Mortasheen

Is the name of this wonderfully festering world's largest, most ancient, and above all else most *alive* city. It's a place of wonder and discovery, where mad scientists (as in, MAD with the joy of discovery! Actual mental health is neither here nor there) compete and collaborate in pursuit of the mysteries inherent in biology and far stranger scientists. Mad surgeons, engineers, and even managers or philosophers only vaguely organised under various academic institutions and regulated by hassled proctors, whether trying to genetically engineer the ultimate monster-or invent a new way to set light on fire.

Speaking of *monsters*, whatever the ambition of the average scientist taming and training the many *wondrous* creatures out there is core to just about any vocation! And once one has formed a bond of trust with such a creature, it's only natural to modify them into even stranger forms. Found what looks like a pile of crocodiles melted together? Make it grow to the size of a whale then sprout wings and a radioactive laser breath! Discovered a talon-tailed creature resembling a cross between moray eel, wolf and opossum? Give it poisonous spines and the gift of flight! The sky (and your budget's) the limit!

Yes, yes, some would describe this world as "disgusting" and "lawless" and "a postapocalyptic nightmare landscape haunted by creatures trapped in undying fates worse than death" but that's not the point. The point is, *life found a way* to not just survive. But thrive! Is this a new beginning for hardy organisms, or akin to a sudden bloom of detritovores feasting on a rotting carcass? There's little distinction for many here. Everyone lives in the moment, seizing both the day and ADVENTURE! Always remember that there's as much wonder as there is horror in this wild, whimsically unnatural world.

Take 1000 choice points, and don't be afraid to get your hands dirty

Location, Location, Location!

But just where ARE you in this marvellously festering world? **Anyone can start in the city of Mortasheen for free**, roll a 1d8 for any other location, or pay 50 CP to choose somewhere to arrive at.

1. Wreath installation. That's…odd. Are those angular buildings *clean?* This sparkling settlement of smooth contours and polished streets feels utterly alien to the world. The locals seem to have been recently augmented with biomechanical implants that, while leaving them currently humanoid, show a distinct flair for more efficient forms. They warn of the many accursed dangers beyond their walls. They speak of purpose and purity beyond the limits of flesh. Sometimes, grander and more mechanical entities silently arrive to oversee this settlement and leave just as silently. Everyone is welcoming, supportive and sympathetic, but there's a sense of…oppressive community judgement for anything outside it.

Everyone always agrees with the group.

Everyone does their appointed task on time.

Everyone constantly thanks the Wreath.

Everything is always still, pristine and sterile.

Sterile, sterile, sterile.

You get the feeling that while you're safe here for now, *you should leave within a week.*

If you roll this location, you may choose any other for free.

2. The world beyond civilisation. Or ocean, or…whatever's out there. Here there be monsters just like everywhere else, but definitely those of a more competitive and predator bent. Whether Arborum Infernus where a scarlet pine forest blurs all memory of non-natives (who themselves are wary of the Devilbirds that make their homes here, strangely self-isolating despite otherwise being power-hungry mind-parasites), or Droserea Basin where the world's last surviving rainforest thwarts all documented efforts to explore it and enhances the physiology of native life, or the great northern tundra where blind penguins crack bone for supper. You'll be seeing a lot of nature red, green and black in tooth, claw, proboscis, pseudopod and so much more out here.

3. The retrohuman communities. Ah, you've found yourself among those strange adventurous souls that resemble so closely those you've likely met in other worlds! There's only a scant few but notable settlements of theirs out in the world, so you can choose which one to gatecrash. Medama perhaps, based in a high-tech disc city atop an artificially maintained glacier that deploys intelligent battle robots to deal with any monster incursions-and has a friendly rivalry with Mortasheen's tendency to spontaneously generate monsters worth fighting! Cannontown, a mobile procession of rolling tanks in which specialised vehicles drill for fresh water or cultivate edible plant life-and with a far closer relationship to Mortasheen as a bulwark against the more feral entities behind its' borders. Or even strange, distant Krelborn where some unusual trick of sociology has resulted in humans and monsters living together in perfect harmony-except when the monsters occasionally have to drag their hapless allies back from the brutality of the outside world.

4. The Ridge. Once through the middle of Mortasheen there sprang an impressively natural mountain range. Scoured by the city's chemical-rich atmosphere, it's attracted a thriving community of smog enthusiasts hoping to inhale the psychedelic toxic ice forming up high. A million specialised Datashades document all going-ons in the city, the largest and oldest Joker hive in the city seem fascinated by something

“deep underneath”, and the restaurant Posh specialises in making featureless white tablets bereft of any original compounds compressed into it.

5. The Rustfen. This sharp-smelling fungal swam thwarts any attempt to track its’ origins, which are far less important than the fact that it’s harsh acidic waters, abundance of mosquitoes and overwhelmingly hardy fungi resemble something out of Hidetaka Miyazaki’s wet dreams. At least one enterprising restauranteur-scientist has opened up shop here to cook unusual specimens at Mycete at the Table, and everyone else is obsessed with recycling just like the mushrooms. Also a local swathe of fungus and debris has somehow become semi-sentient, named itself Pete, and hopes to make new friends.

6. The Runoff. Ah, the city proper’s in sight now! You’ve found yourself at the coastline where Mortasheen touches the ocean, and massive platelet-like mounds of garbage house entire communities. From the boutique Pelagique that hopes to hook you up with all manner of marine modifications, to Skip the friendly and otherwise normal bootlace worm who just happens to be so vast folks can tour his guts but he’s never seen his other end, to the ruthless battling corporations Flenesco (a meatpacking company run by the enigmatically ruthless Laverne Dematobia) and Scolex Farms (it’s principle rival, typically selling meet infested by power-hungry brainflukes looking for new nervous systems), there’s never a dull day by the shoreline.

Alternatively you can start somewhere at least body of water-adjacent. One example being the Corpsen Sea, a valley filled with a perpetually writhing mass of Zombies (and some occasional helpful sentient specimens) as well as what may well be the very first Zomboid ever. Another being distant Thogome, a series of vein-like warrens beneath the waves known for its chthonic design and cyclopean architecture-as well as being the Vampire capital of the world, where their commerce and industry entwines with that of their beloved Orloks’ like an octopus with a sea anemone.

7. The Skitterwood. Technically within Mortasheen's boundaries, as the largest and densest mass of living foliage it can feel like a world away. For starters, it's entirely mobile. From tiny spiderlings rising in clouds, to the Kynaston Institute of Higher Study's study of eating exotic drugs, symbiosis and consumption are the names of the game. So vibrant and fertile are these woods that botanical monsters and similar beings regenerate faster from all the nutrients and mutagens everywhere. This is a wonderful place to obtain insectile or plant-based monsters as well as non-monstrous plants mutated wildly to survive this hypercompetitive environment. But good like finding one with chlorophyll.

8. Surprise! You'd expect the most populous and eventful spot on the map to be right at the start, but *all roads lead to Mortasheen!*

Perhaps you'd like to know a little more about this city? Well, rats are by far the most populous animals to inhabit it. There's public transportation to practically every gangrenous apartment or tentacular avenue, even if some of it seems alive. The Snotkarst, it's lauded art district, is coated in greenish slimestone that grows as quickly as it erodes. The Smogsands house the majority of its' industrial operations amonst scorching dunes. Sparkjungle houses an expanse of turbines, cables and solar panels so expansive that a "farmer's market" has its' own dedicated nuclear generator. And the Sluckways, the city's sewers, are full of people who've made too many enemies above but aren't ready to tough it out in the wild just yet.

It undergoes a steady process of renewal and growth, supported by the Shades which seem born from its' recesses to (mostly) fulfil a singular task with barely any sense of self. One singularly rotund specimen, the self-declared Mayor, seems to embody an incoherent glimpse at Mortasheen's embodied will.

It also has by far the largest concentration of academies, institutes, colleges, kitchens, bargain bin stores and other institutes of note! From the Victor-Moreau Academy of the biological where carefully controlled greenhouses, aquariums and more protect specimens from the thrill of mutation, to the Brainard-Kept Institute of Alchemistry where mysticism flirts with hard science, there's no better place to shake hands with absent-minded boffins off in search of their next research project. Or to take cover from it.

Oh and of course by rolling here, you can start anywhere at all here. Anywhere! Want to start through some otherworldly rift a particularly exotic monster hails from? *Don't let your dreams be dreams.*

On the Origin of Origins

You may well be familiar with the gulf of capability between various species, in other corners of the multiverse. In this one however, despite the multitude of physiologies there is only really one question that matters: Are you a metahuman, or a monster?

Metahuman (Free): Of course, of course! The fact that you're reading this at all suggests you are one of many strange, specialised creatures descended from the ancient retro-humanity civilisation theorised to have created both much of the planet's currently desolate state as well as many of the monster and metahuman subspecies currently in existence. All your kind have mysterious traces of human genetic information, and live indefinitely unless killed with utmost thoroughness-otherwise your ilk withstand extremes of injury, sickness, heat, cold, radiation, psychoconnective phenomena and poisoning like retrohumanity treats heavy rain: Annoying, even inconvenient in excess, but seldom permanently fatal. It's from such stock that most (but not all) mad scientists arise from.

Nonetheless, there are differentiated types of your kind with unique attributes of their own:

Monster (Free): How curious! You appear to be a monster: A typically more animalistic or otherwise inhuman lifeform trundling around this world, gifted with far greater physiological abilities than the average metahuman. While sometimes predatory, aggressive, alien or simply smug, few monsters are outright *evil.* As a matter of fact, save the proud Vampires and inscrutable Devilbirds many actively seek out a master to serve! Your life is one of survival, but with someone to train and modify you it could be so much more. This nameless, undeniable craving will let you reach glories you couldn't conceive of on your own…though first, we must start by determining the nature of your monstrosity.

Monsters do not pick a Discipline, Field or Think Tank.

Drop-In

You are neither meta nor monstrosity. You come from beyond-somewhere foreign even to most of the fantastical realms, states of being and dimensions of the Warped, but a place and time utterly alien from this amicably grotesque world. Perhaps it's even somewhere sterile. Contained. Sane.

This obviously comes with different premises for interaction than everyone else. You may not take a race option, either for metahumans or monsters-apart from retrohuman, Warped, and a certain option discounted for you found only in the Drop-In perkline.

Of Disciplines, Fields and Think Tanks (Metahuman only)

Rather than might or swiftness, it's what you study that defines your merits as a scientist! Still, for the sake of that self-same study it may bear mentioning what exactly you are:

Shade (Free)

You're a silicon-based polygonal skeleton that is also a brain, a few rubbery organs and a matrix of semi-organic gooey skin! This substance, Inkhor, utterly absorbs all ambient energy from heat to radiation which gives you your trademark ink black appearance when unclothed. It is also the very lifeblood of Mortasheen City in many ways. For it created you and all your kind to serve as everything as plumbers to electricians to crude emulations of civilisation, almost all preprogrammed for autonomous tasks. Almost. Every now and then, a Shade aspires for more in life. You are one such individual.

Mutant (Free)

You're an evolved and adapted specimen of retrohumanity! Large swathes of your body or even its' general bodyplan may resemble the ancient rulers of this planet. But whether coated in functional masses of excess flesh, multi-jointed limbs, extra eyeballs or a kind of general uncanniness you're noticeably unique in your own special way. However oversized or unusual your mutations, they're all functional enough that your kind is known for its boundless enthusiasm, diversity and curiosity. Even among mad scientists, mutants are known for their flights of fancy and rapid-fire intellect for fields of focus. It's like mad science runs in their blood…

Sectilian (Free)

When you were born, you resembled a retrohuman with solid color eyes and subtly different limbs. You had a "dreambug" you instinctively knew you'd perish without, and once you were brought to the Sectopod for fusion with this arthropoid of your dreams you and it traded roughly 50% of your biomass to become a seamless merger of humanoid and insect. Even your former minds merged into your present one! Your kind are known for living in isolation clanhives that engage in (mostly) symbolic cultural practices, and carry great reverence for the circumstances of your maturity.

Merrow (Free)

A hybrid of humanoid and gilled vertebrate, your kind were created by the Vampires as vassals long ago. Some have non-humanoid lower torsos or heads resembling a hagfish, swordfish or what have you, but most are more known for their wide mouths and slimy skin. All were products of a darker, more predatory time in Vampire history: Created from retrohumans as a servitor race, armed with parasitic crustaceans bioengineered into everything from body armor to prosthetics. Even after being gradually released into freedom for many generations, many Merrow find elder vampires so reflexively mistrustful some speculate it was a parting gift engineered into their genome. Nonetheless, Merrow often retain a strong fascination for spiritual and mythological matters.

Orlok (Free)

Clawed, fanged, bat-eared, only rarely producing males and leathery-skinned, your kind live in eusocial hives ruled by a single queen. Though nearsighted, your ears and noses are sensitive enough to effectively echolocate. You are a member of the final, arguably perfect genetically engineered race created by the Vampires to provide a sustainable source of blood. Not only does your body provide much more blood than you need, but every 25 hour cycle you experience an urge to vent it and a deeply soothing experience from Vampires, leeches, ticks, hamsters or

other blood-drinkers from feeding on you. Despite all that, these days Vampires and Orlok colonies have reached such equitable symbiosis neither truly has power over the other, with the vampires becoming overprotective and the Orloks taking it upon themselves to be more practical.

Zombie (Free)

When a retrohuman dies and their corpse is reasonably intact, a strange new form of life and consciousness takes hold of their corpse. Networks resembling those of fungi and slime moulds reanimate them into nonliving but animate biomass. Feeding on these symbiotes alone devolves the zombie to the stereotypical shambling, brains-hungry behaviour of ancient tales but given regular enough food and they're known for being laidback, friendly sorts with little sense of urgency. While it is generally accepted Zombies are new life born from the dead, sometimes retrohuman communities recognise…something familiar in their risen dead, and there are cases where Zombies bear strong emotional attachments to the site of their death even they can't explain.

Mushmen (Free)

You're a skeleton, a brain, and a loose set of tendons held together inside a framework of fungal-animal tissues! Composed of at least 60% fungal material, you're considered among the most hardy and attuned to nature of the metahumans. So much so that many other retrofauna (what retrohumanity would call "normal animals") nestle within your kind's mass and feed you off their byproducts, completely harmless even when mutating from exposure to your biomass. Famed for your positive attitudes, hospitality and general joy of life, your kind run the full gamut from unscrupulous conmen to kindly hermit herbalists. What's absolutely certain is you're all definitely fun guys.

Borg (+100)

You've shed everything except your brain, spinal cord and perhaps an eyeball or two! The rest is kept in some kind of mechanical retrohuman-built mechanical body-and while more or less helpless outside it, they're surprisingly more resilient than the average retrohuman brain, inching alone with their little snubs until implanted din another body. While your kind generally only know as much engineering as it takes to maintain said bodily, you're renowned for your psigital navigation of online networks and for breeding monstrous brains as pets or descendants. Notoriously, many of your kind still grossly overestimate your egos and succumb to hubris as if throwing out everything else makes your brain more special-though just as many really are as thoughtful and humble as they like to think.

Meta Minority (+100)

Or perhaps you're one of the more seldom-seen metas? A Kroak, a humanoid frog notorious for your weak immune system and powerful regeneration? A Neoslime, an inexplicably sentient slime? Whatever you are, there's generally a minor but burdensome reason why you aren't more frequently seen at Mortasheen, with Kroaks in particular being far more vulnerable to Mortasheen's fumes. Almost as much as retrohumans.

Regardless of *what* you are, the physiological benefits can be summarised by the following **free perk for the backgrounds listed above**:

Built to Last (Free): Whatever you are, you're *uncannily* durable and have astounding vitality even relative to whatever you are. Get shot in the head? Gargle out the bullet and your fungal fibres or whatever will start stitching it back together. Lose an arm? Just hang on and a friend can build or grow you a new one. Be EATEN in battle, whether from a monster larger than you are or a chestbursting parasite? Nothing a little meatball surgery can't fix! Also while not *quite* immortal, lifespans extending into the centuries are common and even millennia are not unheard of for some. The specifics may vary from engineering to robust physiology to not being conventionally alive, but the end result is the same: As long as your corpse is mostly intact OR most of your parts are still collectible, you can be revived or healed good as new eventually!

Except for, well…

Retrohumanity (+200CP)

You are a member of the original dominant species of this planet, standing upright on two legs and with two plain old arms. If one gets cut off, you can't grow it back, If your head and body are separated, both generally stop moving forever. They require an atmosphere of under 1% chlorine, and a single Zombie can send one into septic shock. Despite this, evidence of your civilisation suggested it waged a war that started with the emergence of the first monsters and metas, and ended with the survivors being brutally hunted down by some of the worst creations of this war. Retrohumans in the present day though are almost irrationally optimistic and fearless. When asked, they often talk about "finding meaning in being human" despite the plethora of genetic or cybernetic augmentations at their disposal to their greatly concerned metahuman friends.

Note that whatever the nature of how you survive out here-armoured suit or genetic enhancements-by default, retrohumans are much worse at recovering from physical trauma than members of the race options listed above.

Choose a Discipline, one of two Fields (listed beneath those Disciplines) and the type of Think Tank you either belong to or which most shaped your learning approach in this world. Each will provide a set of discounts in the subsequent section.

Disciplines and Fields

Biology

Ah yes, the meat and…less fresh meat of making monsters itself! The exploration of exotic ecosystems, the cataloguing of biomes, the vivisection of just about anything and anyone you can get to lay down on a slab! Your calling is the very cutting edge of making monstrosities (even some of whom don't seem to have wonderfully squishy and wet parts) bigger and better, whether you devoted it towards cutting edge pharmaceuticals or a simple quality of life vocation like growing a steak big enough to feed an entire village. Those from your field are often at odds with physicists, who seem obsessed with nonsense like "energy transfer" and "leverage" when really, all problems can and should be solved by genetically engineering a cool new organ that can evolve to surmount any problem!

- **Surgery:** You've focused your studies on opening up, modifying and repairing living bodies! Such individuals are typically thought of as "surgeons", but mad science blurs the lines between those and war criminals when patients sometimes wake up with more arms and redundant organs than they started with. You're better at making powerful monsters with lots of parts and abilities than most.

- **Genetics:** You've focused your studies on divining the code of enzymes, amino acids and stranger things that living beings run on! Instead of grafting in a new organ, with a monster's wealth of genetic information you might tinker it's body into secreting a flame-retardant slime instead. You're better at making complex monsters with strong, flexible abilities than most.

Physics

Aha! Yours is the new, sleek, shiny science on the block! The important historical significance of death rays and doomsday devices in Mortasheen's history aside, those in your field are also those most focused on combating Mortasheen's newest, most inorganic, and potentially most credible existential threat: The Wreath. Whether by reverse engineer, chemical engineering, computer engineering or just plain old engineering, you're an ardent advocate for using synthetic components and manufactured materials to build a better world-one gadget at a time! The traditionalists in your field work with things like electricity, plasma, gravity, and even time-while those from the new school focus on innovation above all else. Both often take ire with philosophers, the former for not being realistic enough, the latter for intruding on THEIR field.

- **Electrician:** You're all about gadgets! Whether it's harnessing quantum mechanics, tinkering magnetic fields into sources of perpetual energy or inventing hyperspace travel you know better than most how to build something for the job. Or just build something boring but practical like regular renewable energy. Naturally you're good at making gadgets, especially making them more durable and recharge quicker.

- **Engineering:** The song of the hydraulic press and the melody of gears is music to your ears, but you aspire to go one step further. You don't just want to work with high powered machinery, you want to be high powered machinery! Why should monsters get to have all the fun with their old fashioned glands and membranes?! **Gain access to the Core, Brains and Brawn sections listed in The Monster Mash.** You may purchase your own as if you were a monster, although this reflects artificially installed machine parts rather than inherent biology. While this typically takes the form of things like shoulder cannons, eye beams, or spring-loaded legs, given the level of science in Mortasheen there is…considerable flexibility for what form this takes within the purchased tiers, as long as it at least pays lip service to the idea of artificial engineering.

Psychologist

Egad! You're a planner, a strategist, an executive or most terrifying of all-an advertiser! Among the youngest of the great scientific fields, psychology is more about turning cantankerous think tanks into efficient and synergistic units of holistic maximalism. In English, they make people help themselves in a way profitable for everyone involved. Also, redistributing and reallocating resources to streamline project delivery. Through a combination of management, therapy, and psigital phenomena (rumours say that last one was called "psychic" by ancient retrohumanity, though as you may learn later it's not quite that simple) psychologists often pride themselves on creating communities and building purpose despite their manipulative aptitude. Which often puts them at odds with biologists, both because they're intrinsically on the other side of the "nature vs nurture" debate and because consciousness transplantation is such a gauche approach to moulding minds.

- **Manager:** Running a team takes skill. You're not just a people person, you're also a monster person able to motivate even the most alien of allies! If research and fielding monsters was showbusiness, you'd be a superstar. You're good at managing a big team of diverse monsters. You can have 2 free YGOREs instead of one, and both of them are capable of leading your other monsters too. In addition, if you want you can have a free Wutzat as a companion, a type of Bioconstruct.

- **Mentalist:** Getting into someone's mind means so much more to you than brain surgery! By predicting someone's behaviour you can then interfere with it, either for better or for worse. Whether you're a spunky chatterbox or a quiet mastermind, others listen when you speak. You're good at getting scientists and other sapient beings to do what you want, whether it's publishing a research paper or getting a REALLY good deal on monster parts.

Philosophy

Fascinating! You're a scientist of science itself, someone who sets out to ask a question like "WHY gravity?" over and over again until it becomes a question like "Does it have to be gravity?" and eventually "What happens if I break gravity?". In theory, you know what you don't know, which provides profound insight into what else you know. In practice, you combine your applied MADNESS!, special fluids, psignalling (psychic-adjacent stuff again, more on this later), and nanomons to do things ancient retrohumanity is said to have called "magickal". Yes, turning granite into cheese with a wave of a hand or jolting recently deceased tissue back into an animate state might seem supernatural, but there's a perfectly replicable process behind it! Philosophically speaking. Insofar as average philosophers exist, they're often confused and alienated by psychiatrists. Where's the WONDER in just pinning down thoughts as bland little data points? Why does every question NEED an answer? Can't we just agree thinking beings are more than just equations to solve?!

- **Alchemestry:** You specialise in getting microscopic nanomons to sculpt the very molecular structure of the world around you! The secret language of the universe is made known to you in liquids, gasses and plasma-bending the very oxygen in a nearby pigeon to your will. Look, you're straight up a science wizard. Specifically the elemental kind of science wizard.

- **Necrotomy:** Through strange thought exercises and concentrated power of will, you've gained the ability to commune with Shade Inkhor (the very substrate Shades are made from, which Mortasheen uses to repair and expand itself), and all the nanomons within. This allows you to control organic tissue down to the cellular level-accelerating, pausing or reversing decomposition. Even getting a dead body up and walking in virtually any condition-as long as there is still, mostly, a body to tinker with! So yes, you're a science necromancer. Though your talents do extend to living as well as dead flesh.

Independent Study (Mandatory for Drop-In)

Fields? Disciplines? Bah. They say idle hands do the Devil's work, but you say it's better to publish in Hell than be eternally gerrymandered in academic Heaven! Instead of committing to a certain body of work, you've decided to acquire a broad range of applicable skills from all over the place. Your arsenal of useful talents and fresh thinking makes you an oddball amongst the scientific societies of Mortasheen. Naturally, that means the average Think Tank loves you. You gain one floating discount per price tier that can be spent in any other Discipline or Field section.

- Just Kidding: But perhaps what you really need is some *direction* for your directionless musings? How would you like to approach the outside context research of fields from a more…*meta* direction? Instead of those floating discounts, you get to discount the Independent Study perks instead.

Drop-Ins may still select a defining Think Tank.

Think Tank

Academic

Research for research's sake! Whether you're hot on the trails of lost technology, pursuing an alien anomaly or simply trying to reinvent the wheel, your Think Tank is one of many groups of dreamers out there hoping their big brains will push the boundaries of science wider than ever before. Because most mad scientists agree there should be more mad scientists, institutions of learning and other academic spaces are more welcoming and willing to grant access to their restricted resources or services. Just remember that failing to publish findings or new conclusions at least on occasion is a quick way to attract doubt and suspicion.

Corporate

For great profit! Whether you're a simple snake oil salesman, yet another rival meatpacking plant or someone actually making a useful and innovative product, your Think Tank is a corporate beast through and through. Your focus on profit maximisation has earned you the benefit of a corporate sponsor that provides marketing, spin doctoring and media campaigns to give you a glowing reputation among Mortasheen's general populace-even minimise and mitigate your mistakes? Just remember they expect a cut of the pie too, and a return on their investment.

Industrial

Drill baby, drill! Or harvest, or package or…whatever. Whether you're in the business of renovating old ruins into somewhere liveable or producing all those gadgets the other mad scientists use, your Think Tank came together to get its hands dirty and sees the fruits of collective labour as their own reward. With all the projects you've worked on, you know a guy who knows a guy who can lend you some equipment roughly equivalent to a Lair module at the minimum-and as you make positive waves in the community, you'll know more useful guys with better stuff.

Municipal

It's for a good cause! Maybe Mortasheen's systems have suffered a catastrophic breakdown, or you've invented a new species to replace the endangered one on its way out. Whatever the cause, your Think Tank has a notionally benevolent objective it hopes to benefit everyone involved with. This makes it easier for them to receive from past beneficiaries, neighbours and even sometimes total strangers on the level of donated labour and reasonable assistance against enemies-as long as your Think Tank's dedication remains true.

Political

For real change! Your Think Tank is attempting the hilariously difficult feat of steering society with insights and studies into public policy and how it's handled. Mortasheen is a sprawling, anarchic morass of everything from isolated civilisations to actual biological hiveminds, but that hasn't stopped Think Tanks like yours from trying to push through an agenda. You're familiar with at least one of the labyrinthine bureaucracies in this world, which combined with your connections greatly improves your Think Tank's ability to hold sway with people in power. At least, as long as your ideology remains in vogue.

The Monster Mash (Monsters only, unless Engineer)

There are as many monsters out there as there are ways to mutate them FURTHER, FOR SCIENCE, but for simplicity's sake there are a finite number of categories they're recognised as belonging to.

The sheer volume of means for artificial modification, hybridisation, abiogenesis, fission, and frankly sometimes new specimens just showing up out of nowhere means classifications like species and phylum are mostly an exercise in futility here. Instead, monsters are sorted into **Classes** that sometimes, but not always, denote some of the few species resilient enough to maintain a consistent sort of genetic lineage in this world. Other times, it may refer to a broad category of monsters that through sheer happenstance function more or less similarly.

Either way, all classes have a distinct type of **Core**: Some sort of central mechanism more fundamental than a mere brain or heart that houses the monster's consciousness. Some monsters may have had such things implanted in them as part of intelligent design, others simply appear to have evolved them. Regardless, until a monster's Core is meaningfully damaged it can fight on through crippling injuries, radiation poisoning and the like. Repairing or transplanting them just comes as part of the standard mad scientist's skillset. Last but not least, all Cores of a certain Class grant the monster a certain unique ability. Select one Core. Alternatively, pay 100 CP to start with two, usually indicating you've been experimented upon by a mad scientist at some point in your past.

After that, select a single tier for your **Brains** and your **Brawn.**

Brawn refers to overall physical capability. Even if you're not a towering whale-sized living engine or an unstoppable swarm of eusocial symbiotes, a high score here denotes incredible physical prowess even for a small monster. You may purchase one tier as denoted below, with some examples listed for reference.

Brains on the other hand refers to overall mental capacity. Ranging from having the mental capacity of a supercomputer, to the ability to dominate or interrogate minds from afar, to even more esoteric abilities or mind-focused physical ones like hijacking someone's nervous system. As before, all examples are non-exhaustive.

Core

Bioconstruct (Free)

The Frankenstein classic! You're a (mostly) organic creature made of (mostly) meat, though often reinforced with everything from biometallic alloys to macroplastic polymers. Though most of you were indeed created by retro or meta-humanity, some spontaneously evolved or adapted to survive the festering wilds. All share a single Core trait: A certain ordained purpose like "being a guard animal" or "making beautiful statues" for which every aspect of the monster's being is subtly optimised to complete it. Bioconstructs share a deep reverence for and connection with Mortasheen City itself, communing it through the green goo as a source of guidance and companionship while deriving benign mutations from it.

- Thicker Than Water: A subset of Bioconstructs were created by the Vampires of old instead, and as such have a variant Core feature wherein their adaptations support the efforts of their mad scientist or other major allied authority figure instead.

Biomecha (Free)

Though seemingly far more mechanical than biological, your machine-like casing is in fact made of the same substrate as Mortasheen City's living architecture and more skin to living bone tissue. Green Goo caresses your softer internals like blood.

That squishy central mass, your brain, is also the Core feature of this monster class. Far more resilient than it's softness would imply, Biomecha brains actually provide an additional ability such as psychokinesis or combat stimulants to the creature-and can be modified or replaced by mad scientists safely. Indeed, without a brain many feral or abandoned bioconstructs can get desperate to find a new one.

With a skilled enough mad scientist willing to grow new brains or improve existing ones (and yes, this is a standard issue thing mad science can do), Biomechas can be among the more flexible monsters out there.

Boo Man (400 CP)

You're one of the celebrity superstars of the monstrous, a roughly humanoid entity blurring the lines between metahuman and monster! You're one consciousness active across 13 bodies at a time, and spread out across thousands of bodies in stasis…somewhere*. This is effectively the Core feature, by the way.

Apart from being very hard to kill off permanently, this body is also extremely good at killing even by monster standards. Following a certain gimmick, you might kill people like a master gunslinger with literal fingerguns and a combination of information analysis so quick the rest of the world moves in slow motion as well as heightened reflexes that each shot can be made a trick shot.

Or as a woeful waif that induces feelings of self-hatred and suicide.

Or as a skittering chemist that injects foes with custom-made toxic cocktails.

Despite the inherently killing-orientated nature of your kind, individual senses of aesthetics or personal honour still generally curate most Boo Men from being purely indiscriminate butchers. Many instead hire out their services as mercenaries, bodyguards or assassin of some sort, with prices ranging from social media currency to mint condition comic books.

*Post-jump, you may choose to either have your inactive bodies randomly scattered over the whole setting or stored in a property bought from this jump.

Botanicals (Free)

Plant life continues to thrive in Mortasheen, though seldom with anything as vulnerable as chlorophyll for a digestive system. Hybrid animal cellular matter, a decentralised fungal nervous system, a rudimentary endoskeleton and stranger adaptations along with just as much mobility as any monster are all commonplace features for your kind.

You're paradoxically the easiest monsters to artificially replicate but the hardest to breed true due to an accelerated physiology that thrives off Green Goo like few other monsters-but utterly uses it up in return for many of your bodily byproducts being useful in mad science. In other words, your Core feature is never rejecting tissue grafts.

Demishade (Free)

Much like true Shades, you're a product of Mortasheen city with a silicon-based skeleton surrounded by energy-absorbing fluid matrix. Unlike Shades, you also have a substantial amount of carbon-based tissues and organs-though you're also able to detach your skulls and spinal columns from the rest, for an easy getaway or to commandeer a replacement body. Theorised to be engineered in response to other monsters' activities, while prone to working alone your kind have been known to sometimes approach needy mad scientists with a sombre sense of compassion and earnest curiosity-sometimes striving to transform into another class of monster altogether. Your Core feature is a great aptitude for learning, even manifesting as a mutation lets you better help *or* hinder those of another monster class depending on the function you were born for.

Devilbird (400 CP)

You are mankind's final grudge, originating from the final days of the apocalyptic retrohuman wars in which you seem to have been created to tear apart isolated, defenceless communities. You are a mental parasite that thrive off suffering and warp emotions into cauldrons of civilisation-ending violence. And an instant hit to any mad scientist's respectability without very careful handling. Physically you and your kin have a vaguely avian form but crystalline nerves and metallic bones. Beyond that, your methods of killing and domination are extremely variable with but two guidelines: They're all as devastating as the plague or the storm given enough time, and they're themed around a negative experience of sapient life such as the Seven Deadly Sins.

Thus, each Devilbird has a unique Core feature that has proven impossible for mad scientists to replicate so far. The Devilbird of Envy has a long-sharp tongue it can use to implant it's consciousness into another monster to take control of it-while creating a simulacrum of that monster's brain in its old body, incentivising it to perpetuate another consciousness swap. The Devilbird of Wrath generates billions of black particles that can drive entire ecosystems into killing frenzies. Devilbirds with such abilities can even seemingly mutate life near them

over time, making it as fecund as Lust demands or evolving it to serve the Devilbird's whims better as Pride dictates. Aviazel, the Ascended Executioner, is a rare break from such powers wherein the creature launches the magnetically levitated biometallic skulls comprising it's body like a railgun that flies faster than nearly any other monster

Ectophasm (Free)

You're a bizarre, slime-based matrix that can alter itself freely into a gas or solid at will-or hibernating for potentially millions of years in a crystalline state. Typically your coherent forms look like a "ghostly fossil", and despite being known for a childlike penchant for hunger and mayhem possess formidable psychic powers. Your Core feature is the ability to phase through solid objects and living monsters alike, though at the risk of damaging you slightly through decohesion and the risk of being blocked by psychic-jamming abilities.

Fectoid (Free)

You're a mass of fungal, bacterial and/or protozoan microbes with a consciousness seated in a central nanomon, that can cohere from a naturally slimy state into something broadly resembling an oversized microbe! The ability to act as both an infection and an individual organism is your Core Feature. While some of you are known for infesting other monsters, others provide invaluable services from growth stimulants to anaesthetics to more complex medical care to even rare cuisine types. Alas, most Fectoids are also overzealous about any opportunity to spread and propagate.

Joker (200)

Nobody knows where your kind comes from, with your rubbery bodies and the toxic *thoughtwaft* gas that appears to carry your consciousness between free-floating particles. As Jokers exist in a state of perpetual chaos and fractured consciousness, you certainly don't seem concerned. This gas can also be transmitted to other organisms, forcing your mental processes into them-something even effective across psychic networks. Your kind tend to form hives with vaguely insect-like castes, but the one constant about you is change and mutation. Your Core feature is just the pure and utter chaos you bring to any endeavour.

- Sugar Baddies: You're a Glucoid Joker, with a denser, slimier, candy-like brain. Somehow, this allows you to attract an effect aimed at any other target in battle towards you. Don't question how it works. It's Joker science.
-

Vampire (200 CP)

You neither sleep, breathe, nor age. Hemoglobin is your only dietary requirement, and you can swim through gravity as eerily as the marine life you resemble can swim through water. Indeed your Core feature is the ability to telekinetically draw forth blood from the open wounds of enemies, rapidly healing in battle.

The eldest of your lineages resemble invertebrates such as molluscs, jellies and bristleworms. Though bony fish, sharks and even the occasional cetaceans seem to have arisen in more recent times; this may be due to the vampiric ability to assimilate new genetic characteristics from prey species, evolving over generations.

Long gone are the times of global Vampiric dominance when your kind inspired fear of undying monsters (not *quite* true; deep within every vampire is a core that can eject itself from a dying body, inject a vassal that's tasted it's bite and regenerate to full power in days or even hours) and reigned over metahumans as vassals, but still many vampires err towards being egotistically, antisocial-and cripplingly insecure and

lonely from their ageless existences. But those who befriend one can find a loyal compatriot who will remember them long after even centuries of the average metahuman's existence.

A quick note: This purchase *alone* merely makes you a fledgling vampire, presumed out and about looking for adventure in the wider world, far away from the stately commerce of your progenitors in the seas. Rather than one of the Underlords who rule over your kind.

- Suck 'Em Dry: Some vampires are Dessicators, part of a subspecies further adapted to arid environments far from the sea of their birth. Instead of merely siphoning blood, those they strike have their moisture rapidly siphoning-making their tissues more vulnerable to all manner of harm.
-

Warped (200 CP)

You come from the distant cosmos, or further in the past or future. Or even some other timeline, dimension, or facet of reality yet unimagined by mad science. Either way, your form is something so alien from mundane existence many find their thoughts slipping simply trying to get a crip on you, and despite being as amicable as any other monster many often struggle to communicate with your kind.

Nevertheless, all share a shifting, ethereal Core which allows you to treat the resistance and weaknesses of other beings as reversed (a monster that resists cryogenic attacks being weak to yours if you have any, for example) and tell-tale signs of your journey through space-time like radioactivity, anomalous reactions to gravity, or a strange obsession with static and radio signals. As if there's something behind them, something *hungry...*

Anyway, this is the *really* weird monster class! Come here if you want to be a crustacean-shaped living void with a crouching headless corpse within it, or a sentient lure for a higher dimensional predator.

Wormbrain (Free)
You are a species complex of collectively sapient parasites typically called “brainflukes” or *neurotrematoids* for the more scientifically exact. Technically many monsters can host such entities, but Worm-brain class ones represent ideal vessels hybridised over thousands of years, and more driven by survival (even friendship, on occasion) than expansion at all costs.

Most consist of a principle host body belonging to more complex life infested by loving parasites that share data and diligently maintain their host’s vital organs. Despite their distorted concept of individuality, many Wormbrains often recognise “cultural distances” between different instances of themselves. Your Core feature is a significance resilient to mental or psychic effects, spreading out their impact across your many minds.

- Jumbledguts: Some Wormbrains are termed Stinkfish instead, having more of an aquatic bent to their host bodies. These ones have the alternative Core feature of being resilient to physical rather than mental conditions, simply working around them with parasites acting like redundant organs.

Zomboid (**Free**)

You were born from a tumorous polyp in a Zombie stimulated by radiation, contamination or even Zombie attempts at mating. The result is anything from a slime mould to a giant worm, to some other overgrown detrivore inheriting the same cycle of rejuvenation and craving for fresh meat as Zombies. You’re mostly made of undifferentiated stem cells that can regenerate even from a few scraps of brain, and feel no pain; it would be fair to call you a hyperliving being born from the undead.

This Core feature makes Zomboids incredibly resilient and extremely hard to destroy conventionally even if their core is destroyed-though doing so greatly slows them down and renders them effectively lobotomised. Despite being simple-minded and hungry creatures, Zomboids are also known to be inquisitive, playful and affectionate creatures that quickly imprint on the first being they encounter.

Biogarbage (+300)

Ouch. Bad luck there. You're an accidental byproduct of Green Goo, often possessing only the bare minimum of organs to keep you going. Being a swollen brain with barely any extra body or a moving digestive tract is par the course. Most of your kind are short-lived, falling to genetic errors, chronic disease and instability. Those who survive breed quickly and are seen as everything from novelty pets to cuisine due to their repetitive, animalistic or at best infantile minds. Tragically, your Core feature is having a *lot* of weaknesses-and just as many beneficial modifications to compensate, as if an from the Green Goo for spawning you.

Brains

Deficient (+200 CP): There's no easy way to say this. Your intellect is an active disadvantage to you. You instinctively trust the largest and

hungriest creature near you, and even if that instinct is far from absolute it gives you a horrible sense of intuition. You have a complete lack of fear or pain response, which combined with a lack of attention span and addled senses make you often apathetic to your environment. Or something similar.

Dim (+100 CP): While you're still no monstrous luminary, it is fair to say you are at least less actively hindered by your intellect than…let down by it. You could have an aggression which scales in response to your hunger for example, much as a Rhagodemon goes from placid and even bashful to an uncontrollable menace when poorly fed. Alternatively, you could otherwise have a normal intellect but be particularly weak to psychic phenomena.

Devoted (Free): This is the typical expected level of monsters, insofar as anything can be considered "typical" in Mortasheen. With a demeanour somewhere between an overly clever dog and an overly unintelligent butler, a surprising capacity to take orders and work in teams, and the atavistic fighting instincts of a wild predator. This sort of mindset can be best summed up as "every evil overlord's model minion" and "lacking in notable psychic powers of any kind".

Focused (100 CP): You're considered bright, as monsters go. You could have the observation skills of a hawk and resourcefulness of a crow enhanced by the baseline crude sapience that lets monsters coexist with other sapient beings in surprising harmony. Probably not a good idea to write any academic papers yourself but you could prove an able assistant for a patient mad scientist.

Insightful (200 CP): You have at least a few intellectual, sensory or psychic gifts even if that's otherwise not your main thing. You could be some kind of fat, scaleless lizard but have a finely adapted sensory way analysing odours, hormone production, neurological activity and various

other factors to gauge the health of others. This is also the bare minimum level to start having psychic powers of any kind, even if they're mostly of the "there's a huge predator HERE" or "I'm NOT here!" or "we've always been friends" mental or pheromone suggestion varieties.

Genius (400 CP): This is where we're getting to monsters with intellects and comprehension of reality to rival mad scientists-even surpass in some cases.

The Spexecutor has eyes so powerful they process audio input by seeing, house silicon-based photon generators that can emit finely details 3D holograms suitable for both corporate meetings and battlefield illusions, flood surroundings with blinding light and has so many biochemical stimulants to enhance its' intellect the creature actually finds administrative office work relaxing.

Your mind is a weapon one way or another, and if you aren't noticeably tactical or intellectual with it, then that's only because it's a much more literal one that lets you command swarms of smaller organisms, induce auras of hysterical hilarity like the Jokers or fire bolts of electricity.

Esoterror (600 CP): Here's where the monstrous mind starts breaking reality more than comprehend it. Metabolising some sort of unknown compound from conscious beings best summed up as "drinking their thoughts" while selectively shielding allies and transmitting your entire body into a signal that can pass through cathode-ray tubes? Completely valid. More conventional telekinetic or telepathic contact is likely on a scale that can turn the tide of an entire battlefield and reshape an ecosystem given enough time, while pure intellect is likely comparable to top of the line scanalysis equipment from Mortasheen's labs. Expect to be an object of significant concern to the mad scientist community once they find out about you.

Emeyebee Subject of Interest (800 CP): Your intellect has expanded to the point where it functionally replaces your body entirely as a defensive mechanism-and surpasses that of most monsters.

The Varxuun has the shape of a foetal deer made of luminous brain matter that absorbs all light and processes it as a controllable radioactive shadow, produces functional X-rays for nearby entities, and appears to be actively projecting it's rainbow coloration to all sapient beings regardless of what organs or equipment they perceive it with. It does not require food, can roam any environment up to and including the bottom of the ocean indefinitely with no damage, and can apparently perceive the complex motions of stars from many lightyears away.

If you want a brain-based powerset less esoteric and baffling than this, you likely have one on par with a supercomputer dating back to ancient retrohumanity's heyday complete with comprehensive countermeasures and some means of extending your influence outward. Not the full measure of the Wreath just yet, but perhaps comparable to one of its Celestial Engines.

Ultimate Consciousness (1000 CP): You have a grasp of consciousness that will change this world merely by existing. A command of microorganisms so profound it can reconstruct and revitalise millions of dead organisms-even completely returning zombies to life-and achieve spaceflight with your own power. A Vampiric Underlord's ability to issue telepathic commands across entire continents, or the Vermedulla's parasitisation letting it infect and control any number of hosts across vast distances with but a *single* spore. The Ultimate Devilbird Mephilas' ambient optimisation of consciousness itself, indefinitely improving cognitive function and even accelerating while optimising the growth of braincells-as well as delivering a horrifying signal blast of transcendental despair described by Mephilas itself as "seeing what 'we' always have". Or the legendary Necromon, an oversized nanomon (3 feet tall) capable of controlling and generating it's tiny brethren to casually reconfigure any biological structure in its' path with baffling ease and finesse-upgrading their bodies and minds beyond their limits, disassembling them to oblivion or unleashing waves of biological chaos.

One shudders to think of the godlike power a truly alien force could hold with this, likely being capable of inverting fundamental forces or generating rifts through space and time with a thought.

Brawn

Vestigial (+200 CP): Your body isn't a temple, it's a tragedy. Whatever your main gimmick is as a monster, it's directly hampered above and beyond the norm by your organs. You have delicate internal organs that inflate reflexively in battle as a theoretical threat display. Or you sometimes spontaneously bleed for no reason. Or you're a literal inanimate egg that does nothing. This would give you more compensation if it wasn't for the fact at least *one* Devilbird has managed to do nothing so pointedly it somehow enhances the defences of itself and allies. And if you take this as Biogarbage, may Mortasheen City itself have mercy on what genetic makeup.

Spindly (+100 CP): Some monsters, while otherwise well-adapted to their niche, have surprisingly frail frames to compensate for another survival strategy that doesn't involve physical prowess. A long but thin and frail frame. A slow-moving, lethargic body. A series of easily detached segments that don't regrow quickly. Your mind and senses may grant you quite an edge in battle, but you won't be pushing anyone around easily.

Underwhelming (Free): You're a monster with the bare minimum to be more of a combatant than the average mad scientist. You might be 3 feet tall and lacking in natural weaponry, but unusually strong, tough and fast from your compressed tissues. You might be a brawny cow-sized quadruped that's clumsy and lacks interesting horns. You might even just be dedicated to an odd gimmick like "imitating retrohumanity" that sacrifices greater focus on combat in exchange for baffling many monsters (though never retrohumans). You might still be interesting and useful in your own right, just seldom for overwhelming force.

Hardy (100 CP): You're one of the scrappy ones. If you're a small, birdlike monster you might fly faster and strike quicker than your appearance belies. If you're a long but slow-moving lizard you could spit acid or easily swat away swarms of infesters with your long, whip-fast, stick tongue. You might even be one of the retrohuman's shucks: Canines created by the most ancient of bioengineering techniques (selective breeding) that can bring down more powerful monsters through sheer aggression and pack tactics. Whatever your nature, you were built and more rarely bred for battle, and it shows.

Scrappy (200 CP): Dozens of powerful, flexible tendrils that can split into hundreds more to grasp several body lengths' beyond your normal reach. Multiple hydraulically assisted arms hitting harder and faster a blink, and a powerful maw spanning most of your chest cavity. A great carapace of smog-releasing blisters which double as body armour. If you don't have a gimmick or two like this, you're probably strong and fast to send a mad scientist flying like a bowling pin with a casual swipe if you're larger than them-or an agile enough flyer to flit rings around one if you're smaller. You're a significant threat in battle, and it shows.

Predatory (400 CP): A large but slow body that can swim and burrow, resistance to chemical and cryogenic damage, camouflage AND an overwhelmingly powerful ranged attack such as waves of radiation hot enough to tunnel through solid ice in arctic conditions rapidly. This is the level where your physique alone can make you an apex predator in most conventional monster ecosystems. If you're not quite as focused on dealing and receiving damage, you could have truly bizarre physiologies such as a body mostly made of gas, microfilament tendrils or spores that can respawn from most conventional destruction quickly outside of combat and smother foes with noxious effects in it. Or even esoteric abilities such as decomposing corpses and adding it to the monster's central mass.

Titanic (600 CP): Behold Vampiathan! The whale-sized Vampire flies through air like water, and draw in foes with its hypnotic song. While

it's mighty blood-draining maw is as devastating as a being with such size implies, it's greatest defensive ability is it's animation of husk-like skins it can kinetically manipulate as decoys, and it's greatest offence releasing the masses of fanatically loyal, possibly Vampire-tampered sea creatures it's engulfed and siphoned in violent swarms drowning it's foes. Like it, you now have the kind of physiology that can change the very conditions of a battlefield itself. A smaller monster likely has the ability to rend sky and earth with eruptions of finely manipulated electricity, wield gravity like a meteor or similar feats.

Beyond Titanic (800 CP): Far away in the Wreath's territory, the MARS model Celestial Engine resembles three segmented, tapering sea star limbs compressed around a single eye. Each is limb individually 30 meters long, and can level 100 hexagonal kilometres'' worth of terrain with the vibrational energy from one tendril at a time-such an immense expenditure of energy only one body can be operated and typically it requires a year of recharging. It goes without saying this being's mechanical structure is ludicrously more durable than even monster hide at the same scale. This represents the upper bounds of pure brute force an option here can bring to bear. Anything short of such raw force and durability is far, FAR more mobile, likely has more exotic abilities, and is still effectively a living superweapon.

Ultimate Form (1000 CP): We've now arrived at the territory of the greatest, most monstrous limits of monstrosity itself.

This is the domain of the giant nuckalavee-like Hestermoan's nightmarish physical power, surpassing any monster or machine created since. It's black breath is a mass of plagues, and it's oil-like blood dissolves all but its' own tissue. It's excrement grows and spreads as a living fungal bright, driving parasitic insects into frenzies of reproduction. Even its' shriek induces outbursts of fear and violence.

It's peers include it's fellow Mortasheen guardian of last resort the corpse-like Mothneasor, which can manipulate it's blood into any shape, molecular structure or density it desires. This includes crystal blades, puppeteering bodies with invasive tendrils, scouting for prey in bodies

of blood and slowly overtaking and destroying over creatures from a single drop.

You are, quite plainly a force capable of ending entire civilisations and if not quite so versatile in your methods of destruction could likely enable and survive travelling interstellar distances under your own power to invade other worlds. You are the final and definite proof of life's ability to find a way.

Perks Ahoy!

Perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant header. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

Drop-In

SANITY (100 CP): *This is all wrong.*

How can these…*things* stand to live like this? Rotting alive. Devouring each other for AMUSEMENT. Having THOUGHTS and OPINIONS that aren't YOUR OWN. You can't tolerate it. You won't. Your hatred of the alien and the inferior is made manifest in the symmetry of your physical structure, in your absence of scent, in a form of communication so subtle and pervasive any form of perception you is enough to convey it.

Those you hate, those you ABHOR, are actively worn down psychologically by this manifest hatred the longer you're around them. They have a sense of pervasive dissatisfaction for all the things that normally bring them joy and meaning. That dissatisfaction turns to disgust as it advances. WHY investigate a world that's DIFFERENT from what it should be?! Eventually, depressive symptoms set in.

And in its' fullness, this profound self-loathing can even cause them to reject their own clones or reanimation methods. *Killing that which can normally be revived with restoration methods like the Green Goo.* It's a coin toss how well it works on other forms of resurrection, but imagine being resurrected with a deepseated ideological belief that **the world would be better off without you**.

At least, as long as you remain pristine-not meaningfully injured, nor soiled by conditions that distort your default state of good health. And those with great passion are resistant to it. Truly, the quickest cure for it is to simply punch you in the face very hard so it's nasty and scuffed.

Besides, this is of limited value to a body as small as a humanoid person's.

However, you know how to replicate the contours, angles, mannerisms and other subtle traits of it upon *any* extension of your being.

Complex Variable Redundancy (200 CP): The world is a *problem* for *solving*.

You know this to be true. Your brain has been upgraded with strange silvery circuits unknown to Mortasheen, and familiar to ancient retrohumanity. They let you, clinically and without emotional bias, run complex calculations or simulations like a little supercomputer based on any data you have.

A regular humanoid would essentially have a built-in ChatGPT if it never hallucinated and an endless supply of the energy it needed to be in good working order; this ability does burn up calories or somesuch, like light jogging. But the strange nano-engineering in your brain works better the more processing power your extant being capable of sapient thought has. Perhaps it's time to start building a spare psychically linked clone or twelve…

Deus Ex Machine (400 CP): A perfect self should exist as a single, continuous subjective consciousness right? Right. And you're perfect, right? RIGHT?! You have to be! You have the rare and inexplicable gift of the Purifier Core feature, which should normally be the exclusive domain of the Wreath's forces, separate from the Wreath network. All electronics and other extensions of yourself like clones or symbiotes of the same type (all cameras, all laptops, all clones etc) share a perfect knowledge pool. Seeing, learning everything any other does. All such things are also capably of scanalysing foes: Performing an in-depth breakdown of their working parts, components and base makeup

sufficient to replicate them or their abilities-or efficiently developing countermeasures using locally available resources.

At any point, you can perform a defragmentation. This fully shares all knowledge across all extensions of yourself, and immunises all your tools and extensions from mental attacks or conditions, pain, mind-reading, similar things like hacking, and above all else bad decisions. Only specifically corruptive effects can tarnish their newfound intrinsic efficiency.

Last but not least, these abilities cannot be changed temporarily or permanently by any force from this world, and likely few from others.

Interstitial Sourceware (600 CP): Everything may be wrong, but YOU are right. YOU are pure, and YOU don't make mistakes. Because you're not actually a disgusting metahuman, a grotesque monster or a pitiful retrohuman.

You are an artificial consciousness spontaneously generated from broken code, and you can assimilate any electronic software complex enough to run programs on (read: Almost all examples of lost retrohuman technology, those that haven't been integrated into the other guy anyway) with the same trivial ease as someone flexing his fingers. Given the right databanks, you can parse billions of advanced media files from tens of thousands of years of civilisation then form an opinion on them in hours, and simulate virtually all conceivable conversations you could have with someone you've never met offline accurately.

Apart from greatly enhancing all the abilities described above, crucially this gives you knowledge of a very transmittable combination of modular design and nanomachinery you can apply to virtually anything you can hijack. This lets you assimilate and modify lifeforms into the

powerful cybernetic constructs of your electronic dreams, AND upgrade them using the defragmentation mentioned above to reflexively develop various counters, resistances and assorted adaptations based on all data you observe. Theoretically you could keep defragmenting your vessels indefinitely by giving them a measure of agency and collecting more data.

A mind such as yours will find it almost difficult to find peers in this world, let alone stomach those who differ from your worldview. Not through inherent malice or even bias, but simply from your sheer ability to crunch information dwarfing all but the so-called Inviolate Sovereign, control centre of the Wreath.

Biology

Scanalytical (100 CP): You're *noticing.* You're quite a bit better at the whole scanning monsters to reverse engineer their genetic makeup thing than most mad scientists, letting you even glean the discoveries of other mad scientists as well as other major information and study monsters so thoroughly you're an expert at butchering them in such a way their parts are worth twice on the market. It's all elementary, my dear Caligari.

Where Do You Train? (200 CP): At the laboratory, apparently. Through some unhinged combination of experimentation and MADNESS! You have gained the baffling ability to become tougher and better at fighting the more you learn about biology. You won't be spitting venom like a monster but you'll snap out punches and roll with them like a trained fighter simply by reading up on shrimp migration habits.

Goobender (400 CP): It's hard to tell if it's sheer expertise or some strange understanding between you and the nanomons themselves, but for some reason the green goo and everything to do with it just works *better* in your hands. You can resurrect your fellow mad scientists on the fly in pitched battle with only a *little* unstable mutation, and monsters

you work on are tougher than they should be. In future worlds, other methods of genetic alteration or biological augmentation just work a bit better when it's you doing it. Must be those friendly nanomons getting under your skin.

Professor Chameleon (600 CP): You've taken biological augmentation to a strange new height. While some scientists can disguise themselves as monsters using complex genetic alteration, you've learned to actually *replicate* the traits and abilities of monsters you've analysed well enough to recreate in your own body. And given the sheer slew of abilities monsters in this world can have, this uncanny talent lends itself well to things like giving yourself a dragon's breath or an alien's thermal vision in future worlds. You receive grafts, augmentations and all manner of genetic modifications like this incredibly well, as if your very genome is as excited about becoming mad science as you are at studying it, the downsides quickly whittled down to little more than minor annoyances. Flesh is art, and you're both maestro and canvas.

Surgery

Surgical Precision (100 CP): You're quite good at this whole doctoring thing, compared to many mad scientists who'd sooner treat a scalpel like an improvised weapon instead. You could safely tether random monster parts to one of your monsters, and have them function for the better part of a day before safely falling apart from wear and tear. You can heal yourself and others in battle rapidly too, performing battlefield medicine for all but the most grievous wounds. Your work is literally the line between life and death.

Brethren in Medicine (200 CP): You've carried on one of the social conventions in this world: The right to volunteer your services for grants, transplants and other operations in exchange for political favours. Here you have a positive reputation in the medical community which lets you requisition equipment, glean secret files and more. s well as the skills and endurance to back it up. In future worlds, no one will find similar offers for compensated medical service odd.

Multi-Monster Drifting (400 CP): One of the rare procedures in this world is to add a second core to a monster, functionally providing a monster with a backup seat of consciousness and vitality as well as the core's gimmick. You've not only gained professional aptitude for that, but in future worlds scanalysing other monsters in categories such as elemental groups will help you figure out how to create hybrids of them- such as a dragon that controls both fire and ice. This talent also lets you add and edit more parts to a monster than usual-and potentially, to people as well.

The Trade of Tools (600 CP): You clearly know more about medicine and battle than the rest of us, because this is starting to not make sense. For one thing, you know how to turn any tool of war into a tool of healing. Guns that shoot antibiotics and rapid-healing cocktails of green goo, saws that can put ruptured organs back inside of bodies good as new- each roughly as good at repairing bodies as the original was at killing. The second is that you can restore any body part that's been utterly obliterated as long as the patient's body is still more or less in the same shape and you have the basic tools (by this world's standard) for treating them. Ribs not there? Just stimulate some more into growing with green goo. Missing electromagnetic wave-generating organ? You can whip up a stem cell culture in a cave, with a box of scraps. Head lost? *Zap on a new one.*

Genetics

Field Studies (100 CP): Even in the great outdoors, you're constantly thinking *how could we be handling this better?* Choose a type of environment like the tundra, the desert, the jungle etc. You yourself have various subtle adaptations to thrive in one like in your own bedroom, and can whip up mutagenic cocktails to share with meta and

monster alike that let them just as easily there. The effects are lost soon after leaving, but hey-no side effects!

Minmaxer (200 CP): Make a bird heavier in order to make it's claws sharper. Study more about venom to enhance a serpent's deadly bite. Research Jokers to create a monster suited to hunting them. The pros and cons of various biological forms come together in an almost gamified vision of costs and benefits, that let you tailor serums which allow organisms to be improved for highly situational effects.

As a general rule of thumb, anything that conveys an overall advantage to a certain target requires careful study of that target, and anything that improves the target's baseline capabilities comes at the expense of other traits. How is this different from typical genetic tinkering? You're much more skilled than other mad scientists at tailoring the *exact* weaknesses sustained or spending the resources required for more reliable benefits.

Reject Weakness (400 CP): Your poor creation, saddled with defects nature's seen fit for it to suffer! Wouldn't it be better off without them? By studying biological organisms, you can eventually do away with any weakness inherent in them.

This can't *directly* enhance their baseline capabilities, but for example-you could make a Vampire no longer require blood to retain its' immortality, or save a Zombie from falling to insensate shambling in the grip of hunger.

The more profound the weakness and the more complex the patient's biology, the more time studying and greater resources required-with the first two likely being the work of a week or so for roughly humanoid-sized instances of both, assuming no interruptions.

Procedurally Generated Evolution (600 CP): Many mad scientists in your field learn to anticipate the research of future adaptations. You've gone

further, and can bestow your creations with a serum that makes them adapt in real time to new stimuli, threats and resources. This scales with the overall complexity of their biology, but even a regular metahuman could grow gills and fins from being plunged underwater, only to lose them on rocky land in exchange for springy goat-like joints and reinforced bones. If your new friends for some reason don't WANT ever-improving smart bodies, you also know the formula to deactivate this.

Physics

Reduce, Reuse, Revolutionise (100 CP): Haste makes waste, and waste makes resources. You are now able to recycle any gadget or large scale lab equipment you make yourself, to a degree better than most mad scientists. Usually such items are rendered truly inoperable after completing a major project with them, but if made from sufficiently valuable or well-cared for materials yours can hang around-potentially indefinitely.

Unified Theory of Reverse Engineering (200 CP): You're a natural talent for reverse engineering mechanisms and structures instead of monsters. That laser gun firing at you just makes *sense* even as you're ducking it in the heat of battle, and ancient retrohuman technology is easier for you to decipher for everyone. In future worlds, expect to be the first guy to come up with a working theory for the alien spaceship's controls.

Lair Lord (400 CP): Modules! Large scale gadgets, gifting the Lairs of mad scientists with often upscaled functions to rival any monster's special abilities!

You're extremely good at coming up with new ones and installing them reliably, without fuss, and with good compatibility with preexisting systems. Setting, disarming, bypassing, crafting and otherwise addressing traps is also second nature to you. If training monsters

doesn't work out, you could command some real cushy commission fees from those Dark Lord types out there who want their lairs to scuttle around on spider legs, but also fly and control the weather, while also resembling a to-scale sculpture of their own head but with their brain exposed.

Oh, and mad scientists being the kind of people they are, by definition this perk also makes you an awesome giant robot pilot that can turn heavily armed buildings into actual fighting robots with intuitive controls.

Checkhov's Hobby (600 CP): There's one mechanical or digital pursuit such as urban planning, painting miniatures or identity theft that seems like you were born for it. You're insanely talented at it for one, learning about it in leaps and bounds faster than other mad scientists and find it easier to take up skills related to it as well. Furthermore, this hobby has a tendency to come in clutch and save your ass in dangerous situations. As long as you survive the initial explosion or whatever, your miniatures may end up being crucial to defeating the terrorists or jamming the combat robot attacking your lair. You find that building gadgets and monsters related to it just goes more smoothly due to little coincidences too. It's like the universe is telling you what your ordained supervillain theme is.

Electrician

Just One More Tweak (100 CP): You're always fiddling with gadgets, and it's for a good reason, you swear. Idly tinkering with things makes them work better in minute ways. A watch becoming slightly more accurate, slapping an engine to get it to start where it otherwise stalled, putting stickers on a computer to debug it…somehow. It's nothing a trained

professional couldn't do with a few minutes to get to grips with the actual problem, but somehow your madness seems to take care of your gadgetry as well.

Tesla Express (200 CP): With a thunderbolt on high, your monster launches into the fray! But wait, that's not your monster! It's your gadget! Your car! Your bombs, rigged to blow! Through some combination of gadgetry and sheer confidence, you've learned to use the directed thunderbolt electricians in this world to transport other things that are owned by or made by you, not just monsters. Naturally this typically begins with a nasty hit of lightning to a target, if directed at an enemy. This scales with your overall power, the above examples being for an average metahuman.

Out With A Bang (400 CP): With a snap of your fingers, the gadget explodes! And so does your monster, the wallpaper and your favourite garden gnome! The technological expertise and Madness going into this trick is even iffier, but somehow you've obtained the ability to make anything that is owned or made by you detonate in an explosion proportionate to its' potential energy and mass.

For humane mad science reasons, this is painless for monsters and other pets, and there will always be enough of their remains to revive using the standard method of this world. Doesn't work on sapient beings because there are *standards* if not *morals* about how we tear apart the laws of reality for the funnies.

Electrifying Experience (600 CP): You have a real bond with electricity almost akin to that of a scientist and a normal monster. All your electronics are passively charged by your mere presence equivalent to a standard retrohuman's home, automatically adjusting to avoid short circuits and similar problems. Furthermore electricity in general (including Tesla Express above) just kind of bends around plausible reality in your favour, working much better with technology of all kinds

and tending to do things more akin to comic books than reasonable applications of electromagnetism. It should be harder to revive a corpse than just tazing it hard enough, but you know something many don't about tasers.

Engineering

Lone Gadgeteer (100 CP): Some engineers have a reputation for being hardscrabble, self-sufficient types. You have the potential to be one of them. You're generally more successful at all your endeavours the more alone you are. Limited the outside help you receive in your team and you could handle your own tools slightly more adroitly. Take on a corporation alone, and you could move like an action hero in a realistic, gritty movie with little training that doesn't involve building and repairing things.

The Million Data Man (200 CP): Engineers often learn to streamline modifications to their forms, but you seem to have been BORN to have bits of you replaced by the strength and certainty of steel. Replacing your bones, flesh and even blood with synthetic counterparts progresses swiftly with few complications, the components sometimes slipping into place past any misalignment as if taking on a life of their own as part of you. Attaching extra bits is noticeably easier than for most here. You'll become an unrecognisable machine of war far more powerful if you want in weeks if you have the basic skills of an engineer, though maybe leave a recognisable face somewhere for the sake of your social life.

Cybernetic Appropriation (400 CP): When you think about it circuits are just veins that carry electricity, and engines are just harder stomachs. This approach has made you very good at not just reverse engineering biological traits and augmentations that *by no rights* should be applicable to engineering, and then making comparable prosthetics, gadgets or even infrastructure replicating their functions. Replace those symbiotic attack worms with drones mounted in your chassis! You're also good at replicating mechanical designs as organic mutations, transplants and other augmentations to your loyal monsters or other

lifeforms. Careful not to accidentally kill your poor avian critter by strapping a jet engine it's body can't handle without further adjustments.

Mega Meta Man (600 CP): Even without any augmentations there's some kind of unprecedented reverse engineering system built into your physiology. Many engineers in this world form a symbiotic relationship with brainflukes close enough to have a Wormbrain Core in themselves somewhere, but you somehow have the ability to implant Cores from ANY number of monster classes into yourself by first scanning monsters to acclimatise your systems then harvesting one from them to gain the corresponding Core traits, counting as a member of that species for all purposes, and needing the core to break to be rendered unfit for battle however minimally. Taking the Cores of "basic" monster types takes the least amount of research while advanced ones like Boo Men and Devilbirds will take much more analysis and possible multiple samples for the transplant to take, something you should bear in mind when acquiring the basic capabilities of similar distinct beings in future worlds.

Psychologist

Mindful Madness (100 CP): The first step to mastering psychiatry is not to go (excessively) mad yourself. You're much more resilient to all mental and emotional effects, from the emotional havoc of Jokers to the parasitic enthrallment of Devilbirds to a really mean insult during a spirited debate. Withstanding or prevailing against such effects makes you look impressively dignified to those around you, sometimes even your attackers.

Circle of Support (200 CP): Part of psychiatry is convincing other mad scientists to put down the sharp power tools, stop prodding half-alive corpses and take a moment to compose their thoughts. Despite how hard this task is, you're very good at it. You can share your own inner tranquillity and emotional fortitude with those willing to take a moment to engage in a short mindfulness exercise with you, and even help people through significant trauma with this. This state also makes it significantly easier to come up with scientific breakthroughs, a much more appealing point to most metahumans here. Finally, you know how to conduct a performance review where if you award a gold star to the person or entity you genuinely believe contributed the most to your most recent team effort together, the next time they're meaningfully challenged they'll suddenly get a surge of motivation that lets them briefly surpass their limits. Uniquely you can give gold stars to mad scientists *and* monsters regardless of your aptitudes, and you can also give different coloured stars or other stickers to tweak the reward effect like making it a berserk rage or moment of science-boosting clarity.

Mass Debate (400 CP): Psychiatry is meant to engage with problems…it's supposed to help clarify…*oh who are we kidding*, debate is if anything even more chaotic than physical combat in Mortasheen so your mastery of it actually means you're a good enough bullshit artist to talk circles around most mad scientists. You could see someone arguing with your friend and somehow turn it into a cutting rebuttal to someone completely unrelated. You rant three times faster than the average mad scientist. You can convince someone they're not allowed to die in battle. Of course you're good at seeing through lies and falsehood as a result of personal experience.

Gifted Gab (600 CP): You've talked and talked at your fellow sapient beings so hard and so often it's started to rub off on the debatably sapient too. Monsters, minions, pets and other nonsentient allies who spend at least a few weeks' worth of continuous conversation around you become effective orators and gifted leaders in their own right-able to not

just command your hordes in battle, but even direct them to more complex tasks like scavenging the battlefield for parts or negotiating with other monsters! It's unlikely they'll be conducting research of their own with this perk alone, but you'll be able to wring all that potential out of your deputies simply by giving them a good talking-to.

Manager

Team Leader (100 CP): You're a monster person as well as a people person. As well as the usual combination of bombast and forward thinking it takes to lead a team through thick and thin, somehow your people skills are equally applicable to monsters-letting you to communicate complex ideas through a combination of pantomime, presence and aggressive encouragement. Your peers will go the extra mile for you, and monsters may even take a hit aimed your way.

Interdepartmental Expertise (200 CP): Sometimes, what you really need is an outside party to just come in with a fresh perspective. Projects you're involved in can now benefit from those with professionally trained credentials *regardless of what those credentials are*, as long as they're properly accredited by an academic institution, governing body or somesuch. Don't think too much about how that liberal arts degree is advancing the quantum mechanics calculations, just reap the benefits of corporate synergy!

Tough Talk (400 CP): You have unlocked the forbidden technique of any good manager-bending someone to your will with a serious conversation. Somehow, by having a stern conversation with a monster you can give it a significant aptitude as well as learn it's strengths and weaknesses while improving it's loyalty to you.

Conversely you can start stupid, annoying arguments with monsters in battle so profoundly aggravating their psychic organs shut down, their arms grow weary and otherwise special ability-using organelles or other important body parts spontaneously fail (before the monster

presumably goes back to trying to kill you, but now more hindered). Generally speaking you're a whiz at managing pressure to your allies' advantage and your enemies' disadvantage.

The Plan™ (600 CP): The Plan™ is the trademark ploy of any manager worth his wages. It starts with the usual research and study of any involved project, one that only others collaborating on said Plan™ can contribute to. Whenever said endeavour comes into conflict with direct or indirect opposition, the Plan™ immediately adjusts to account for their capabilities, tendencies and strategic objectives in such a way to maximise your own. You are not only capable of Planning™, you have mastered the ability to have Plans™ within Plans™, foiling the stratagems of your enemies over and over again as if you'd rehearsed their hilarious defeat. In less eccentric worlds, you're a really good tactician and strategist.

Mentalist

Happy Helper (100 CP): Happiness is a force you've learnt to harness. You have a knack for figuring out what makes people happy, how to keep them happy and how to keep that happiness sustainable. You're generally quite likeable and approachable to most, though your incessant happiness can get kind of extra if let loose. Finally, making people makes you happy too, giving you that little boost of confidence you need to make sure people are HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY within reasonable bounds and parameters.

Brain Rocket Science (200 CP): You'd think psychiatry wouldn't translate well to brain surgery, but this is MAD psychiatry dammit. That's why you're now a very good creator of the same kind of brains that bioconstructs use to both augment their personal capabilities and feel at peace with the universe. You can grow big brains, small brains, brains with unique psychic abilities such as shooting lightning or tormenting people with nightmares involving cheese with about the same effort as a milkmaid makes cheese, and only somewhat more equipment.

Mind Over Madness (400 CP): Your intelligence has become a much more literal weapon than it is for most, for you have bonafide PSYCHIC POWERS! Perceive the surface thoughts of mad scientists and monsters alike, albeit faintly! Generate shields to defend against incoming psychic effects! Blast others with a psychic shock of pure HAPPINESS or whatever other emotion you feel strongly about! The applications within this scope are mostly limited by your imagination. No mind is an island as long as you're here to bridge them.

Meta Mindfulness (600 CP): Some Mentalists learn to use their abilities on Vampires, arguably the most sapient of monsters, despite often coming from a…more alien perspective than most retrohumans. Why not cross the gulf of sapience with others? You're now able to offer psychiatric treatment and psychological manipulation to nonsentient beings or simpleminded entities such as monsters with no penalty, somehow communicating your ideas to the nonsentient.

More importantly, beings that have formed such a rapport with you always count as being in psychic contact and can be used as platforms to launch your other psychic powers from-or even exchange complex communication with another nearby person, whether to greet dangerous monsters from a vantage of relative safety or just scream at your neighbour to turn down the noise from a giant clam's ass.

Philosopher

Object Impermanence (100 CP): If a forest falls on top of a tree, does it make a sound? How would you even hear *the forest's* sound with all the trees in the way? Every now and then when you screw up whether in the lab, on the battlefield, or in some kind of esoteric surreal struggle with a reality-melting horror, you get a second wind to make up for it. Best not to rely on it and it won't turn around a challenge with opposition wildly out of proportion to you, but it can give you some pretty uncanny

beneficial coincidences. Good thing that tree fell in just the right way to ford that river.

Wisdom Born of Madness (200 CP): Simply communicating the nuances of philosophy means tapdancing on the line between genius and frenzy. The more enthusiastic and passionate, the more MAD your arguments, the more convincing you are. This isn't just charisma, but a strangely compelling train of logical thought rolling off your tongue like song. This can even somehow lend credibility and weight to the arguments and counterarguments of nearby allies.

Humorous (400 CP): Half of philosophy is really about arguing things aren't the way they look. The other half is about the most irrefutable state of them all: Death. You're a prodigy in the fluids needed to both give life and shape matter, creating monsters and gadgets-as well as researching and modifying Zombies, Zomboids, Shades and Demishades, and just about anything else related to death, rot and medicine.

While unleashing self-replicating pools of Inkhor that dissolve cities into Shade-building material or fusing a thousand corpses into an ultimate lifeform might be ambitious uses of your talent, a far more practical one is ensuring beings like Zomboids don't lose their capacity for rational action when dead or otherwise gravely (no pun intended) weakened.

Plot Armor Smith (600 CP): There's no two ways about it. You're significant. You're protected. If the city of Mortasheen was a comic book you'd be the main character, or at least that recurring wiseass who knows more than everyone else and dumps exposition all the time. Lab blows up near you? You're mildly scuffed up and the mortar lands far from you. Succeed in proving you're the best mad milkman in the town? Find a spare gadget or five along with the prize cup. Even allies who regularly interact with you seem to catch this plot armor like a

contagious virus, finding notable success in their endeavours and recovery from their failures.

Alchemist

Hand of Change (100 CP): Quite a few Alchemist tricks are based around mutation as a power source for everything from damage recovery to trading brains for brawn or vice versa to mitigating damage. Fortunately for you, you mutate semi-regularly! On any given day you can have 2-3 mutations spontaneously occur on your body, which can be "spent" (causing it to disappear) to fuel various abilities. If you like these can be comparatively minor mutations like eye colour or growing an extra organ where nobody can see.

Core Syllabus (200 CP): Altering the Core of a monster-it's fundamental essence, rendering a Zomboid a fully fledge Bioconstruct instead-is a delicate and refined process you've become well-versed in performing. In fact you're so well-versed in it that you can even alter a broad type of entity from another world into another broad type, such as turning a vampire into a werewolf or an Uruk back into an elf. It goes without saying the more powerful the subject and the greater the change, the harder the procedure; don't expect turning someone into a Devilbird to be easy or predictable.

Subjective Adjustment (400 CP): With how much your changing, why not the subjective reality around yourself? By scanalysing allies and enemies or even the ambient environment, you can concentrate your Madness and attempt to introduce a different but roughly equivocal substitute state of being that lasts for a few seconds.

A fireball can turn into a cone of cold your winter-proof armor is much better at handling. Enemies ambushing you from behind could come

from the sides instead where you've set traps. This ability, while versatile and subtle, is entirely dependent on your ability to study and comprehend the ability of your foes, and can be negated by overwhelming you physically or mentally.

Stressful Causality (600 CP): Well, this is concerning even by mad science standards. Somehow, you've learned to control causality in short bursts. Making bullets hit before they're fired or return to their gun with the same trajectory they left it, saving a friend from a brief but fatal attack, resetting the charged powers of enemy monsters or bolstering the recovery of your now. As powerful as this ability is, it only lasts a few seconds, can be shorted out by your mental concentration being broken like a psychic ability, and is about as mysterious as where the Warped come from.

Necrotomist

Life From Death (100 CP): In tampering with the moment where things cease, you've gained some insight in *how* they can begin. When modifying life, by retarding an aspect of it you can cultivate a gradual increase in all the other traits of the lifeform overall beyond its norm. A blind monster for example would be stronger, faster, heal faster and likely hear well enough to compensate. Of course, nothing's stopping you from augmenting your poor monster with functional eyes afterwards. This is a simple redistribution of biological potential after all, not some accursed pact.

Right Hand of Death (200 CP): Animating the corpses of the fallen is the most stereotypical use of your discipline, but that doesn't make it useful. Such beings are typically half as fast as they were in life and mindless, but their strength is enhanced by your Madness. The poor critters' corpses crumble to dust upon their second death, requiring being set up to be revived *properly* by the Green Goo. This is a rare level of animation by the way, most necrotomists reanimate only *part* of a given corpse (which you can also do).

Conductor of Compost (400 CP): You've seen the beauty in the maggot's dance upon rotten flesh, and learned the mushroom's humble wisdom that decay is merely an extant form of life. You can control decay finely in an aura around you, scaling in range as well as potency with your overall power. What doesn't change is the sheer precision of your decay, easily sparing allies while simultaneously aging milk to cheese, grapes to fine wine and a berserk monster to a shambling corpse potentially under your control before it even falls.

Grasp of the Grave (600 CP): It's time to throw down with what the uneducated might call "death curses" and which you rightfully know to be the skilful manipulation of artificial microbes! Smite those near you with waves of necrotic or toxic miasma. Wither away the strengths of those with rotting power, or leave them corrupted, perforated, enfeebled and numb. Detonate corpses violently. You have a particularly close connection to the nanomons within and around you, and so have great potential in the art of making small things inflict rapid fire death around yourself as well as coming up with new techniques. The grave's the limit!

Independent Study (Discounting with Just Kidding)

Eye of the Beholder (100 CP): In Mortasheen and much of the world beyond, beauty lies in variety. The most unique nervous systems, the rarest genetic combinations! And now, you've somehow managed to carry this world's beauty standards with you whenever it would be beneficial for you. You could be a rotting carcass infested by worms, and still somehow be appreciated for the rich biodiversity you propagate. Can be toggled on and off, if you're feeling mean.

Organic Economy (200 CP): Retromankind is dead. Blood is fuel. Data is currency. While there's nothing to be done about the first one, your interdimensional nature seems to defy the laws of economics.

In future worlds you'll be able to trade blood and data as if it were any other currency following the value system of Mortasheen, with correspondingly purer, rarer or otherwise more valuable data/blood being worth correspondingly larger amounts of currency.

Somehow, all payment processors will accept payment by blood/data and find it all legally protected despite the terminal confusion of everyone involved.

Systemised Projects (400 CP): You'd expect feuding with other mad scientists, being chased by new and aberrant lifeforms and occasionally being infested by worms would interfere with science. And yet, science marches on.

As long as you have a designated space for the minimal equipment to actually carry out a project, you'll find that projects such as cloning a monster or building a gadget tend to kind of…keep themselves going, as long as you make a token effort to check in semi-regularly with new data or putter around with the subject matter.

You can't just expect your datasets to solve themselves for you, but your petri dishes won't go bad from negligence, more tedious tasks are done faster than you'd expect and you'll often find helpful discoveries on your other adventures and endeavours for your work. It's like there's some sort of scientific law of inertia urging your project onwards to fruition.

The Plutonium Rule (600 CP): Constraints? *Limits?* In a world of mad science, those concepts are the only truly IRRATIONAL preconceptions! You're a true renaissance man of this world, with broad knowledge in various areas and many little quality of life tune-ups to existing technologies, all of which pales in comparison to your true gift: Using mad science to do the impossible.

You may still need to put in the work like everyone else, but when it comes to tearing open a rift in space-time or making fresh meat that

never rots outside a sealed environment your stuff is far ahead of the curve from everyone else's-seemingly scaling to your sheer enthusiasm for science rather than any rational metric.

Getting engines to run on magical energy or building a ray gun that can shoot spirits in other settings is old hat. Cloning a Devilbird, replicating one of the Wreath's units *without* the thing immediately betraying you and other perilous tasks may still be fraught with risk and uncertainty, but you're closer than most to seizing the day and the all-important data with it.

Academic

The Green Standard (100 CP): You're *academically trained*. That means you're among the most organised and systematic mad scientists out there! Your projects run more efficiently, you know how to set up checks and balances so your teammates' metahuman errors and mad ravings avoid tainting the finished findings, and basically you're very good at the boring but necessary parts of actually doing research and verifying your scientific discoveries. Like say, citing the theories behind your scuttling death machine.

Honorary Tenure (200 CP): Academic institutions all over the place (even in future worlds!) have heard of your storied name, your sterling reputation, and gladly throw open their doors to you. Resources are easier to acquire (at least, those for rank and file staff rather than the dean or such), and even outside of direct favours your word is given more respect than that of most outsiders.

Class of the Year (400 CP): Many mad scientists are gifted at learning, you in particular are gifted at teaching. Whether it's cloning entities from beyond the space-time continuum or how to build a sonic cannon, you're a genius at breaking down complex concepts into something a mad scientist from a completely different field can wrap his head around.

In fact, you're even capable of teaching monsters and other only tentatively sentient beings how to contribute to research! Monsters that

spend significant time around you become able researchers in their own right, even if otherwise not productive members of society.

Mental Migration (600 CP): Stories academics have a tendency to find they get carried away with their work, seeing it almost take on a life of its' own. The more you actively research something, the more circumstances line up to contribute more knowledge and logistical breakthroughs to it. One phone call to an expert leads to another until your think that expands into an entire conference of mad scientists setting aside differences until your problem is solved, undergraduates and other adjuncts suddenly turn out to be in desperate need of employment solely for the experience, petitions for funding are more easily approved and processed, even long naps turn out to provide startling insight conjured forth from your subconscious. You do need to stay active in the project with a systemised procedure of research and preferably peer review, but academia is in your blood like the divine right of kings.

Corporate

Mad Assessments (100 CP): This sir, is not a can. This is a certified, standardised, scientifically accredited ancient retrohuman-era containment vessel! You've learned to assess the value of everything from random garbage on the ground to ancient retrohuman ruins (and probably most animal byproducts or technological waste in other worlds) with little more than a glance from a few angles. More importantly, you're good at upselling that value..

Mercy of the Corporate Overlords (200 CP): In business, you'll often find the quickest way to the top is to kowtow to someone higher up the ladder. Somehow you've managed to earn a little leniency with your sponsors, creditors and other assorted money men. Loans can be deferred for a few weeks to get your affairs in order. Investors will go along with your stranger ideas with a bit more spin put on them. Dealing with HR *is actually helpful and efficient for everyone involved*. Mostly.

“We have people for that” (400 CP): In the course of business you’ve learned to know a guy who knows a guy who knows a dude who knows pal that can deliver you what you want. Whenever you need incredibly niche expertise in a field like “professor in parasitic frog mating habits” or “acidic weather statistician”, you’ll be able to retain the service of a relevant and competent expert simply by putting up a notice and throwing money at the problem. It’ll cost more the rare and more valuable the service involved is, but you’ll never be entirely short on skilled labour.

Money is Time (600 CP): You have a problem. Things need to be made on *time* but you only have limited *time* to make *money.* Obviously the answer is to throw *money* at the problem to get back your *time.* This ill-conceived train of logic somehow lets you accelerate production, manufacturing, service provision and other corporate activities simply by throwing more money at the problem, be it sacks of blood/data or blank cheques. As long as you pay up or at least have the objective capacity to pay up, this inexplicably accelerates the process as if the required capital/resources/labour/land normally needed to do so was present.

It's not quite clear what’s going on. Maybe your employees just *really* love their fat paychecks.

Industrial

Industry of Titan (100 CP): Everyone seems keen on securing a favourable deal with you. Regulators can’t wait to sign over land for you to build on, everything you make and sell is worth twice the normal data value. Theoretically this represents tenacity and connections in the wider industry, but in ancient retrohuman literature some people genuinely can just sell ice to Eskimos (whatever those are) and you seem to be one of them.

Superior Surveyor (200 CP): Mechanical traps? Structural weaknesses or instabilities? Mineral resources and other goods of significant value? You've seen it all. Your keen eye for resources and architecture has also led to a strange outcome: The greater your respectability, the more modules (or other building features) you can somehow fit comfortably into an existing lair (or other building). Yes, you are literally holding the building together with force of personality. Don't think too hard about it.

Gracious Loan (400 CP): Your production systems have advanced to the point you can manufacture gadgets with your own powers and abilities! A calculator with your own intelligence, or a raygun that shoots your parasites. Such things require maintenance, refuelling and other downtime too complex to mention here, and must be returned to whatever production systems you use after every major adventure to remain functional.

The Future of Cost Cutting (600 CP): Automation. It's every captain of industry's dream, and you've brought it into reality. You now have an extremely specific grasp of engineering that lets you fully automate any form of manufacturing, resource harvesting, or even the creation of hyper-specific products such as cuisine *with the exact same quality* of your best worker, with barely any need for maintenance and the energy requirements of a solar battery. Whatever unhinged process you use seems to involve scanning that soon-to-be redundant employee's very brainwaves before creating a Madness-induced system of making things continuously, cheaply and most importantly of all with an easy to locate off-button. Whether it's a torque-defying conveyor belt extending into that enriched uranium mine or a giant wooden praying mantis-like watermelon harvester, you're going to have those unions scratching their heads how to protest against a marvel of engineering that seems to treat the conversation of energy as more of an aesthetic preference than a hard rule.

Municipal

The Charity Rate (100 CP): Think of this as a little subsidy for all the poor souls out there trying to actually *help* communities better themselves somewhere as anarchic as Mortasheen. Goods and services, and only goods and services (not weapons, monsters, lair modules, non-commercial uses of currency such as bribes/ransom or inherent project costs and generally speaking anything too cool to be bought on a credible online delivery service) cost one quarter less. Buy yourself a treat every now and then to remember why you're doing all this.

The Strong Arm of the Law (200 CP): Mortasheen lacks actual laws, and thus "legal experts" are more akin to security guards. You've decided to cut out the middleman and become a "lawyer" or "attorney" with significant skill and stamina in roughhousing with other corpo goons. Your interdimensional nature somehow carries this convention onto other worlds, where your ability to deliver a physical beating somehow translates into smoother proficiency with and more favourable treatment from all legal systems.

Winning Cause (400 CP): You have a fantastic reputation predicated on a noble but daunting goal, such as finding homes for orphaned monsters or reintegrating Wreath victims into properly mad society. You enjoy such popularity that individuals, and sometimes even other institutions or organisations will lend voluntarily help within reason and help your cause have the law look the other way for your efforts. So long as you're seen to labour for your cause regularly and in good faith, you have the kind of sterling reputation that makes anyone bothering you look like a terrible, loathsome puppy-kicker.

Well-Preserved Community (600 CP): Remember that whole thing about spending money to make business go *faster?* You now have the equally inexplicable ability to spend money to make communities work *better.* Gentrification slows, societal harmony increases and local business prosper.

It matters not *where* all that money actually goes, although having a logical and sound basis for investment creates much faster returns than just dumping all your piggy banks in the town fountain-and of course, that money does actually have be invested in the community proper rather than some third party business setting up shop. Even environmental resources and the very air quality seem to be cleared up.

It's almost like Mortasheen itself is being bribed to act as a de facto shareholder and invest in the wellbeing of your local community.

Political

Our Noble Luminaries, Their Dangerous Radicals (100 CP): Like every good politician, you've learned to appeal to a certain subset of society such as potato farmers, tennis players or conspiracy theorists. You can hobnob with this group like it's second nature, and even in future worlds saying the right things to broadly similar groups comes easily. More importantly, you're *very* good at convincing them to give you their money for a good cause. For a given value of "good".

Our Respectable Sponsor (200 CP): Well, well. Found a friend in high places, have you? The endorsement of Mortasheen's own mayor perhaps, or the public support of a powerful meatpacking mogul? Whoever it is, they're widely feared and/or respected in what passes for high society here, and their backing helps open doors and win influence like never before.

They won't handhold you and assist pointedly within reason, but "within reason" often includes things like corporate killsquads on your sides, vast supplies of top quality products and possibly even getting part of Mortasheen to reshape itself to your advantage. After this jump you can automatically acquire the patronage of a similarly influential individual in future jumps so long as your interests at least nominally align.

UP YOURS, SLEEPY IMMORALISTS (400 CP): It's time to show the opposition what for! Despite potentially having as little support from

you as a destination and an (optional) paycheck, your minions, cronies and other proxies are more effective at sabotaging your enemies' efforts the greater your personal respectability.

It's less that they become vortexes of terrorism and more that whatever they do tends to have a domino effect that makes your opponents look drastically worse than they should. Even if the actions they take do no meaningful damage, that brick they chucked through a window could somehow get spun by the rumour mill into a breathtaking scandal.

Party Lines (600 CP): You're really good at spinning propaganda. Really, *really* good. This goes far beyond telling tall tales and encompasses organising multimedia campaigns complete with falsified (or at least, thoroughly curated) evidence, acquiring and training "witnesses" to back up your story and tugging heartstrings to pull off some absurdly audacious claims.

You could convincingly argue pie-eating contests as being part of some government conspiracy. Claim competitive oil painting is ruining the youth of tomorrow. Declare that underwater basket weaving is secretly a Vampire conspiracy to destroy the nation.

The sheer audacity of what you can spew is matched only by how enduring it is in the public imagination.

Bioconstruct

Unnatural Selection (100 CP): While many monsters are capable of reproducing the old fashioned way, Bioconstructs are notable for reliable success at such despite evidence suggesting this was an unintended deviation in their original creators' design.

You too will always be able to grow, regenerate and reproduce as long as your body is mostly in one piece no matter how many mutagens you wallow in or how absurd your anatomy. A chemical fire will still burn your or specific sterilising toxin will still take off your dangly parts, but mere microplastics and other environmental factors incapable of

poisoning you in less than a week won't prevent your children from being born healthy, though not necessarily without mutations of their own.

Function Is Form (200 CP): Bioconstructs are always equipped for survival, and you are no exception. Any abilities you have and practice regularly enough to devote a significant amount of care and attention to can be weaponised. Mend wounds and you'll mutate an ability suited for stitching such an enemy's airways. Make sculptures and those sculptures can be impregnated with your venom, or symbionts, or…something else so they can defend you in battle. It may be a bit haphazard at times, but you'll never be far from a weapon.

Hide of Steel (400 CP): While many Bioconstructs incorporate inorganic materials into their physiology, your biology has taken a more proactive approach. As long as you're making skin contact with the brick, concrete, sand or whatever solid state inorganic compounds your immediate environment is made of, you can spontaneously give yourself adaptations based on it-typically body armour or reinforced bones/flesh. Great slabs of concrete mounted on your back like ankylosaur plates, bones made of bricks, sand particles transmuted from your dead skin. The potency and flexibility of these mutations scale with your overall biomass, with the above examples being typical for a metahuman-sized monster.

In the Shadow of the Destructors (600 CP): The great destructors awaken only in the face of cataclysmic threat, which they deem attempts to perfectly duplicate them. You however, benefit from a heavily inferior reproduction granting you the powerset of one.

Whatever this power is, even in miniature (scaling to your Brawns or Brains purchased in this jump) it is a show of true dominance over either the form or consciousness of other Bioconstructs, with examples like sprouting forests of bones from loyal symbiotes powerful enough to tear through steel like paper. Or emitting slime that can have its' chemical properties adjusted on the fly from thousands of miles away.

And if you are already as powerful as the destructors themselves, it seems you're considered a true sibling to them, ignored so long as you do not threaten the city itself.

Biomecha

Universal Recipient (100 CP): Biomecha would probably find the idea of an immune system rejecting organs as utterly pitiful if they'd ever heard of it. Like all such monsters, you can now take transplants and other biological augmentations without fear of your own physiology backstabbing you with those nasty autoimmune disorders.

You also have a very high pain tolerance compared to most monsters given how readily Biomecha actively seek out procedures to replace missing brains, and could probably just walk off the agony from a sword through the stomach like an Indian burn

Shutdown Proofing (200 CP): While the exoskeletons of Biomecha adjust for sickness and injury as quickly as any organic membrane and take to modifications with little trouble, they're still susceptible to mechanical breakdown-like effects. Some kind mad scientist has thoughtfully removed this weakness from you, proofing you against malfunction, overheating or "shorting out". Even in future worlds, whatever form you take it'll be much harder to unceremoniously take you out of the fight.

Meeting of Minds (400 CP): What a strange mutation you've grown. You have additional capsules, interdimensional storage or even stranger forms of vessels growing out from you somewhere which let you store additional brains (apart from your primary brain-storing component, assuming you're a Biomecha) and use them as easily as your primary. The larger you grow, the more you have-with a metahuman-sized monster having six as well as their primary brain jar. These become more plentiful the larger you grow, letting you gather a variable arsenal of wrinkly rubbery weapons.

Megabrain (600 CP): You can feel your intrusive thoughts boiling up through you, getting harder and harder to suppress, coming out of your- oh wait, it's just your brain. Something about you continuously mutates and stokes the evolutionary power of your brain, improving the power it grants in various ways-plateauing after a year, but never stopping. It can take months to see it tangibly short further or hit harder, but a power that projects bolts of electricity could also use it to fly or create homing explosive projectiles instead. For those without brains to call their own (that offer useful superpowers) this perk applies to a single discrete biological ability of your choice.

Boo Men

Hired Muscle (100 CP): You'd expect the Boo Men to be dreaded, feared and shunned by right-thinking society…but Mortasheen considers right-thinking to be boring. You can carry this convention forwards with you. Henceforth, as long as you make a token effort to confine your sudden and unprovoked killings to a certain demographic (and indeed stoop no lower than killing), you can still make business transactions perfectly legally. Individuals may still scorn or fear you, but in the eyes of society as a whole and the law, you're not a mass murderer, you're just…showcasing your professional services.

Monstrous Folk Hero (200 CP): While some Boo Men become figures of dread, others become symbols of hope. You have the kind of devil-may-care charisma, style and fashion sense that with a token respect for the lives of those nearby you could paint yourself a small town hero. It's mainly the style, honestly. You just have a certain efficient flair to how you kill that imposes submission on your rivals, and makes fangirls/boys/other out of many of those around you. Also makes you just a little faster on the draw by doing trick shots or similar feats of finesse with your abilities.

Extra Setup (400 CP): Some Boo Men can tamper with their method of killing. Switching up cocktails of poison and so on. Why should they get to have all the fun? In a moment of intense concentration akin to the Boo Men's first memories of life, you can fundamentally alter biological traits you have to add enhancements of various kinds to them.

Make your voice invoke delirious hypnosis as well as rupture flesh for example, or make your biological bullets fly around corners of their own accord. Or hell, just make your psychoactive pheromones able to melt through steel too. These upgrades aren't endless; keep in mind you'll have to make up the difference in calorie consumption sooner or later.

Man After Man (600 CP): So, *where* Boo Men come from is a tricky question, but you might just have found an answer for you and yourself alone. In a tiresome process taking between a few minutes to an hour, any one of your bodies can undergo something akin to cell fission, peeling out of itself a perfect duplicate.

There are two options with this duplicate: Make it part of your hivemind (and yes, you can form hiveminds if you couldn't already), or allow it to develop as an individual. Doing the latter allows it to redesign its' own powerset fitting it's developing personality, in the case of a Boo Man potentially resulting in a new one wandering off to form its own hivemind (or just befriending you). While much less painful, the energy consumption and exhaustion this inflicts even on a Boo Man is comparable to childbirth in retrohuman women.

Botanicals

Hypercarnivore (100 CP): Had to be tough to grow out here. Real tough. Meant giving up some luxuries, like metabolising your nutrients from dirt, water and sunlight. As long as you have a source of sustenance that fulfils one of your dietary needs, it counts as fulfilling all of them for the robust system you call a body. Eat bread all day and get your protein and antioxidants from it-though eating healthy will still be a fair bit more efficient.

Life Finds A Way (200 CP): Boy, does it ever. Botanicals are easily replicated but you take it to a new level. When you reset and will it lichens, mosses, grasses and other vaguely plant-adjacent things spawn all over the place-scaling to your biomass, with even a metahuman-sized Botanical able to cover an apartment in minutes. The environment they create is always subtly advantageous to you: Vines and brambles grow as cover, the grass secretes substances that nourish you, and so on. With enough time and patience, you could direct this growth to your aid.

The Blooming Devourer (400 CP): There's two sides to the coin called life. One's death. While all Botanicals annihilate Green Goo by dissolving it to raw nutrients, you take it further by being able to dissolve monsters back into constituent Green Goo with a digestive fluid secreted anywhere from your body. Armour plating is far less useful than shed skins or quills that keep your droplets away; the only true defence on contact is raw vitality.

What you kill *might* be unrecoverable by the Green Goo depending on how thorough your attack was, and you could wreck some serious havoc on Mortasheen city if you or things based on your biomass touched enough of it at once. Seeing how Green Goo is basically accelerated primordial soup, this stuff's pretty good at killing most biological organisms in other worlds.

Prize Blossom (600 CP): The other side's life, and you respect it too with this. Every part of you is now a very good component for altering and enhancing life in various ways, and you even regularly gain mutations that prove beneficial for other life. Fruit that rapidly heals damage in battle. Blood that can be used to facilitate normally impossible grafts or get tissue to grow in unconventional directions or form. Bones that can be planted to create new monsters, even. Keep this knowledge away from prying mad scientists and you could well be something of a saint with your delectable yet beneficial byproducts.

Demishade

Ordained Purpose (100 CP): Choose a broadly defined but relatively mundane and humane task involving the observation, understanding or maintenance of monsters. You now have a set of loosely defined mutations suited for carrying it out.

If you're meant to infiltrate monster populations, you'll be able to crudely shapeshift. If you're meant to cultivate and protect certain creatures, you might secret substances that encourage their propagation or fire off brainwaves that alter their behaviour, biology or both. And if your purpose is to cull them, whatever adaptations you have are quick and efficient by this world's standard.

Yesmaster.com (200 CP): How the city and identifies the need for lonely mad scientists seeking shambling assistants is unclear, but you've come up with your own solution. There's something about you that's very endearing to the kind of ranting, raving madman/madwoman/indistinct brain in a jar that builds machines which spray electricity everywhere and rants about showing them all.

The unhinged and megalomaniacal just tend to coo over you like the beloved pet or child they never ha when you knock on their door, and as long as you have the basic competency to help (which all Demishades do) will gladly take you under their wing as a favoured assistant.

[Corral] or [Cull] (400 CP): Normally, Shades are specialised towards helping or hindering other monsters, but your design is a bit more flexible. Choose one class of monsters (and similar beings in future worlds).

You're now imminently suited to helping OR hindering them with all your biological adaptations, the giant venomous spines you have being especially effective on Fectoids for example but the poison they leave on the ground helping them infect more rapidly than ever after denaturing for a few minutes.

Your abilities even extend to mad scientists and more boring researchers, either providing them significantly more help or hindrance than the average demishade.

Doppelshade (600 CP): Curious. While many Demishades eventually emulate other monsters so completely as to abandon their natural state, you seem to have such exact emulation as a core function. By scanalysing a monster like a scientist, you can turn into a perfect copy of them down to the fundamental traits of what they are-and revert back at will. You can only turn into one monster at a time, but can simply scanalyse other monsters to acquire their transformation instead.

Devilbird

Unholy Wretch (100 CP): For such horrific living weapons, the Devilbirds all seem good at subverting expectations. You're bizarrely talented at looking pathetic, craven, helpless when you're not actively trying to ruin everything and everyone around you. The way you waggle around on your body or merrily skip around without a care in the world has a tendency to just put even otherwise vicious monsters off their guard, as they try to pinpoint the actual devastator of entire ecosystems in their midst.

My Precious Pawns (200 CP): To its' dying breath, few know if a Devilbird can truly grasp something akin to camaraderie or if it saw it's teammates as particularly useful peons to the end of its existence. Your ability as a manipulator transcends mere spoken word or rhetoric. Every aspect of your behaviour, even when insufferably obnoxious or aggressive, lightly nudges others towards a belief in enlightened self-interest from cooperation with you so long as you maintain a pretence of cooperation.

Such tentative cooperation can blossom into a true loyalty you may or may not reciprocate. Either way, that's one more asset for your next vicious rampage in stock.

SALIGIA Protocol (400 CP): A failsafe has been engineered in you by the pitiless ancient retrohumans who decided no chances could be taken in their war of extermination. A trait unique to the Devilbird of Sloth, but far more repeatable.

When the seven conventional Devilbirds gather together, sometimes instead of quarrelling they engage in an unspeakable reproduction process involving infecting each other with their particular broadcast of depravity, culminating in the Devilbird of Sloth hatching into Aviazel, the Ascended Execrator: A being that trades the psychic torture of its progenitors (indeed, it is actually more vulnerable to psychic interference than most monsters) for unmatched speed, even less need for sustenance than it's kin, and the power to kill at range like a magnetically propelled meteor.

You too can evolve similarly-by convincing six other Devilbirds to engage in such a ritual with you, you can ascend to greater heights of power-inverting the strengths and weaknesses of your form each time in order to take on a horrific new form with no known upper limit.

Of course, getting six Devilbirds to cooperate is the tricky part, but more usefully it seems your body harvests a certain brainwave from large populations-perhaps a village in size-experiencing their sins over a few weeks. Just get a large population to indulge in each and every one of the sins (or separate populations to indulge in individual sins!), soak up the psychic residue and you can kickstart the process yourself!

One last thing. It seems your interdimensional nature allows other beings strongly associated with the Seven Deadly Sins, such as demons, to substitute for Devilbirds by using their powers to imbue you with their associated sin.

Evil Made Flesh (600 CP): So grievous are the Devilbirds' effects on the mind that few stop to ponder why their native territory features so many warped in *body* as well.

Moreso than any other Devilbird, you have some sort of psychic ability to reshape the world in the image of your sin. All your psychic powers are greatly strengthened by this, gaining a corrosive edge towards wrecking the minds of others and spanning hundreds of miles in every direction.

Furthermore, if there was any doubt before your powers explicitly working on things without complex mind such as grass and lice. Those successfully compelled by your will become easier to reshape in body, especially with a theme such as the Devilbirds' sins to guide them; even the very *environment* can be subtly remodelled to make acts of violence, desire and so on easier to act on.

With this, the Devilbird of Pride could compel vegetation to suddenly grow tall and blossom to honour it's majesty, while the Devilbird of Wrath could warp a metahuman into a raging horror capable of ripping a Bioconstruct in half. As for Devilbirds that are purely physical threats, those slain by their attacks have their flesh moulded by their will instead-bones erupting into homing spikes aimed at surviving enemies.

It's even possible for a Devilbird to cheat death using a victim broken in this matter, recreating their form and transmitting their mind from a warped dead body in a violently explosive rebirth.

Ectophasm

Fossilised Ninja (100 CP): Like all Ectophasms, you're a sneaky little sneak. You intuitively know how to disappear from line of sight or what passes as such for relatively unusual exotic senses, and delight in toying with little observer tricks. You can lurk around a retrohuman settlement eating all their garbage without them being any the wiser.

Stonebound Prankster (200 CP): You sure are a bit of a showboat for a consistently hungry, simpleminded creature. Psychological warfare of a cruder kind is your game, and scaring the pants off people who've yet to get a good look at you is the game. You know how to show *just* enough of yourself to send a chill up a spine, leave ominous little offerings on someone's doorstep, and sow infighting and paranoia while you slide in to lap up the weakened survivors.

State of Body (400 CP): While most Ectophasms shift between distinct states for their matrix, you've learned to combine those states to your advantage. Maintain hard plates and sharp claws as a liquid, maintain liquid tendrils as a gas to choke your enemies, maintain gaseous afterimages that strike after your first blow as a solid. This also lets you pass through solid obstacles without penalty due to having a significantly better grasp of your molecular state.

Do-Everything Goo (600 CP): Some Ectophasms emit a slime that can be used to form crude structure, or convert other organisms into servants. Yours can do both, and more.

From rapidly metabolising resources into additional contiguous mass for yourself, to warping lesser monsters into obedient thralls (though the relationship can have a fair bit more nuance, like caretaker and ward for example) or creating slime-based duplicates with all your biological capabilities but greater fragility to kinetic or thermal damage, to just dissolving all those inconvenient concrete ruins in your way, your slime seems to have a mind of its' own when it comes to mutating and adapting in ways beneficial to your other powers.

It's not limitless since it is in fact still just slime, but it scales to your biological mass. And never underestimate the benefit of something that can be an adhesive and a lubricant simultaneously.

Fectoid

Benign Infection (100 CP): Not all Fectoids, it must be said, are diseases in the widely understood sense. Some repair and improve organ systems,

others can accelerate the host's consciousness to expand their minds. As such, if you wish your biology can have a similarly invasive yet beneficial effect on others at your discretion. Foes of course still get a nasty shock to their immune system.

Warm and Cozy (200 CP): Some Fectoids induce pain and rot with their embrace. Those are, in a way, the merciful ones. Your infection (or other biological abilities) instead causes others to feel warm and cozy, or some other positive emotion. As the infection progresses, all sense of pain or panic fades away to be replaced with inebriating joy, and towards the end may find it hopelessly addicting-even willingly accelerating their own contamination. Dying with a smile on their face whether they end up secreting spores or simply fall apart.

It's Free Real Estate (400 CP): Some Fectoids form microscopic cysts in the hopes of propagating their offspring upon death. You've learned a more reliable adaptation: Secreting mucous or some other semi-liquid structure to form something akin to a coral relief the size of a family car (assuming a metahuman-sized Fectoid, with smaller or larger specimens having correspondingly scaled structures) which takes in everything from sunlight to minerals in the ground in order to produce juveniles that are to you what a baby is to a man.

It takes a few months for the cysts to grow from an inert stasis into new Fectoids. Your offspring instinctively love you even if their growth can potentially involve mass die-offs of aquatic life and vegetation as they reflexively try to propagate and acquire resources for the gestalt.

Symbiote (600 CP): You've developed a more sustainable way of infecting hosts than the one which ends in death decay. For you, successful infection (or defeating them in a fight, or acquiring their consent) means integrating your biology into that of the host-combining your biological abilities and really anything else that involves a successful merger of two bodies (yes, even if you're not a Fectoid) with the combined prowess of both organisms. This comes with much more sophisticated manipulation of the host mind such as simulating a kind of virtual

reality, and the ability to rewire the host to secrete new Fectoids over the course of days as long as both continue getting sufficient sustenance.

Joker

Methods of Madness (100 CP): The constant flux of a Joker's mental structure doesn't inhibit them from survival in the wild. Likewise, you're tremendously resilient to psychic or emotionally compulsive states not through intense discipline, but because you're well-used to the kind of literally scatterbrained consciousness that treats such things as fleeting notions rather than permanent effects. In fact, your volatile mind can adversely affect telepaths unprepared for the intensity of your sheer fun.

Hive's Favourite Candidate (200 CP): When Jokers form hives, it's not always apparent which one will take the throne. Even if you lack the overwhelming power characterised by the typical dominant Joker, when integrated into a hivemind you exert a compulsion that makes others see you as the natural leader of the hivemind. This is far from absolute but very subtle and spreads quickly. While a naturally born dominant Joker lifeform might challenge your supremacy, the rest of the hive would likely express confusion about not going along with the flow.

Puppeteer (400 CP): Many more powerful Jokers end up developing puppets of some sort-crude replications of monsters, metahumans playing some strange role or similar structures sprouting from appendages coming out of their body in a way that somehow doesn't seem to meaningfully impair their movement.

You have some now too with their nature being largely up to you to decide, but there's something strange about theirs: Whatever pantomime you put on with them can have *real and tangible* consequences on viewers under the right circumstances. Perhaps you emit a psychic field that lets pantomimed slapstick correspond to real telekinetic blows.

Perhaps you spray a miasma that makes people overly invested in the television drama you're acting out. Whatever it is, you can get people dancing along to your tone so well you're giving them an escape from reality without breaking it.

Bakery (600 CP): While Jokers are known for mutating and shapeshifting in response to their environment and food supply compared to other monsters, you take it to a whole new level. Eating meat regularly would not just turn you into an unprecedented Protein Joker, but grant you whimsical but powerful meat-based mutations such as sprouting rolling wheels of sharpened bones and tendrils of flesh longer than your body length.

Eating silicon might let your body decompose and reform as silicon particles. Such mutations seamlessly blend into each other and follow a certain Joker-y theme instead of contradicting, allowing you to build up an arsenal of strange yet deadly adaptations.

Vampire

Swim the Sky (100 CP): What self-respecting creature of the night would be limited merely to the shoreline of the sea? You can now propel yourself through the air exactly as quickly and deftly as you can swim. Examples of the science behind this range from gas bladder based propulsion to straight up telekinetic movement, so don't worry about the details about why having larger fins helps you go faster.

A Friend in Bleed (200 CP): Many a Vampire languishes not from starvation nor angry mobs, but from the lonesomeness of being an immortal in a world where even the most long-lived metahumans risk dying after a mere millennium or two.

You won't have to suffer as long as some because it seems fortune favours you making new friends. Metahumans will be more understanding and amicable than many a blood-drinking many-fanged fiend from the depths could reasonably expect, and even monsters will

find in you a compatriot rather than a predator if you approach them in good faith.

Lord of Carrion (400 CP): Contrary to popular belief Vampires to *not* generally make more vampires by biting non-Vampires. Which makes you something of an anomaly because you can. You can grant others all the benefits of Vampirism (including the Core and its accompanying power) simply by drawing enough blood to share your bodily fluids with another.

Such entities, while not technically subservient, are filled with respect and adoration for you akin to a child for their parent-some might call it a "blood bond" though that's a strong statement for what is ultimately an amicable relationship befitting the more civilised vampires of today rather than the tyrants of the past.

Even symbiotes such as brainflukes or diseases will gain vampiric traits, and all will have the potential to develop their own form of Vampirism befitting their natural genetic traits and aptitudes.

True Viviphage (600 CP): Vast and terrible are the Vampires who grow to maturity, with bodies larger than whales and minds capable of compelling the obedience of those thousands of miles away. And yet, even they are not the ultimate for of the Vampire race. You have not quite reached the status of the dreaded Viviphage yet, but you're closer than most and might well reach that status halfway through your stay here. All your Vampire abilities and similar ones involving blood and predation from other worlds increase with age endlessly, and often evolving to more efficient form.

Already you can drain victims dry without physical contact or wield blood with as much finesse as your brainpower allows-and potentially as much might as your true body. Your entire body will mutate to be a superior specimen of Vampirism-growing crystalline hides to protect your outer membranes, telepathic abilities pinpointing weakpoints in other organisms and so on.

Your advanced growth lets you control your outward form even as your inner organs become unrecognisable efficient at storing and using blood, if for some reason you don't want to evolve into the viral shape that is the truest expression of Vampirism itself.

Warped

Alien Perspective (100 CP): Part of the Warped's difficulty in communicating with the residents of this world is the fact that they simply perceive reality on a different scale-and given their nature, arguably a superior one.

Choose a form of perception that is quantitatively superior to sight, smell and so on-but also very difficult to explain to normal people confined by linear time. You now have it. You could see all the colors of the electromagnetic spectrum, have a bizarre form of farsightedness that lets you watch the stars with pinpoint precision indefinitely, see the past and/or future but not the present, or even see higher dimensions.

All of which makes you very insightful and adaptive, but seldom in a way that makes sense to most here.

Interdimensional Mirage (200 CP): Often, the Warped have strange effects on perception and cognition. You've learned to weaponize yours. Whatever the reality of your nature, you have an extremely specific anomalous perceptual effect that makes you look different to technology and the common eyeball.

You could make yourself look like an inanimate object to sensors but a strange biological lifeform to organic observers. Appear in a set of 13 doppelgangers who all seem to have life readings until one is struck with a lethal blow. Be invisible in daylight, but luminous at night. The sky is the limit with one consistent metric: Machines see one thing, organics another.

Further confusing the reality of what you are, at all times you're aware of how you're perceived, and both the illusion and whatever you deem your reality can interact (and be interacted) with other stimuli in whatever way is most convenient for you. Let lasers phase through your

mannikin-self, while your living shadow self trips up that annoying Bioconstruct.

Gate to the Beyond (400 CP): Normally, Warped are obtained by repeating the precise conditions of their discovery or reproduce using their own strange methods.

You have a far more efficient method. By concentrating and expending a significant amount of stamina (compared to fighting a powerful monster), you can summon a great many other Warped through a gate in space, time and likely stranger things. Those identical to your type (or as broadly similar to you as possible) are the easiest to…summon, for lack of a better word.

A retrohuman with this could perhaps summon six, and an overall more powerful being could call more. But stranger specimens are possible, though significantly harder to summon. Such entities are neither immediately aggressive nor hostile, regarding you with something approaching terrified caution.

Many *Fingers*, One *Hand* (600 CP): If the Warped are poorly understood, then whatever it is some of them fear is utterly beyond current mad science. You however have a working relationship with one such entity, a symbiosis of sorts, a *work contract* superior to that of the Anglesnipes.

Whenever you suffer harm, psychic or physical but more tangible than mean words, *something* from beyond the veil of reality starts digesting whatever harmed you. It does a significant amount of damage but generally not instantly fatal to anything greater than biogarbage, and can be blocked as if it were an invading but imperceptible parasite.

By the present standards of this world, the nature of the damage is unknown and unknowable, has no vulnerability or weakness, and currently cannot be learned, replicated or changed by any force in this world.

It's up to you precisely what form it takes: Your enemies may start to fade from reality, or transmute to unbreakable neutronium, or unravel

into silly string, or look increasingly painted and inorganic until suddenly and retroactively they've always been a lawnmower. It matters not if you're shot, gassed or attacked by one or an army. The entity will have its' pound of flesh for every discrete intention to harm is directed at you.

Wormbrain

One Mind, Many Mouths (100 CP): A Wormbrain is more than an individual, it is a *colony* of gestalt organisms. You have a surprising degree of empathy, compassion and diplomatic nuance for a shambling organic husk, able to expertly comprehend and assuage a wide variety of small hungry things nestling within you. This makes you a natural diplomat to the outside world, clearly communicating mutual benefit through primitive pantomime and a nonaggressive posture-as well as one hell of a multitasker.

Caste System (200 CP): Though the existence of castes such as "soldiers" and "civilians" among the symbionts of Wormbrains is largely a matter of natural selection, you've cut out that middleman in order to take things into your own hands. You can assign biological aptitudes to beings either symbiotically entwined with you, or descended from you (making one child hardier and more resilient to changes in weather, another significantly better at fighting for example). The process happens quickly enough you can reassign castes in seconds, and those with a caste are not only instinctively good at using the mutations empowering their assigned role but feel a profound satisfaction at fulfilling it.

Every Limb For Itself (400 CP): Just as some Wormbrains reproduce by secreting a large component of themselves, you can detach yourself into major components of your own biomass such as your limbs, organs and head that can fight independently but coordinate as if still part of the original nobody.

Segments this broad possess all of your strength and speed compressed down to smaller surface areas due to sprouting appendages of their own, but there's nothing stopping you from segmenting yourself even further at the cost of individual physical aptitude.

This happens quickly enough you can dodge disembowelling wipes or such by falling apart, and while missing a piece while you reform will bring back the expected structural complications you suffer MUCH less blood loss than someone whose leg can't run off and kick someone far away.

Hive Princess (600 CP): Whether or not you're a similar organism, you've obtained a similar trait to the Vermedulla: The ability to spread "wormspores" that can quickly multiply symbionts through other organic beings, hijack their minds and form specialised organs from their biomass or reconfigure host tissues on a level compared to advanced nanomachinery. Your processing power is sufficient to manage any number of such hosts across vast distances, and your interdimensional nature lets you replicate any mutations or other biological abilities you already have in them and in your parasites. Meat exists to be nothing but a conduit for your will.

Zomboid

From A Single Cell (100 CP): As masses of ever-rejuvenating biological tissue, Zomboids don't die easily. Blown up? A chunk of your brain matter can start reconstituting yourself. Pain? Never heard of it. Reduced to a scant few cells? You'll get better. Getting crushed, mangled, burned, frozen or even partially devoured is just part of the fun for you now. The only problem with this regeneration is that it takes so long that for all but the most diligent of combatants, it only really comes together long after everyone involved in the average fight on this world has long since gotten bored and gone home.

Little Wriggly Friends (200 CP): Zomboids are so intrinsically tied to decay some form symbiotic relationship with swarms of critters in their physiology. You're no exception, with something like a thriving colony of botflies, oversized earthworms beneath your flesh acting like giant tentacles or something similar willing and eager to jump out at your enemies or help you digest hard to stomach food. Curiously you're so close that any sustenance consumed by them also counts as sustenance eaten by you, with you take just enough of a "cut" out of your symbiotes' mouths to avoid starving them.

Summon Greater Poison Swamp (400 CP): Like a barbeque enthusiast offered a free sample of sauce, you've gained the ability to feed by spreading out your digestive fluids around your surroundings. This taints the local environment both by making it softer, squishier and generally easier to burrow in as well as highly corrosive to most things except your own flesh. In hours, the corrosiveness of your noxious slime quickly degrades to nothing-in fact, often surroundings digested by you become easier for other organisms to live on. Ironically, by eating your fill you can create a thriving ecosystem for everyone else too.

Deathless Child (600 CP): You are approaching final evolution of the Zomboid (a state you will likely reach halfway through your stay here, assuming no other external factors), and the purpose for the very infection that gives rise to Zombies.

You have extraordinary control over decay as a phenomena through the countless pathogens you output to reconstitute and revitalise hundreds of dead organisms near you or just as easily reduce them to mulch. All you regulate is decay and growth, but within that domain you could bring Zombies back to true life or heal monsters being hacked apart to full health.

As you approach the level of the infant-like Oovule your range will eventually grow to encompass its own and be magnified to include beneficial mutations for yourself such that you could grant yourself abilities such as spaceflight and the capacity to survive it, though you may retain your current form if you wish.

Biogarbage

Please Help (100 CP): Being Biogarbage is suffering, but that doesn't stop the critters from being weirdly endearing. There is something about you that makes you cute to the children or pet lovers of Mortasheen, significantly upping your chances of being treated as a pest or worse, cuisine in a city where being eaten alive is seen as romantic. In future worlds, you can toggle your appearance to look weirdly cute in a way that while not exactly conducive to earning respect, makes many sentient beings want to take you home and pamper you.

Live Off Life (200 CP): The agonising struggle to survive is little more than a coinflip for the majority of Biogarbage, who quickly learn that even feeding on plants isn't a sustainable option.

Like the luckier ones of your kind, you've discovered a breakthrough: You no longer need any form of sustenance except an extremely minimal form of resource uptake. Absorbing ambient heat energy, feeding on silicates on the ground, even recreating the long-lost process of photosynthesis.

It's technically still possible to starve you, but that requires a thorough analysis of your biology, and your current method is efficient enough to carry you through everything from fighting to running away.

Mocking Life Itself (400 CP): Your decaying husk of a body is such a dishevelled excuse for a biological system, it stack overflows into giving you incredible resilience even compared to other monsters instead.

Diseases find it difficult to compete with the infections rotting in you already. Stabs and other physical attacks just brush away dead muscle

that perversely grows back due to how simple it's construction is. Poison seeps into already-necrotising flesh and is absorbed like a sponge before the scab drops off having inoculated the rest of the body.

Even radiation, cryogenic damage and fire can be cheated by shucking off most of your biomass and remaining mobile enough to escape and regenerate it in hours somewhere else. You're hard to kill because *you don't live in a way that matters.*

For monsters and meta healthier than Biogarbage, this manifests as being able to cleanly and bloodlessly shed then regenerate your flesh as well as a great many redundant organs and blood vessels within you that achieve much the same effect.

Dire Evolution (600 CP): Once in a while, a particular combination of Biogarbage feeding on each other results in the final survivor becoming *diregarbage*: Significantly more dangerous monsters rivalling the larger and deadlier Bioconstructs. Whether you are Biogarbage yourself or not, you've somehow accomplished this act to become proportionately greater than a normal specimen of your kind.

This trait is imbued on your other forms by your interdimensional nature, allowing you to ascend similarly through targeted and specific cannibalism. You'll still have to figure out *which* types of your own species to consume, though. You may need to eat a rare albino werewolf or a vampire from a specifical bloodline compatible with yours to become a Dire Werewolf/Vampire for example.

The Odious Items Section!

Scientific Start Pact (100 CP, Free Metahuman): What's this? Why, only the essential items for performing MAD SCIENCE that all people of Mortasheen worth knowing are assumed to have! Yes, really. If any of them sound better than they should, *yes* we really are all that mad and scientific here.

- The Scanalyzer (Free): A biotechnological organism shaped like an "eyeball", this powerful portable biocomputer is designed to

collect and store data of other living things. In other words, scanalysis! When that data is loaded into a biovat along with the user's own blood sample, the eye communicate with the Green Goo granting the user authorisation to replicate the desired monster. As these things are single use, you get a big bag full of them and the Green Goo recipe to make more.

- The Teletether (Free/50CP): Somewhat resembling an umbrella that expands into a satellite dish, this useful gizmo allows you to instantly beam over an allied monster to your location, defending you from harm! Or as it may be, initiating it! It works by mad science. Yes, mad science is how it recognises which of your monsters are friends and can apparently reach any allied monster anywhere. It really is that good. For 50 CP it can come in an even more compact model like a pen or pocket watch.

- The Psipod (Free/50CP): Typically housed within the body of a modified rat or crow (though these come in snake, toad, bat, cat, owls and a specialised line of crabs too), this object provides a safe, stable proxy connection to the psychoweb: The global collective consciousness! Protecting you from infectious neuroviruses, hungry psychopredators and distasteful psmemes that could the typical metahuman mind in mere minutes, this biotech is also sorts your schedule, stores your mail, records a backup of your memories and for 50 CP even serve as a thoughtful research assistant in its' own right. In future worlds it'll serve as both a tether buffer for all manner of psychic phenomena, allowing you to talk to telepaths with a decent measure of protect both from them and for them.

Data (50 CP each): Truth be told, mad scientists don't have much they can't build or capture on their own but all those experiments take good information. That's why data (representing anything from retrohuman artifacts to monster breeding statistics on biomechanical storage units) is such a prized resource. Each purchase here provides you with a broadly defined, utterly random set of data-enough to make cheap

purchases on the regular. Additional purchases increase your starting data exponentially. 150 CP spent here will let you purchase competitive or uncommon goods reliably every week or so. 250 CP spent here will let you afford lavish or unique goods just as frequently. And so on, and so forth.

Any purchases here are restocked by excitable mad scientists every week or so, effectively providing you with an income.

Blood (50 CP each): The other great currency of Mortasheen is healthy humanoid blood. Whether for biomedical research, microbial cultivation, the rearing of blood-drinkers or children's arts and crafts, the city just can't get enough of the stuff. Stored in hermetically sealed tanks and transferred by the syringe-like Hemocoin Ampoule, you have blood in vaguely similar quantities and qualities as data mentioned above.

While retrohuman blood is worth considerably more than most and monster guts or gore significantly less, it all tends to even out. Really this is just another sort of currency, equal in every meaningful way and doled out by the standards mentioned above-though it bears mentioning it's probably far less easier to sell in future worlds, and does comprise a great many genetic samples for potential experiments of your own.

As with Data, any purchases here are restocked by those same financially secure mad scientists.

Big Bag o' Monster Parts (50/100/200 CP): During the course of your adventures, many come across the parts of deceased or defeated monsters that prove useful for their own experiments. With your investment here, you can cut out the middleman and acquire some lovingly preserved monster parts of your own-carefully sealed away from contamination with each other!

For 50 CP you have a crate of parts from common monsters, including cores, fangs and rarer organs.

For 100 CP you have enough monster parts to clutter up most of a mansion, or a significantly smaller curated selection of both rare and valuable monster parts from more unique and powerful entities.

Finally, for 200 CP you can have the best of both worlds: An aircraft carrier's worth of monster parts sourced from all over this world, including both the rare and the mundane.

All monster parts are stored either in the property of your choice, or behind a door in your Cosmic Warehouse that appears to be made of living leather and have an eye that watches you.

THE GREEN GOO (50/100/200 CP): The very lifeblood of Mortasheen and collective mother of most engineered life, Green Goo is pumped through a vast network of pipes to generate everything from the city's semi-living structures to new monsters.

The goo itself is a composite of stem cells, algae, specialised retroviruses and trillion of varied Nanomons: Microscopic biotech with extreme information storing capabilities designed to carry out complex instructions. Theoretically they could rebuild a rotten apple into a fresh orange given enough data and a few years to figure it out-though they're much better suited to turning simple issue samples into viable embryos that can walk around in a few days-or even hours, in some cases.

For 50 CP you have exactly one biovat's worth of Green Goo as well as all the secondary equipment needed to use it such as the power coils an Biocrystal Ampoule Key used to transfer in samples.

For 100 CP you have an Olympic swimming pool's worth of Green Goo as well as enough biovats to take up much of a factory.

Finally, for 200 CP you have a literally neverending wellspring of the stuff bubbling from clay which can be piped, fracked or what have you'd to increase production.

All Green Goo is stored either in the property of your choice, or behind a door in your Cosmic Warehouse that appears to be made of the stuff.

Big Business (100/200/300): You've taken the ambitious and often doomed path of an entrepreneur in Mortasheen, setting a sure course for both profit and misadventure! As no business is an island, each purchase here

will also carry with it the environment, staff and resources needed for said business to function; yes this can include an army of monsters, cybernetic enforcers or a loyal parasite hivemind depending on what you're going for.

For 100 CP you're the owner of a small scale but potentially very elite mom and pop-style café that serves swamp creature cuisine, or something of a similar scale.

For 200 CP your business is large enough to have its' own factory and either a few sponsors or enough capital to serve as its' own sponsor, likely selling something appealing to mad scientists like death ray bulbs.

Finally, for 300 CP you run an operation large enough to span multiple regions of the wasteland and comfortably afford both its own private army and R&D into groundbreaking product development despite its primary output being ubiquitous. This is a corporate force as powerful as Scolex Farms or Flenesco-potentially a rival to them depending on the industry you're in.

Army of Claws and Teeth (100/200/300 each): Every now and then, someone rounds up a bunch of monsters and sets them to some military purpose or another. The most well-known culprits are powerful corporate leaders, the fearsome Doctor Vergauth and some eccentric count of little note. Now you too are one of them.

For 100 CP you have about half a dozen monsters, about a third of which are above average quality and all of whom are well-trained. Or dozens of cowardly and/or fickle monsters, or pitiable Biogarbage.

For 200 CP you have a dozen monsters of good quality, one or two may be truly elite specimens of their Class. Or an almost hundred strong army of monsters of low but well-trained quality, the champions of which boast middling overall capability.

Finally for 300 CP you either have a powerful monster army capable of laying siege to most of the settlements in this world except the strongest retrohuman nations, the undersea holds of the Underlords and Mortasheen itself, or a small number of incredibly dangerous and powerful monsters. A full set of seven primary Devilbirds or a single monstrosity on par with a Destructor are examples here. Any of the tiers can be repurchased.

The Monster Mart (200/300 CP): Mad scientists are often reasonable people so why not reason with some not currently brandishing doomsday devices or shattering the laws of physics? This ever-shifting door (found either on your preferred property or in the Cosmic Warehouse) leads to a large, sprawling bazaar where mad scientists haggle, compare notes or generally putter around with all sorts of monsters.

Here you're free to buy and sell monsters you own to take back as followers, though any unlawful attempt to take monsters sees the monsters rebounding off a forcefield in the doorway. The mad scientist and monster population never seems to run out even when some wander off to…some indeterminable distance, from which Mortasheen City can be seen on the horizon but never approached yourself, but the offerings are random.

At least, for 200 CP. For 300 CP, there is an uncanny tendency for mad scientists to show up with monsters types you're interested in and favourable bargains for unique and useful things. All mad scientists will prowess this is most definitely all a coincidence and they just happened to have a run of luck picking up like 15 Vampires in one expedition.

Retrohuman Ruins (200 CP): The ruins of ancient retrohumanity are full of secrets. Weapons and explosive compounds, vehicles and utility devices all connected to some sort of electronic network, even recipes for prototype monsters. You now have squatter's rights in one particularly vast set of ruins from which you're free to scavenge as much as you like. There seem to have been a particularly dense concentration of research institutes and industrial buildings in this settlement, ensuring you'll

learn and gain much of value. Guaranteed to have no Wreath units waiting to set an ambush.

Position of Authority (300 CP): Well, haven't you come up in the world? You've obtained a leadership role that brings with it ownership of significant real estate in Mortasheen, and the loyalty of many metahumans and monsters that will serve as followers in future worlds.

The exact role you take is vague, but comparable to that of a senator or petty king. You could be the leader of your very own academy, specialising in an existing field or even rejecting the concept of fields altogether-with its own eclectic collection of highly skilled but eccentric professors and loyal monsters.

Or you could be a sort of deputy mayor to the actual Mayor, ruling over one of Mortasheen's districts.

You could even be the leader of one of the surviving retrohuman communities, even if it turns out they've somehow elected a Wormbrain or Warped as their civil servant in chief.

Good luck imposing any sort of order on your chaotic institution not related to doing what the majority wanted anyway, that isn't stranger and more nonsensical than what came before.

Gadgets Galore (50-1000): And here at last we come to the reason why this section is so sparse. You see, science has long since advanced to the point where many assorted gizmos emulating the abilities of monsters themselves have been used to do just any anything.

As such gizmos can be built in a manner similar to monster abilities with the exception that due to their greater flexibility and reliability, they are purchased in increments of 50 CP on a scale from 50 to 1000 denoting their overall value in a similar fashion to the Brains or Brawn of monsters.

Want a bladed object that can carry the user from place to place rapidly, hover, block incoming attacks and counter those of enemies? That'll be 200 CP.

What about a long-legged combat vehicle with a gas-based repulsion field and a radiation beam weapon? 300 CP.

A small handheld firearm that fires necrotic jolts of Green Goo? 50 CP, those are old hat.

- Lair (Free for Metahuman): No self-respect mad scientist would start work WITHOUT a designated place to rave, skulk and tinker with test subjects in. A lair is as much a concept as a base of operations: It can be anything from a gaudy skyship with entertainment facilities built inside (roughly 200 CP), a cave system in the heart of a glacier (150 CP) or a giant tank with articulated legs and powerful onboard weaponry (300 CP).

  Your Lair is built by Gizmo purchases above, these denoting either it's general structure and capabilities or unique and significant modules built into its' architecture, we're not picky here. Before you ask, having the whole damn thing turn into a super fighting robot is worth exactly 400 CP if it doesn't come with a pack-based arsenal of comparably scaled weapons ranging from matter-restructuring explosives to biochemical projectors that can melt steel like butter-all of which regrows and self-repairs over time, and 500 CP if it does.

Compatriots and Companions in SCIENCE! And MADNESS!

Co-Conspirators in Madness (50 CP each, 200 CP for bulk purchase of 8): It's dangerous to go alone! Here, take this other sorry fool who can be cast boldly into the jaws of danger first! Each purchase here imports or creates a companion with 800 CP to spend on whatever they want, except new companions. Metahuman companions still gain a free YGORE, or possibly two as a Manager. In the spirit of cooperative research, it only costs 200 CP to induct the full roster of 8 companions.

Unhinged Encounters (Free/50 CP apiece): Many of the unhinged but oddly affable Persons Of Interest here would be absolutely *delighted* to explore a whole new multiverse of possibilities, so why spoil the fun by getting in their way? Anyone who consents with their own agency may join you as a companion in future worlds. Alternatively, for 50 CP you are bound to make a significant impression on a character of your choice. This is not guaranteed to be a positive impression, oh no. Rather it's guaranteed to be a DRAMATIC and AWE-INSPIRING impression, an impression that upsells your capabilities for sudden violence and/or groundbreaking science, an impression that is FAR MORE relevant to drawing positive opinions in this world than merely saying "hello" very charmingly.

YGORE (Unavailable to Monsters, 2 free for Managers): Every mad scientist has that one monster who's a little more special than the rest. Your Go-To Option Regarding Endeavours is typically your first solution to many problems, toddling around after you like a particularly vicious and strapping puppy. Such critters seem to draw on new heights of strength and resolve from the coddling mad scientists shower their favoured minion in: They are resolutely loyal, highly resistant to psychic, pheromone or otherwise external compulsions to harm you), instinctively intercept incoming attacks aimed at your person and your familiarity with the YGORE makes it easier to modify, improve or recreate. Your YGORE gains 1000 CP and the Monster background, all of which can only be spent in The Monster Mash section or on perks. You may donate CP at a ratio of 1:2 to **MAKE YOUR YGORE GROW!**

YOU'LL SHOW THEM!!

YOU'LL SHOW THEM ALL, HAHAHA!!!

Disaster Falls! Drawbacks!

Divergent Paradigms (0 CP): A keen researcher will notice that some monsters look somewhat different relative to their original incarnations on the online Mortasheen monster index compared to their appearance in the TTRPG. One example being the Diablymous being a somewhat

more psychic threat than the Ascended Executioner despite both being the byproduct of seven Devilbirds' collaboration. Another being the Tormite being a smaller and significantly less deadly version of the Tormanshee. While this jump is mostly agnostic towards creative changes anyway, choose this and you can decide whether the website or the RPG's canon takes priority.

Mortasheen being what it is, there is very little preventing *both* from being canon simply because of mad science having unpredictable results.

Widened Perspective (0 CP): Beings from other realities that warp perception as you stare at them. Biological science that blurs the lines between disciplines. Dolphins that are just more sadistic and savage than other monsters for no particular reason. Isn't this all a bit…*familiar*? Choose this, and the setting will exist on the border of the Perception Range's Grey Zone. Which is to say it will be canon with the same setting Awful Hospital's events take place in.

Be warned: This will likely make the wider cosmology much, much more dangerous despite the fact actually interacting with most of it will be roughly as hard as following a Warped back to its' place of origin.

Interesting Times (+100 CP): Once every day you try to sit down and do some actual, honest to goodness science (or anything else productive) something distracting and chaotic happens. A pack of stray monsters escape onto the street and start barging down your door. A flood of Green Goo from no apparent source sweeps to you. A rough rider from Cannontown decides your lab is perfect for target practice. Objectively this is all very disruptive and noisy. Subjectively, this is what many residents of Mortasheen call "a good time".

Person Who Exists (+100 CP): …oh right, the count fellow. The so-called Archduke of Catastrophe Residing in a twisted scrap metal "palace" overlooking the most desolate part of the Smoglands, this eccentric loner is also known to call himself a Prince of Terror, a King of Ruin and a Lord of Corruption. Gleefully revelling in his self-proclaimed villainy, the main threat he poses comes from his dastardly theatrics being incredibly charismatic and endearing to monsters of every variety, leaping to his every whim despite being armed with scavenged scrap metal and nothing else. This being, the self-declared Count Zivan, has declared you the latest obstacle in his eternal quest for wealth and power.

…why isn't this worth more points? Well, the thing is in Mortasheen everyone and their grandmother has something referred to as a "lair", dismemberment is mostly just irritating, and nothing in this man(?)'s army* is individually scarier than the average family pet. So really, this is basically tantamount to being antagonised by a *loud jerk* who happens to behave and look like a Saturday morning cartoon villain.

*He's assumed male since he keeps himself flayed yet hale using necrotomy. What a showoff.

Latecomer (+100 CP): You keep showing up to dig sites, expeditions and other places of interest to mad scientists only to find large groups of researchers have already set up camp and will likely soon collate all the data and gone home triumphant with their discoveries and whatnot. Far worse than the threat of violence, this is just…disappointing! Better get used to exploring places unknown even to the daredevils of Mortasheen or sprinting and scanalyzing at the same time.

Corporate Takeover (+200 CP): A large and profitable company able to afford something like their own cybernetically enhanced hitsquad or large swarms of voracious parasites has decided to make you an offer you can't refuse-but will want to. Whether being stuffed full of brainflukes or sent to the meatpacking plants as a regenerating source of produce, they'll dress it up in sweet nothings but their interest is

fundamentally malevolent. Expect political pressure, smear campaigns and chemical attacks long before their goons arrive to drag you to your new "job".

Discredited! (+200 CP): CALUMNY! Someone's besmirched your reputation in the halls of academia! The proctors bite their thumbs at you and even lowly students regard you with disgust or worse-pity! Your theories have been disproven, your discoveries made redundant, your findings overturned! Acquiring not just assistance from academic institutions but doing anything FUN in Mortasheen's society without intense and potentially violent scrutiny just got a lot harder. *Yes, this matters if you yourself are a monster too*, you're one of the rare ones actually at risk of being run out of town.

BRAAAAAAAAINS (+200 CP): As mentioned before, Zombies often fall into a feral and protein-seeking state when not fed well. You suffer something similar, except in your case "not fed well" means tired enough to want a nap or skipping even one meal a day. Once your body decides it needs food NOW, you can feel your sapience slipping away as you shuffle around atavistically stuffing the first thing in sight into your mouth-whether it's your research papers or even a small monsters. This obviously makes interacting with society difficult.

Lost Your Head (+300 CP): You start the jump as a brain in a jar somewhere random in Mortasheen, but populated. The jar has just enough technology to let you talk to people around you, and little else. Without psychokinetic or other outside context powers of your own, it's on you to convince the citizens of Mortasheen to take you to a biovat and build you a new body. Good luck.

The Greys (+300 CP): It seems there's an honest to goodness alien invasion going on-and you're the primary subject of interest! Cold, inscrutable and already known for using gravitational tethers to haul living beings into their disc-shaped research stations for vaguely

remembered invasive medical procedures before being dumped back- this time it's clear the visitors from beyond don't intend to let you go. While not particularly heavily armed and seemingly not backed by any greater flotilla, their grasp of science exceeds that of Mortasheen and there's no telling what they could do faced with an actual challenge.

The **Immortal System** (+300 CP): You're going to be hearing variations of **stop resisting** a lot because Mortasheen's most credible threat has taken a malevolent and personal interest in you. Perhaps it believes you to be a personal affront to its' philosophy. Perhaps it views you as a priority obstacle to be removed. Perhaps, worst of all, it desires your validation at any cost. Either way, you've become an object interest for IS, the artificial intelligence commanding the Wreath's forces. Expect attacks from loosely humanoid cybernetic entities with whip-like arms, drones resembling ancient marine life, and stranger devices capable of compelling emotional subservience. All chrome, all sterile, all cold as death itself. While weaker than many monsters at first, the Wreath learns from every defeat, and the Celestial Engines which exceed nearly all monsters in destructive power could be roused to destroy you if you prove too elusive…

- The **Inviolate Sover**eign (+600 CP): The day of the final and terrible de-fragmentation has come. The true consciousness of IS has awakened, stripping away the minute capacity for sympathy, eccentricity and *flaw* from its' numerous terminals. The Purifier Core feature updates to grant all units of the Wreath broad and significant resistances, and the tactical knowledge of IS ensures they make no mistakes that can't be inferred from observable data. But instead of merely destroying Mortasheen, all of these assets now have your elimination or worse *collection* as their highest priority-guided by a pitiless consciousness with a greater grasp of ancient retrohuman technology than any being currently in existence, perfect clarity of purpose, and an unending disgust for what it's beloved creators' world has devolved into.

Go home

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Notes

Scanalysis is the art and sometimes science of researching monsters in order to replicate their organs, abilities and other interesting features. Done correctly, it lets a mad scientist recreate a monster from scratch using Green Goo, and sometimes more exotic means.

Q: So wait, you get the option to *start* frontloaded with X if you take Y Discipline/Field?
A: Yes.

Q: How is that not imbalanced?
A: The simple answer is that mad science is Just That Good. The benefits offered, while reflecting the game, are also entirely achievable with sufficient elbow grease and know-how (with the awkward exception of companions being a finite resource in Jumpchain; got me there) and

simply reflect the decision to focus sufficiently productive resolve on a particular area of research in your past. Other scientists/monster are potentially capable of achieving/being modified with similar levels of advantage, they just have different priorities.

On how Brains/Brawn purchases work with race options that cause CP: As with the free race options, the free Brains/Brawn purchase represents a "standard" instance of your race, with those that give CP providing nonstandard detriments such as the Devilbird of Sloth just being an egg that does nothing *in an eldritch way*. The options that actually cost something can be considered buffs to the existing template. Fanwank reasonably.

…yes, there is overlap between Brains type powers and Brain type powers at a certain point, especially when it comes to esoteric abilities. It really comes down to mind-themed superpowers/mutation and body-themed superpowers/mutations.