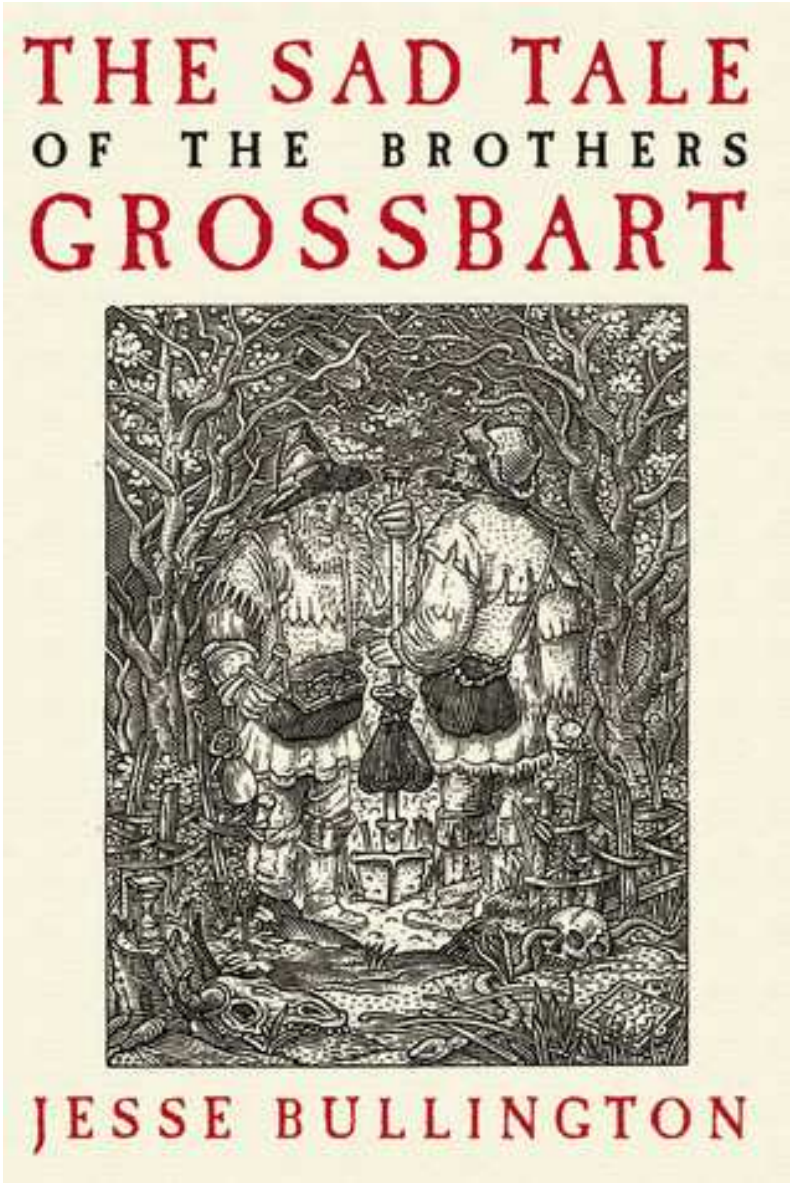
It is sometime between the years 1364 and 1365. You arrive in a land replete with superstition and enterprise, piety and avarice, the mundane travails of humanity and the hunger of otherworldly beings. It is a world where kings set their eyes on war abroad, cunning merchants hope to secure priceless treasures or beautiful creatures, and the humble Germanic peasant hopes that the Virgin Mary watches over him.



ALAS, this story is about none of those things. No, it's about the brothers Hegel and Manfried Grossbart: A pair of greedy, murderous, smelly graverobbers from a long line of greedy, murderous, smelly graverobbers. Such is the abject wretchedness of this world that such men can go far with sheer pigheaded spite.

Take 1000 GP. Wait, GP? Oh bother. *They've* somehow put their mark here too. Better get going, the brothers are about to raid an innocent farmstead in a few minutes.

Locations

Roll 1d5 to start at one of the following locations or don't, nobody cares. Everyone is pretty lost in this world anyway.

1. Bad Endorf: Ah, what a peaceful and vaguely Germanic village. The people are uncultured, uneducated and superstitious. But generally supportive of each other. Fields full of squishy produce. Taverns huddling together against the cold and dark. It *sure would be a shame* if two absolute miscreants were to just barge in and ruin it all!

2. The European woods: These woods are loathsome, dark and deep. Make no promises here that you can't keep. Populated by various creatures of the night that can seemingly speak human tongues but with utterly inhuman values, the things that populate this place are little understood-other than that by and large, they can die. There's a witch that lives in a hut with her were-panther husband here. She has a chequered past involving a completely different witch with her own were-panther husband as well as an unfortunate cycle of occultism and violence, but that probably doesn't matter. Probably.

3. Venice: Ah yes, the world's great port! Wares and spices from all across the seas can be bought or sold here. Intrigue amongst knights and nobles entangles like yarn amidst kittens. There's always a captain with starry eyes hoping to cross new horizons then return laden with priceless treasures, and there's always a captain broken by what he's found out at sea. If you've come to hop on a boat to somewhere else, this is one of the few options that exists. Which makes it the best, by default.

4. The Mediterranean: Little is known of the Greeks' domain, mainly because most of the characters in this book are German and couldn't tell a foreigner from an ethereal being if both hit them in the face. What is known, is that the seas amidst these islands are often full of wild storms. And in strange coves, there dwell a race of beings with the tails of fish but the semblance of women, at once fair and fierce. Born predators who themselves shun the open ocean where even greater powers hold sway over the waves. But enough of that grim talk. Enjoy the beach!

5. Gyptland aka Egypt: No land is said to have greater tombs. Thus, no land is said to have greater wealth! In the fanciful tales of the Grossbarts, Gyptland is replete with enormous tomb-cities overflowing with rivers of gold passed down from the Pharaohs of old. An idealised paradise that will vindicate any amount of suffering and murder undertaken to reach it. By the grace of the Virgin Mary, looting pagan dead is a righteous path to a wonderfully easy life of luxury, so long as the current generations can actually get to the damned place. Wherever it is.

   If it has to be said, the truth is frankly much more underwhelming. Somewhere in a distant land far, far away from medieval Germany, there is lots of sand. And a pyramid. And inside the pyramid is lots, and lots of empty space. And darkness.

   This is where the Grossbarts will be trapped, if things come to pass as they wish. Perhaps eternally. Perhaps merely until the light flickers out and their bellies rumble their last. Who can say?

Origins and Age

Any of these origins may be taken as Drop-In options because *nobody really knows each other in this mess of a world.*

Grossbart (Free): Yours is a bloodline that long ago went bad, and then proceeded to be distilled into true wickedness throughout the ages. Your family considers the burglary of graveyards as a gainful occupation, skullduggery as a cultural tradition and parental care to end as soon as a child can hold a prybar or pick pockets. Many are the familial legends of ancestors, parents, uncles and second cousins who died happily in fortresses full of gold enough to shame empires, but in truth the vast majority of Grossbarts end up executed as penniless criminals.

Maybe things will be different for you, though. After all, *you're* not like all those other fools.

You're any adult age. Any *adult* age. Grossbarts live fast and die young, the weak are weeded out early on.

Right?

Innocent Bystander (Free): If the Grossbarts are the leads in this comedy of errors, then you're one of the unfortunate side characters. You could be a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker. You could be a charcoal man, a priest or a humble farmer. Two things are certain: Most folk in Germany wouldn't see you as out of place in most civilised places, and you would be well-advised to stay away from the chaos two dishevelled brothers are about to unleash in their quest for more gold. *This world is not kind to the likes of you.* But quitting while you're ahead could save you from a world of hurt.

You may be any human age. It's all the same to a life like any other.

Wily Foreigner (Free): Ahaha, these backwoods yokels know nothing of true culture! Certainly you've a tendency to stun and awe the common folk with your world-wise ways and far-flung travels. You could be a daring Venetian sailor, picking up or dropping off imports. Or a refined French knight, secure in your inherent

supremacy through grace above the common rabble. A world away from country matters and the occult, you nonetheless have cause to come across them occasionally. By and large, you've seen more than most men ever will. Just don't think you're prepared for the worst of the worst.

You may be any age between 18 and 40. This origin includes a fair bit of worldliness, but also personal capability.

Creature of Folklore (300 GP): In the tales of yore, there are tales of beings beyond mortal ken. Half-animal beasts that can scamper through the trees as quickly as a stag runs along the ground and smell blood from a mile away. Demonic entities resembling an amalgamation of deformed humanoid and oversized insect, which personify the plague. Immortal sirens with bewitching appearances and voices, but who can raise the waves and the terrors below them to violence-and whose true forms trade legs for eel-like lower halves and fanged maws. And of stranger things. Of plague-masked figures that spread disease, of manticores and basilisks. Who can say how many are true? You can. You're one of them. By and large, your kind are just trying to get by same as everyone else, though generally with more agency than mankind.

Some of you are immortal to varying degrees. Were-panthers regenerate fast enough to heal a shattered skull and spilt guts in seconds, though violently dismembering them before those seconds puts them in the grave for good. Sirens do not seem to age at all, but seem to greatly prefer proximity to water (presumably for ease of locomotion, though still deadly when taking the form of an impossibly beautiful woman outside it to survive) and are likewise vulnerable to dismemberment-though speculated to rise even from that, eventually. Demons can possess men or beasts by crawling into them, cover ten feet in a stride, wreath themselves in diseased fog and seem truly immortal, but each time their bodies or hosts are slain they are diminished more and more until a man can simply step on one. And they cannot cross a circle drawn by a mortal by their own power, and are banished to Hell by sunlight. In no case is a beast that cannot be overcome by sufficiently well-armed and armoured, mighty, and greedy men known in this tale.

As such, you may be older than any of the current civilisations, or any human age.

Perks

All these tips and tricks 50% off for whoever's damned name they're relevant for. The 100 GP shite is free for the taking if it'd be discounted, we ain't sinners around here.

Grossbart

Filthy Resilience (100 GP): Grossbarts are typically awash with filth. They are also surprisingly capable of long slogs in the dead of night, bullying the innocent and even decking seasoned knights unawares. Like them, you are just…*way* more resilient to disease, poison and wound-based complications than is normal. Not inhumanly so. Far from supernaturally. You can still die from a fever, you just hold on for longer than most. You could be beaten unconscious on a drifting ship and just sleep off the complications.

Admirable Oik (200 GP): Despite their bad hygiene, their selfishness, their tendency to engage in petty arguments and basically embodying the petty wretchedness of humanity itself, there is something *weirdly compelling* about the Grossbarts that see them rising to the top of any hierarchy willing or forced to tolerate them for any length of time. Like them, your overbearing force of personality just batters down people's normal intolerance for crassness and generally lets you get your way against the better judgement of others. This is more effective on the desperate and afraid, but your sheer confidence could even help you do things like bluff being a saint to a king and win his admiration. Er, you *are* just bluffing right…?

Overwhelming Faith (400 GP): FOR THE VIRGIN MARY may as well be the current generation of Grossbarts' battle cry, even though both men's idea of her is…unconventional. You believe in something just as fervently, whether it's a love of siren flesh (take that how you will) or a lucky root vegetable, that makes you fight with such fury in battle some might mistake you for a zealous crusader. Wounds mean less and less with every blow. You keep throwing out strikes even while rivers of blood pour down your armpits. And being swallowed alive is no more than a minor inconvenience as long as you aren't

chomped or melted before you cut your way out. In some ways, fighting you is more horrifying than an actual creature of the night.

GROSSBARTERY (600 GP): Where do these baffling idiots get their good fortune from? *Are they actually blessed from on high?* Who knows. By some cruel twist of fate (for everyone else) you share the blackly comedic level of plot armor that the Brothers Grossbart coast on. Enemies let their guard down, leave cells you're imprisoned in unwatched, or trip over their own two feet in combat. Allies hurt themselves trying to betray you, while leaving themselves wide open to your own machinations. Those privileged above you have a great tendency to find you implausibly appealing, while otherworldly beings are filled with overconfidence at the sight of you. As the fate of the brothers shows, this won't save you from determinedly making terrible decisions or an overwhelming disparity in odds (no lone man can fight a whole pack of horrors, after all). But then again, no ordinary bandits would get all the way from Germany to Gyptland, escorted by a king's fleet and a team of local slaves.

Innocent Bystander

A Sense For Catastrophe (100 GP): You haven't survived this long by being blind to bandits or monsters. Your sharp intuition and senses give you an almost animalistic sense of when danger and calamity is imminent. It's not completely infallible, but it's sharp enough to say-make you utterly certain when a monster is closing in on you or when someone's pointing a bow at you. It's up to you to react appropriately.

Not Worth Killing (200 GP): Suppose the worst has come to pass, and you've been beaten up and thrown in the brig by men unfit to lick your boots. There's something about you that makes you oddly endearing to kidnappers, enough for them to treat you *almost* as an equal given a few conversations and assuming the incident is just good business. You know how to flatter, how to lightly cajole and generally how to pass vibe checks with nasty men without ending up on the bottom of the pecking order. Not a skill to be proud of, but one that could save your life.

The Toast of the Town (400 GP): In the mountains, there's only really safety in numbers. Your winning smile and avuncular bearing provide you the most of this safety, preventing you from becoming a target of superstitious hatred in isolated communities and also netting you quite a few free drinks should you make a token effort at being one of the boys. This even extends to supernatural beings, some of which might return your kindness. Even demons might at least not do anything untoward while possessing you and leave you be while defiling the rest of a village after a pleasant chat about the weather.

The Power of Hate (600 GP): There are some men out there worth burning the rest of the world to bring down. When you fixate on someone with true hatred, some combination of circumstance and sheer intimidation will make the starts align so that you'll be able to kill them with your bare hands. Those in your way will shy away from your rage, or submit to serving it when you establish dominance over them. Mercenaries, witches, demons or stranger sorts of aid will show up and prove willing to lend assistance. And any sort of malevolent power you resort to along the way will have significantly less consequences for you than others; your soul may be stained by Hell's touch, but not necessarily damned to it and your body at least will remain fighting fit. It doesn't guarantee certain victory over the object of your hate, but it would say-let a middleaged peasant chase two men to Gyptland with homunculi and demon-possessed thralls at his side. And while it all ends once your vengeance is exacted, this perk will of course activate again against whoever you hate as much.

Wily Foreigner

Actually Knows How To Fight (100 GP): We've got a real soldier here! You're a trained swashbuckler, able to remain balanced on a ship and swing a cutlass with aplomb! Or else, a noble knight, well-versed in charging peasants (and idling your time away while waiting patiently to be ransomed). You know how to swing a weapon and use a shield. You know how to aim and fire, and how to move in armor. Why is this priced so cheaply? Oh sweet, summer child. *Do you REALLY think anyone in a real fight is going to fight it fairly?*

Don't Kick Me (200 GP): It's not always better to be on the Grossbarts' side than against them. Sometimes the most merciful outcome of all is for them to simply overlook you. When violence or chicanery breaks out, you have a small but noticeable chance to benefit from being discounted. Apart from slipping out of notice more, there's something about you that makes hardened bandits think it's less important to lock you up or that you won't shoot them in the back while they're turned. Ignoring the blow to your pride, it's better than being an amputation victim.

Courtly Bearing (400 GP): You're as adept at etiquette and social machinations as the more arrogant characters in this story merely *think* they are. Saying one thing while implying another, turning brother against brother and getting a really good deal for something shiny you fished out of the sea the other day are all old hat to you. Were you to run into nobility, you could fit right in and bluff that you run in the same circles. Yes, you're quite the wit and man about town. Pity some people in this story are genuinely *too stupid* to be tricked.

Kingly Birth (600 GP): All hail the King of Cyprus, ruling lord of Jerusalem, destroyer of Islam and conqueror of the Turks! That's the sort of glory those with your noble birth tend to go for, anyway. While the actual crown of Cyprus is already taken, you enjoy a similarly regal title that affords you levels of material wealth, armed men and social influence that everyone else listed here can only fantasise unrealistically about. You've been raised to rule nations and lead military expeditions on foreign shores, not grub around dirty tombs for pennies! You have no reason to interact with the Grossbarts at all, save for your own folly. Try not to end up involved in the kind of trouble that ends with your queen cheating on you, your nobles assassinating you, and your corpse castrated as an example.

In future worlds, you'll enjoy similar peerage and social status.

Creature of Folklore

Unimpeded Horror (100 GP): There are realms where ordinary sight and hearing find little purchase. As something either inhuman or touched by forces beyond mortal ken, you have at least one that cannot be baffled by a dark and stormy night. Perhaps you have an instinctive sense for your position amidst the open ocean, the ability to hear someone's heartbeat from farther than bowshot or something else in addition to whatever known senses your kind of entity may have. All of which is to say you're a little better at hunting men than even folklore knows.

Dread Brood (200 GP): The way by which horrors of the night come into being are generally unspeakable and unsafe, but your unnatural nature is particularly keen to propagate itself. Spawn you rear with mortal women are carried to term not just unnaturally quickly, but safely and easily-the resulting children inheriting all your biological traits. Including supernatural ones. Likewise, you can make others into one of your kind by feeding them your blood and flesh. You also know how to dilute such mixtures to merely make them as immortal as you are.

Teachings of Hecate (400 GP): Witchcraft is poorly understood but an undeniably scholastic pursuit, though at least some of it intuited in dreams. Through the gathering and mixing of herbs or chants and gestures, a witch can grow food from the forest floor, divine events to come by the flight of birds (or hoar-frost, or dreams) or knowledge across vast distances, heal grievous wounds, and lay curses no mortal steel can deflect. At grievous prices, one can even birth abominable homunculi into the world. You are as learned in witchcraft as Nicolette, who has lived as both cackling hag and traumatised child, and knows enough of it to fill several volumes. There is little wise men can do to threaten you without bringing down unspeakable fates on themselves.

Second Shape (600 GP): As the siren has a predator-shape fit more for hunting in the darkness rather than luring men, so too do you now have a greater form, your *true* form, you can take fit for combat. Though the advantages this grants are relatively conventional, they are considerable. A demon could go from knocking over carts to breathing gouts of burning acid and pushing down walls. A were-panther might become a true beast looming as tall as the trees at its shoulder. And should you be human while you take this? You can enter a berserk rage in which you heal as quickly as any supernatural horror, strike hard enough to scatter armoured men like bowling pins and boil away poison and disease with your scalding rage. Truly a berserker straight out of some pagan myth.

Items

Discounts? DISCOUNTS?! What is this, a charity!? Out, damn you! Go pay your OWN way in this wretched fucking world, don't go asking for handouts from your betters! This is top shelf stock handed down from the AUGUST and RESPECTACLE house of the Grossbarts with the UTMOST charity, *show it some BLOODY respect!*

The Letter J (50 GP): The Grossbarts aren't the only treasure-plundering, wealth-hoarding, unattended item-purloining never-do-wells in the multiverse after all. Why not make *your* letter a symbol of avarice and criminality as well? Henceforth, here and in future jumps the letter J will inexplicably show up on any and all valuables of spectacular quality, akin to that of a pyramid in the mundane world. Even treasures sealed away until the end of time or vaults sealed by order of the crown can have a little J next to them. Just to mark them as being the rightful property of *Jumper*.

Can be another letter or symbol representing yourself if you want.

Graverobber's gear (50 GP): Shovels? Check. Prybar? Check. Spades? Check. Great. You now have all the mundane equipment you need to break open some poor sap's unguarded grave and steal any valuables in it, from silver fillings to heirloom watches. Yes, well done, you real go-getters, you. Anything that breaks is replaced in a week, ironically stored in a coffin. Graverobbing really is in your blood.

Mary's mercy (50 GP): *Ah*, just look at her. That radiant visage, that benevolent gaze! Truly, no mortal temptation could compare to the heaving bosom of-ahem, anyway this is a religious object associated with the Virgin Mary. It could be a text, a small figurine, a locket with her stunning likeness captured or something else. Brings you a little comfort in even the darkest times…somehow, and makes it easier to be passed off as devout in most Christian societies.

Can be repurchased.

Proper armor and weaponry (100 GP): Full plate. Properly forged steel, preferably sharp. *Now* you're living the high life. This right here is weapons and armor befitting a proper knight, suited to whatever your proportions are. In a time when "peasant" is the largest social caste, taking you on in a fight without overwhelming numbers, cavalry or the dark arts is unthinkable to the common man! Your weapon, assumed to be a sword or mace or somesuch, be a bow or crossbow with a quiver full of arrows replenished each week instead.

Can be repurchased.

An ox-drawn cart (100 GP): Look, it's a long journey. You'll want a roof over your head. Strong backs to haul you most of the way while you grumble about the rain and theology or whatever troubles you. This provides all of that. The oxen are tough, the cart itself is roomy enough you could fit a bath and curtain in there somewhere. It's not exactly a king's carriage, but it's a damn sight better as an option than most have from the elements.

A witch's cottage (200 GP): Well, isn't this an unholy sight. Or should I say, site. The thatch and stone making up this remote settlement may seem unassuming, but within are various sharp implements, flasks, cauldrons and freshly harvested ingredients suited for brewing potions or other reagents should a skilled witch take hold of them. There's a rather bountiful garden outside too, and enough texts on witchcraft to fully cover several shelves. Moreover it's surrounded by wilderness that seems to subtly conceal or barricade intruders, yet mystically open up hidden paths for you to come and go. Truly, a good place to decide the fates of men by the pricking of your thumbs.

A galleon (200 GP): Gloriously painted, lovingly endowed with a fair figurehead, and sparing no expense for the interior furnishings, this fine ship would be the pride and joy of any bold captain. It comes with a crew of your choice of trained foreign sailors, the demographics don't really matter, they're all equally exotic to Germany anyway. Crucially, unlike *a certain ill-fated vessel* it has no outstanding debts, there are generous supplies of rations below

decks, everything from the cells to the sails is in good working order, and in general there are no outstanding issues with the law or society when it comes to this fine vessel. Don't look back, there's nothing worth dwelling on in this land. Just set sail into the horizon.

A small army (300 GP): Gold? Jewels? You know what's *really* priceless in this rotten excuse for a world? A wall of steel and flesh willing to die for you, and preferably kill for you. One such army, equal to the point hopefully sailing in Jerusalem's general direction for the purpose of murder-ahem, *righteously crusading* against the natives for the glory of holy Christendom. They got sharp pointy weapons, finely strung bows and better armor than most of Europe at this time as well as the means to traverse land and sea. You are their commanding officer, their king with Kingly Birth, or some other authority that makes sense. If they're deserters led by a Grossbart, they're *remarkably well-stocked* deserters.

The Captain's Treasure (300 GP): There is a thing wrapped in sealskin and trapped in a bottle. It's warm, pulses as if it were a beating heart, and shines a pale yellow if inadvisably unveiled. It's nature doesn't matter, though some say it may be related to the sirens. What matters is that there are…*things* of the upper air that are to the siren or the demon what the hawk is to a sparrow. And this relic, whatever it is, calls to them like a plump fieldmouse if it is unwrapped before the open sky or the gaze of man (though be cautious even in a locked room with it). Within seconds of whatever enchantment on this bag baffles them from the sight of such beings, a horror that moves faster than human comprehension and might great enough to turn oxen into stains will take hold of this thing and bring it to whatever heavenly or hellish place it resides. Anything nearby will surely be smote or dragged along in its wake. A situation would have to be dire indeed for such a thing to linger long enough for more about its' nature and capabilities to be revealed, whether it is a byblow of the Ziz or an opportunistic fallen angel.

Your treasure must truly love you, for it returns fully wrapped to your side every month.

An actual pyramid full of gold (400 GP): By the Virgin, it's true! It's all true! You have what the Grossbarts will cross the ocean looking for: An actual pyramid the equal of any in Gyptland, practically every inch of it crammed with golden bars, golden goblets, golden pagan idols, golden masks, golden thrones, golden hoops, golden loops, golden gold gold GOLD GOLD GOLD. You're rich! You're fantastically rich, enough to buy up some nations! Oh and the pyramid can be anywhere in the world. How a pyramid ended up in Germany is your mystery to discover.

Yes, you can stamp it with The Letter J if you purchase that item.

Forbidden Font (400 GP): There is a place untouched by mankind and avoided by the wise among it, though sometimes coveted by the ambitious. For a thriving population of seductive immortal predators that both rule and are adapted to the elements call it home. It may be a lagoon full of tangled seaweed that those beneath can beckon to seize prey off ships. It may be a misty mountaintop where claws or sharp feathers strike at prey without warning. But whatever it is, it is a hard place for man to navigate and an easy place for the whimsical creatures there to idyl the centuries away in comfort. Because you were *not* as foolish as Captain Barousse, you have more or less reached an understanding with this creatures, being welcome amongst them and perhaps able to request assistance for animal appetites or simply entertainment.

Companions

Some other bloody bastards (50 GP/200 GP): You have the relative lack of misfortune and questionable privilege of showing up in this world with some others who won't immediately stab you in the back, which is essentially the peak of camaraderie here. For 50 GP apiece you can create or import a companion with 600 GP to spend on anything except other companions, which can take any origin for free. For 200 GP you may create or import a set of 8 at a discount.

You Lot (Free/50 GP): The brutal truth is half the folk here would sell their grandmother for a wheelbarrow full of gold, the other half have deluded themselves into thinking they'll be rewarded for avoiding such frivolities by living a just life, and only a small minority have any real discernment for the company they keep. If for some godforsaken reason some of the marauders, scum, fops and actual monsters in this world catch your eye, feel free to make them a companion at the end of the jump as long as they agree. For 50 GP you can make such a good impression on them that religious fables will be written of how all things aligned to conjoin your journeys.

Little Wild Witch (50 GP): Wild-eyed and with scraggly hair the exact shade of the forest floor, this pale and lanky child is everything Nicolette the traumatised peasant girl was once mistaken as: A wildling, abandoned to nature's embrace. But instead of being eaten by wolves or bears, the whispers of Lady Hekate filled her with occult wisdom, and taught her to harness the natural world around her through magic. But surviving with scavenged hemp for a dress is a harsh life, and first morsel of bread she ever ate in her life was enough to win you the child's adoration. You are now the caretaker and friend of a waif who doubtless will grow to become one of the most formidable witches in this world with dedicated study. Try not to raise too much of a heresy when she learns of Christendom and starts showing off real magic tricks in a world that seems mostly abandoned by God.

Otherworldly Wife (50 GP): This beautiful yet inhuman and dangerous maiden goes about naked freely, yet abhors the dwelling of man-having another form she uses to move with even greater grace in her native home. She may be a harpy used to soaring through the air, a cephalopod cousin to the eel-like harpies of the Mediterranean, or even a naga from the jungles. But whatever she is, even out of range from her claws and teeth she can drive men to madness with her songs from a mountain away or whip up her native environment into a tumult fit to smash ships against cliffs. Because you were *not* as presumptuous, deceptive and most importantly **boring** as Captain Baroussa, instead of capturing her from her native environment she came to dwell with you willingly. Perhaps out of curiosity, as a fellow hunter, or because you left enough treats on her doorstep. Most men here might see the two of you as husband and wife, but even being held in bondage to mortal lust mostly bores her compared to the freedom of her wild home. To her mind, it would be more accurate to call your relationship that of vigilant housecat and needy owner. And as for who is who, that will be left open to interpretation.

Drawbacks

The Witcher 3, featuring the Brothers Grossbart from the Sad Tale of the Brothers Grossbart Franchise (+ 0 GP): Here's a fascinating piece of trivia: Sometime during their travels, a twist of fate might see the Brothers Grossbart meeting their long-lost sibling Jesse. They might then proceed to terrorise the residents of Ard Skellington, murdering and plundering to their wicked hearts' desire as a side trip on their way to Gyptland. If you choose this, not only may these events come to pass but the world of the Grossbart Brothers may turn out to be a great deal more magical than just the odd isolated witch or monster-because it is now *also* the world of The Witcher! Specifically some point during the third game. It will also likely mean they will meet a violent end at the hands of a legendary monster hunter known as the White Wolf of Rivia, whose skill and might is…look, he can beat a couple Grossbarts. He can beat a couple Grossbarts *easily*.

Keep an eye out for a white-haired sorceress of great power, who might tell you of how she visited a distant world for six months where folk forge metal into their flesh, wage war with metal wands and travel on flying wagons.

Cultural Relativism (+ 50 CP): It's a strange solace, but not all ethnicities are discriminated against equally. This is why you've developed the unusual habit of imitating one while being another. You pretend to be a Arab as a Jew. You don the mannerisms of a Parisian while being Italian. It's as natural to you as breathing by now, will take some time to unlearn, *and you don't even speak the language or anything*. You just mug the sounds and unspoken mannerisms of the chosen people *very hard*. Expect *everyone* to be annoyed and contemptuous once your true nationality is revealed.

Festering Visage (+ 50 GP): Oh god, you're filthy. Replete with dandruff, riddled with lice. You smell like how pigsties *taste*. You should scrub it off as fast as you can, but unfortunately circumstances will contrive to make taking a proper bath very inconvenient without a lot of hassle.

Rage of the Grossbarts (+ 50 GP): There are many who have wronged the Grossbarts for reasons ranging from the understandable to the inane, but shortly after arriving you've managed to do the unforgivable: **You disrespected the Virgin Mary.** Now both Hegel and Manfried are prepared to bring the full force of their vengeance upon you! They are ruthless! They are underhanded! They are stubborn as bulls! They are…two impulsive, narcissistic graverobbers. You could resolve this by getting on horseback and leaving town. Or with a bow and arrow. Or literally anything except turning your back politely for them to stab.

Least Traumatic German Fairytale (+ 100 GP): It's rare for the average German peasant to encounter the supernatural in their life, ever. Well you better start believing in fairytales because you're living in one. It seems at least once a month and sometimes more than a week, you're always running into some novel kind of supernatural being or other. They're not necessarily hostile to you but this does vary up the potential ways of being harmed beyond just "the plague" and "sharp steel". Stay on your toes. Expect to confuse at least a couple over how often you keep meeting.

Bickering Brotherhood (+ 100 GP): You'd expect to have some camaraderie with the only people on your side in this godforsaken world, but instead you have a tendency to launch into rambling arguments at the slightest disagreement with them. This can range from theology to politics to what you had for dinner last night, and it's always pedantic and tedious, and it always ends up with you and yours rambling about the most contrived nonsense while accomplishing nothing of value. Fortunately this *mostly* stops short of *serious* violence (as opposed to brawling for fun) but expect a lot of time wasted and feelings hurt because both of you saw a roly-poly bug and couldn't decide if it was cute or ugly.

Local Bounty (+ 100 GP): Shortly after you arrived, a building caught on fire, was ransacked, or similarly demolished. This may or may not have been your fault. Enough people to make up a small German village blame you anyway, and they have roughly the same amount of resources. Expect to at least by run out of town by the angry locals but most of them to be chastised by violence, with only one or two possessing the anger to pursue you further.

The Light of Dawn (+ 200 GP): Is now your worst foe. Whereas demons themselves are merely banished back to Hell by it, exposure to sunlight burns you to smoke after more than a few seconds, ending your chain. That's the bad news anyway. The good is that you don't seem to need sleep for the duration of this jump. In other words, expect to do anything of importance in this world at night and spend your days at repose, underground, loitering in a dark room or whatever it is creatures of the night do.

Chivalrous Confidence (+ 200 GP): Ah, you see now. This is all clearly some sort of nonsense adventure where your wit and charm will surely see you to safe harbour sooner or later! This *grandiose delusion* afflicting you leads you prone to being complacent in times of danger, overconfident around those who wish you ill and panicking when things inevitably aren't resolved by a witty retort or an honourable duel. Your steadfast belief that the world really does work according to the code of chivalry consistently gives you enough rope to hang yourself with.

A Fruitless Quest (+ 200 GP): There is some grand delusion that occupies your mind, as singularly self-destructive as it is intoxicating. Whether you're absolutely determined to get a siren wife long after one has already destroyed your life or you've deluded yourself into heading across the oceans because your ancestor clearly has gold there, you've become fixated on bending all your efforts and resources to a goal fundamentally off-based from reality and that will tend to put you in conflict with others. Nothing short of proof on par with being face to face with an empty vault will make you realise it was all for nothing.

Hell's Unholy Foe (+ 300 GP): For every village brought low by the plague there are perhaps two of three demons. Now, an order has been issued to them from whatever black throne rules in Hell: You have wronged the Pit, and your soul must be brought forth to it. Instead of the bickering and infighting that the Grossbarts experienced, skittering insectile harbingers of the plague will select their hosts carefully, fight ruthlessly and keep each other appraised of your movements in the hopes of whittling you down or driving you to depravity so that Hell may claim you. Though deadly, seemingly undying and knowledgeable in the occult, demons are far from immune to harm and quickly frustrated by setbacks great enough to reduce them to mere insects that can be bottled. It remains unknown if others unlike the grotesque arthropods haunting Germany exist or will be sent after you, though you may at least be assured what greater horrors exist are not subject to this order.

Enemy of the Crown (+ 300 GP): Not everyone evades trouble with the crown and the court as adeptly as the Grossbarts. You've done *something* (been caught fomenting revolution, stolen the crown jewels, slept with a princess etc) that's personally antagonised the actual monarch of a nation as great as Venice that will stop at nothing to see you brought low and executed. Expect diplomacy to be unfeasible unless you manage to exhaust the nation's resources, and even then to extremely reluctant. And for there to be a very real chance you may be condemned as an enemy of the church itself.

A Witch's Malediction (+ 300 GP): You've angered a witch, and she poured that rage into a curse so dire it claimed her own life. Now bad luck ensures men and woman will turn against you when it's least convenient, and even beasts are guided to hunt you on occasion. Loot will be stolen. Supplies will spoil. Events will delay and misguide you from your destination. You will lose everything there could be to gain from this world but your life, and made wary and obfuscated from the approach of any who hate you. At the end of it awaits either an agonising death or an even worse fate. It will take wit, luck, endurance and plot armor greater than that of the Grossbarts to defy it.

Ending Options

The old homestead (Go home): Sod this. The weather here sucks, and the people's word ain't what it used to be. It's all gloom and doom, doom and gloom. Why's the world got to pick on a man making an honest living!? Even bloody Gyptland was just a crock of shite. You're going home. Back to your world. Your PROPER world. Not this worthless vale of tears.

X marks the spot (Stay): You did it! Made your fortune or close enough, eh? Or maybe you just settled all your scores. Or even shook the hand of King Peter himself and impressed him as a bloody saint! You! This seems like a nice place to settle down. You can stay here, with all you've kept and all you've taken. A man with all his wits about him could go far. Oh, and just to stir the pot a little: If you find the tomb that the Grossbarts are looking for (the one marked with the clan's signature G) before them *or* end the jump with more gold than they, take 1000 GP to spend on anything you want.

The latter may be easier than you think.

Beyond Gyptland (Move On): Gyptland? **That's small fry.** You want to plunder bigger tombs, vaster than the mountains! You want enough gold to sail a bloody galleon across! Maybe you even want to see a world where cunning, chivalry, faith and mysticism actually matter instead of being punchlines to a cruel joke about two violent village idiots failing their way to the top only to push their luck and literally get buried by their own hubris, what a fanciful notion! Go on, get you gone to the next jump then. See if the grass is any greener over the next hill, and keep chasing those dreams.

Notes

Yes, the setting really is that wretched, stupid and incompetent. Yes, the people in it really are that shit.