The Keys To The Kingdom

By Anon303

In the beginning, there was only Nothing. Then, the Architect came, and it was she who fashioned both the Secondary Realms and the House. The former being what is generally referred to as the universe by mortals, and the latter the place from which all the nigh-infinite wonders of the Secondary Realms were to be administered, indexed, and faithfully recorded by its immortal Denizens.

But that was 15 billion years ago. Now, the Architect is nowhere to be found, having disappeared a short 10,000 years ago, but not before leaving behind a Will to the seven Trustees governing the seven domains of the House. Yet the Will was not fulfilled. The treacherous Trustees could not bear to give up their Keys, and with them the power they held, to a mortal heir. Thus, they tore the Will apart into seven fragments, each of them hidden with great care, scattered across space and time.

The House has not been well since. The Will is not without power, far from it, and it has warped the minds of the minds of the Morrow Days to its ends, leaving their domains in disrepair. Monday's sloth has left the bureaucracy of the Lower House a mess, with most of its operations left halted due lacking authorizations from the top. Tuesday, in his greed, has dug a vast pit into the Far Reaches, to gain access to the same Nothing that threatens to spill out at any moment and engulf the Far Reaches. Wednesday's hunger has transformed her into a gigantic whale, and she must use all of the power of her Key to prevent herself from growing any further, leaving none for her to prevent the expansion of the Border Sea. Thursday, ever wrathful, has become unfit to lead the Glorious Army of the Architect stationed in the Great Maze and fails to recognize the machinations of his superiors.

Friday's mind has been lost to the experiences of mortals, yearning for the emotions a Denizen cannot feel, and cares nothing for the Middle House. Saturday has used her time to build a gigantic tower in the hopes of finally reaching Sunday's domain she gazes upon in envy, not satisfied with the Upper House. To achieve her goal, she seeks to plunge the rest of the House into Nothing if it means that she can prevent the gardens from continuing to grow beyond her reach. And Sunday, appointed Lord of the House yet too prideful to rule it, is content to tend to his Incomparable Gardens, and bothers not with whatever is going on in the rest of the House, least of all the schemes of his lessers.

It is in the midst of this all that the first part of the Will will finally make its escape and set out to find a Rightful Heir. Good luck.

+1000 CP

Origin

You may freely choose your age, though it is only the apparent one, since depending on your choices here you might be quite old already indeed. Other than that, you can also decide your gender for no cost.

Nothing:
You suddenly appear in this universe, emerging out of Nothing or hailing from somewhere farther still. There is nothing to burden you, but nothing to help you either. Whatever your purpose might be in this world, and what future you might make for yourself, is entirely up to you.

The House:
You call the House your home, that vast edifice of seven realms. Perhaps you were created by the Architect herself to record the Secondary Realms here, many eons ago, or perhaps you were lured here quite recently by the Piper. No matter what your story might be, due to the nature of the House, you will have most likely lived a long time, and have become used to the quirks of the epicenter of the universe.

The Secondary Realms:
You are a being of the Secondary Realms, whether you are truly mortal or not. Maybe you were born and raised here, or maybe you simply prefer these grounded lands. Either way, you take residence on any of the nigh-infinite worlds out there. Common sense and mortal values are things not unknown to you, which might help if you should run across things sorcerous and strange.

Race

Human:
One of the many, many mortal races that can be found in the Secondary Realms, at first humans seem like nothing particularly special. But as many a Denizen in the House could tell you, they are the race that comes the closest to approaching the creativity and artistry of the Architect, with many of their creations being imported or copied in the House.

Mortal:
But don't take this to mean that the other mortal races are in any way lesser, as they simply have other strengths. Some might be extremely technologically advanced, sailing the universe with ease, while others might rely on and enhance the biological gifts they have been born with. Truly, the sentient races of the universe are as varied as anything else in it.

Denizen (100):
As one of the Architect's creations, Denizens are far tougher than most any of the life you'd find in the universe. All Denizens wear human shapes, as that is the current fashion in the House, but that's where the similarities to mortals end. With blue blood and golden bones, they are nigh-immortal. Needing neither food nor water, and fearning neither age nor sickness, they can heal from almost any injury rather quickly, including decapitation. Even as a mere head, they would live and slowly regrow a body, although it would be most uncomfortable. Yet there are still a few ways to get around this and afflict possibly lethal wounds on Denizens, including extreme heat, sorcerous weapons like the Keys, Nothing, and drowning (though this is not an immediate death by any means). Other forms of tremendous trauma might also kill them if circumstances align, such as a fall from 15,000 feet.

Since they were created to record and copy, this is their purpose, and they cannot stray far from it, being rather creatively bankrupt, lacking in the ability to create truly original things and think outside of the box for the most part, and preferring to simply do the jobs they were made for. Some mortals that get into contact with them might even describe them as narrow-minded or stupid. One would be wrong to think of them that way, though. Rather, Denizens have a purpose, and it is in their nature to focus on it and not branch out. So while they might be lacking in many areas, when they are within their element, they'll be some of the most competent people you'll ever meet.

Piper's Child:
Not all who reside in the House have been created there. Taken by the Piper from Earth and other worlds to the House, these children have been transformed by their displacement and the House's sorcerous environs, becoming more like Denizens but retaining their mortal faculties and childlike personalities. The House ensures that they do not need to drink or eat, and its nature has led to them becoming stronger and tougher than many mortals, regenerating even serious wounds over time. Still, it is a lesser version of a Denizen's abilities, and they aren't able

to grow back extremities or survive having their head cut off or their heart pierced. Yet their often superior mental flexibility ensures that while they might not always be welcome everywhere, they'll at least find employment whenever they want, most often as messengers, ink fillers, ship boys, or grease monkeys.

Raised Rat:
But children were not the only beings the Piper's pipe could take. As he took mortal children, so did he take rats from the Secondary Realms, granting them intelligence and raising them up, so to speak, to a height of about four feet. Called Raised Rats by the people of the House, they can be mostly found in the Border Sea, sailing their steam ships, in stark contrast to the more traditional wooden seafaring vessels that can normally be found there. But their specialization in information gathering and brokering has led many of them to venture beyond into anywhere else in the House, transmitting their findings through mysterious methods.

Newnith:
And last but not least of the Piper's affiliates, the Newniths. Listen well, as this is a piece of information only known to a select few at this time. Hundreds of years ago, when the Piper was banished into Nothing, he did not die. Instead, he fashioned himself a worldlet of his own and began planning his comeback. He knew that he would need an army, and an army he did make. New Nithlings they will come to be called, or Newniths for short. Not looking like traditional Nithlings at all, as the Piper tried to include as many mortal traits as possible, they can almost pass as Denizens besides one or two tentacles here and there. One might even say that he overdid it, as most of them would much rather become farmers than fight. But out of respect for their creator, and despite knowing that he cares not for them, they follow his orders still.

Nithling (100):
Yet in the end, who wouldn't prefer the real deal? Nothing, that raw thing out of which everything was made, and which seeks to subsume everything material into itself again. While exposure of matter, energy, or things stranger still to Nothing will lead to their swift dissolution, sometimes, even Nothing may lead to Something. Called Nithlings, self-willed beings appearing out of Nothing is a regular occurance, striking fear into any bureaucratically inclined Denizens who may encounter them, as the wounds they cause, festering with Nothing, are one of the few things that may end their life. But not all Nithlings need to be mindlessly ferocious amalgamation of matter - for in the end, did not the Architect herself come out of Nothing as well?

As a Nithling, you get access to the Nithling Customization table.

Location

The Lower House:
The domain of Mister Monday. It is here where most of the administrative and bureaucratic tasks of the House are worked upon, and where dead records are stored and processed. Or at least it would be. Since the Architect disappeared, Monday has refused to meet with those requesting his authorization for the various issues that come up in the Lower House, and so the majority of work has stalled and it is nigh-impossible to find specific records anymore. Aside from a sprawling administrative city and various offices, it also contains the Front Door of the House and the coal cellar where the Old One is imprisoned.

The Far Reaches:
The demesne of Grim Tuesday, or at least what is left of it. What was originally a vast and expansive cavern has been reduced to a massive pit from which Denizens excavate the Nothing that Tuesday and his factories fashion into all sorts of products and supplies used all over the House. It is not only the Denizens native to the Reaches that labor here, but also those sold to Tuesday as repayment for his products from other parts of the House. Even now, the pit is still expanding, even as the number of shafts collapsing into Nothing and Nithling incursions keep on increasing. If nothing is done, the entire domain may soon be no more.

The Border Sea:
The waters over which Drowned Wednesday rules. The Border Sea is connected to all seas in the Secondary Realms, but the storm line, a permanent thunderstorm, immolates all mortals who try to cross into the House that way. Still, occasionally some slip through accidentally, and may become dangerous pirates if they learn sorcery. An interesting aspect of the Border Sea is that anything that is lost by accident, not stolen or thrown away, will find its way here. Although, as many searchers will tell you, it is not exactly easy to find any specific items. Wednesday's transformation into a hundreds of miles long whale has flooded most of what little land there used to exist in the sea before, with many of the offices having been transformed into ships manned by the Denizens who used to work there. As Wednesday is using most of her power to prevent herself from growing any larger, much of the sea has been extending into Nothing, a dangerous state of affairs.

The Great Maze:
The base of the Glorious Army of the Architect, headed by Sir Thursday. Apart from a few fixed locations, the Great Maze is divided into one million mile-square tiles, on a grid one thousand miles a side. Each tile has a different environment, ranging from forests to lakes or city ruins. Every sunset, the tiles move to a new location according to a plan laid down by Sir Thursday a year or more in advance. As such, it is more or less impossible to navigate without knowing the tile movements. The army abuses this fact via their so-called tectonic strategy, which involves splitting up enemies between tiles and picking them off in easily digestible chunks. The House

does not generally have any enemies, as such, so the army periodically lets in Nithlings via a specifically made gate in the vast mountain range to one side of the maze that borders Nothing.

The Middle House:
The gigantic mountain over which Lady Friday reigns, were she to care about it. It is here where records are restored, improved, and gilded - all modification of records happens here. A vast canal runs through the Middle House, which allows records to be moved throughout the demesne. In its textually charged waters, boats made of writing move records up and down the mountain, as anything without text upon it would be sunk and drowned. The Middle House is split into the Flat, the Middle of the Middle, and the Top Shelf, with the canal providing passage through them via the Skygates. Each of the three parts has its own skies, terraces, and plateaus upon the mountain, and contains various guilds that work on specific aspects of record modification.

The Upper House:
The land of Superior Saturday's ever-growing skyscraper, reaching towards the bottom of the gardens above. All prior towers and buildings have been scrapped and combined into one seventeen thousand foot tall behemoth, yet it is still not growing fast enough to outpace the growth of the drasil trees that hold up Sunday's domain. So far, at least. This enormous tower is composed of a vast number of offices, open cubes of iron with a grille floor and no ceiling. Each of these basic building blocks runs on vertical and horizontal rails, allowing them to be moved up, down, or sideways. Within every one of them is a desk, and a Denizen that works on it, scrying into the Secondary Realms and creating records, increasing their mastery of sorcery, or accomplishing other tasks for Saturday. Depending on their merits, their cube may descend or ascend on the tower. The vast majority of Denizens in the Upper House are sorcerers, with those higher up generally more skilled than the ones at the bottom.

The Incomparable Gardens:
The highest point of the House, the gardens where Lord Sunday has isolated himself. As the name suggests, this domain is composed of thousands of gardens, separated from each other by gigantic hedges and protected by a variety of dangerous and overgrown insects. Gardens don't actually have to be purely vegetation - a garden might contain forests, deserts, swamps, or even lakes and beaches. Sunday tends to the Gardens constantly, and takes things that he likes from the Secondary Realms into them as exhibits. As the first thing the Architect made, and the epicenter of creation, should the Incomparable Gardens be fully consigned to Nothing, the entire Secondary Realms will be destroyed as well.

The Secondary Realms:
Everything that is not within the House or the Void, better known as the universe Be it Earth or one of the myriad alien planets, the universe is truly vast and full of wonders, filled with life both sentient and not, in varying stages of technological progress.

Perks

100 CP perks tied to specific origins are free for them. All other perks connected to an origin are discounted by 50%.

On The House (-100):
Within the House, one does not need to drink or eat, and there's a reason why there are no toilets to be found. Illnesses and diseases are reduced to mere ornaments, as everyone here is immune to the real versions. A prolonged stay also has other effects as well, of course, but those require a transformation into a Denizen. These effects can be gained by anyone merely visiting the House, so if you've gotten attached to them, you may take them with you for but a small surcharge. As a bonus, this will also apply to any companions you make or already have. Friendship is important, right

Half-Nithling (-100):
Ah, how unsightly. At least that's what I would say if you did it the normal way. Like the infamous Feverfew, you've used dark sorcerous powers to turn yourself into a Half-Nithling. Unlike him, you don't look like a ghastly corpse still walking. That's enough of a benefit, isn't it? You also gain access to the Nithling Customization table.

Nothing

A Creator's Mindset (-100):
Too long a life can be quite tiresome, as the Architect can attest to. After all, what's the point of continuing on with living when you've experienced all there is to experience? And watching hydrogen atoms develop into sentient life can be quite monotone. Thankfully, you seem immune to these petty concerns. You can sit down, watch cosmic dust develop for several billion years, and stand up the exact same man you were before. Boredom is simply something your mind has evolved past, and there's something within you that can appreciate the beauty of life even if you've seen something play out countless times before. Still, sometimes it is best to skip to the more interesting parts: at will, you can let life play out on auto pilot, so to speak. Your mind will fall asleep and your body will still act exactly as you would. Conditions for resumption of normal brain activity can be set as you wish.

Rainy Days (-100):
Although many of the beings you might find here are quite physically resilient, the mind is often a different matter. Even as the body soldiers on, the intelligence behind it can become corrupted by itself, through illnesses such as depression or addiction. You, however, seem to have a personality that simply refuses this kind of self-harm. No mental illness has the strength to take a grip on you, and even though you will surely feel sadness in your life, it will never lead to a fall

into a depressive mania. No matter what you experience or what you do, the only changes to your mind will be positive or at the very least neutral. Ten thousand years of rain? Why, you might just develop an appreciation of this sort of weather, and wake up every day filled with happiness. Even failing a test you studied millennia for would just lead you to try even harder on the next attempt. Do take care that others don't force negative feelings or illnesses of the mind upon you though, as even a resilient brain won't protect you against sorcery.

Think Carefully (-100):
Who hasn't had a day when they did something they would come to regret at a later date? Perhaps it was a punch thrown in a fit of anger, or a poor financial decision made while blinded by the light of glamour. Maybe you shackled part of yourself within an indestructible prison. What is universal, though, is that any choice you make deserves careful deliberation. And unlike others, you will always have the chance to do this.

Whenever you come to a crossroad in life, you'll have enough time to carefully think about which path you want to take. How this plays out depends on the situation. In a heated battle, you might get a flash of insight that clearly shows you whether it would be a good idea to put your sword through the enemy in front of you, while the Denizen selling you a snuff box might just be the kind of person to give you as much time as you need to consider your purchase. And since having a chance for deliberation is useless without the will to take it, you also possess the strength of mind needed to hold out on any impulsive decisions you were going to make.

Return To Nothing (-200):
The act of creation can be a wonderful thing. But even if what you make aren't chains themselves, the objects you fashion into being can still bind you. That's why it is important not to make that which you will later come to regret. Still, for the times when it is too late, you now have a reset button. At all times, there is a mental list of all that you ever created in the back of your mind, be it an enchantment you wove or a bridge you built. And with a mere thought, no matter how powerful one of your creations is, how large its scale, or how far away it might be, you are able to return it to Nothing. You can even choose how it meets its end. Whether you want it to burn away into embers, crumble into dust, or simply disappear from reality in an instant, there is no lack of available theatrical options here.

Young One (-200):
Another power suppressing chain tied to a clock on the ground? These people ought to get some new material. Alas, even the greatest strength doesn't mean much if it gets taken away from you, as shown in the case of the Old One. But it seems like you already had the presence of mind to take precautions against such a fate. Your powers are your own, and nobody has any right to take them away from you. No person, item, spell, or happenstance is able to seal or steal any of your might, be it physical, magical, gained from an item, or any stranger part of yourself still. Even merely weakening you seems to be an impossibility, and were you to visit a place where any of your abilities might not normally work, whether that is through its metaphysical structure or simply a lacking support system for them, you'll find them working

nevertheless, your own being seemingly enough to keep up their function. Should an enemy want to beat you, they'll have to do so against the best you can throw at them.

Me And Myself (-200):
Sometimes, it can be hard to do things on your own. Especially if said things are looking after the universe you created until it actually becomes interesting. When facing tedious challenges like this, wouldn't it be convenient to have another you to do the work for yourself? One out of one creator gods agree, and so do you, apparently. With an act of will, you may split yourself into two or more beings. These parts of yourself will possess however much of your power you wish to give them. You could create an entirely mortal aspect of yourself and retain all of your abilities, or make an equal partner who you grant half of your power to. It is even possible to do the opposite of the first example, to give up all of your power to an aspect of yourself. You are not limited to just one either - you could create an army of yourself, if your strength allowed for it.

Before their creation, you can decide which of your memories you share with these parts of yourself, and what personality they will have. But afterwards, you have no special power over them. You are both "you", so to speak. As such, they will obviously never try to permanently harm you, but disputes are naturally possible if your opinions diverge. For the sake of all parties involved, please don't harm any livers or eyes.

Authority Made Manifest (-400):
Sometimes, it can feel like the power your superiors have over you is overpowering, perhaps even a physical thing. And in the House, it really does work like that, in a way: the way to knock out a Denizen depends not on the force of a punch, but the authority with which it is delivered. But you take it a step further. You may use any of the authority and figurative power placed in you as actual power. While the mayor of a mid-sized town might only see themselves become vaguely superhuman, perhaps only slightly beyond the apex of humanity, the leader of the most powerful country on the planet would be able to crush tanks under their fists and withstand machine fire. If a ruler of the entirety of Earth existed, they would be able to give a good showing as a one man military, and if one were crowned the undisputed sovereign of the universe, they might just have enough power to back up that title.

In addition to increasing your physical power, your authority also empowers your metaphysical weight, so to speak, making it much easier to deal with supernatural effects of any kind and allowing you to perhaps do some abstract stuff, should you have the necessary stature. It will similarly strengthen any other powers or abilities you possess. But for you to gain anything at all, your rule needs to be recognized by either your subjects or some party that possesses the power to decide such things, such as the government or a literal creator god - you can't just one day declare yourself the ruler of all without doing anything. And the power you get this way is fleeting, disappearing entirely should you lose your status. Still, while you are at top, you are mighty indeed.

The Will Be Done (-400):
Even for someone with the power and authority to command all beneath them, it can be hard to actually get people to follow your orders, especially if they involve their death and the destruction of the universe. Thankfully, your subjects are not going to have to deal with moral dilemmas like that. Anyone under your rule will follow your will and your laws to the best of their ability, even if the actions they need to undertake would go against their morality and personality. This applies to anyone you rule in any official capacity, or people who swore their loyalty to you. So even if you proclaimed yourself the God-king of a world, and even if you had the power to back up that claim, you would still need to conquer the world, country, or will of a person to put them into the rightful place under the heel of your foot. But once they are there, they will stay there.

Seven Deadly Sins (-400):
The gods do love their curses, don't they? Quite understandable, really - it's a convenient form of punishment. Something I'm sure you will put to good use. You now have the ability to afflict anyone you know with one of the seven deadly sins: Pride, Greed, Lust, Envy, Gluttony, Wrath, or Sloth. You can choose to make this affliction range from broad, such as Gluttony making someone extremely hungry and desiring all kinds of food and drink, to specific, like the aforementioned Gluttony causing someone to only eat one thing in massive amounts. You can also decide the severity of the sin, ranging from Sloth making a person slightly sluggish in the morning and reluctant to get out of bed, to causing them to sleep in bed unmoving for weeks, dying of a lack of food and water if it doesn't get forced into their mouth. And lastly, you can set activation and cessation clauses, making someone extremely wrathful until they honor a contract you made with them, for example, or automatically cursing anyone who betrays you.

From Nothing (-600):
Nothing is the source of all, and all will someday return to Nothing. Power over it is what let the Architect create the universe, setting the foundation for all mortal life within, the House, and everything else. As she was, you are now intrinsically entwined with Nothing. Through but a mere thought, you can summon it forth in spouts and cascades. But more importantly, you can also shape Nothing. It requires simply an act of will to create nigh-anything mundane you can conceive of. Sorcerous items will naturally require you to know the relevant sorcery, and fashioning technologically complex items will also need you to at least roughly know how they work. Beyond that, the only restraint is your creativity, as working with Nothing is quite demanding on the imagination. And lastly, as one who came from Nothing, you are completely immune to its effects. You could swim within the Void and would only feel quite at home there.

Breaker of Chains (-600):
No prison holds forever. You embody that fact, it seems. It is impossible for anyone to imprison, chain, or seal you. Doors unlock, ropes unravel, steel breaks, guards suffer from sudden bouts of incompetence, people with power get the idea that they must free you, sorcery fizzles out, the impossible becomes possible, the unbreakable breakable. You could be held within a truly inescapable location, and events would conspire to let you escape before you or any of your

plans got negatively impacted in any way. No matter how impossible, how improbable it may seem, there will always be a way out before any consequences catch up with you. Everything and anything up to the destruction of the universe may happen - but in the end, you will be free.

The Will To Live (-600):
Will - differing from mere sentience, it is the pure desire to accomplish something, unhindered by things such as possibility, and perhaps even morality. It really is no surprise, then, that it is a power in and of itself. And it is one that you undeniably possess. You are able to power through any amount of pain, discomfort, or failure, and if you need to bang your head against a wall a million times to accomplish one of your goals, you wouldn't even have second thoughts: you are able to keep at one thing so long as your heart still beats. In your mind, words such as "surrender" or "impossibility" are simply that, words, but not concepts that apply in any way to yourself. In the face of any obstacle and tragedy the world may throw at you, there will be nothing but a smile on your lips, as if you realized the futility of trying to put you down.

And truthfully, you aren't wrong. As long as your will holds out, and as long as your mind still stands strong, there'll be nothing ending you but yourself. Your incredible spirit forces you to go on, even after death. They may kill your body, but unless they break your spirit, you'll still keep on living, your will sticking around and asserting itself even after everything else has gone. You may be reduced to a vague mirage of a man, but as long as you keep your burning desire to live, you'll keep on moving as a being of intent.

A mind like yours naturally allows you to do away with the rhymes and incantations many sorcerers use to sharpen their thoughts so that they can cast spells and shape Nothing. After all, such a focused mind needs no outside help. This also applies to powers and abilities from other worlds, allowing you to eschew any somatic components or gestures they might incorporate and even any materials or rituals they require, using your titanic willpower instead.

The House

Precedence (-100):
Like all other Denizens, you were made for a particular task. And you're very good at it, an absolute master with no equal by mortal standards. Which makes sense, since you've been at it since the beginning of Time, give or take a few millennia. Your job could be practically anything: ink filler, gilder, bureaucrat, soldier, sailor, gardener, sorcerous supernumerary (or, more colloquially, failed sorcerer) are some examples. But no matter what it is, you're relatively low in the ranks of the House. You see, everyone in the House is ranked by their precedence - the more powerful, skilled, and important someone is, the higher they would be. Currently, your rank isn't even worth mentioning, but perhaps that could change.

Papers, Papyruses, and Plates 100:
The House was made for the creation, organization, and management of records. As such, no matter what a particular Denizen might usually do, some skill in these areas is expected. You're now able to shuffle paper with the best of them. Yours is the ability that could bring the Lower House back into order, if given a few hundred years. Thousands of different forms, records, lists, and requests could swim within your mind, and you would be able to tackle each within the most perfect order and at maximum speed, immaculately. Your handwriting is a work of art, and you never spill even a single drop of ink, each stroke the very picture of perfection. If given sufficient manpower and resources, you're able to most efficiently tackle nigh-any organizational problem, and can vastly improve any existing processes. If you could work on your ass-kissing on top of that, you would truly be the perfect bureaucrat.

Eternal Childhood (-100):
Even the youngest inhabitants of the House, the Piper's children, are at least thousands of years old. The mind naturally changes after such long spans of time, especially for children who were previously mortal - one could say that they are no more human than the Denizens. To a normal human they may seem quite mad at times, behind the cheery faces. But there are some advantages to going with the flow. It is effectively impossible for you to be depressed or sad longer than a few minutes - you cheer up again immediately and leave the bad times behind you. Why, the universe might be getting destroyed, but if you didn't remind yourself you could forget it was even happening. Woops. This also enables you to stare death in the face with nary a shiver. You've had a good run, haven't you, so what's all the fuss? This doesn't make you rush into enemy lines like an idiot, certainly, but when push comes to shove you'll be able to act without any fear or concerns holding you back.

Promotion (-200):
Congratulations, Jumper, you got promoted. Yours is a higher station now. This has the same effects as Precedence - you have great skill in your field. But now the quality of your profession is higher. Captain instead of Sailor, General instead of Soldier, Guild leader instead of gilder. Your precedence is within the top ten thousand or so, very respectable but not truly elite. More importantly, as you are now a Superior Denizen with a higher precedence, you are better in every aspect: stronger, faster, tougher, and more beautiful. You are taller, around seven feet or so, your voice carries an authority that lesser beings tend to instinctively follow, and you possess more metaphysical weight, so to speak. In future jumps, you will immediately get promoted as well - regardless of what your authority is starting out, it will increase several times over. The form and manner of this promotion can be entirely decided by you.

Ambivalent Coworkers (-200):
Jealousy is such an ugly thing. You can't help it that you're so much better than everybody else, so why do they have to be so angry all the time? Fortunately, in your case being number one only brings benefits. Even if you show up those around you again and again, such as by being promoted twice in only a week or by being given the best position by your mother, other people will never be jealous of your success or covet your station. If Sunday had your strange

charisma, perhaps the House wouldn't be in such a state right now. Alas, this is but another case of you being the best.

On Time (-200):
Time can be a malleable thing in these realms, especially when traveling between them. Time runs true in the House and meanders everywhere else, as they say. But one hour in one place easily being a second in another still isn't an excuse to be late. That's why you'll never be. Late, that is. No matter what might happen to you or the world at large, you will always be on time, with coincidences, the flow of time and the universe itself seemingly conspiring to make sure that you don't miss any of your appointments. Even in death, you can rest assured that your corpse won't be late to your funeral.

Stand Tall (-400):
Oh, you got promoted again Jumper? Someone up high must have their eyes on you. You're now ranked within the top hundred or so in precedence in the House. At this point, you probably don't have a job where actual skill is required - perhaps you're the chief helper of one of the various Dawns, Noons, and Dusks the Morrow Days employ? All the boosts mentioned in Promotion apply to you, but even moreso: you're even stronger, even more beautiful, and so on, and you stand almost eight feet tall. But more importantly, you can now enforce your hierarchy upon others. With but a touch, and as long as you are stronger or more important than them in a way that counts, you may lift up someone to a better position. Again, everything in Promotion applies: they become stronger, more beautiful, and taller. Dirt removes itself from them, their clothes change to fit their new station, and they become more confident and self-assured. But naturally, as you can lift someone up, so can you push them down, making them smaller, uglier, dirtier - less in every way.

The higher your station, and the greater the disparity between you and your target, the more you can do with this. Being in a position just a bit more important than a colleague? Quite irrelevant. But a child king coming into contact with their peasants could soon live in a nation of dwarves, if they wanted to make their own superiority apparent.

House Architecture (-400):
Were you perhaps a student of the Architect? It seems you possess a small measure of her skill. First of all, you can be said to be a genius crafter, builder, and architect. You know how to build and maintain every single piece of mortal technology, both human and alien. From lasguns to nanite-enhanced casts and even sunships, there is nothing within the Secondary Realms you cannot produce. Art explicitly does not fall under this domain - Denizens are sadly not very creative.

But you are more skilled still when it concerns actual architecture. Through the use of highly specific forms of sorcery, which you are now capable of, you can create rooms which are vastly bigger inside than they are on the outside, a classic in the House. Stranger still, you can twist time within your architecture as well - creations such as a myriad of different rooms that exist in

the same place, but offset in time are easily possible for you, as well as ones in which time flows faster or slower.

And lastly, the Architect has granted your creations the same sort of protection that her greatest works enjoyed. You can make anything that you personally create eternal, impervious and immune to any harm or change. At least until all of reality is destroyed, but hey - at that point, does it even matter?

Peaceful Coexistence (-400):
There's a very good reason for the Original Law. Denizens, Sorcery, Nithlings, and anything from the House is inimical to mortal life. Their mere presence will easily cause virulent supernatural diseases and disasters to pop up that mortals have very little ability to deal with. The exact cause of this effect was never discovered, but perhaps the Architect designed things this way deliberately. Either way, this doesn't concern you, because your very presence or the things you do will never have any negative effects on people or environments. This isn't a protection against your own bad decisions - killing someone can still come back to bite you in the ass. But simply entering a realm will never cause it to collapse or create new diseases, a simple use of your powers will never corrupt the world, and sorcery cast by your hand will not bring waves of pain to mortals as it usually does.

Sorcerer Superior (-600):
Much of the House runs on sorcery, both obvious and not. Bolts of lightning are just as magical as the elevators and phones connecting its realms. Magic suffuses even the very air in the House, slowly remaking any mortals that might wander in to change them into something resembling Denizens. And of course, such an important facet of reality has its own profession in the House. Called sorcerers, these Denizens learn how to weave spells and create magical devices in the Upper House. But regardless of whether you got your education there or not, you now have the right to call yourself a sorcerer as well. And you aren't just a middling one, like so many residing within the grand tower Superior Saturday built.

By your hand, you may cast spells of fire and destruction, explosion and implosion, unraveling and transformation. But while such spells may be flashy, they don't represent your true power. Truly little lies beyond a sorcerer of your skill. With the help of various devices, tinctures, and curiosities, and the time and foresight to build them, you are able to perform auguries, navigate pathways, analyze, interact with, and alter sorcerous enchantments and items, and create disguises. Your studies included knowledge of many mortal sciences, and as such you can also act as a supernaturally skilled doctor, outright curing any normal diseases if not impeded by higher magic. The same skill applies to dozens of other fields, in which you could be considered to have a doctorate by Earth standards. Your analytic capabilities are equally awe-inspiring - if you do not know something, it often only takes a quick look through some lenses until you do.

And in the end, consider this: the Keys are simply objects of vast sorcerous power that shortcut much of the power and skill required for sorcery. And can the Keys not do anything? Going back further, the Keys themselves, the Atlas, the House, and even the very universe were all created via sorcery. Truly, there is no higher profession.

Endless Promotions (-600):
There are certainly many benefits to being a Denizen, or to being within the House. The stronger you become, the more important you are, the more authority you get, the more beautiful you become, which makes it easier to become stronger… Definitely not an infinite loop, and not particularly useful for Denizens who are generally stuck in their position, but it certainly helps any mortals who wish to shake up the House.

You have adapted an aspect of this process for yourself: if one part of yourself gets improved or becomes stronger, all others follow. A gain of strength will increase your beauty, make you smarter, increase your height and the power of your spells, and so on. These increases are commensurate to how important and relevant the initial gain is: shapeshifting to be a hundred times larger would certainly have an effect, as would acquiring supernatural beauty, but perhaps only half as much as becoming twice as strong as you were before. Naturally, anything gained through this perk will not have any effect or somehow count twice. Still, it is nice to more clearly see the fruits of your labor, is it not?

Recorder (-600):
Although it might not feel like it at times, the House's sole purpose is still the creation of records and the study of the Secondary Realms. Now with this, you can finally fulfill the job of a Denizen. If you can observe something, be it via sight or more commonly through scrying magic, you can then create a Record. All it requires on your part is some sort of paper, some sort of writing implement, and a bit of sorcery, which you naturally know.

Now, the use of records is as such: a record is intimately connected with whatever it records, be it an item, a location, a person, or a place. As the target changes, so does the record. And whoever holds the record in their hands has the requisite power, they can see absolutely everything about it, including the current state of what it describes down to the tiniest detail and everything that happened or that it did in the past. And more importantly, it is possible for them to change the record, which will naturally reflect in the target as well. I think you can already see how useful this is. You generally need to possess a Key or be someone on that level of power to alter a record, but I think that won't be a problem for you. Of course, if someone or something is immune or resistant to extremely powerful sorcery it might not be exactly possible to change their record.

The Secondary Realms

Fast Friends (-100):
The world can be a rough place sometimes, especially when you're often changing locations. Trying to meet new people and make friends all over again, when all of them are already part of long established friend circles, proves to be a large hurdle to many people. But you're not one of them. There's just something about you that attracts people, no matter how much of a dork you might be. You'll come to see new faces with a startling regularity, and will be able to build a rapport with them in mere seconds, finding that you just seem to click. And it just so happens that those very people will always be helpful to you in some way, whether that means they'll get you out of a bad spot, help you with their knowledge or skills, or just be there for you when you need them.

He Said Please (-100):
Some of these Denizens can be awfully rude, can't they? Even the telephone and elevator operators agree, and have long since become used to it. That's why it is such a surprise for them when they meet you. In your hands lies the incredible gift of politeness and kindness. No matter what the situation might be, you always seem to have a smile on your face and even use magical words such as "please" or "thank you". Now, this might sound like an underwhelming superpower, and for anyone else it might be, but you would be surprised where sincere niceness can get you nowadays. Those aforementioned operators, and any other unappreciated employees? They would even go against the orders of their superiors to help you out. All kinds of people will also get warmed up to you much faster, and won't say no to doing you a favour or two if you ask nicely. In general it seems like being polite just makes things a bit more likely to go your way.

Helpful Side Characters (-100):
When you're dealing with the supernatural and have to ask random old ladies for help, it can be a tad hard to get your point across. "You see, there are demons from the void chasing me…" isn't really a great opener. But all you need to be is honest, and you can be sure that people will believe you, no matter how ridiculous it sounds. Ravenous plants vulnerable to silver? Sure, let me get my silverware. People also seem to love acting as exposition fairies to you. They never get annoyed, no matter how questions you ask, and will truthfully answer any of them to the best of their ability, at least as long as they don't have a reason not to. They also tend to go above and beyond when it comes to helping you. How is the first plan out of that grandma's mouth one that would land you in jail immediately? Best not to ask.

Plans? What Plans? (-200):
I know you're a child, Jumper, but some of these plans are just too much. Surely that Denizen won't actually believe a stone without a lick of sorcery upon it is actually a charm… wait, he actually swallowed it?! In short, even your most stupid plans seem to go off without a hitch. In fact, the more harebrained they are and the less you think about them, the more successful you

are. For you, running head first into a portal that leads to the enemy base where everybody is stronger than you truly is the best course of action. You also have a knack for turning neutral bystanders and even enemies into allies - a little pep talk from you could lead to even an old man who has been bowed down his entire life showing bravery for once.

Dirty Ears (-200):
One of Saturday's various plots is the washing between the ears that Piper's children undergo every hundred years or so. Intended to delay the appearance of the Rightful Heir as long as possible, it would be better referred to as washing of the brain - afterwards, victims can scarcely remember their own name if they didn't write it down beforehand, although the most important memories do slowly come back. Which is why the act is such a regular thing. But luckily, you've got a particular brain chemistry that makes you immune to this and other attempts to tamper with your mind. In fact, you've got a perfect memory - you can recall a memory from ten thousand years ago as well as if it had just happened.

Mortal Advantages (-200):
Mortals learn faster than Denizens, it's true. Quite a bit faster, in fact. But you take the cake. Your mind and body seem to have been built for learning - in but a few months on a ship, you could match mortal sailors who have spent their entire life on sea, at least in skill. This same speed applies to everything else you try your hand at, from learning languages to cooking or swordsmanship. In occasions of great importance when your life would be in danger, this learning speed is supercharged even faster. You could figure out the basics of winged flight and combat in but a few flaps, if a foe were about to fly his sword right through you.

I Am The Rightful Heir, You Know (-400):
The Rightful Heir - the mortal child chosen by the Will to succeed the Architect and in the process gain phenomenal power, chosen out of a pool of god knows how many trillions of eligible children throughout the universe. But… why do you have a feeling that it's gonna be you? Given the way you seem to attract power and responsibility to yourself, a bit of arrogance can be forgiven. It's almost like in matters of succession, heirship, and the passing on of power there simply isn't anyone but you. People's eyes are inescapably drawn to you when it comes to these matters. Do take care that you don't bite off more than you can chew, though, because you'll get that attention whether you want it or not.

Second Sight (-400):
Was your great-great-grandmother a witch? Something certainly must've happened to your bloodline, because now you have what some might call the second sight. Put simply, you're able to look past all illusions to see the true state of things. Even as a mortal, the House isn't hidden to you when it appears in the Secondary Realms, you aren't fooled by any of the illusions used by Denizens, and Nithlings are as visible to you as anything else. Also lets you see the "true form" of someone or something whenever that is relevant. You can switch this sight on and off as you wish - some things should better remain unseen.

Probable Stairs (-400):
The Improbable Stairs were the personal means of transportation for the Architect. Through them, it was said, she could move absolutely anywhere she wanted. For other people it is quite the different matter, but they are still extremely useful. By sketching stairs, manipulating the environment so that something looks like stairs, or simply imagining them, and having the requisite power, one simply needs to firmly think of their target location and step upon the stairs. Then, just like that, they will be real. Of course, things aren't as simple as that - as none have the power and will of the Architect, they will have to deal with the stairs' Landings, locations within space and time where you get spat out and have to draw the stairs all over again.

But you don't have to worry about this nonsense. The stairs recognise you as they did the Architect, and for you they simply represent a way to reach any location within the present or the past if you only take a few steps. Do keep in mind that the stairs can only take you to an exact location if you know enough about it. Having been there before works the best, but photographs or coordinates can also do. And in case you simply want to do some sightseeing, the stairs can also help with that regard. Think of war and combat, for example, and they will take you to a battlefield somewhere within the universe.

Transformative Experiences (-600):
A most curious effect of exposure to sorcery is that it turns the exposed to something akin to Denizens. Mortals will no longer need food or drink within the House, and their bodies will slowly turn stronger and hardier. Something that useful can't be left to just sorcery, right? You are now able to let any of your energies or powers transform you. This transformation usually won't be anything breathtaking - using magic and living within a "standard" fantasy world may turn you into something like an elf, a being more in tune with nature that requires less mana for their spells and possesses stronger magic. As long as the transformation is thematic, many things could happen to you. But take note that a higher quality of energy, or a vastly larger amount, will have much better effects. Someone holding several Keys would not turn into just a mere Denizen, and one holding all seven would be mighty indeed, in body and mind and their sorcerous powers.

Mine Own Power (-600):
Items of great power leave behind residues. Someone who once held and used one of the Keys would be able to use its lesser powers with the hand that held it, for a time. The Morrow Days were never the intended end users of the Keys, but still, they would remain powerful after they were taken from them. Use several Keys long enough, and you would not even need them to cast many great sorceries. This same property now applies to any items you use - if you use them for long enough, your body will adapt to their powers, soon being able to make some of them yours, and eventually all. Some effects may be hard to translate - what would a human do with the power to have a supernaturally sharp edge? Well, maybe if you were made of metal… Still, as long as you have an item with a particular ability or power, you will soon gain it as well.

No Thank You (-600):
I don't need to reiterate the effects of sorcerous contamination, right? Naturally, they aren't all beneficial. As a mortal turns into something like a Denizen, so do they gain their drawbacks. After a prolonged stay in the House, they cannot return to the Secondary Realms, not unless they wish to harm their loved ones with their sorcerous nature, which is now inimical to the mortal world. In such a case, it is only right and just to say "No, let me remain human". That is something you can now tell the universe, and it will listen. Nothing and nobody can force any unwanted transformations upon you, not on your body, not on your mind, and not on anything beyond. You can still be wounded and die as normal, since death does sadly not count as change in this case. But you will do so as a human.

Nithling Customization

If you have access to this table, you may take two 100 CP perks for free and discount one 200 and 400 CP perk each.

The Shape of Nothing (free):
Two arms and two feet, or simply four of the latter, a mouth, some eyes, maybe ears… All the usual combinations are just so boring. Thankfully, you now have the option to change that. Wanna be a humanoid covered with a dozen faces? A writhing snake-like being? A ball of tentacles? A grotesque abomination straight out of a horror flick? Maybe just a heap of mold capable of movement? As long as your form is anywhere between the size of a cat to an elephant and entirely physical, anything goes.

See Nothing, Fear Nothing (free):
All Nithlings have a native ability to remain unseen in the secondary realms. Of course, this also applies to you. Your form won't be visible by any mortals, and your actions will get reinterpreted as something mundane.

Monster of Myth (-100):
Did you know that drinking milk can help your bones grow stronger? Now, you can decide on something to be your own milk. This could be anything from blood to treasures, though it does have to be something physical. Imbibing or otherwise getting that thing into your body will increase the strength and size of your body, letting you become stronger, faster, and tougher. The rarity of whatever it is that you absorb, and also its strength (or the strength of its source, depending on what it is) will decide how much it lets you grow. Drinking the blood of a human while possessing the strength of one would push you near the apex of the human form, giving you the body of an olympic candidate proficient in all disciplines, while getting your hands on the blue blood of a Superior Denizen would make you positively superhuman.

Superior Senses (-100):
Your origin as a being born from Nothing grants you more than a few advantages, with one of them being that you are positively supernatural. One way this shows might be in your senses. Through this option, you are able to access some sensory abilities beyond the normal. You might be able to see perfectly fine even in the complete absence of any light, clearly view forces such as gravity or electromagnetism, peer past any physical obstacles in your way, sniff out even the finest traces of sorcery, expertly navigate your way around an area or fight by feeling even the slightest vibration of the air or the ground, or keep an eye on the the world by listening to even the most minute of sounds in a vast radius around yourself.

Black Hole (-100):
As a being of Nothing, Nithlings have a special connection to it. For you, that connection is quite literal. Instead of having silly things such as a stomach or a digestive system, all that lies within you is a gaping hole of Nothing, capable of dissolving anything you might eat or drink. This also has the obvious advantages of not needing to worry about that part of your body getting damaged, at least internally, since trying to stab Nothing is a fool's errand.

Nightly Terror (-100):
Nithlings can be quite terrifying, even should they not look like horror monsters, since the wounds they cause can easily dissolve most anyone into Nothing. And it looks like you have turned up that trait to eleven. Your mere presence, or even just signs of it, makes people quiver in their boots and causes them to be unable to think rationally at all, even if they normally wouldn't be scared of you. And if you want to go a step further, you are able to make such a horrible and atrocious scream that anyone not superior to you by a fair margin or resistant to such things will drop anything they're doing to turn tail and flee, not even thinking about wherever they might be going and just doing their best to get away from you.

Bleeding Heart (-100):
Blood is the stuff of life. And you excel in taking it from your enemies. Any wounds you cause, no matter how small, will bleed uncontrollably and will take hours to coagulate, requiring sorcery at the very least equal in strength to your own to heal before that. If your foes should be beings without blood or anything like it, they will instead lose something akin to their essence of life, becoming progressively weaker as they have less and less of it, until they simply fall asleep and never wake up again.

Skinwalker (-100):
The many varied shapes of Nithlings can easily strike fear into people. But for some, the scariest thing in the world is a look into the mirror. Or now, you. By getting into contact with someone's skin, blood, or hair (anything that contains their DNA or essence), you are able to perfectly mimic their body, including their voice and any of their mannerisms. Though you do not actually get any of the advantages their body might bring, as long as you don't slip up, you'll be able to easily infiltrate their social circle and wreak havoc there.

Enhanced Body Part (-100):
What's the point of limbs when they get blown off by a single attack? With each purchase, you may enhance either a single body part or all of them. With the first option, a tentacle as strong as a normal human arm could be strengthened to the point where you would be able to easily throw around tanks with it, and making it almost impossible to simply cut or shoot off. With the second option, you could make all the tentacles you might have strong enough to lift cars with ease, and make trying to harm them with guns or blades something requiring considerable time and effort. It works the same for any other body parts you might have, increasing their durability and strength, if that is possible. Yes, even an eyelash.

Resilience of Nothing (-200):
Although Nothing can destroy anything, it is also able to create anything as well. Such as flesh, for example. You heal at an astonishingly fast rate, turning even the worst injuries into nothing more than memories in a scant few minutes, and all that you would need to heal a cut off limb is finding and putting it on again. To kill you, it'd require the total destruction of your brain, if you even have one. Please do not take that as an insult, for many a Nithling does in fact not have a brain or heart, and isn‘t any dumber or less heartier for it.

Body of Nothing (-200):
Well, I did just talk about this. Simply put, your biology definitely isn't biological anymore. You don't require any parts of yourself more than others, and all organs and such are merely decorations.You can think without a brain, see without eyes, and hear without ears. As long as enough of you is around, roughly a tenth of your total mass, you'll be able to keep on living just fine.

Accelerated Decay (-200):
Though all wounds made by Nithlings spread Nothing throughout their enemies' bodies, you have found a way to accelerate that process. Any attack of yours that manages to draw blood, or similarly pierces the bodily defences of an enemy, will dissolve them into Nothing in an instant. Unless your opponent is so powerful that Nothing cannot affect them at all, they will die in one well-placed blow.

Elemental (-200):
You are not a mere physical being anymore, oh no. You are now a Sprite, a Nithling that got out of the House into the Secondary Realms and took on the nature of the place where they settled. Your possible natures are as varied as the universe itself: Are you a Sunsprite, a self-willed being of stellar plasma? Are you a Steelsprite, a titan of steel? Are you a Windsprite, ethereal and invisible? The choice is all yours. Of course, you could also be a Nithling made out of pure Nothing, truly representing the Void itself. No matter the element, the only way to put you down is very, very powerful sorcery.

Assimilation (-400):
What is the purpose of a Nithling, if not to assimilate? Consigning Denizens, mortal life, and other Nithlings alike to Nothing is what many a being born from Nothing does best. Luckily, you have a broader skill set, and perhaps a less sinister purpose. You are able to assimilate one particular element, class of object, or being. By taking it within you, it allows you to grow vastly in size and also in power. A horse-shaped Nithling focused on diseases that absorbed a supernatural virus plaguing a town would be able to grow until one of its hooves was the size of a house, for example. The higher the quality of whatever you chose is, and to a lesser extent the higher its quantity, the more you will grow. A mundane disease would only lead to that Nithling growing perhaps a hundredth as large and strong.

Shapeshifting (-400):
Nothing is infinitely malleable, as it can become anything. Is it then a surprise that beings made from it retain a part of that trait? Thus, you are able to shift your body into whatever you want, whether that is a cat, an inanimate object, or what else your mind is able to imagine. You are limited to physical shapes, so you cannot turn into something like pure energy, but a cloud of gas is certainly possible. You need at least some general knowledge about what you want to shift into, such as how diamonds look like and how they behave in various situations if you want to turn your fist into a pointed ruby. As for matters of size, anything between the size of an ant and a rather large whale lies within your power. Beyond that, there is nothing restricting what your physical form may be.

Black Death (-400):
Beings and items from the House are inimical to life in the Secondary Realms, and their mere presence there quickly makes itself known through the strange diseases and plagues it creates. But this process isn't anything controllable. Normally, at least. Whether it be spreading a malady that cannot be cured or even examined by modern science throughout a country, or giving somebody a host of diseases through touch, leading to their death after they succumb to them only seconds later, you revel in those things that ail mortal life, and even immortal life if you've got the power. If it can be classified as an illness, plague, or disease, you can make it and spread it, even if it should be sorcerous. It wouldn't be wrong to call you Death made manifest.

Artificial Life (-400):
Nithlings come in all shapes and sizes, that much is true. But did you know that some of them don't even need a coherent form to exist? I sure hope you do, because now the same applies to you. Like the gore-drakens in the Border Sea, you exist as an amalgamation of hundreds or maybe even thousands of items, both useless and useful. And like an organic being would control one of their limbs, you are able to shift around these items within yourself and use them as you see fit. But more importantly, you may absorb ever more objects within your form, either growing larger and larger still, or pruning all those things with no use out of yourself and searching for stuff which makes you stronger. All items that are part of yourself count as you wearing or using them and benefit from any abilities or perks that apply to your body.

Architect-made (-500):
You are no normal Nithling, a fact which will soon become obvious to any enemies you might have. The Architect herself made you, as one of Her first creations. And she has bestowed you with a truly powerful body, making it nigh-indestructible to most any attack that might seek to harm it. Whether it be weapons of steel or even sorcery, nothing may harm it. Well, nothing except Nothing, that is. Take care not to bathe in that stuff for too long, will you? Extremely powerful sorcery or sorcerous items may also hurt you, such as the Seventh Key and the Mariner's harpoon, though trying to kill you with them would be a prolonged battle indeed, not even taking any affront you might take to such actions into account. This ability scales upwards with the existing durability of your body, offering you an equivalent amount of protection even as you grow stronger.

Impractical Form (+100):
The nigh-infinite forms of Nithlings also mean that for some, their body isn't an advantage, but rather a hindrance. It looks like it's the same for you now. Perhaps your many tentacles are throwing you off balance, or perhaps you strangely don't have any way to perceive your surroundings. Either way, it's gonna be hard being a cripple of a Nithling. They aren't kind to their kind in the first place, and definitely not any more so to deformed ones.

Weaknesses (variable):
Some Nithlings have particular weaknesses that may be exploited by their enemies. This can range from dissolving when they come into contact with salt or other materials, to having their true form revealed in the light of a rainbow on a rainy day. And it seems like you haven't been spared from having your very own weakness - one of the former kind. You may choose any material or happenstance that would hurt or harm you. The points you get depend on how easily exploited that new weakness can be. Taking Iridium or any other highly rare metal would only get you **100 CP**, while choosing salt as your material nemesis would push it up to **200 CP**. And having yourself be weak to something as common as iron would even grant you **300 CP**.

A Mind of Nothing (+200):
There's a reason that Nithlings are feared by all. They are all mostly mindless, seemingly only existing to fight between themselves and against those beings of the material world. Even those with superior mental faculties use them for destruction unless they have been made for some other purpose by a greater power. For you, it seems to be the same case. In the duration of your stay here, you will always feel a calling in the back of your mind to destroy and kill, no matter what your personality might be. And even with an iron will, your concentration will lapse at one or two occasions. Better hope that your friends are understanding. Or just ravel in your bloodlust and let loose for once. It certainly seems to be the easier decision.

Beastly Manners (+300):
It looks like you'll spend this jump as a mere common Nithling, no matter what other powers or abilities you might have. A beast of slaughter and wanton destruction has no need for undue intelligence, wouldn't you agree? It certainly is a blessing that you won't have to deal with

thoughts like these. Or thoughts at all. You will be a beast, and nothing more. Thinking only to destroy, with what little thoughts you have. One has to wonder if you are even sentient any more.

Hunted (+300):
Logically, Nithlings are hunted wherever they appear. You wouldn't want horrors from the void killing your populace, right? Only, it seems like when it comes to you, everyone is a little more prepared. Wherever you might go, wherever you might appear, you'll shortly come to know the law enforcement of the location, and the methods they use to deal with unwanted intruders. Who exactly is hounding you will change depending on where you are, as the different realms of the House have different people to keep the peace. But even if you should flee into the Secondary Realms, you will find no reprieve there, as you are seen as too much of a threat to be let roaming free.

Items

You may discount any one item per price tier, excepting the 8th Key. Discounted 100 CP items are free.

Era Appropriate Clothing (free):
The current fashion in the House is around 150 years behind what you would find on Earth. Frock coats, white shirts with stiff collars, and hats of a large variety abound. It wouldn't do to stand out, so here you can get a meticulously made outfit that wouldn't be out of place in 19th century London, all for free.

Tea and Biscuits (-100):
Bureaucrats do love their tea, it's true. While Denizens do not need to eat, they can still enjoy the act. An administrative slip-up somewhere in the House has ensured that a hot cup will always be in reach for you. Simply say "tea, please", and it'll be served out of nowhere, always made to your exact preferences. The cup will refill itself however many times you want by just saying "more". And what would tea be without some biscuits? Working in exactly the same manner, an unlimited supply has been set aside for you as well.

Wings (-100):
The preferred mode of personal transportation. This pair is the best example of craftsmanship you could find anywhere in the House, perhaps made by Tuesday himself. Able to shrink themselves down to the size of a post stamp when not in use, you simply need to hold them to your back, and they will attach themselves immediately, ignoring any clothes or other obstructions in the way. No matter what your size may be, they will still grow to be able to lift you comfortably. You can control them via your thoughts as easily as if you were born with them. They can reach a maximum speed of several hundred miles per hour, and can also be used as

a pair of weapons if you have the skill - the feathers have the durability of sorcerous enhanced steel, and can sharpen themselves with but a thought.

Illness and Disease (-100):
While Denizens cannot ever get sick, the mortal condition is still interesting to them, and so it is that one of the most coveted items in the House are in fact various forms of illness and sickness. They are sorcerously fixed into charms and trinkets so that Denizens can easily use them, lasting anywhere from a few months to several years. While they naturally cannot actually feel the effects of the diseases, rashes and colds and so on are very much in fashion. The use of these items may be dubious to you, but many a Denizen can be bribed with them, and they are more precious than any gold.

Transfer Plate (-100):
When wings won't do, it's time to whip out the transfer plate. Traditionally in the form of a disk of burnished electrum, some Denizens occasionally prefer other forms, such as painted china. But no matter the form, the use is simple. Set it down on the ground, chant a previously set phrase, and with a step upon the plate it will teleport you to the location you paired with it. You can program it with as many different destinations as you can remember, although you need to do so at the place you wish to go to.

Sorcerous Weapon (-200):
One quickly notices that Denizens often use the strangest weapons: swords of architectural fire or curdled moonlight and starshine, spears tipped with ensorcelled Nothing, clockwork-action batons of gravity-condensed steel, lightning-charged tulwars, and reflections folded into blades… It would be quite embarrassing if you fought with just normal steel, right? Now you too have such a weapon. It can be made of more or less anything - sorcery is quite flexible, really. No matter what material and shape you choose, it'll be powerful enough to deal with any of the common threats you'll encounter here, such as Denizens or monstrous inhabitants of the Secondary Realms. More importantly, it will possess an ability suitable to it. A sword of fire would be able to set a building ablaze, while a spear of light could be used to shoot laser beams. Or perhaps you prefer something simpler but no less dangerous, like a rotating blade.

Immaterial Outfit (-200):
The toughest material is, funnily enough, not material. Fully Immaterial walls are proof against anything, even Nothing, but for most items such a make wouldn't be exactly prudent. Still, you got the next best thing. Immaterial boots and a brightcloak, together with a star-hood. This outfit is the best protection against environmental dangers bar none. You could stand within the burning heart of a star and not feel a single thing. The boots will shift themselves to always fit you and change to always complement your outfit, able to transform into slippers, army boots, or anything else, and the coat will do the same. The hood can be fastened to any of your clothing, and after draping it over your head, it will turn completely invisible and immaterial. A complementary enchantment provides a supply of oxygen. These items weren't made to be

armor, so while they can take a lot of punishment, do take care against focused attacks. Nothing especially can eat into them after a prolonged exposure.

Sorcery Supplies (-200):
The Architect created everything through sorcery, and the entire House functions on it. Functionally everything is possible through it, if one has the art and the craft and the power, but the average sorcerer lacks most of this, and so they require a litany of supplies and trinkets to best direct their powers. Luckily, you came prepared. You have an infinite supply of the activated ink charged with Nothing that sorcerers use to write their spells, and pens and quills to use it with that will never break. The umbrella that the sorcerers in Saturday's domain use to focus their art is also included. Aside from these basics, there is also functionally everything else. Need to send a letter? You'll have paper, stamps, and whatever you need to make a magical messenger bird. Want to set a leg? You'll be provided with a crab leg that is easily enlarged and transformed. Essentially, you'll have access to absolutely anything mundane and even moderately magical. You also have a seemingly unlimited supply of "student projects" that keep on coming in handy, such as a telescope that sees into people's bodies to easily judge their health, or a ring that measures magical contamination. All of these supplies and knicknacks can be found in any pocket you reach into, which will always be large enough to pull out what you need.

Simultaneous Bottles (-200):
The Raised Rats in the Border Sea are known for their information gathering network. It is presumed that the reason for their success in this is their ability to transform into their original forms of simple rats, but another factor are the Simultaneous Bottles, which yet remain a complete secret. These pairs of magical bottles are linked, so that anything put into one simultaneously appears in the other. You are in the possession of their recent prototype versions, which work regardless of any distance or dimensional disturbance between them. There are many different sizes to them: ones small enough to put under your hat all the way up to ones large enough for a Denizen to comfortably jump into. You have as many as you should require, and know how to manufacture them. Do take care not to touch them carelessly though - they don't radiate heat.

Sunship (-400):
Humanity is by far not the only mortal race in the Secondary Realms. This ship, the Helios, is the product of a world far more technologically advanced than Earth. At eighty feet long, with several hundred-foot long flippers, this is indeed a spacecraft in the shape of a shining golden turtle. It is capable of crossing a solar system within only an hour, but the reason for its construction was exploration. No matter if it is sailing through a meteor swarm, into a sun, or near a black hole, the Helios is proof against any danger you could find in the universe. And since the original Helios was quite small, you may optionally take a bigger version, up to a length of ten thousand feet or so.

A Gift Of The Architect (-400):
The Keys are not the only weapons of great power that the Architect made. In her early days, she adopted three children as her sons together with the Old One, as an experiment. While Sunday eventually received the Seventh Key, she did not leave the other two empty handed: the Piper she gave his eponymous pipes, and for the Mariner she crafted a harpoon out of the luminous trail of a narwhal's wake under the aurora borealis in an arctic sea.

You have now gotten your hands on a similar object of power. It will always be in your hand if you call for it, otherwise perhaps lying in some dimension or another, and it will act as a channel for any sorcery or magic you use and enhance it substantially. Other than that, you may choose a single effect or theme for this weapon to take. For example, the Mariner's harpoon is able to strike dead anything not under the protection of a Key or a similar power, and also provides him with powers over water and the sea. The Piper's pipes allow him to bring all mortals and Denizens not possessing a Key under his thrall, and let him create the Raised Rats and the New Nithlings. No matter how it looks or what it does, it is a weapon of enormous sorcerous power, and while it does not stand up to the Keys in their totality, you will find yourself more than able to contend with them in battle.

Mortal Manipulator (-400):
With all the interference in mortal affairs since the Architect disappeared, it only makes sense that machines such as this have been developed. It reminds one of a massive spider - eight forty-foot long limbs sprout from a central part the size of a bus, looking quite like an old-fashioned boiler. Its purpose becomes apparent when you insert a barrel of Nothing and cast some particular sorcery. As the spidery arms of the machine begin moving in rhythmic patterns, you simply need to state your desires, and just like that you can manipulate the entirety of the stock market. Want oil to go up fifty percent? Want the portfolios of your enemies to go to zero? Just a chant and some sorcery away, I assure you. The reason for the wild swings in prices will always be different and depend on what is most reasonable, but the results certainly aren't in question. In future Jumps, you have the choice of powering the machine with just electricity, although it would require an entire power plant's output to replace the Nothing.

Micro Nukes (-400):
When you want something dead, there really isn't a better option than "cast nuke", is there? Although these babies weren't exactly made for that. You see, all the incursions by Denizens into the Secondary Realms have had many effects - all of them negative. Their mere presence creates supernatural diseases that mortals can't easily contend with. Still, people had to deal with them somehow, and so some new legislature was crafted on Earth: if you don't know what the fuck is going on, nuke it. These small bombs have a kill zone of about five hundred meters from the target point for humans, where nothing will survive the radiation. And you can be guaranteed that absolutely every disease, illness, germ, or parasite will be fully wiped out in that area, no matter how potent or magical it is.

A Worldlet Of Your Own (-600):
The Architect isn't the only one who can create worlds, you know. Well, "creation" may be a bit of an exaggeration, but still, this is a realm of your own: a solar system within a bottle. Or just a sphere of Immaterial Glass, if you don't like that aesthetic. The exact specifications of this system are up to you. It can be anything cosmologically possible - maybe there's even an alien civilization in there? Although that one would be quite an offense against the Original Law. No matter how it looks, I'm sure you can think of a lot of uses for a solar system. Or maybe it's just a souvenir to you.

Either way, you can shrink the container from its original size of around a basketball down to just half an inch across. It is absolutely indestructible - wouldn't want the cosmos to spill out, right? Going past the border of the worldlet will simply see you appear at its other side, space wrapping around the system in a bubble. How you enter it is up to you. The default is to chant some sorcery and look at where you want to end up, which will zoom your awareness into that place until you find yourself standing there. Wouldn't recommend looking at the sun while you do this. It is impossible to enter the worldlet through anything but the method you designate.

The Seven Dials (-600):
Aside from the Front Door, the Seven Dials are the other main form of transportation from and to the House. The name refers to a room containing seven grandfather clocks facing one another, their pendulums thrumming with the heartbeat of Time itself. By moving the hands of the clocks into particular positions, it is possible to use the Seven Dials to spy anywhere and anywhen, or to connect that time and space to the room in order to teleport there. You get a copy of the Seven Dials as an attachment to your warehouse, and can manifest it within any room you find yourself in. There is no place the Seven Dials cannot reach, but the power of a Key, several thousand sorcerers working together, or a similar power may ward particular locations against its functions.

A Compleat Atlas Of The House And Immediate Environs (-600):
The entire House is dedicated to the creation, management, and archival of records. But in truth, it was just something the Architect made out of boredom.The making of records was solved long ago through one of her most powerful creations, the Atlas. All the records made by billions of Denizens are just a small and largely irrelevant part of the true record. Because, you see, the Atlas is a snapshot of the entire universe. The book automatically records absolutely everything in the House and the Secondary Realms and everything beyond.

The Rightful Heir, or anyone with the requisite power, can query the Atlas, and its intelligence will write within its pages the answer to most anything you can think of: detailed descriptions and weaknesses of enemies, the locations and paths to treasure, the most comprehensive knowledge on sorcery and the mundane sciences you could find anywhere, and so much more. It was intended to be given to the New Architect, to allow them the option to restore the universe from the latest snapshot after it got destroyed by Nothing and the Architect moved on. But even

as a magical font of knowledge, its value is irreplaceable. As all of the information within it counts as a record, it is naturally possible to change it, if you've got the power. And if you've got a mind strong enough to parse the entirety of creation, you may simply lay your hand upon the Atlas and know everything written within it.

You gain a copy of the Atlas that will open only for you. Just like the Keys, it cannot be stolen from you, and will appear by your side if you have a need for it. It will continue to work for you in future worlds and record the information there, and in case you have been to other jumps before, it is also backwards compatible.

The 8th Key (-600):
The Keys to the Kingdom. The vastly powerful sorcerous instruments the Architect made for the Trustees so they could rule the House in her stead, before giving them to the Rightful Heir after one was chosen. But of course, they did not do so. The nature of the Will was part of it, naturally, as it would lead to the destruction of themselves and the universe. But the power of the Keys was also a part, as they could not bear to give them up.

The Keys are the most powerful objects of sorcery to exist. The owner of a Key simply needs to vocalize or visualize what they want to happen, and if it is within the Key's power, it will be done. At its most powerful, a Key has been used to bottle up a solar system, and to separate Earth from the procession of time. Some other uses include shifting a mountain from the House into the Secondary Realms, conjuring a firestorm reaching from horizon to horizon and into the stratosphere, extending the Border Sea into Earth, exponentially increasing the power of sorcery, and transforming into a 120 mile long and 30 mile wide whale. Grand displays of power aside, a Key can more or less do anything on a human (or Denizen) scale as long as it is not opposed by an equal or stronger power. The Keys automatically protect their owner from anything that would bring them harm, but pain and discomfort are not classified as such.

As it would be quite rude to steal a Key from one of their existing owners, you are instead offered the 8th Key. Maybe it was another one of the Architect's projects to decrease her boredom? Like the First and Seventh Key, it has no particular specialty, being simply an all-rounder. You may choose its shape freely. It must not be an actual key - the Fifth Key is a small mirror, for example. Keys cannot be stolen or taken away from their owner, and the 8th is no exception. If you ever misplace it, you can call it to yourself with but a thought. Like the others, it is also completely indestructible. And lastly, you will never outgrow this Key in power - it will always keep up with you to provide you the same level of utility, ability, and protection.

Companions

Canon Companion (-100):
Is there a Denizen you wish to take along with you? Or perhaps a Piper's child? Maybe even a mortal? By paying 100 CP, you may allow someone to follow you into future worlds, if they agree.

Companion Import (-100):
Yet in case there already are some friends you have made in the past, it is a simple matter to provide them with some new skills and experiences here. For 100 CP, you can gift up to 8 of your companions an origin and 600 CP to spend each. Companions may not take any drawbacks.

A Man's Shadow (-100):
Someone of your station needs attendants, do they not? This Denizen has been specifically made to tend to their master's every need, and is supernaturally skilled in every one of their many responsibilities. Creating and dressing you in the most resplendent clothes, cleaning your belongings and properties to ensure they are absolutely spotless, and ensuring that all of your affairs are always in order are the simplest of their skills. Be it navigating the bureaucratic jungle of the House or ensuring that your subordinates act in the most efficient manner to carry out your will, they appear to be capable of anything. In fact, they are able to operate absolutely any appliances or machines in your possession in your stead, or run your businesses with the same skill as you would. They appear out of nowhere when you are in need of them, even if you yourself don't know that, and have the uncanny ability of finding and bringing you items of import you may be lacking or missing at the moment. Naturally includes food and drink.

Childhood Friend (-100):
Did you pick this up in the Border Sea? It's a toy back from when you were a child - it could be a fluffy elephant, a toy train, an action figure, or something completely different. Once thought lost, it has now reappeared, and what's more, it got animated by sorcery into something like a Nithling. It cannot talk, but it will certainly understand everything you say. Looking at it reminds you of all the good times you've ever had, and never fails to cheer you up. So long as it is with you, you'll never feel alone. Even when it seems like the whole world is arrayed against you, this old friend will always love you. It also reminds you of your humanity, and keeps you down to earth, making it harder for outside forces to influence or change you. And if you're ever in a bind, you can also be assured that it has some combat ability - as a Nithling, it will grow larger, more imposing, and stronger with every foe it defeats.

Transport (variable):
Wings are nice and well, but sometimes you just need someone else to do all the movement for you. For **100 CP** you can get a Not-Horse, the half-Nithling horses used in many parts of the House. Lined with flexible metal over living flesh, each one has three four-inch steel claw toes

on each foot that serve as weapons, and they possess the same toughness as Denizens. Made with a focus for stamina, they can run for hours even after a normal horse would've long collapsed. They are also intelligent enough to converse with each other in their own language, so treat it well. For **200 CP** you can either get a winged Not-Horse, with thirty foot long wings on each side that enable it to carry several tons, or one of the giant dragonflies commonly found in Sunday's gardens. It is sixty feet long, with wings twice that length, and on it there is a comfortable cabin capable of housing several people, and fitted with all possible amenities that make long-term flight a breeze. Just as smart as the Not-Horses, but a bit slower due to its size.

Daisy (-200):
Oh my, what do you have here? This is a beastwort, a creature native to a particularly dangerous planet in the Secondary Realms, and this specimen got quite a bit of sorcerous enhancement too. It's the size and shape of a car, with a dimpled, bright green hide. Hundreds of tiny, foot-long legs make it move deceptively fast, and despite its size it is light on its feet. From the same general area as its feet grow three tentacles the size of a human thigh, hundreds of feet long. On top of its body there is one other tentacle, three feet long, which could be said to resemble a daisy - hundreds of pale yellow tendrils swirling around a dark yellow orb. This is its sensory organ, and with it, the beastwort can perceive prey through light, vibrations, and smell. Don't ask how this works without eyes, it's sorcery. Its hide and tentacles are immune to both knife and machine gun fire, and even the House's various sorcerous weapons would find it hard to puncture. Most force simply rebounds from its spongy flesh without doing any damage. And via its tentacles, it can rip apart a tank just as easily as any Denizen or Nithling. Truly, this plant? beast? err, creature, is the best companion you could hope for in the coming battles. It responds to the name of 'Daisy' and has bonded with you, so you won't need any sorcery to make it listen to your commands.

Drawbacks

It's A Children's Story (+100):
Congratulations, Jumper. You get to live out your childhood again. Well, mentally at least. You think and act exactly like what you would expect of a 12 year old, and a particularly stubborn one at that. You can expect to do things such as refusing to use your all-powerful weapon to stop threats to your life and the universe at large, continually get into arguments with people even if you know you're wrong, and generally be pretty passive aggressive.

Ten Thousand Years Of Rain (+100):
Did you perhaps fail your examination to become a sorcerer? You've caught a pretty big bout of good old depression, although yours won't last 30 years at least. It's hard to get yourself to do, well, anything, and you expect the worst at all times, especially when it concerns yourself. This can often be a self-fulfilling prophecy, as you don't even attempt tasks you may have had a decent chance at, and you can expect any abilities such as sorcery that require you to use your will to fizzle out more often than not.

Protagonist Background (+100):
Something happened in your past that still plagues your mind. The classic is dead parents, of course, via plague or other such diseases, but luckily there is no end to possible sad backstories in the world. Either way, fate will conspire to put you into situations that remind you of your trauma, again and again. Chose that first example? Prepare to run into the whole gamut of death and disease during your stay here, both mundane and supernatural.

Leaf In The Wind (+100):
Everybody is always saying how mortals are so much smarter and more creative than Denizens, but, well, there are exceptions. Such as you. Someone seems to have struck the word "plan" out of your mind's dictionary, as you are only capable of the most harebrained stratagems a child could come up with, including such classics as "jump head first into a portal leading into enemy territory and stumble around, while hoping that someone will save me".

Lame Duck (+200):
I hope you weren't planning on much physical exertion, because you certainly aren't fit for it. Be it a bad case of asthma, a lame leg, or just a general lack of legs at all, you won't be moving all that fast in your time here. Supernatural powers can help, to an extent, but you will never be able to do more than jog one or two hundred meters without having to take a long break.

Created For It (+200):
You've become a Denizen, Jumper. Well, not in body, and it seems like they forgot to give you a job. Still, at least you managed to grab a Denizen's single-minded focus on their work, all for free! Choose some sort of occupation: it could be anything from ink filler to soldier, bureaucrat, or butler. This jump, anything in that theme is all you will be good at. You may try your hand at

other tasks, certainly, but let it put me this way: after ten thousand years of being sailors, the office workers that had to switch to a sea-based life are still only as good as a mortal with a mere few days of training.

Backdoor Key (+200):
While the transformation into an immortal creator god has some benefits, there are also drawbacks. Such as bouts of rage that make you want to destroy all the pathetic insects that dare stumble into your sight. I hope you've got the willpower to suppress these urges, or there's going to be a lot of blood and fire around you. Even then, you'll always tend to look down on and disregard those lesser than you - which may as well be everyone.

Actually Not A Lawbreaker (+200):
The Original Law was meant to prevent those of the House from meddling with the Secondary Realms. The thing is, everybody seems to be ignoring it - everybody but you. You are forbidden from even stepping into the universe at large, and sending minions is not allowed either. Well, look at it positively - what could possibly happen in that backwater place anyway?

I Just Want To Be Normal (+300):
All that vast power you possess… it could just be used to end the plot of this story before it even began, right? Well, don't even think about it - this is a seven book story, we gotta drag it out. So, you see, any overt use of any of your powers you got from before this one is now transforming you into a higher being, and any appreciably powerful passive effects as well. You've got around two to three dozen moderately powerful effects, less if you put more power into them, and then that's it. You'll be transformed and your chain will end. At least you'll get to keep your new form. If you want to remove temptation, you can just remove any out of jump powers entirely instead.

Where There Is A Will… (+300):
Back to the classics, I see. Pick one of the seven deadly sins: you're now afflicted like the Morrow Days are by the machinations of the Will. Even worse, it seems the strength of the curse upon you is the same as the one upon Drowned Wednesday. No matter which sin you pick, it'll be on the same level as her neverending hunger, forcing her to eat all day and night, while growing to a size that fits her new consumption. I'm sure you can think of something equivalent, right?

Washed Thoroughly (+300):
Are you a Piper's Child? It looks like the Bathroom Attendants have washed a bit too hard between your ears. You have forgotten all that you used to know. Things such as writing and reading will come back quite fast, and depending on your Origin your background knowledge will once again come to you as well, over time. But all you will be able to recall regarding your past before this world will be occasional flashes of insight and dreams, gone as quickly as they came.

Return To Nothing (+300):
Who the hell built this shoddy universe? Or did Saturday increase the pace of her plan to plunge the House into Nothing? In your time here, it seems like the Void has got it out for you. Nothing will impinge upon the House proper again and again, and I hope you've got some sort of weapon that won't dissolve against the hordes of Nithlings arrayed against you. Even worse, any powers you may have had against Nothing refuse to work anymore - if a festering claw or bite breaks your skin, you better find sorcerous help quickly, or that will have been it.

Scenario: The Rightful Heir

Ah, there has been a change to your background, Jumper. Quite an unfortunate one, in fact. No matter which background you picked, you have been made mortal. And even worse, you have been preordained to die.

Right as you enter this world, you can feel your body shutting down. It is only minutes before you draw your last breath. Yet, what is this light moving towards you…?

As you may have guessed already, the Will has chosen you as a Rightful Heir from the pool of potential candidates. The qualifications are quite lax indeed, so there was some luck involved. All the Will required was someone young and mentally flexible, who was fated to die on any particular Monday. While your mind may be in question, the youth of your body is not, and so you were chosen.

The Will, possessing Monday's butler, will manage to trick him into granting you the Minute Hand of the First Key, right before it is exposed and Monday banishes both of them back to the House. So it is that you are left with half of the First Key, and the Atlas if you should look for it. Your quest? Gather the rest of the Keys, and take what is rightfully yours - the House, the Secondary Realms, and everything else.

It is theoretically quite a simple endeavor: the Keys cannot be stolen from their owners, but as you are the Rightful Heir, you merely need to find each part of the Will that the Trustees have hidden in their domains, and then work with it to speak a chant in the presence of the Key - that is all it takes for it to recognise you as its true owner.

Naturally, things won't quite be as simple as that. The Trustees are afflicted by the Will's power, yes, but they aren't stupid, and will do everything in their power to prevent you from succeeding. From bogging you down in bureaucracy, to calling in old debts from the domains you've seized, and even assassination attempts, you can expect to fight against the entire apparatus of the House. Even worse, Saturday is planning on plunging all but the Incomparable Gardens into Nothing, all so she can finally take what she thinks should have been granted to her. So you are on a timer - I suggest you get on with it quickly.

Should you manage to gather all seven Keys, you will ascend to become the New Architect - and only moments after, the Will is going to use your power to fulfill itself and destroy all of creation. You see, the Architect got bored with her life long ago. The universe is quite old indeed. But, in her anger, she chained up the part she split off from herself, the Old One, in a prison that would only break if all were to be destroyed. And so, ten thousand years ago, she split herself up again, into the Will. The Trustees refused to honor a pact that would lead to their own demise, but one by one the WIll influenced them to slowly destroy the House nonetheless. And so it all began…

After the two combine once more and thereafter step into Nothing, you will be left alone in an infinite sea of void, and your transformation will be complete. As the New Architect, you have enormous powers over Nothing and creation. You may do sorcery on a cosmic scale, and if you wish, anything and everything can be created by your hand. Your body, too, has changed: impervious to Nothing and any damage not inflicted by a foe of an equivalent level, with a mind capable of processing everything in the universe. Whether you restore everything via the snapshot only minutes before destruction contained in the Atlas, or whether you set out to create something of your own, you are free to do anything you wish.

But you also have some choices to make. If you want, you can consider this an endjump scenario, and leave your Chain to set off to even greater heights. Or you may do as the Architect did before, and split off a lesser aspect of yourself, containing whatever powers and memories you decide upon. This part of yourself may keep on Jumping in your place, with the two of you combining once again when your Chain finally ends. Or you may simply continue your Chain as you are. You can also decide whether to end the jump here, or whether you stay for the rest of the 10 years.

And lastly, you may take this infinite void of Nothing and whatever you make out of it with you wherever you go, as a reminder of your time here, a powerful weapon, and a useful tool.

Ending

Stay:
Leave? Why, you haven't even finished your infinite supply of tea and biscuits yet! No, you'll remain here, to live out your immortal life.

Go Home:
It's been nice, but enough is enough. Back to your own Secondary Realms. Or is it Primary in this case?

Next Jump:
Someone called Jumper isn't exactly stationary, right? Time to move on to the next world.

Notes

Dying with the entire universe as it gets engulfed by Nothing does not count as chain failure, and simply ends the jump.

Even if not specified, all items regenerate if broken or used up, and return if stolen or lost.

The height gain/loss by perks like Promotion is relative. If you or the target are in a larger form, the change will also be larger.

Endless Promotion: It really is everything that is linked. Soul power/size, metaphysical weight, any bullshit or tiny little thing (heh) you can think of. Keep it sane though: as with height/beauty, anything generally not that “important” won’t gain you much.

Transformative Experiences: Again, don’t go full retard here. The Force might turn you into something like a human-sized midichlorian, even though I don’t know what the fuck that would do. But unless the amount of power/energy/resource you have ALREADY makes you all-powerful, the transformation gained from power/energy/resource definitely won’t make you all-powerful. Arthur got a god-body from all seven keys, but with all seven he didn’t /really/ need it, yknow?

Time Travel: It is written that the first part of the Will got locked up at the end of time, and that someone with the record of a person can see that person's future, so that means time travel into the future is possible, right? Well, it is later mentioned that no, it is not. Retconned because it would’ve been too useful, I guess. Now on the other hand, time travel into the past never got retconned and actually happens quite frequently - but literally never to change the present. Are people just too stupid to use it that way? I hope not, but with Denizens and how smart Arthur is you never know… Either way, it is never mentioned if it is possible or not. It IS mentioned that the destruction of dead records would leave holes in the past, and that this is of no consequence. Do these holes mean holes in the archives or literally holes in the past? Again, not mentioned. Totally up to you how you handle time travel here. I ended up not mentioning the future part in the jump proper because it’s an awkward situation.

Records: As mentioned in the Recorder perk, they work through sorcery. If someone is immune to extremely powerful magic, you obviously won’t be able to change them by fucking with their record, and probably won’t even be able to view them.