

A Jumpchain Adventure

Based on the vehicular combat game by Gaijin Entertainment

A fan-made Jump Document • Version 1.0

By: BHB

"The war has been going on for as long as anyone can remember... all ~~thirteen~~... fifteen? years of it."

— field notes of an unnamed Drop-In, recovered from a burning M22 Locust

WELCOME TO THE THEATER

There is a war on.

Nobody knows when it started. The veterans don't know either; they just get cagey when you ask. The war is the standing condition of the place, like gravity, and like gravity it might be experienced as a sudden, regrettable impact.

The people who live and die and live here call this world the Theater. Calling it a world is generous. It is battlefields, stitched together at the edges with no particular care for geography: a sunlit Normandy hedgerow ends at the lip of a Tunisian wadi, and past the wadi there's a frozen Karelian forest, then the rusting hulk of a container port, a jungle river delta, the long grey swells of a northern sea. In between the battlefields runs the Hinterland: quiet roads and rail lines, farms growing fuel and grain, factory towns hammering out tanks the way other worlds hammer out cookware. Soldiers on leave drink there, lie about their kill counts, and listen for the sirens.

The sirens are the Queue. When the Queue takes you, you wake at a spawn point with your machine warm, your crew aboard, and an objective imprinted on your mind. You fight. Maybe you take the point; maybe a shell you never saw converts you and your vehicle into a line item. Either way, a few hours later you're back in your hangar, alive, whole, and holding an itemized invoice. Dying in the Theater is mostly a billing problem.

The machines are the point of the place. Every motorized fighting vehicle humanity ever built, nearly built, or sketched on a napkin and then lost the napkin is here, all at once, all running. You will generally not see a 1930s biplane fight a jet, though, because the Theater sorts its violence into brackets. The locals call the brackets Battle Rating, and they treat BR as law. Try to drive a museum-piece light tank toward a battlefield rated for main battle tanks and the roads lengthen, the weather turns, your engine develops a cough, and somehow you arrive instead at a war you can usually survive.

Then there is the management. The locals never say its name. Partly superstition, partly because nobody is sure it has one. So everybody says the Snail. The Snail sets the brackets. The Snail adjusts the economy on the first of every month, for reasons described, in pamphlets nobody admits to printing, as balance. A machine that gets too beloved gets worse. Repair fees rise whenever people start seeming comfortable. Veterans insist the Snail hears complaints and responds to them, just never in the way you hoped.

Now you. Ten years. You will be issued a body, a nationality, a machine, and the same contract with the Theater's resurrection underwriters that every soldier here holds, the one that makes battle-death an expense rather than a tragedy. What you do with the decade is your business. Climb the brackets, build a squadron, hoard a private armored museum, go find out what's past the map border, petition the Snail. All of these have been tried. Some of the people who tried them are even still around.

You arrive with 1000 Choice Points (CP). Spend them below.

A note on the premise, Jumper: this document takes War Thunder's gameplay as literal cosmology. Arcade vs. Realistic, respawns, repair costs, Battle Ratings, the research grind, the foliage you can strap to a tank for real money: physically real, all of it, and the people inside have built a working society on top. The Theater is not a simulation and its people are not bots. They are ordinary souls in an extraordinary economy of violence, and they would appreciate it if you stopped asking whether they're real. They consider the question rude.

HOW THE THEATER WORKS

Read this section even if you skip everything else. The locals learned all of it the hard way; tuition in the Theater is steep.

The Queue

Battles are not scheduled. At intervals, irregular but never quite long enough, the sirens sound and enlisted combatants are drawn out of the Hinterland to a battlefield matching their Battle Rating. Sixteen to a side is traditional. A ticket is a measurable, slowly draining reserve of collective will, and you fight until one side's tickets run dry, or the objectives fall, or everyone on one team is back in their hangar learning from their failure. Then the field resets. Craters fill in, wrecks sink politely into the earth, and by morning the village you flattened is rebuilt.

Death and the Repair Bill

Every enlisted combatant carries underwriting: die in a sanctioned battle and you wake in your hangar, intact, memory and all, owing the Theater for the machine you wasted. The fee is paid in Silver Lions (SL), the local currency, earned by fighting well and spent on fighting again, and this loop is the engine of the whole society. A talented combatant lives in profit. A clumsy one spirals into debt, and debtors fly biplanes until they remember how to aim.

The underwriting covers **sanctioned battle only**, and you'll want to remember that, Jumper. Die in the Hinterland, in a bar fight or a bridge collapse or an ambush outside the Queue's jurisdiction, and you are dead the ordinary way, which for you means a failed chain. The locals manage the risk by being polite in bars and very paranoid about bridges.

Research and the Grind

Understanding is a substance here. Fighting in a machine generates Research Points (RP), crystallized mechanical insight, which your nation's design bureaus convert into the next machine in your lineage. This is the Grind, and it is the closest thing the Theater has to a religion. Everyone is researching something. The folk at the top of their tech tree, fielding the newest machines, are celebrities; everyone else is somewhere below, looking up through ten thousand battles' worth of RP at the life they intend to have eventually. Nobody pretends the war is winnable. The Grind gives it a direction anyway: up the tree.

Nations

Society here is organized into nations (America, Germany, the USSR, Britain, Japan, China, Italy, France, Sweden, Israel), which map onto the great design lineages rather than onto any actual conflict. The Queue assembles teams with total indifference to flags, and yesterday's enemy ace is today's left flank. In practice a nation is a guild, a dialect, and a set of inherited grudges about whose engineering philosophy is correct. You will have that argument about once a week.

THE BASICS

Duration: Ten years, standard. Time in the Theater mostly runs honest, whatever else doesn't.

Budget: 1000 CP, plus whatever you raise in Drawbacks, capped at +800 CP. The cap is firm.

Arrival: You arrive in your own Hangar (free; see Items) on the edge of a Hinterland town of your choosing, enlisted, underwritten, and carrying paperwork in a language you may have never seen but can somehow read. Your age and sex are irrelevant to the Grind of war; change them as you wish.

Choose a Nation

Pick one of the Theater's ten nations, free. This is your design lineage, your accent, your tech tree, and your social circle. *And* it seasons you with a National Character, listed below: a free minor Perk, more flavor than firepower. You may buy into a second nation's tech tree later in life, but you won't share their National Character.

Nation	National Character (free minor knack)
United States	**Fifty Caliber Diplomacy.** Machine guns you operate hit harder and start more fires than they have any right to.
Germany	**Glass Like Water.** Your optics, scopes, and sights are always a touch clearer and better-zoomed than the spec sheet says.
USSR	**Rounds Up.** Armor you crew runs effectively a few millimeters thicker than the manual claims. The manual has stopped arguing.
Great Britain	**Tea-Cooled Loader.** Crews aboard your vehicles never panic, never rush a load, never spill. Stiff upper lip and all that.
Japan	**The Long Lance.** Torpedoes, and extended-range weapons generally, run truer and farther for you.
China	**Both Catalogs.** No familiarization penalty when operating captured, copied, or license-built foreign equipment.
Italy	**Arrivederci.** Anything you drive, fly, or sail gains a small but real top-speed margin. You will use it for leaving.
France	**The Carousel.** Reloading mechanisms you operate, autoloaders especially, cycle smoother and faster, and never jam.
Sweden	**Comfortable Bracket.** When the Theater sorts you, the sorting errs ever-so-gently in your favor. Statisticians have noticed. The Snail has not commented.
Israel	**Late Start, Fast Learner.** You research and master modern systems (Rank VI and up) at a noticeably faster rate.

ORIGINS

Choose one, free. Your Origin determines your discounts. All Origins except Drop-In come with a decade or so of false memories: a childhood in the Hinterland, a service record, an instructor whose voice you will hear when you make mistakes.

Drop-In (Free)

You woke up at a spawn point. No memories, no paperwork; the paperwork arrived later, embarrassed, as if the Theater had misfiled you. The locals know your type and have a word for it. You are a tourist, and they say it with pity, because tourists are the only people who see the Theater clearly, and look how happy that's made them.

You have no history here. Also no debts, no grudges, and no instructor's voice in the back of your head. You see the seams: the way the wrecks sink, the way the villages rebuild, the way nobody asks the obvious questions. Your perk line runs on that clarity.

Tanker (Free)

Mud, diesel, the smell of cordite in a closed steel room, four other heartbeats you know better than your own. You have been converted into scrap metal more times than you have been kissed.

A ground-forces career soldier. You grew up around armor and you read it the way farmers read weather: angles, weak points, patience. Your perk line covers positioning, gunnery, crew, and surviving things that should have killed you.

Pilot (Free)

There are old pilots and bold pilots, the saying goes. In the Theater, both of them are here, in the same body, arguing.

An aviator of the eternal air war. You have a silk scarf, a logbook of improbable claims, and the conviction, correct here, that altitude is money in the bank. Your perk line covers airmanship, energy fighting, killing instinct, and machines pushed past their blueprints.

Bluewater Sailor (Free)

The sea does not care about Battle Ratings, brackets, or you, and there is something honest in that. You serve aboard a floating town that throws shells the weight of motorcycles at other floating towns from over the curve of the world.

A naval crewman or officer of the Theater's fleets. Yours is the slowest, grandest violence on offer, and the most mathematic. Your perk line covers gunnery at absurd ranges, damage control, and command of crews numbering in the hundreds.

Bureau Engineer (Free)

Everyone else in the Theater worships the machines. You are one of the people the machines come from, so you know what the congregation doesn't: every holy relic out there started as an argument between three tired people and a budget.

A designer, mechanic, and test crew at one of the great national bureaus. You speak fluent blueprint. The Grind is your day job, which has done to your faith in it roughly what you'd expect, and you have seen just far enough behind the curtain to be dangerous. Your perk line covers maintenance, modification, reverse engineering, and building things that were never built.

PERKS

The 100 CP perk of your Origin is free; perks up to 400 CP are half price, 600 CP perks are discounted as marked. General perks are undiscounted. All perks persist in future jumps unless noted, with the usual fiat understanding. In worlds without War Thunder concepts, perks that reference the Theater's machinery translate to the nearest sensible equivalent.

General Perks

Tutorial Completed: *Free*

You can operate any vehicle your nation fielded in the Theater (drive it, fly it, sail it, fire its weapons) at the level of a trained junior crewman. Competently, not gracefully. You also know the Theater's etiquette: spawn protocol, radio discipline, which gestures are rude in which nation, and why you never, ever cut across the runway during takeoff rotation.

The Language of the Theater: *Free*

All combatants of the Theater understand one another. This is a small standing miracle and nobody examines it too closely. You are included in it, and you keep it: in future worlds, basic battlefield communication (orders, warnings, callouts) crosses language barriers as if they were not there. Conversation about anything other than violence remains your problem.

Statcard Literacy: *200 CP*

Look at a machine and know it: armor layout, engine output, ammunition load, reload cadence, crew count, all of it presented to your mind's eye as a tidy card of figures. A glance gives you the summary; ten seconds of study gives you everything a manufacturer's handbook would.

Free Repair: *300 CP*

Anything you own repairs itself, slowly, when left alone: vehicles, tools, boots. Light damage mends overnight, and replacing a turret takes a couple of weeks of the machine just sitting there. In the Theater you can just pay for repairs, but it's far less necessary for those with this perk.

Crew Replenished: *400 CP*

The Theater's strangest mercy, extended to yours. Anyone who serves directly under you (crew, squadmates, retainers in future worlds) is wrapped in a thin film of the underwriting: wounds that should be mortal hold at merely terrible until the fight ends, and recovery afterward is total, scarless, and faster than any doctor will sign off on. Your people can still die; it just stops being easy.

Drop-In Perks

Third-Person Perspective: *100 CP (Free for Drop-In)*

Your point of view has come loose, and you have learned to use it. At will, you can watch your surroundings from a detached vantage a few meters behind and above yourself: over the wall you are hiding behind, around the corner you have not turned, out past the hull of the tank you are buttoned up inside. It costs nothing and alerts no one, and it turns every piece of solid cover into a one-way mirror. The Theater's veterans have long suspected some people could do this. They were right.

Marker Vision: *200 CP (Discount Drop-In)*

Hostiles within the center of your vision acquire a faint red glow at their edges, as well as a floating annotation of name and distance depending on the clarity of your sight picture. The perk reads intent, not uniforms: anyone actively meaning you harm registers as hostile. It only works in battle, though; reading a crowded room is still on you.

The Queue Knows: *400 CP (Discount Drop-In)*

Whenever any system (algorithmic, bureaucratic, divine) assigns you to a place, a group, a bracket, or a fate, the assignment bends in your favor. In the Theater this means downtiers, competent teammates, and spawn points that are not pre-sighted by artillery. Elsewhere it means the good cellblock, the survivable trench, the one lifeboat with a professional sailor in it. You don't get to choose the outcome, just to trust the dice, which is more than anyone else here can say.

One Death Leaver: *600 CP (400 CP Discount, Drop-In)*

The Theater's most despised archetype, turned into a weapon. Once per battle, or once per discrete conflict in later worlds and never more than once a week, you may simply leave, at any moment up to and including the instant of your death. You vanish from the field, unharmed, with whatever vehicle or kit you arrived in, and reappear at your hangar, home, or nearest sanctuary. The world finds your departure unremarkable: no pursuit organized, no alarm raised, no grudges formed.

Tanker Perks

Volumetric Awareness: *100 CP (Free for Tanker)*

You look at an armored thing and know where it is soft. Driver's port, turret ring, ammunition stowage, the cheek weld where two plates meet badly: the weak points present themselves to you like the answers in a teacher's edition. It's just knowledge; you still have to put the shot there. But for any armored vehicle, fortification, exoskeleton, or giant stompy robot, you will always know where *there* is.

Battle-Line Discipline: *200 CP (Discount Tanker)*

Terrain talks to you. Given even a glance at ground, street, or corridor, you grasp its grammar: the hull-down ridge, the concealed approach, the flanking route that takes nine patient minutes and ends with you parked behind the enemy's entire afternoon. People who fight you more than once develop a haunted relationship with their own left flank.

The Crew Is Everything: *400 CP (Discount Tanker)*

Any middle-sized crew you lead, five souls in a tank up to a hundred in a company, meshes into a single organism with you as its forebrain. Orders execute as fast as you can think them. Your people learn under you at many times the natural rate. And field repair becomes frankly indecent: under your direction, a crew with hand tools can restore a thrown track, a holed radiator, even a jammed turret drive, in minutes, in the open, while being shot at, complaining the entire time.

Round Refused: *600 CP (400 CP Discount, Tanker)*

Every tanker has a story about the shell that should have killed them and didn't. That's every story for you. Once per engagement, the first hit that would destroy your vehicle or kill you, doesn't: the shell shatters on a weld seam, the fuse fails, the round buries itself in an inexplicably load-bearing tea kettle. The hit still hurts. Systems get wrecked, the crew gets rattled, but you stay alive and fighting. In future worlds this extends to you personally: once per fight, the first killing blow against you downgrades to a survivable one. Watching the enemy's reaction is, honestly, a fair share of what you're paying for.

Pilot Perks

Instructor Off: *100 CP (Free for Pilot)*

You fly at the raw edge of any aircraft's envelope without assistance, instruments optional, fear omitted at the factory. You do not black out under g-forces a trained human could endure, you do not lose the horizon, and you do not rip the wings off unless you have decided, for tactical reasons, that the wings should come off. Anything that flies, you can fly. Give it an hour and you fly it like you were born aboard.

Energy Trap: *200 CP (Discount Pilot)*

Combat, the old hands say, is an exchange of energy: speed, altitude, position, initiative, and whoever banks the most wins. You perceive this ledger directly. In any contest (dogfight, duel, debate, lawsuit) you know at a glance who holds the advantage, as well as how big it is. You still have to earn the advantage yourself. What you can no longer do is misjudge it.

Ace in a Day: *400 CP (Discount Pilot)*

Each foe you defeat in an engagement sharpens you for the rest of it, up to fifteen times: reflexes, awareness, and judgment climbing kill over kill, stacking until the fight ends. Skill gets you the first one. By the fifth it is arithmetic. Separately, word of your victories travels with supernatural speed and accuracy, so your reputation arrives before you do, undistorted: enemies show up pre-frightened and recruiters pre-sold on your quality.

Above Spec: *600 CP (300 CP Discount, Pilot)*

Machines love you, and like anyone in love they exceed themselves. Any vehicle you personally operate performs a clear margin beyond its design limits, call it fifteen percent: faster, tighter, harder-climbing, quicker-loading, longer-ranged, with no added wear or fuel burn. Engineers consulting the blueprints afterward will tell you that what you did was impossible, and they will be right. Do it anyway. There is the aircraft on the statcard and the aircraft in the legend, and you fly the legend.

Bluewater Sailor Perks

Damage Control Party: *100 CP (Free for Sailor)*

Fires you fight go out, floods you fight recede, and machinery you nurse limps home. Under your hands, or your orders, damage control succeeds at the outer edge of the physically possible, every time: the magazine does not cook off, the bulkhead holds, the pumps stay ahead of the sea. Things you own and maintain become grimly difficult to destroy outright, in the manner of certain elderly destroyers that spent entire decades refusing to sink.

Rangefinder Eyes: *200 CP (Discount Sailor)*

Distance, speed, and lead, by eye, instantly, exactly. You can call the range to a smudge on the horizon within a ship-length and put a shell into the future position of a target maneuvering twenty kilometers away. First salvo brackets, second straddles, third arrives through the roof of somebody's very bad afternoon. Also works with bows and thrown wrenches.

Unsinkable Sam: *400 CP (Discount Sailor)*

Named for a ship's cat that survived three sinkings, two of them on opposite sides. The sea, and fate generally, declines to finish you off. When *general* disaster destroys the vessel, vehicle, or building you inhabit, you and those physically holding onto you end up somewhere survivable: the one calm beach, the passing neutral freighter, the debris that floats. *Note: this perk will trigger once per year, and does nothing against a targeted strike.*

Flagship Presence: *600 CP (400 CP Discount, Sailor)*

Eight hundred-plus sailors crew a battleship, and a good admiral wears all of them like a coat. You are a great admiral. Forces under your command (a ship's crew, a fleet; this perk has no upper limit) coordinate as though they had drilled together for years, regardless of actual acquaintance. Your orders arrive ungarbled through any interference, jamming, or chaos, and morale under your flag does not break. Strategy is still your job. Execution runs itself.

Bureau Engineer Perks

Wrenchworn: *100 CP (Free for Engineer)*

You can service, repair, and jury-rig any machine you understand (and after Tutorial Completed, you understand plenty) using whatever is on hand, where 'on hand' has been known to mean fence wire, shell casings, and a second, more broken machine. Engines you tend start in any weather. Nothing you maintain fails at the dramatic moment.

Modification Tree: *200 CP (Discount Engineer)*

Look at a machine and see what it could become: a branching tree of feasible upgrades hanging in your mind's eye, each node tagged with its requirements in time, parts, and skill. New transmission. Bored-out engine. That absurd but workable second gun. Given a workshop and materials, you can walk any machine up its own tree, node by node, well past the point where its original designers gave up and went home.

Captured Prototype: *400 CP (Discount Engineer)*

The bureau's oldest tradition: someone else's genius, in a crate, with a crowbar beside it. Given a working example of any technology, or honestly a substantial wreck, a period of study yields complete understanding: theory, blueprints, manufacturing process, even for technology generations beyond your own, though the time it takes scales with the difference in technology. What you gain is comprehension, deep enough to teach what you have taken, adapt it, and eventually improve on it.

Paper Plans Made Real: *600 CP (400 CP Discount, Engineer)*

The Theater fields machines that never existed: prototypes that lost the contract, projects cancelled by sane committees, designs that lived and died on a draftsman's table. You can make it real. Given a design that was seriously proposed but never built (napkin sketch, patent filing, doomed prototype, paper tank), you can build it, and it will work as its designers hoped rather than as physics intended. The flaws that killed it in committee decline to manifest under your hands (and yours alone). Mass production means solving those problems for real, though a working example is a considerable head start. Every world has a filing cabinet full of beautiful impossible machines. You have just been issued the key.

ITEMS & VEHICLES

All purchases here are fiat-backed: lost, stolen, or destroyed items return to your Hangar within a week. Vehicles bought here are yours, permanently, across all future worlds.

Basic Issue

The Hangar: *Free/300 CP*

Your own. A pocket of calm the size of a generous airfield lot, attached to the Hinterland. It holds every vehicle you own with room to spare, plus a fuel point, an ammunition store that replenishes monthly (standard combat loads only!), basic tools, a cot, and a kettle. Destroyed vehicles from this jump reconstitute here after their destruction in accordance with the underwriter's laws. Pay 300 CP and this space travels with you across jumps, becoming accessible from any garage, barn, or dock you have honest claim to.

Reserve Vehicles: *Free*

One humble Rank I machine of your nation and every branch: an interwar light tank, a fabric-winged biplane, a motor torpedo boat. Reserves are special. Yours reconstitutes in the Hangar overnight, costs nothing to repair, and never breaks down from neglect. Veterans speak of their reserves with an embarrassed tenderness that will make sense to you in about ten years.

Vehicles by Rank

Each purchase is one specific vehicle, any model the Theater fields, which is to say nearly anything humanity built or credibly designed, from any nation. The ranks below are the Theater's ladder of technological generations.

Rank	Era / Examples	Cost
Rank I–II	Interwar through early war. Panzer II, T-26, Hurricane, a destroyer of the old school.	50 CP
Rank III–IV	The war at full roar. T-34-85, Panther, P-51 Mustang, Spitfire Mk IX, a fleet cruiser.	100 CP
Rank V	Late war and the first jets. Centurion, IS-3, Me 262, F8F Bearcat, a fast battleship.	200 CP
Rank VI	The early Cold War. M60, T-62, MiG-21, F-100 Super Sabre, guided missiles in their adolescence.	300 CP

Rank VII+	The modern day. M1A2 Abrams, T-90M, Leopard 2A7, F-16, Su-27, attack helicopters.	400 CP

Talisman: *+100 CP surcharge per vehicle*

The gilded treatment. A talismanned vehicle earns double (money, research, reputation, experience, in whatever currency the world deals) for everything done in or with it. It arrives fully modified, never suffers stock-grind teething troubles, and gleams faintly even under mud.

Ace and Spades: *200 CP*

A backdoor to permanence, paid in sweat instead of Choice Points. Everyone has that one machine they can't bring themselves to retire: the chugging cruiser, the clapped-out fighter with the oversized supercharger. Trouble is, you never actually bought it, so by the underwriter's laws it was never yours to keep. This is how you keep it anyway. Take any vehicle you can lay honest hands on and grind it all the way to the end: every modification researched and bolted on, the crew trained to their peak, the full set of kill-earned camouflages unlocked the only way the Theater hands them out, one grim milestone at a time.

Carry a single machine to that summit, with nothing left on it to unlock, and the Theater quietly reclassifies it as yours: fiat-backed exactly like a purchased vehicle, reconstituting in your Hangar and riding with you into every world after. There is no shortcut written into this; the grind is the price, and the entire point. Do it to as many machines as your decade has hours for, though most jumpers manage exactly one, and end up loving it as much or more than anything they ever paid for outright.

Equipment & Sundries

Decal & Camouflage Kit: *100 CP*

Infinite paint, every historical scheme and several ahistorical ones, plus a library of decals from the dignified to the deeply anime. Functional, too: a vehicle painted from this kit gains a real edge in blending with terrain the scheme suits, while the lurid options radiate an unsettling confidence that genuinely makes some enemies hesitate. Nobody wants to be the one killed by that.

War Bond Locker: *100 CP*

A steel cabinet that pays out monthly: a few single-use Backup tokens (spend one when a vehicle is destroyed and it reconstitutes for free in hours instead of a week), a booster or two (a day of increased earnings), and occasionally something odd.

Ammunition Bench: *150 CP*

Your Hangar's ammunition store upgrades from 'standard combat load' to 'whatever your vehicle can take': any shell type, belt composition, torpedo setting, or bomb load your vehicles can physically accept, free, forever, including the premium options the Theater normally gouges for. Comes with a reloading bench and all the fixings.

Bushes: *150 CP*

An inexhaustible supply of the Theater's most notorious paid advantage: foliage. Strap these branches to any vehicle, structure, or person and they confer camouflage that works wherever they are. A green bush in a desert helps. A green bush on a ship's superstructure helps. Nobody knows why; observers' eyes just slide off.

The Wager Book: *200 CP*

A slim ledger bound in snail leather (do not ask). Write a concrete challenge for yourself, such as five victories before sundown, or delivering the convoy with no losses, or simply surviving this, and the Book sets fair odds. Succeed and it pays out in money, materiel, useful introductions, the occasional small miracle, scaled to the risk. Fail and you lose the stake you posted. The Book never welches, never lies about odds, and refuses bets on other people's behavior. As far as anyone can tell, it is the single most honest institution in the Theater.

Protection Analysis Room: *200 CP*

A chamber off your Hangar containing a perfect simulation. Place any machine you own (or have Statcard-read) against any weapon you have encountered, and watch the engagement resolve with total physical fidelity, from any angle, as many times as you like. Plan ambushes, test modifications, settle arguments. The Room's projections are never wrong, which is more unnerving than it sounds, because you'll never be able to properly enjoy a Powerscaling debate again.

Tech Tree Atlas: *200 CP*

A living folio that maps technology, any world's, the way the Theater maps its own: lineages, branches, prerequisites, the whole genealogy of artifice, updating as you encounter new wonders. Want to build the locals' fusion drive? The Atlas shows the seventeen researchable steps between here and there, and which intermediate machines are worth fielding along the way. Technology stops being a wall and becomes a ladder. Pairs notoriously well with the Engineer line.

Premium Account: *500 CP*

The fundamental subscription, except this one never lapses. All your earnings (money, research, experience, skill-growth, reputation, harvest, interest) accrue at one and a half times the usual rate, in this world and every world after. This is the most boringly powerful purchase in the document, and the veterans who mock people for buying it have all bought it.

Golden Eagles Reserve: *500 CP*

A small lockbox of the Theater's other currency. Golden Eagles buy exactly one thing, which is time: they convert waiting into having. Each month the box yields a modest allowance, spendable to instantly complete any time-gated process you have legitimately begun: training, research, construction, healing, bureaucracy, travel. The allowance is genuinely modest, perhaps two weeks' worth of skipped waiting per month, and the box ignores attempts to hoard more than three months' supply. Time, the Snail has ruled, must remain at least slightly real.

COMPANIONS

War in the Theater is a team sport, played with people who will absolutely steal your kill.

Crew Import / Creation: *50 CP each, or 8 for 300 CP*

Import existing companions or create new ones: a loader who argues, a wingman with debts, a gunner who never misses and never explains. Each receives an Origin of their choice (with its free 100 CP perk and discounts), a free Reserve vehicle or crew berth, and 400 CP to spend on perks and items. They may not take Drawbacks. They share your underwriting: battle-death sends them back to the Hangar with a bill, same as you.

The Old Guard: *150 CP*

A unique companion: a veteran who has been in the Theater since, as she puts it, 'the open beta,' and who remembers every patch, every meta, every machine the Snail ever blessed or ruined. She is jaded, encyclopedic, allergic to optimism, and the finest combat mentor you will ever meet. She has watched ten thousand new arrivals burn bright and flame out. Prove you are not one of them and her loyalty is total, permanent, and expressed exclusively through complaint. Comes with her own storied vehicle (Rank V equivalent; choose the flavor together) and 600 CP. Spend it correctly for her, or you'll never hear the end of it.

DRAWBACKS

Take up to +800 CP. All Drawbacks last the full ten years and end with the jump unless you and your benefactor agree otherwise.

Anime Decals: *+50 CP*

Every vehicle you operate is permanently and luridly decorated (enormous pastel mascots, sparkles, a slogan you cannot, and would not want to, read) in a livery that reapplies itself overnight no matter what you do. Forget camouflage. Everyone on the battlefield can see you, and unlike the Camouflage Kit, no one is intimidated.

Stock Syndrome: *+100 CP*

Every vehicle you acquire, by purchase or perk or salvage, arrives stock: worst available ammunition, no spare parts, no fire extinguishers, a transmission with trust issues. Each machine must be fought, painfully, through dozens of engagements before its proper equipment 'unlocks.' Veterans reading this may have just flinched at the bad memories.

Permanent Uptier: *+100 CP*

The brackets have it in for you. Every battle the Queue deals you sits at the top of your machine's effective range: everything across the field is newer, thicker, faster, and meaner than you, for ten straight years. You will be the museum piece on the modern battlefield, and you will become an artist of the weak spot, because the alternative is becoming a recurring invoice.

The Economy Update: *+150 CP*

For you, everything costs more and pays less. Repair fees run steep, rewards run thin, and every few months a fresh adjustment arrives, always announced as an improvement, always somehow a pay cut. Staying solvent is possible. It just requires being good, frugal, and awake, forever, the way everyone here had to be before the last round of community outrage forced a partial rollback. Locals will buy you sympathy drinks. Then stop. Because the drinks also cost more.

Hit, No Damage: *+200 CP*

Roughly one shot in six, your cleanly landed, perfectly aimed, absolutely lethal hit simply... does nothing. The shell vanishes into some crevice of the target's geometry and expends itself against, apparently, nothing at all. No pattern, no appeal, just the calm voice of the universe noting: *hit.*

CAS Magnet: *+200 CP*

Close Air Support: the abbreviation ground crews spit rather than say. Whenever you begin doing well in a surface engagement, the moment momentum is yours, the sky takes a personal interest. Rocket-laden attackers, dive bombers, helicopters; all of them finding *you*. Specifically, aggravatingly, you.

Spawn Camped: *+200 CP*

Your beginnings are cursed. Ambushes congeal around your starting positions, and enemies materialize at the edges of your first vulnerable minutes, so that every battle opens with you fighting for the right to begin fighting.

"Teammates": *+200 CP*

You will never fight alone. You will wish you were fighting alone. Your allies, all ten years of them, are a rolling catastrophe of stolen kills, abandoned flanks, friendly collisions on the runway, point captures left one meter from complete, and at least one soul per battle who simply drives into the lake. None of it is malice, which is the worst part. Malice you could predict.

Marked by the Snail: *+300 CP*

The management has noticed you, and the management does not approve of outliers. Whatever you favor gets patched: your best machine's bracket shifts to face stiffer opposition, your cleverest trick stops working ('fixed: an exploit'), your preferred ammunition gets reclassified with no announcement. Every few months, like a tax. Nothing you build your comfort on will stay load-bearing for a full year, and the only strategy the Snail cannot nerf is adaptability.

One Life Per Battle: *+400 CP*

Your underwriting contract carries an exclusion clause in the finest of print: in battle, you may die once. The first death of any battle returns you to the Hangar, shaken but covered. Re-enter that same battle and die a second time, and the coverage lapses. You are dead, fully, chain-endingly dead, with the Theater's sincere condolences and a final invoice to your estate.

SCENARIOS

Optional. Declare a Scenario at the start of the jump; complete its terms to claim the reward. Fail, and you lose nothing but a decade's dignity. These are not for new chains, whatever you were planning on. Read the terms twice.

Scenario: The Nuke Run

The Theater keeps one true ending in stock. When a single combatant achieves overwhelming dominance in a ground battle, a tally of destruction the Queue itself finds vulgar, the sirens change key, and that combatant is offered the Bomber: one aircraft, one device, one chance to fly it through everything the enemy can throw at you and end the battle with explosive finality. Most who earn the offer die on the run in.



The Bomber: one aircraft, one chance

Terms: Earn and complete the Run (dominance, delivery, detonation) ten times across your decade. The enemy team is, of course, entitled to shoot you down, and word spreads about people like you. Each Nuke Run will be more difficult than the last.

Reward, MUTUALLY ASSURED: A permanent law of your own metaphysics. In any future conflict where you personally achieve true, overwhelming dominance (not mere advantage; the kind of dominance a universe finds vulgar), you are offered a conflict-ender commensurate with the setting: the device, the ritual, the override code, the word of unmaking, scaled to the battle it must end. You must still deliver it yourself, through everything they have left. Endings never come free. *Note: the conflict-ender must already exist under the setting's own rules, may affect only forces and infrastructure participating in that conflict, and is lost for that conflict if you fail the delivery.*

Scenario: Top of the Tree

Every nation's tech tree ends somewhere: the modern day, the bleeding edge, the machines so new they still smell of paint and litigation. Reaching the top of one branch is the work of years. Reaching the top of all of them, every tank and aircraft and hull your nation ever fielded, researched and mastered, is the work of a decade in which you do very little else.

Terms: Complete your nation's entire tech tree, all branches, all ranks, before the jump ends, through legitimate accumulation of Research Points. Golden Eagles cannot shortcut this. The Snail audits. The Grind must be ground.

Reward, THE COMPLETIONIST'S CROWN: Your Hangar receives one of everything: a full copy of your nation's tree, every machine you researched, yours forever, with the standard reconstitution guarantee. Hundreds of vehicles, from the first sputtering reserve to the final gleaming monster, plus the lived mastery of every one of them. When future worlds ask where your army gets its equipment, smile. *Note: this stacks with vehicles purchased with CP or obtained via 'Ace and Spades'.*

ENDING THE JUMP

Ten years of sirens, invoices, and engine oil, and then the Queue releases you. Three roads out of the Theater, as always:

Go Home

The war ends, for you. You return to your origin world with everything you have earned, Hangar included, and the sirens never sound for you again. Somewhere in the Hangar, the reserve vehicle waits, and on quiet nights you will swear you can hear a queue pop, far away, like thunder past the horizon.

Stay

The Theater keeps you. Maybe you have a squadron now, a nation, a name the new arrivals learn in their first week. Maybe you have ten thousand battles ahead and the strange peace of a war with no stakes. And perhaps, the Old Guard says this happens very rarely, management takes an interest, and one morning there is a door in the back of your hangar that was not there yesterday, and a job offer. The Theater always needs help with patches.

Move On

The chain continues: next world, next budget, next set of beautiful terrible choices. Your machines ride with you. Your crew, if imported or willing, rides with you. The Theater closes behind you like water, and somewhere in the next world, the first time you hear a siren, your hands will already be moving.

Somewhere behind the morning, the sirens are starting up. The kettle in your new Hangar is just coming to a boil, your Reserve is idling with eagerness, and ten years of war with a respawn button stretches out in front of you like a runway.

The Queue is popping, Jumper. Good Luck.

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