious act of innocence has been so cunningly thorough that we really believed they were just a sorority of pet owners. Instead, each and every member has been linked to the disappearance of at least one man in their orbit over the last 63 days. We do not know how much time any of these men have, or if they are already lost to us. Do not let these predators have their way for a second longer jumper. Find out what they are using these men for, free them if possible. But one thing if for sure, they must be stopped before they truly tap into powers beyond mortal reckoning!



Origins:

Origins will receive the first perk and first item associated with them for free. Other perks and items associated with the origin selected will be half price. Any origin aside from Drop-In and The Everyman gets the Mandatory Musical Theatre Degree perk for free..

The Everyman

The Everyman. The blue collar Joe or Jane who represents every single person who keeps their head down and just wants to go home at the end of their 9-5. Whether it's a shitty paying retail job, an office job where the politics won't leave you alone, you're going to have your world turned upside down. You can take a 100CP perk or item from The Official or The Expert for free on top of your origin's default discounts.

100CP: I know a shortcut! - as a longtime resident of Hatchetfield you know your way around the countless twisting narrow alleys, even the ones with weird trees in them. You know which fences to jump, which parks to cut across and in general; so long as you've spent a week somewhere you're able to cut travel time in half whether it's on foot or in a vehicle.

200CP: Step Up - Whenever there is a vacuum, be it leadership, fatherly, brotherly. You will find the bravery to fill that niche. Whether it's lending a hand to a down on their luck colleague on the verge of being fired, taking the fall for a buddy who's one bad day away from ending it all, or even strapping on grenades to blow up a hive mind mothership - you're not going to shy away from what needs to be done.

400CP: Safety First - You are what one might call paranoid, Jumper. When you get in a car you affix your seatbelt tightly, apply every safety feature when setting foot on aircraft and even read the terms and conditions. Now you wouldn't say you believed in any of this superstitious nonsense per say, but a silver bullet doesn't cost that much more than regular .45… And you know, keeping a cold iron knife in the house just keeps your nana from complaining too loud. Any time your vehicle dramatically crashes you will come out unscathed and should you witness any odd behaviour, your "careful" nature will have you start devising methods to defend yourself. After all, you have other things to worry about than being stabbed to death by some random mugger or dying in a stupid car crash.

600CP: I DON'T LIKE MUSICALS - Through sheer stubbornness, you have gained the ability to deny the unalienable facts of any world

or situation you enter. Well, one fact. Whatever you deny, hating it will become a core part of your identity - Vampires, Transformation, Cults, Mind Control. Whatever you select to deny within the world shall become an almost obsessive and defining hatred. In fact, if anyone read your mind they might put you in some kind of asylum, because just think of the implications of a hatred so strong it warps reality.

The Unawakened

The Unawakened. A chrysalis has formed around your soul from the minute you took your first fleeting steps into the world. A larva waiting to grow, a child. Even if not literally, spiritually so. You've always been looked at as slightly weird, engaging with reality in a slightly off kilter way. Whether it is bizarre obsessions and fixations, a smattering of precognition, things just unnaturally benefitting you. The world has always subtly retreated from your latent ability, all it will take is one perception shattering situation to open your eyes to what you truly are. Take 1 stack of Your Gift for Free on top of your Origin's default discounts.

100: The Witch in the Web - Every kid has an imaginary friend at some point, but yours never quite seemed to go away. Their voice got quieter as you got older; relationships and work tend to drown out everything else. But sometimes when you go to a party and leave your drink unattended for too long or feel like someone's following you: Their voice echoes in your head clear as day to give you the advice you need to stay safe.

200: Your Gift - It may sound crazy but you've managed to break the rules of sane society in some little way. You've not exactly publicised it, maybe only one trusted person knows; but you've got an honest and true superpower. Maybe like a retail worker you're able to pull items from the space between worlds or you've got one little bit of magic you can do like a certain mysterious hard to remember store owner. This perk can be taken multiple times for multiple supernatural abilities, but the cost doubles every time.

300: Freak Magnet - Look, there's not a simple way to say this. But weirdos, creeps, outsiders all are just drawn to you. The scary homeless guy always makes sure you get home safe, the spooky woman from the woods always has the time to ask how school is going and the strangest of objects tends to just come into your possession. Thus the label of weirdo sticks to you like glue, after all you can't collect random mysterious junk or be seen conversing with Hatchetfield's many freaks without the word getting around that you're not normal. The upside is that you

always have good relations with the reclusive professors or librarians that might know how to explain all the occult or sci fi crap that happens to you. Plus all the spooky bullshit like haunted houses, lucky charms and indian burial grounds tend to like your vibe. Though be careful what you attune to, bonding your soul to evil cursed shit isn't going to go any better just because it is easy.

800: The Prince in Black - Out of the depths of Hell and back Ye' spawn of the Black and White. Turns out that you are not quite human. Indeed, you are the spawn of extradimensional entities that are oh so desperate to get their hands on the collective souls of humanity - you may be the latest in an eternal series of convoluted schemes designed to allow the Lords in Black to crossover into this world. Maybe you're a conduit? Maybe you're the portal itself! Perhaps awakening to the nigh infinite magical potential within your powers is what will doom all of reality to being the playthings of the hellish creatures that wish for nothing but the blackest fates of humanity! Or perhaps, your progenitor was something of a kinder creature like Webby. One that only wishes to help protect humanity from the predations of its more sinister kin… Regardless, you are currently the chrysalis for unimaginable reality shattering powers, powers that share on facet with the mundane absolute powers of humanity - may corrupt you absolutely.

The Expert

The Expert. Whether it be the spooky lady who lives in town, coming to everyone's aid with power of the arcane or the reclusive scientist prepper providing safe haven while he researches the monster of the week - someone has to know what they're doing. Now Jumper, don your witch hat or white jacket, prepare to figure things out. Now that doesn't mean you'll save the day, in fact it's far more likely you go mad from knowledge or die to up the stakes for the real hero… But you're a Jumper, you can avoid that sort of fate, right? An expert has to be prepared, so take an extra free item of 100CP or 200CP cost from your origin and a 100CP cost item from The Agent's origin.

100: What the Fuck is This Shit? - If you get a sample of anything into a research space you can begin to at least grasp at the edges of its purpose and form. Whether it is performing a scrying spell over an evil enchanted VHS tape, or bringing a sample of some Blue Shit to your lab, you'll be able to start piecing together exactly what you're dealing with. What's more, this enhances your mundane investigation skills too. No longer will your scrying be bounced

off wards easily or your scientific findings be inconclusive, whatever your methods - they get the job done.

200: Cryptozoologist - Hatchetfield and the world or worlds beyond are teeming with stories of beasts, forgotten to the world by time or design. You have a knowledge of them, a knack for separating the wheat from the chaff acquired by any means. Mystical knowledge, scientific genius or even just an unhealthy hyperfixation on cryptids expressed through online forums. No matter where you go, you will be seen as an expert on the unknown and find yourself being flown to black sites, given very profitable expert consultation work or just in general enjoying quite the reputation in the field for your mastery. No matter where you go, you can sniff out hoaxes or the trail of the very strange and very real. Fact and fiction are yours to separate and what's more, any fact you cannot turn into history? Well, you just need some more data to study.

400: It's Not Paranoia If They Are Out to Get You - Now you wouldn't say you believed in any of this superstitious nonsense per say, but you wouldn't be an expert if you didn't consider every angle. If your colleague suddenly stops coming in to work for a few days after a long night of partying with the weird Romanian girl? You start keeping a stake in your drawer. Truth is also that a silver bullet doesn't cost that much more than a regular .45… And you know, keeping a cold iron knife in the house just keeps your nana from complaining too loud. Your knowledge of monsters, ghosts, witches and all things that go bump in the night means you're adept at noticing when something is off, making insane leaps to conclusions so you can have a solution to hand. Whether it's weaknesses, wards or worrying amounts of firepower you like to keep your options open in case you're right. God do you hate it when you're right.

600: Just as I Predicted! - It may sound ridiculous, but you knew this day would come! Musical Zombies, Carnivorous Singing Plants, Spectral Serial Slasher Quarterback? OF COURSE! Whether you were cursed to see all but never be heeded like Cassandra or laughed out of the halls of academia for your wild assertions; you were right. You always know what incredible threats from beyond the veil of normal society are coming for you. If there are demons afoot, vampires rising, psychics awakening or zombie nations; you will have stockpiled holy water, bought all the silver in town, came into possession of a salt mine - whatever you can do to prepare you have done. No matter how much the locals call you crazy - did Noah not seem insane before the flood!? Of course, this has hindered your reputation, but soon… Soon you will be the one with all the answers, all the knowledge, the saviour in

waiting. Even if you have to wait five, ten, fifteen years Jumper. You're right, you know you're right…

The Official

In all this calamity there has to be some kind of order! Whether you're a cop two days from retirement trying to restore some order, an army vet with crippling PTSD or a politician trying to crush this insanity with an iron fist; one thing is for sure… You're out of your depth. Make sure that in order to get yourself out of here alive, you take a 100CP perk from The Agent and a 100CP item from The Expert to keep you alive.

100: I can't be Evil, I'm a Status Quo Democrat! - No matter how bad you mess up in life, people always seem to be sympathetic to you… So long as you show genuinely how distraught, remorseful or confused you are that is. You're not perfect, you're something better - you're human. After all, perfect politicians don't exist, but a relatable human who fucks up? So long as they feel bad about it, that's AOK and more… ELECTABLE!

100: Standard Operating Delusion - You can spout bureaucratic nonsense with such conviction that others hesitate to question it. Your ability to confidently deliver lines like "It's procedure" or "This is above your pay grade" grants you temporary authority in most low-stakes situations. This could get you out of some jams before things escalate into needing violence, hell in certain rigidly bureaucratic agencies this might as well give you invisibility.

100: It's in the Curriculum - Whether you're a teacher, trainer, or cult's spiritual guide: you always have a lesson plan on hand. Gain a supernatural knack for improvising lectures, PowerPoint presentations, and scathing report card comments on any subject no matter how clueless you actually are. The more moralistic and repressed your delivery, the more people assume you're an expert - even if it's as simple as telling someone to aspire to more, so long as you compare it to your desire to be choked while jerking off it'll all work out fine!

100: I came as soon as I could! - You're the kind of authority , guard, or soldier who shows up just a little too late, but somehow survives everything. You instinctively know when to hide in the bathroom or take lunch early before the bloodbath begins. It's like you've got a small sixth sense for danger, but only enough to stay useless and alive. Become too useful to a situation and I'm afraid you'll find yourself being involved… So make sure you don't

actually provide guidance counselling or otherwise become a mentor to anyone, that’s bad for your health.

200: Nope - You’ve seen unspeakable horrors. And you’ve filed them away in a neat little box in your brain labeled “Not My Problem.” With this you’ve gained an exceptional resistance to madness, cosmic horror, and musical numbers that shouldn’t exist. You can stay eerily calm even as reality unravels around you, tell your colleagues that you don’t want to see Mama Mia or play softball. Hell you can even negotiate with a world conquering beast from beyond reality and all that mind melting eldritch knowledge will still fit in that nice little repression box. God help whatever confidant or therapist you eventually open up to.

200: Authoritarian Administrator: Whether it’s calling in a drone strike on Santa Claus or preparing teenagers for ritual sacrifice, you never flinch. With this perk you gain a commanding presence and total emotional detachment that allows you to order or commit horrific acts with zero hesitation and occasionally, surprising musical flair. Others may be terrified or oddly impressed by your cold professionalism and desire to do what must be done for The Greater Good.

400: A Showstopping Number: You are a fixture in the musical theatre of horror. A singing enforcer of structure, an administrator of chaos containment. When a narrative or supernatural force threatens to spiral out of control, you are compelled and empowered to intervene. Gain access to unique musical numbers that alter reality when performed, each tailored to reinforcing “The System,” whether it’s law, education, or shadow government conspiracy. These performances are disturbing, compelling, and difficult to ignore. The world literally bends to bureaucratic will when you're in full swing but every song comes with a price, and once you begin, you may not be able to stop. Dipping into this addictive power can end it all, the world crumbling down as it all comes under the iron grip of what you sing being all that is… Or even worse, you find a plucky bunch of upstarts banding together to bring you down as the narrative writhes from your grip to cast you as the antagonist… But that can’t be! You’re Law and Order! You’re the Good Guy! Right?

The Agent

Agent, I won’t sugarcoat this. You’re going to be having a bad Spring Break. Your PTO is cancelled and don’t give me the SASS because your vacation plans are FUBAR because the AOO is straight

WTF. Our LZ is hotter than the babes at that beach we're pulling you off because three of our best agents are KIA or MIA and the CIA are up my A about the fact we don't have a SITREP on the HVTs and if you don't get this perfect we're gonna be DOA and that is not OK. So make sure to grab a 200CP item from the Drop-In Origin, and 2x 100CP items from any other origin for free on top of your default discounts - God Speed, God Bless America.

100: Me and My Peeps - You've got eyes in places no one even thought to look. Gain an intuitive understanding of surveillance, reconnaissance, and eavesdropping even with minimal tools. You know when you're being watched, and you can make a camera out of almost anything.

100: Sarge Without the Stripes - Your presence has the force of a marching band and the discipline of a military boot. Gain a baseline aura of command even civilians instinctively straighten up around you. You can bark orders with such authority that even monsters hesitate for a second. Doesn't always work but sometimes a second is all you need.

100: Keeps on Kickin' - Duct tape. Adrenaline. Patriotism. You can patch yourself up and keep fighting when others would drop. Gain uncanny resistance to pain and a talent for makeshift medical care. You might not survive the next encounter but you'll look cool walking into it with a bullet wound and a smirk.

200: The Thin Black Line - You understand what must be done and you'll do it. You can shut off your emotions long enough to make the hard calls. You gain resistance to manipulation, coercion, and mind-affecting musical influences. Your will is a fortress, and when all hope is lost, you're the one who willingly stands between the things that go bump in the night and the innocents of your country.

200: There Are Monsters and There Are Men - When you speak with conviction, even gods might listen. You have a once-per-mission ability to deliver a rousing monologue that cuts through fear, despair, or madness, snapping allies out of mind control, rallying survivors, or shaking enemies with a sudden wave of doubt. Sometimes the words are mightier than the nuke.

200: Trained For The End of Everything - You've got combat training but this ain't just bullets and bombs. You know how to fight the weird stuff. Gain proficiency in using unorthodox weapons, counteracting supernatural threats, and adapting real-world tactics to fight non-real enemies. You're the guy who brought a flamethrower to a puppet demon fight and won.

400: The Rock Upon the Barren Shore - When you make a stand, really make a stand, reality listens. Once per jump, you can hold your ground in a hopeless situation and become immovable: literally or metaphorically. You won't budge, won't die, won't let the monster pass. Even death respects your conviction. It is the monsters who shall live in dread.

400: For PEIP, It's Tuesday - You are shockingly unflappable in the face of cosmic horror. You have fought puppet demons, eldritch parasites, musical viruses, and at least one tap-dancing serial killer. As a result, you are immune to fear-based and sanity-shattering effects, and can train others to resist them as well. It's not bravery and no, it's not experience. For the civilians of Hatchetfield this is the worst day of their lives; but for you It's Tuesday.

400: Rage Against the Machine: You've figured it out: the songs have power. And you've learned to fight back with music of your own. Unlock a personal musical number; one that counters or cancels other reality-warping songs. Your anthem reflects your ideals, your pain, and your resolve. This anthem isn't sung by you, no, you're not that way gifted. But so long as you have a boombox or a radio kicking your anthem as you stare down the spawn of the Black and White, your wit and mind shall remain your own. More than that, action anthems will pump up your performance, with other genres granted comparable effects. You can only pick one anthem, so make it count.

800: The Lone Survivor - At the end of all things you are no longer just a man, or a woman, or even human. As its last scion you will become the will of PEIP incarnate. Embodying the unbreakable line between order and annihilation. As this vengeful lone survivor you can intercept supernatural disasters at their source, rewrite another's fate at the moment they would perish. and even defy musical rules and genre constraints. You are beyond timelines. Beyond canon. A fixed point. When you act, the narrative bends not because you are immune to it, but because it respects you. You can awaken the unique sleeping gifts of a future hero with your sacrifice, you can kill that which knows not pain or death, this is your final ace in the hole. There is no coming back, there is no stopping this. Use this power wisely. Use it once per jump crisis. And be prepared to disappear into myth afterward, although this will not break your chain unless your allies cannot finish the fight in your absence.

The Drop In

Who the hell are you? What are you doing here? I don't know who you are but please don't hurt me! Look here's all my stuff, it's 3x Everyman items for half price; take it on top of your default discounts I just wanna LIVE!

100: Hey You Look Familiar! - You might think that falling into a small town like Hatchetfield where everyone knows everyone would see you strung up on a tree, kidnapped, or worse noticed by gossips. But with this perk everyone will just accept you in whatever identity you forge for yourself? Of course you're Mr Green the retired English teacher who's covering for Miss Mullberry! Of course you're the new football coach Mrs Martins! I mean, you look familiar enough. Of course if anyone starts digging, they'll still find that "You" don't exist, but nobody's crazy enough to be randomly doing background checks on everyone in town right?

200: Mandatory Musical Theatre Degree - Whenever someone is casting a spell, applying an effect, hypnotising or otherwise messing with you through sound; their efforts become a musical number! One that you can participate in, should you successfully turn the tables within the choreography and lyrics you can overcome the mind control or negative effects!

400: CaliforM.I.A - You are incredibly adept at breaking the huge problems in life down into a simple plan consisting of several steps. This isn't to say Jumper that you have any increased chance of actually succeeding at the unachieveable, but it allows you to put a plan of action into place. Of course no plan survives contact with the enemy, but if it's as simple as stealing a collector's item doll from your shitty 9-5 job and selling it online to get the money for a bus ride to Los Angeles; what could go wrong, right?

800: Do You Wanna Save The Planet? - There is just one way to do it. That's right Jumper, you have fully weaponized the power of musicals, all you have to do is start singing or dancing and soon people will be singing along with you. So long as you have the talent for it, the beat and the vibes; the possibilities are endless! By singing a song that everyone sings along, you will be able to recruit allies with a whimsical patter song. Conquer foes with a belting show stopper or even find love in the strangest of places with a tender ballad. It is really unclear where the musicians that go along with your power are, not even you can see them after all. Just don't think of the implications Jumper.

Items:

The Black Book:

1000: The Black Book. In every incarnation there is a mystical Black Book: at times it is in the hands of a lone depraved maniac, in other realities it is in the hands of a magic user simply seeking to do what is right. Within this book are all manner of dark rituals, powerful spells and haunting incantations. While the spells, alchemic recipes and incantations can be used no matter where the Book's current master may be - The Dark Rituals can only be conducted at the site of one of the five black altars constructed by Hatchetfield's founding families.
These are located at: The Starlight Theatre, Hatchetfield High, Waylon Hall, Lakeside Mall and The CCRP Office Building. The book's more powerful rituals that can do things like invite The Lords in Black to this realm for court, bring back the dead, continuously steal the youth from victims, force the soul of the recently departed into objects… These can only be performed at these Black Altars.
But every spell and rite has a cost, no matter how successful a spell seems you will be marked until the end of days for a terrible ending. Though, a user of the black book's end is not the end; as you'll be brought to face the beings whose power the book calls to in The Black and White.
Using it once and hiding it away is not effective, neither is destroying this artifact of twisted power. For days may pass, even years or decades - but eventually the trickle of supernatural you brought into our world will become a flood that requires you, or worse someone else, to uncover The Black Book for evil or a desperate hope at salvation.
There is always a Black Book and it always will take its due.

The Everyman:

100: A cup of Joey - It's lukewarm. It's bitter. And it's always there. This cup of coffee is a constant in your life; it refills itself when you're not looking, and taking a sip gives you a brief burst of clarity. This cup cannot be finished by drinking, but it can be spilled, can be thrown as an emergency weapon or distraction and can especially be forgotten on car roofs. If you do lose it, be prepared to wait for Five Fuckin' Years for another to magically appear.

100: Live, Laugh, Lanyard - A generic workplace ID badge with your face on it, even if you're unemployed. It lets you blend in

seamlessly in most civilian environments: offices, schools, libraries, public restrooms and people instinctively assume you belong. Sometimes security even waves you through without checking.

100: A studio apartment - A barely-held-together one-bedroom in an aggressively average part of town. Always seems to survive mass destruction events (or at least most of them), and acts as a safe point of comfort between disasters. It's cozy, cursed, and maybe haunted by your hopes and dreams.

200: A Child's Treasure - A treasured item from your youth — a teddy bear, action figure, friendship bracelet, etc. When held, it provides powerful emotional grounding, granting resistance to fear, mind-control, and narrative influence. Also tends to glow eerily when danger is near. Probably possessed. Still comforting.

200: Tom's Car - A total piece of junk but it always starts, no matter what. Gets you from point A to point B even during apocalypses, alien invasions, and musical outbreaks. Resistant to being totaled, though only barely. Contains a glove compartment full of expired coupons, a tire iron, and a cassette labeled "Do Not Play."

200: An Empath's Shopping List - A handwritten list of completely mundane items (milk, bread, razor blades, etc.) that slowly updates itself based on your current emotional state. When read aloud, others tend to become distracted or emotionally disarmed for a short time, 99% of the time growing very concerned for how you live and asking if you need help. Somehow whenever people know about your totally normal and not sad life they go on about you not needing to live like this and offering hugs or dinner.

400: Working Boys! - A mysterious, dog-eared script appears in your possession. It contains your life story, written as a musical with blank spaces where choice should be. Allows you to temporarily step outside the narrative and make a move the world doesn't expect to cancel a song, redirect a villain, or break a pattern. Single use per jump. Burn after reading. However, not every choice will work out how you hope. Sometimes the gift of prophecy will lead you to a death far more grim than the fate you've hoped to evade.

400: A Dusty Forgotten Box - A sealed cardboard box that's been under your bed for years. You don't remember where it came from. Opening it gives you one random item perfectly suited to your immediate situation from a flamethrower to a tampon to an alien

egg-beater. Can be used once per jump, and the box reseals afterward. You still won't remember putting it there.

The Unawakened:

100: Your familiar - A small creature, a cat, rat, raven, or even a talking sock puppet follows you around.Once you awaken, occasionally their voice will speak to you and claim to be associated with your gift. Though until you obtain mastery your familiar often forgets how it is connected to you. It's cryptic, slightly condescending, and usually right. Incredibly helpful for watching your back and sensing hidden phenomena. Also will happily eat any spider that dares enter your proximity.

100: Your Dream Journal - A spiral-bound notebook you've been unconsciously scribbling in. Most pages are nonsense, but some contain prophetic dreams, arcane equations, or maps to places that *shouldn't exist*. It updates slowly and only when you're in danger. Writing in it occasionally draws the attention of otherworldly beings, good or bad.

100: Mike the Mic - An old, busted microphone you found… somewhere. For some reason someone has drawn a silly face on it and applied a "My Name is" sticker for a Mike Michaelson. If you sing, hum, or speak into it during a musical event, it distorts the "narrative song" happening around you, causing glitches or lyrical rewrites. Not powerful enough to cancel songs, but can redirect attention, cause dissonance, or buy time. Mike smells like ozone and regret.

200: Black Shard of Emotion - A shimmering black shard that vibrates when held. Whisper to it, and it shows you echoes of what others have seen, said, or sung nearby in the past. Acts like a psychic black box. The more traumatic the memory, the clearer the vision. Don't sleep with it under your pillow unless you want to have nightmares.

200: Lex's Left Glove - One of Lex Foster's original gloves. This has been imbued with traces of the Black and White. Anyone with gifts can wear it to reach into liminal spaces. The wearer may retrieve small items they've lost, or occasionally conjure and summon things they *need* (but never things they would want). Repeated use will draw the attention of the Lords in Black. Something which may doom us all.

400: A Black and White Purse - A stitched leather pouch that contains a fragment of the liminal realm known as the Black and White. You can store one object in it, no matter the size.

Retrieving it always takes exactly six seconds no more, no less. Every time you reach in, there's a 1% chance you pull out something you didn’t put there. Sometimes it’s helpful. Sometimes it’s not.

400: A Psionic Skeleton Key - A piece of stolen PEIP tech recovered from a memory you shouldn’t have. When attached to your neck, it boosts your latent abilities significantly for short periods of psychic senses, object summoning, telekinesis and limited telepathy. Downside? Excruciating migraines after use, and it pings on every paranormal radar like a beacon. Especially to the Lords in Black and other beings in Drowsy Town.

800: Webby’s Seed - A pulsing, celestial fragment of Webby herself, a being of hope, paradox, and rebellion. Implanted inside you, the seed grants a latent, reality-defying ability connected to themes of resistance. Once per mission you may awaken someone else to their potential. The use of the seed is shown as a brilliant crystalline white web coating every surface for a half mile before it all convalesces around the person you’re awakening. But every use brings you closer to transcendence… or transformation. One day, the seed will bloom and you will no longer be human. You will be something new.

The Expert:

100: A Figure Shit Out Kit - A durable, portable research station that fits in a sturdy briefcase containing basic scientific and occult instruments: a centrifuge, silver wire, chalk, salt, burner, knife, EMF meter, dreamcatcher, black mirror, and a book titled Warding for Dummies.

100: Hidgens’ Manuscripts - A tattered, handwritten volume filled with musical theory and metaphysical analysis. Includes notes on the properties of narrative rhythms, key modulations that cause structural anomalies and three unfinished demonic showtunes. Referencing the book gives you resistance to mind-altering musical effects and makes you just insane enough to improvise when the song starts.

200: 6D Glasses - A pair of science-meets-occult goggles that lets you perceive the unseen layers of the world's musical currents, residual emotions, time loops, alternate realities, and demonic vibrations. Each mode strains your sanity if used for too long. Comes with a little dial labeled “do not touch.” Touching this dial may have catastrophic consequences for your soul, body and/or mind.

400: A Black Book - Notably not “THE” Black Book; this is a leather-bound book stitched from something that hums when you touch it. It contains ancient knowledge from the pre-scientific age sigils, rites, formulas, countermeasures to things unseen and as of yet unknowable. Each chapter read gives you a new forbidden power or insight… and takes something from you in return; early chapters will merely stick to things like sanity, voice, emotions, your shadow. Keep reading and soon loved ones will be twisted or taken from you.

400: The Mystic’s Fuck You Special - An elegant case packed with rare ritual components and custom talismans, plus tools for constructing: binding circles, warded rooms ,Emergency teleport glyphs. Refills once per mission with exactly what you need to prepare a ritual site under stress and time pressure. The case cannot be destroyed, but if lost, it always finds a way back to you covered in wax seals and very poorly translated Latin scrolls.

600: The Coin that Remembers - An ancient token etched with a symbol of The Theatre Mask. Heads is comedy, Tails is tragedy When flipped, it shows you a past version of yourself from a timeline where things went horribly wrong. You retain their memories for exactly twenty four hours, insight, languages, scars, spells, even trauma. Warning: repeated use may permanently blur the line between you and… the other yous.

The Official:

100: Beauracrat’s Briefcase - A well-worn leather case containing paperwork that always appears correctly filled out: warrants, evacuation orders, NDAs, and transfer forms. People who see them assume they’re legitimate and tend not to question them. Useful for slipping through red tape or fabricating authority on paper.

100: A Portable Radio - A high-end police scanner with access to secure civilian, military, and emergency channels. Lets you monitor localized threats, cover-ups, or movement in real time — as long as they’re using standard tech. Batteries never run out, but sometimes the static talks back.

100: Office Lanyard - An enamel pin granting “administrative presence” in most civilian settings. You’re not respected but you’re recognized. Minor bureaucratic immunity: people won’t arrest you without serious cause, and you can demand to speak to someone higher up almost anywhere.

200: A Cop Car - Keys to an unremarkable patrol vehicle. It's not armored or fast, but it never fails to start, and has a surprising number of useful items in the trunk: a spare tire, cones, rope, first aid kit, blanket, road flares, one nearly-empty thermos of black coffee. Though do remember if you're not a cop people may have serious questions about your ownership of this vehicle. If this car is destroyed it will reappear outside wherever you last slept forty eight hours later, just don't lose it or let someone steal it.

200: Dirt - A thick,dog-eared binder filled with contacts,backroom deals and voter manipulation tactics. Use it to instantly generate a public scandal, secure a favor from a local official, or bury inconvenient information deeper than the Hatchetfield Bay. Includes Mayor Lauter's award winning self help book of 2000 generic political slogans - "Think Big. Speak Softly. Win Hatchetfield."

200: The Black Bag Boys' Duffel Bag - A military-issue go-bag containing everything needed to suppress a medium-scale incident: zip ties, gas masks, defibrillator, non-lethal rounds, bodycam jammer and one fire-retardant poncho. Can outfit someone to suppress any supernatural incident they may need within urban or even rural environments so long as it's not too thick wilderness. Everything used in this bag will be restored to full effectiveness after the jump ends, everything expended will be gone entirely until then.

200: Blank Quarantine Order - A stamped, signed, but completely unfilled emergency order from a shadowed government office. Once per jump, you can write in a single quarantine command and it becomes temporarily enforceable by any agency in town. There is however, no guarantee of perfect enforcement or that the local authorities won't rebel against their superiors - but it'll be law. Remember rewrites aren't only not allowed - any attempts will be punished severely no matter who it is that tries it.

400: Instant Delete Button - A hardened case containing comms, encrypted field orders, and an uplink to a remote military airbase that lets you drop a big bomb on something. You'll have to designate the target area with the blue smoke grenade that's included in the case; but so long as you manage that you'll have arranged express shipping of the target to the 8th circle of hell. You just have to keep the thing still or distracted for an ETA of… 11 minutes? The case will recharge and restore its smoke grenade after every jump. Make it count.

400: Black Ops Company Card - An untraceable government expense fund (kept in a thumb drive and debit card) with enough to purchase almost anything you might need on short notice, be it: vehicles, gear, loyalty, censorship, even a pop-up laboratory, RV or sweet new beachfront mansion. Money refreshes at the end of each mission, but you'll never know where it's coming from.

600: PEIP Insta-Safe Zone - A full PEIP blacksite drop kit: includes an emergency mobile lab, low-yield machine gun emplacement, anti-riot drones with high pressure firehoses, and a crate of lethal and less than lethal suppression tools. Though this impossible little box takes a few minutes to activate and then twenty minutes to expand to its full size, it locks down a full city block. All communications will be cut as pulsing waves of purple tinted UV light scrubs most paranormal activity from sensors and civilian memory. Comes with full internal NDAs.

800: The Hatchetfield Oath - A sealed, leather-bound document signed in 1853, stamped with the insignias of all founding families of Hatchetfield, despite supposedly being stamped in blood - the various coats of arms have shifted in time to represent their current day descendents. The Hatchetfield Oath is a sacred and immutable failsafe predating PEIP, giving the bearer classified authority that supersedes even federal institutions within Hatchetfield. With this occult power you are able to act as you wish, but the explicit purposes laid out in the signing contract is:

- Declare that all who hold weaponry, fit to fight and working age shall report to be placed under your command as Deputised militia of Hatchefield.
- The ability to declare the militia and fighting men of Hatchetfield should seize control of the citizenry and their indentured staff.
- All property, land, knowledge be it black or upstanding and persons are able to be seized, destroyed or censured without process or retribution.
- Call upon the holy citizens of Hatchetfield to ensure that the ignorant and unbelieving follow the commands of those more schooled in the old ways.

Even nonbelievers feel as if something old and dangerous is behind your authority. The Oath is never questioned to your face, but the more you exert your powers, the more certain insignias within the old Parchment begin to whisper to you, pushing you to push the authority to its limits. The Weylons, The Spankofskis, The Lauter's. Those sickly Pink, Orange and Green crests call to you every second you do not retract the order. The Hatchetfield

Elders' Oath was taken to protect the world. But it did not protect their souls.

The Agent:

100: That's Classified - You've got access to *some* confidential files. Just enough to know *something's* out there. This perk grants you fragments of useful information in narrative-friendly bursts — cryptic dreams, redacted dossiers, or whispered warnings at just the right time. You never have the full picture… but sometimes, that's by design.

100: Your Service Weapon - It's a sidearm, a beautiful sidearm issued to you by PEIP. It is designed to be archetypal as, in certain situations the more iconic and recognisable a weapon is; the more powerful. Though since you don't fight metaphysical battles every mission, that's not where the design finishes. This weapon can fire anything vaguely bullet shaped, from holy water rounds, to acid rounds, silver rounds, cold iron rounds, heck you're pretty sure you knew an agent who used his own bodily fluids as ammunition…

200: Your Peeps - You have access to a network of other agents, safehouses, caches, and hush-hush infrastructure scattered across the globe or at least across town. Not omnipresent, not invincible, but reliable in times of need. Call in favors, locate obscure items, or vanish without a trace when things get too hickey.

200: A WATCH - Time is a precious thread in the fabric of the universe. It deserves its own tool of measurement as such you have a beautiful piece of Swiss engineering near and dear to your own heart. Given to PEIP agents when they graduate from cadets to field agents, this will show the accurate time no matter the time zone, environment, presence or absence of physics. It can serve as an anchor when things are going a bit too insane.

400: Moodkillers - You have access to final-measure tech: reality stabilizers, interdimensional locks, music-null zones, Moodkillers. An uncannily perfect plastic white sphere balanced upon a vibrating box of the greyest granite, somehow instead of noise these devices emit nothing but… Nothing. Anti-Stuff. However, they are incredibly fragile, even bumping into one will damage them. These devices can temporarily disable supernatural threats or musical phenomena in a localized area of around forty feet in a sphere from the points in which they're deployed. A

moodkiller won’t last forever, and it might come with consequences but you can buy the world a few minutes of silence. Sometimes, that's all it takes. You only have 1 set of 4 Moodkillers to be deployed per jump. They will not be repaired until a jump is completed.

The Drop In:

100: The Metaphysical Manual - A tiny manual that updates in real time with helpful notes about where you are, what kind of story you’re in, and what tropes are currently active. It’s not always accurate but it does help you learn what clichés to avoid, like splitting up the group in a horror jump or opening the alluring treasure chest in a fantasy dungeon.

200: A Maguffin of Junk - A random mundane object from another genre like a hook, a laser pointer, a Game Boy, a mood ring. Once per jump,you can use it to solve a problem in a way that shouldn’t work but inexplicably does, like scaring off a demon with a soda commercial jingle. However whatever your specific macguffin is, it has to be used creatively, trying to use the weird grappling hook to actually scale a cliff will mysteriously not work. Doesn’t recharge until you the jump is over

200: An Exotic Weapon - A weapon that shouldn't exist in this setting. Maybe it's a lightsaber. Maybe it's a revolver that shoots bees. Maybe it's a talking sword from a fantasy realm. Regardless, it works but each use draws everyone’s attention. Too much use draws the attention of the powers that be, human and inhuman. The Lords in Black will want this weapon and PEIP will absolutely try to take it from you if they figure out what it is; even if you’re their agent.

200: Coat of A Big Man - This coat doesn’t belong to you. It belonged to a main character somewhere else. Wearing it makes people instinctively assume you’re a brawling brute. While wearing it you will be able to withstand a lot more pain, but annoyingly this coat is always just too big. For You.

200: A Super Smokin’ Stylish Coat - This coat doesn’t belong to you. It belonged to a main character somewhere else. Wearing it makes people instinctively assume you’re important, competent, and possibly destined for something. Gives a modest boost to charisma and plot gravity, people seek you out, monsters target you last, and you get way too many monologues.

200: Coat of A Real Human Being - This coat doesn’t belong to you. It belonged to a main character somewhere else. Wearing it makes

people instinctively assume you're a fantastic driver. While this coat does help you drive better, if you don't know how to drive a tank, motorcycle or boat it won't prevent people from placing that burden on your shoulders.

200: Coat of a Bumbling Smart Smoker - This coat doesn't belong to you. It belonged to a main character somewhere else. Wearing it makes people instinctively assume you're a boring nobody, just a bumbling buffoon. Fact of the matter is that this coat boasts more than the cigars and matchboxes you can produce at will. This coat will help you perceive and intuit the right tactics to investigate anything. Oh, and one more thing; anytime you need to work with the boys down at the lab, they'll put a rush on whatever science you need science'd

200: Coat of Some "One" - This coat doesn't belong to you. It belonged to a main character somewhere else. Wearing it makes people instinctively assume you are their saviour. People will be absolutely frothing at the mouse to sacrifice themselves in your stead, somehow the flourishes of the black trench coat make you as agile as a professional gymnast and a crack shot too.

200: Coat of a Daywalker - This coat doesn't belong to you. It belonged to a main character somewhere else. Wearing it makes people instinctively assume that you are far more powerful and deadly than you are. When the supernatural appears, wearing this coat will also have people defer to you regardless of station due to your obvious experience. Just know this jacket only has one small bottle of holy water, one stake of ash and one silver stake. You're not the original wearer of this coat by a country mile.

200: Coat of a Colorado Child - This coat doesn't belong to you. It belonged to a main character somewhere else. Wearing it makes people unable to understand a word you are saying. More than that, any flesh wounds you take seem to have people assume you've died. Fortunately however, seeing you so dramatically and gruesomely die tends to inspire your allies to push through and get the job done in dire circumstances. It's weird that they don't remember you dying when you regroup and just how certain they are that scraped knee actually killed you.

400: The Vorpal Blade - A legendary artifact from another genre meant to slay gods, destroy narrative loops, or cut plot threads. Here in Hatchetfield, it's only partially functional, but still dangerous. Can strike through intangible enemies, wound invincible constructs, and occasionally silence a monologue or song mid performance. Every use draws attention from something ancient.

Something hungry. Remember this will not work on anything from the Black and White.

400: Temporal Coin - A smooth, silver token etched with the words “Insert to Pause.” When flipped dramatically, it temporarily pauses the world around you for up to 5 seconds of subjective time. People freeze, songs cut out, bullets stop midair, you're the only one who can act or move. However, every time you call for an "intermission," the more unstable the restart becomes except timeline glitches, continuity errors, or cast changes. Use sparingly.

600: The Lost Draft - A leather-bound screenplay containing scenes that have never happened and possibly shouldn’t. If read aloud or followed intentionally, the script warps current reality to match its version of events. You can change relationships,insert characters, or even write yourself out of an impending death. Each use alters the canon around you, often rewriting others' memories or songs. But the more you change, the less effective each change will become until eventually the entire world decides you’re the problem. It’s a strange thing seeing the things between dimensions and the guardians of humanity share a common foe - but someone who rewrites order & chaos both to suit their own ends is too dangerous to ignore.

600 - The Genre Cube - A glowing, crystalline cub that pulses with the very essence of the world it came from: be it cyberpunk, fantasy, space opera, slice-of-life, or eldritch noir. While carried, you can infuse the world around you for around twenty miles with elements from the cube’s native genre. Suddenly sci-fi tech will be commonplace, dragons become real, Santa Claus will battle against Slashers. Use this power wisely: every change is permanent and the Cube is fragile - should anyone else touch it the cube will shift to contain that person’s essence making its changes chimeric, chaotic and hostile to you. Should a third person contact the cube? It will detonate, turning the world on which it did into a chaotic almost kroenenberg mess.

Drawbacks:

-2000: From Clivesdale - Fuck you, go get fucked. You get no CP to spend because you’re a loser and we hate you.



Well, mission accomplished Jumper. If you'd like we here at PEIP can set you up with a cosy little property on the edge of town - free of charge. Least we can do in exchange for your services, but if you're moving on I guess we sure can't stop or blame you. It's up to you whether you continue on your Jumpchain or head back home with a job well done and plenty of juicy Trauma from defending Hatchetfield and thus, humanity. God Speed Jumper.