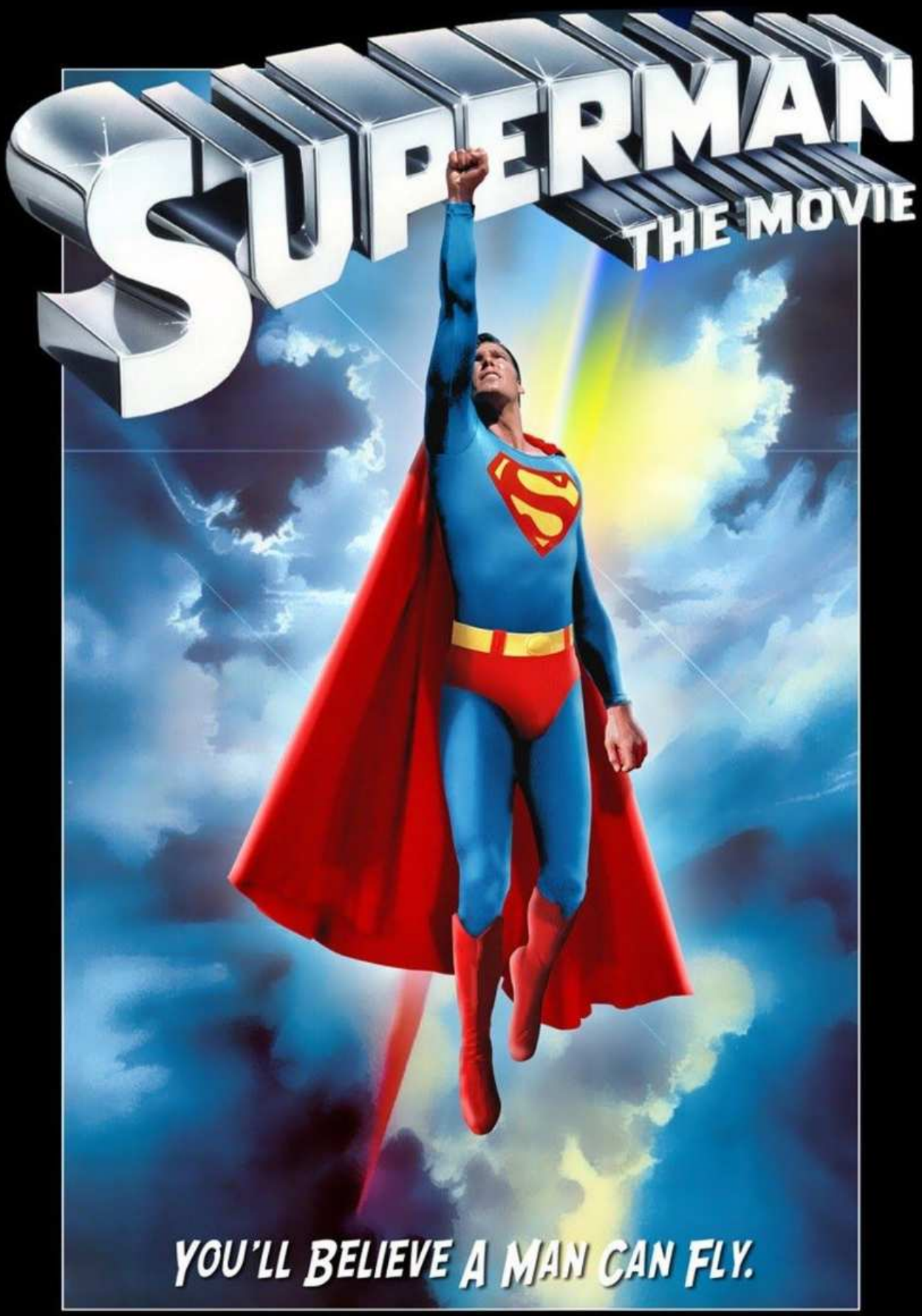

SUPERMAN
THE MOVIE
YOU'LL BELIEVE A MAN CAN FLY.

Jumpchain CYOA

Version 1.0

By blackshadow111

Introduction

It's a Bird! It's a Plane! It's Superman!

As long as he's been around, it was the Superman Movies that played a crucial role in driving him into the public consciousness. And of course, they started the modern Superhero Movie genre as a side effect. That's the world you're going to now, Jumper.

You know the story, of course. A Long time ago, a planet full of incredibly advanced beings was destroyed, leaving behind none but one young boy, coursing through the cosmos on his journey across several galaxies, until he reached a planet third from the sun.

This is a world of zany Real Estate scams, weird mind-affecting versions of Kryptonite, love and hate, the importance of humility, time travel through… questionable means… but mostly zany Real Estate scams.

You receive **1000 CP** to spend.

Times and Places

You arrive in this world shortly before Superman makes his first public appearance, in the city of Metropolis.

Origins

Drop-in

You're a complete unknown in this world now, with no memories of a life of any kind here. Best way to build one, I suppose.

Reporter

You never *could* leave a story alone, and now you have the chance to earn a living doing it! You're a reporter in one of the papers in Metropolis, maybe even the Daily Planet itself.

'Honest' Businessman

This world exists for you and yours to make use of, don't you know? You're a major business leader of some stripe now, with a big bank balance and bigger ambitions.

Farm Boy

With a secret! Or maybe *not* with a secret? Up to you. You recently arrived in the big city from some small town in midwestern America, looking to make it big. Let's see what happens, why don't we?

Perks

For each origin, the 100 CP perk is free and the others cost 50%.

Last Son - 600 CP

Well, you had to be expecting this.

As it turns out, you're not a human at all. You are, in fact, a scion of an ancient noble family of the planet Krypton, a world far, far away from Earth. So far that a journey across them would pass through six galaxies and last 3 years even with advanced FTL technology. But you made the journey, and here you are now.

The radiation of the yellow sun supercharges your muscles, and grants you a vast and varied variety of powers. The simplest are the first, which is super strength great enough to lift a mini continent, compress coal into diamond or move the moon and cause an eclipse, flight so fast that you can use it to go back in time, and utter invulnerability to harm in any form.

Your senses operate on the same level, meaning you have hearing that allows you to hear individual conversations in a city while overflying it, X-ray vision capable of doing medical diagnostics down to DNA scans and things miles and miles away, heat vision capable of drying out a nation's worth of crops in an hour, so on and so forth.

Your endurance is great enough that you can shrug off anything 21st century Earth technology can throw at you, and a whole lot beyond. You can bathe in magma without noticing it, or be frozen solid without it affecting you once you break out. You also have powerful mental abilities such as Telekinesis and Telepathy, allowing you to do things like levitating objects or wiping memories.

You have freezing breath strong enough to freeze half a lake or to entomb a man in solid ice, and with the sheer force of it you can imitate a small hurricane, tossing about cars and people alike. It can even do strange things like forcing spilled oil back into a container… somehow.

Speaking of which, you also have a suite of… okay, it's weird powers, alright? You let loose blasts or beams of energy at people, or repair damaged structures with your vision. And who knows, even these could only be the surface of the full depth of your powers.

Drop-in

The Name of the Game is Making Money - 100 CP

And you're excellent at it. More importantly, perhaps, you can do it *ethically*. Perhaps not *perfectly*, but you know the subtle and mysterious art of running a profitable business without murdering your soul in the process.

A rarer talent than you'd think in this world, Jumper.

Kneel Before Jumper - 200 CP

There is intimidation, there is charisma, then there's *you*. A dark charisma wraps around you like a cloak, coloring your every action and smoothing over any flaws in how people perceive you.

You have the needed skills to keep control of the bloodthirsty lunatics that flock to you in droves, while having the rationality and practical skills to make yourself seem almost palatable to even your enemies. You know when and how to work calmly and peacefully and when to go ahead and rip cities apart. Long story short, you're a real, proper Military General.

I Know A Few Things - 400 CP

Actually, it might be more than a few. You have a vast, varied and eclectic collection of information in your head. The ultimate jack of all trades, perhaps you couldn't crack a scheme or build a computer yourself, but would be crucial to it all the same. You're a font of random but highly useful facts, small pieces of technical expertise and knowhow, and other, similar skills.

In the future too, as soon as you enter a new world you develop a similar collection of semi-random data, along with an understanding of just when it would be the most useful.

Never Underestimate the Power of Computers - 600 CP

Nor the power of… well, *you*. You are a complete and utter savant, a shining genius in the field of computer design and operation. Not only is your talent at hacking and network manipulation such that you could have whole corporations at your mercy twenty minutes after meeting a computer connected to them, you have the design chops to build stupidly, *unbelievably* advanced computers yourself.

In future jumps too, your knowledge of computer software and hardware updates itself to the latest languages and design philosophies, ensuring that you're always capable of designing wonders such as what you can build here.

Reporter

With a Blank? - 100 CP

Quick wit and a talent for bluffing can be ridiculously useful in your trade, and you now have both in spades. You have the acting ability, wit and presence of mind to spin both stories and quick ploys, putting together plans that could leave virtual gods befuddled at how they missed it.

I Knew I was Onto Something… - 200 CP

Reporters are already bad enough, but *Investigative* Reporters are a whole different breed. And you are the kind that puts the 'I' in 'Investigative'. You have a talent for sniffing out good stories that would leave you a star detective, journalist and writer just about anywhere in short order.

Your brain moves like greased lightning, noting the details in every scene you see, connecting all the dots and making deductions to result in a coherent story. Your instincts are like those of a bloodhound's when it comes to following trails, and you know the right questions to ask and how to ask them so they get answered. You know how to wheel and deal with Corporate and how to keep your friends on the force happy.

There's no media company in any world that wouldn't be deliriously happy to have you, Jumper.

I Spent the Night with Superman - 400 CP

Well, not literally. Unless that's what you'd prefer. No, this perk serves to enhance *something* about you, something strange and ineffable, that draws the powerful to you like a moth to a flame.Not to the same result though, hopefully. You have looks and charisma surpassing an A-list star if you'd like this to be romantically, but that's just one option.

It's more that you just happen to attract people of surpassing ability or intellect, or both. Different people may find their interests stoked due to different reasons, but one way or another they all find themselves wanting to be in your orbit, to protect and help you, and so on.

When that Taxi Driver Kidnapped Me - 600 CP

As vital as skills are, luck definitely has its own role to play in making or breaking careers. And you have the luck of the devil, now. It seems like you're cursed with a benign version of the ancient chinese curse. Wherever you go, boredom flees. Interesting plots and scandals seem to place themselves around every corner and behind every thin wall, with you around.

And the perk *is* benign. While all of these stories and plots no doubt come with their own dangers, you have fate's eye on you, protecting you through happenstance and interventions of the right people at the right time.

This doesn't mean you can't be hurt or something, mind you. Just that it's staggeringly unlikely for it to happen.

'Honest' Businessman

Revolving Door Operator - 100 CP

Or user, maybe? It gets vague. You are virtually impossible to keep in any kind of prison. No matter if its an illegal confinement or something a court duly sentenced you to, coincidence align, people make mistakes and any active attempts by you are boosted to ridiculous degrees, until you find yourself free and clear once again.

It doesn't even have to be through escaping, either. Though escaping is much easier, it's simple enough for you to turn your talent to getting out legally. It might take longer, but no one's hunting you afterwards.

The Rest is Mine - 200 CP

You might be arrested and convicted, your fortune seized and awarded to your victims, or it all might just have been stolen. It doesn't really matter. When it comes to the accrual of wealth and power, there's hardly anyone in the whole wide world who can be said to match you in any way.

It might require you to marry an old woman or it might require you to deal with stupid old war profiteers, but one way or another, by hook or by crook, you always find yourself surrounded by vast fortunes and men willing to do your bidding.

The Greatest Criminal Mind of our Time - 400 CP

Well, you *say* that, but considering your schemes… no, no, you're right. You have unbelievable talent and skill at all things related to scheming and planning now. With a flawless understanding of the human psyche, you can almost always predict whatever someone is going to say or do, and what you need to do to *make* them act in specific ways.

Such is your talent with words that you can talk practically anyone into and out of anything under the sun. Or over it, it hardly matters. You can prepare schemes dozens of moves in advance, spin webs spanning across nations and build whole plots in layers of circles within circles, like a spider at the center of his web.

Tell me Everything- 600 CP

An easy enough thing to say, but human minds have a long way to go before they can understand Kryptonian technology, let alone use or reverse engineer it. Except you, that is. You could spend a few days getting a crash course in technology so alien it comes from entirely different *galaxies*, and come out of it fully capable of designing your own versions with modifications and improvements.

Your mind is a scintillating, brilliant thing moving orders of magnitude faster than anyone else, with a multitasking, research and invention talent that would make you, as a completely normal person, the biggest threat to even a mighty Kryptonian in the fullness of his power. Technology yields up its secrets to every glimpse from you, and there is no tech in the world you cannot at least *begin* comprehending.

Farm Boy

Why did you kiss me before? - 100 CP

Well now. For an innocent farm boy, you certainly get your share of ladies after you. Something about you draws your preferred sex to you like bees to honey. Be it just your honesty and goodness, or your sheer power and presence, people you'd likely be interested in get hot and bothered simply by being in your presence.

And you certainly have the skills for what comes next, too. Leaving aside the physiological abilities you might or might not have, you have ridiculous stamina and skill in the arts important in the bedroom, more than enough to keep even the most… enthusiastic partners happy.

Cast Iron Identity - 200 CP

There are excellent reasons as to why its important to keep your identity secret, and it means having to make sacrifices. Except… it doesn't *really*. With this perk, you find that reality itself seems to be conspiring to protect any additional identities or lives you may be living. You have little to no trouble

keeping your charades alive, and even coincidence and happensance line up to further boost and support the secrecy of your identities.

It's not to say that it's *impossible* for anyone to uncover your identity unless you allow it, but it is, at the very least, *staggeringly* unlikely.

This Country is Safe Again - 400 CP

In a realistic world, many of the things Superman does do more harm than good, especially tricks like taking people he captures straight to prison without bothering with a police station in between. You, at least, don't have the worry.

So long as you were genuinely trying to help people and are telling the truth, the finicky legal details behind your actions tend to sort themselves out. Evidence shows up out of the blue, witnesses remember crucial facts, laws turn out to have exceptions and loopholes in your favor… this is not to say that you get to ignore laws, but so long as your actions are right by your morality, the world smooths away any issues around them.

All this turns on its head if you're a villain of course. While not to the same extent as having the undeniable weight of the objective truth behind your actions, you find that prosecuting you is a herculean task for the authorities, near impossible for even the best of their lawyers and prosecutors.

Truth, Justice, all that Stuff - 600 CP

That's what you stand for, and that's what you will continue to stand for. You find that in addition to any other abilities you might have, you have the great superpower of having an immensely wholesome, fundamentally sensible mind. You know right from wrong, and you definitely can be led down the wrong path, it takes very, very little for you to find your way again.

Not only is corrupting you a next to impossible achievement, it's also pretty much the only way that has a serious chance at working. Anything that would corrupt you into being something you aren't or subvert your will in any other way, be it weird chemicals, space flowers or magical powers, simply slides off of you. Your mind is a fortress of goodness and wholesomeness, and so it stands.

In the obscenely unlikely, utterly Black Swan event that your mind does get compromised, very soon afterwards you find yourself facing the inner darkness in you directly, in a no-holds barred beatdown that no one can quite tell if it it's within your mind or not. You get to turn your physical combat skills to enhancing your mental health, as just by defeating the new, darker self any and all effects of whatever created it fade instantly. If you lose, though, you're horribly weakened and it may be a long time before you can try again.

Items

You may take one 50 CP item for free, and one perk of every tier at a discount, except the Fortress.
Wherever relevant, you may import existing items at no additional cost.

Superman Collection - 50 CP

Good for spending time, if nothing else. This is a complete collection of all media where Superman has ever appeared in any shape or form. Comics, animation, cartoons, fanfiction… the works.

Press Pass - 50 CP

Can get you in and out of places. This comes with a job at a major media outlet.

Kansas Farm - 100 CP

Can't be a farmboy without one of these, can you. You have a small, homely house somewhere in the midwest that doesn't actually have to be Kansas, with a generous acreage of highly fertile land around it.

Superyacht - 100 CP

… O-kay. This is a 200 meter yacht with huge, palatial rooms appointed well enough to put Versailles to shame, a garage with high luxury cars already placed, multiple helipads with helicopters… private gym, theater, 7-star chef with staff… this thing isn't what you would call 'luxurious' in the common sense, because it makes 'obscenely luxurious' look like a pig sty.

Daily Planet - 200 CP

Your very own paper! Doesn't have to be the Planet, but it's a very well-read, immensely popular paper with an insanely competent staff that regularly get huge scoops and stories. It generates a fair amount in profit for you, but the more valuable thing about it is the respect its afforded.

A Number With a Lot of Zeros Behind It - 200 CP

Or in other words, a Billion dollars. Not total. *Weekly*. Yeah, have fun.

Modern Day Empire - 400 CP

And that *is* an 'empire' with a big E. This is a giant megacorporation that you now own, a vast beast with its tentacles in just about every industry out there, spanning several nations around the world. This company isn't just big enough to be in so many industries in so many countries, its big enough to outright control one or more industries in half a dozen small-to-middle sized nations.

You could outright dictate the price of something like, say, Coffee with this company, and have it stick, at least in those countries.

Every Nuke in the World - 400 CP

Ehh… what will you do with *this*, I wonder? Anyway, do what you will. This is a gigantic web made of high-quality steel, which is filled with every single ICBM on the planet as of 1987. Please don't have fun with it.

Personal Starship - 400 CP

A crystalline FTL starship of Kryptonian design, this beauty is fast enough to move across two galaxies in an year, and seats one. The traveller's needs are taken care of by the ship, and it has highly sophisticated telepathic apparatus that can be used to communicate with or teach the inhabitant.

Kingdom of Crystal - 600 CP

Well… an empty kingdom for now. This is a gigantic mini-continent of your own, for whatever purposes you might envision. Unlike the version in the movie, this is fully grown, a place of jagged crystal spires and gigantic towers of glass that looks a lot more like a Kryptonian city than… well, a hellscape born of a demented mind.

An installed computer at the center of the structure allows you to make modifications as you will, to raise actual cities and complex buildingds. No citizens or technology will be generates, though, so that's on you. Still, you are free to bring in whoever you like to settle here, or just use it as your own, personal playground, I guess?

By default this place is located in one of the oceans, having appeared *somehow* without causing an apocalypse event. But you can choose to have it be anywhere from a warehouse expansion to space, but you'll have to provide life-sustaining technology yourself in the latter case.

In future jumps too, the island appears in a place of your choosing without causing any effects on the water level or the climate, or you can have it be in a pocket dimension existing alongside the main one.

Vulkan Satellite - 600 CP

An immensely expensive, ungodly powerful piece of hardware, this is a satellite in orbit that obeys instructions from no one but you, and is capable of… well, quite a lot of things. Firstly, it has extensive apparatus designed to manipulate and control the atmosphere of the planet it's around. Sitting at the controls, you can basically play Zeus with the world as you feel like, bringing down hurricanes, rains, or even small seasonal changes with the powers of the satellite.

The other thing this satellite is good for is long range scanning. As in… *very* long range scanning. It's unknown just *how* this does it, but the satellite's powerful sensors can reach as far out as where Krypton used to be, six galaxies away, and scan and analyze individual pieces of debris well enough to give out the chemical composition.

Gormanite Design - 600 CP

But stupidly advanced human tech doesn't stop there! You have a whole secret base built somewhere incredibly remote and out of the way. While the base has room for a small number of people to live in for a long time, that's not the point of this place. The point is the computer installed at the heart of the base. This is a computer that's hardwired to obey your commands, an Ultimate computer capable of everything other computers can do and thousands of things no other computer can come close to.

First of all, it has stupidly advanced processing, hacking and networking capabilities, giving you more or less complete control over the internet and anything else you can connect to that isn't at least as advanced as Kryptonian technology. But that's just the least of this machine's powers, since its analytical and evaluative capabilities allow it to scan and understand anything from ordinary things to even the Kryptonian physiology. It's capable of generating a variety of exotic effects, such as an invisible shield, a kryptonite ray, a telekinetic beam and other, similar measures depending on what it studies from the opponent it's facing.

While the full extent of its adapting powers is not known at all, its at least capable of perfectly analysing and countering a Kryptonian of this world, and even of rendering them helpless if caught in the Kryptonite beam. One weakness this machine possesses, however, is to acid. Any kind of 'hard' acid, that is, things other than lemons and oranges and such, will work to cripple whatever parts of it they fall on, and such parts are rendered entirely useless and must be replaced.

Fortress of Solitude - 800 CP (Discount Last Son)

A slender, green crystal lies before you. No, not Kryptonite. This is a glowing device in the shape of a crystal, and what it's meant for it to be thrown into the remotest, most isolated place you can think of. There it expands and expands, growing around preprogrammed structures, until it builds itself into your own version of the infamous Fortress of Solitude.

This fortress has everything Superman's has, up to and including facilities for depowering Kryptonians, creating weird kinda-clones of yourself, upgrading your costume in weird ways, and all the accumulated literature and scientific fact from the 28 known galaxies.

Unlike Superman's version, this Fortress is worth the name with actual walls and doors, and even some automated defences. The AI, which may or may not be an upload of your father, happens to be able to identify who it's talking to, and none of the crystal devices here work for anyone other than you.

Companions

Import - 50 CP

You know how it goes. Create a companion, or import an existing one. They get 600 CP to spend.

Canon Companion - 100/200 CP

Take someone along from here. Humans cost 100 CP, Kryptonians 200.

Drawbacks

The first one, actually +100 CP

…this is weird even by this place's standards. You're not a human anymore, Jumper. Nor a Kryptonian. As a matter of fact, something about inserting into this world seems to have turned you into a bird of your choice.

You can be any bird, and you get the form as an Alt-form after the jump. All your powers and items continue to work, except any that would let you stop being a bird. You can even talk. Just… you're a bird.

Or maybe the Second +100 CP

And this is, if possible, weirder. Pretty much the same deal above, except you can get into significantly fewer places than before. And used to having people inside you. At least you're indestructible? And don't need fuel? And you get this one as an Alt too.

Oh, what are you? You're a plane, Jumper. A non-military, commercial aircraft of your choice is your form for the duration of this jump.

A Complete Coward +200 CP

That's you alright. You're as much of a scaredy cat as Gus Gorman, if not more. Causes more problems than you might think it would.

Tar Kryptonite +200 CP

Someone gave you some. You're moody, erratic and overall kind of a huge asshole, even if you aren't a Kryptonian.

Hidebound + 300 CP

Your stubbornness and lack of foresight makes the Kryptonian Science Council look like firebrands, Jumper. Why would you even take this?

What's that, because obviously there's no problems involved, and it's the right and proper attitude to have?

Ah.

Light of the Red Sun +300 CP

The powerlessness drawback. You lose any powers, perks from before this jump, and you can only put things into the Warehouse.

***Jumper*berg!!? +300 CP**

Oh dear. Somehow you've gotten stuck as a minion of Lex Luthor. You must obey his commands to the best of your power, and follow him wherever he goes, even to prison. The good thing is that he thinks you're an ordinary guy, at least until you let him see otherwise.

Nuclear Option +400 CP (Requires Last Son)

Instead of being a genuine Kryptonian, you're instead a Nuclear-charged clone created fairly haphazardly. Stronger in some ways than a normal Kryptonian in some ways and weaker in others, one crippling weakness you suffer from is that you get completely exhausted spending even a few minutes outside of the direct sun, such are the needs of your body.

Phantoms and Nightmares +400 CP

Somehow, you're stuck in the Phantom Zone instead of arriving on Earth. If that weren't bad enough, you're stuck along with Zod, Ursa and Mon, who are very curious… but not enough to take it easy. I sure hope you can take 'em.

At least there's no Yellow Sun in here, so there's that. You must survive long enough for the events of Superman II to free you, and furthermore you need to ensure that Superman ends up winning.

The Dying Days +600 CP

Oh dear. Instead of arriving shortly before Superman makes his appearance in public, you arrive several years before. The year on Earth is 1948, but the planet you're upon is Krypton. In a week, the Science

Council is going to sentence some traitors to the Phantom Zone, and there are some rumors surrounding that Jor-El guy…

Expect people to be *very* interested if you're not a Kryptonian. Oh, and none of your travel-related powers or items work. You must convince someone here to allow you to leave in a local spaceship, or this'll be one short jump.

Oh, and the end of your chain.

Choices

Go Home

Stay

Continue

Notes

Listen, the movies get… weird, okay? If a Kryptonian could do it in them, you can so it with **The Last Son.** Similarly, super-tech, even Earthling, gets strange. Just go ahead and presume you can do that with the relevant perks or, or stuff just as crazy.

That said, fanwank responsibly. If it's a NLF, go ahead and assume that it's not going to work.

For any issues, contact me at SB.

If you're writing a story about this jump, you have permission to change… whatever you want to, on one condition. Find me at SB and give me a link.

I reserve the right to randomly alter sections of the document in fits of pique, to win internet arguments, or to make things easier on me if I'm building for this jump.

More later.