

Lucky & Wild

Jumpchain by:



Modern Earth, (more or less) as you once knew it. Specifically, Neo Field, California. It's the 80s, and there's villainy afoot as the Big Cigar drug trafficking cartel, led by the big man, Big Cigar himself, is preparing for a massive heist involving not only drug smuggling, but gun running and terrorism as well. With the NFPD helpless to stem the sudden surge in crime, taking down the cartel falls to a pair of loose cannons: The sharply dressed detective Lucky and gung-ho surfer Wild.

Are you Lucky, or Wild?

Lucky (Free, Incompatible with Wild): You're a charming rogue with a sense of flair and panache, pulling off daring stunts and looking good doing it: While serendipity isn't a permanent guest of yours, you hit the pub together, with sure hits often becoming grazes or narrow misses, be they gunshots, explosives, or burning debris.

Wild (Free, Incompatible with Lucky): You're an adventurous rogue with a contagious charisma, looking good while performing death-defying feats: Your reflexes and reaction times are incredibly sharp, making you a superb quick-draw and sharpshooter.

Background:

Pick your age and gender as you like, so long as you're 18 or over. Either background can be taken as a Drop-In, meaning that you have no extant history or memories here. Because they exist, apparently, you may choose to be a catgirl instead of a human.

Officer: You're an officer of the law, badge and all, stationed somewhere in California. With every bad guy you tag and bag, you remember: Winners don't use drugs.

Crook: You're a member of a criminal syndicate operating in California, though not necessarily part of the Big Cigar cartel itself. There's much to be made in ill-gotten gains here, but remember: Crime doesn't pay.



Perks:

Perks are 50% off for their respective Background, or free if 100 CP.

Officer:

Maverick (100 CP): You're a loose cannon, Jumper, but you're the best the department's got. The brass may not like you, but they recognize your ability and (grudgingly) understand that cramping your style will hurt your performance: You're free to flout minor regulations like dress codes, and organizations you're a part of will give you a lot of leeway in your behavior (and crimes/collateral damage) so long as it's for the good of and materially benefits the organization itself.

NFPD, Open Up! (200 CP): You're an expert in breach-and-clear, kicking down doors and busting through barricades, garage doors, glass walls, and innocent fruit stands with aplomb, knowing just how to strike such obstacles to ram through them without hurting yourself or your vehicle.

Stunt Driver (400 CP): In the face of your skills behind the wheel, combat racing is a morning commute. You excel in high-octane maneuvering, avoiding projectiles and jumping things that really shouldn't be jumped, and you're skilled enough to drive with one hand while shooting with the other, with only a marginal loss of efficiency in either.

Stirred, Not Shaken (600 CP): It's fair to say that you're completely unflappable under stress. You've killed seventy armed trafficker-terrorists, caused several million dollars in property damage, almost got incinerated with a flamethrower and blasted to smithereens by a stadium-sized bomb, and your car looks like it's been put through a tornado of rusty nails and hellfire—all in the last ten minutes? "Damn, I should get that fixed up."

Crook:

Drive By Dealer (100 CP): You know the essential skills for cartel work: Drug peddling and drive-by shooting. Your aim remains rock-steady even when you're leaning out of a window or jumping on someone's hood to shoot them, and you instinctively know when to pull back in to avoid getting creamed by unseen road hazards.

Demolitionist (200 CP): You know how to expertly manufacture and operate all kinds of explosive weapons and weaponized explosives, from TNT and Molotov Cocktails to military-grade grenades and rocket launchers. You can even make those classic time bombs with the analog clocks in them, and you know how to knock down buildings in both controlled and radically uncontrolled fashions.

Hard Time (400 CP): You're an inhumanly tough son of a bitch. The cops light your car up like the 4th of July, your engine explodes, sending it tumbling end-over-end, you fly through the windshield and hit the tarmac at 120, a cruiser runs you over, and officers shoot you eleven times because you thought about getting up? You're hospitalized with minor injuries and make a full recovery within a week.

The Big Man (600 CP): You aren't a member of a cartel; you ARE the cartel. Fear in one hand and charisma in the other make it known to one and all that you're not to be fucked with, and that you're going to make bank on your criminal endeavors. People from all walks of life flock to your banner to get a piece of that action, giving you a functionally endless (but not unlimited) supply of generic goons. Just make sure you can live up to your reputation, so your followers don't turn on or abandon you.



Items:

Items are 50% off for their respective Background, or free if 100 CP. Items that are lost, destroyed, or expended will automatically be replaced after one week, unless otherwise specified.

Officer:

Special Tonic (100 CP)**:** You're not sure what it is other than a disconcerting radioactive green, but it's fruity, fizzy, invigorating, and dubiously alcoholic. You have a bottle of it, pre-mixed, that never runs out.

Pink Cats Garage (400 CP)**:** An auto shop, diner, and custom body works garage, outfitted to repair and modify virtually any roughly-car-sized vehicle. You are now the full legal owner, and it'll turn a tidy profit unless you mismanage it (or take it to worlds where cars don't exist, presumably). It's staffed by a crew of buxom catgirls in crop tops and booty shorts who count as

followers and are given to... additional services if you're particularly generous and/or adept at stopping/promoting crime (covering you in hero's kisses, obviously).

Light Gun (600 CP)**:** It looks like an ordinary 9mm pistol, and it is—except for the parts where it's fully-automatic, has a rate of fire comparable to most LMGs, and has a bottomless magazine.

Crook:

The Goods (100 CP)**:** A supply of a few thousand dollars' worth of an illegal drug of your choice. Can be purchased multiple times (at no discount) for additional types or to double the quantity.

Guns and Drums (400 CP)**:** An incongruously large supply of explosive chemicals in oil drums and enough illicit weaponry to supply a small PMC.

Goddamn Laser Beams (600 CP)**:** God alone knows where you got this futuristic energy weapon. It takes a couple seconds to both wind up and recharge, and the big red targeting beams make it obvious where you're going to shoot, but the laser itself melts through armor.

Vehicles:

You may purchase any number of vehicles. Modifications are on a per-vehicle basis.

Chopper (Free if no other vehicle taken, else 50CP)**:** A sleek black motorbike for one, two at a stretch. Fairly fragile, but nimble and fast—obscenely, dangerously fast. Please wear a helmet before you go flying over the handlebars at 180mph.

Sedan (100 CP)**:** Perfectly generic, but with a classy matte finish and quality (though not quite luxury) interior, perfect for wheeling and dealing. Comes in any color you like as long as it's black. Alternatively, you can buy this as a generic police cruiser instead, with lights and sirens.

Dune Buggy (100 CP)**:** Extremely agile and a master of rough terrain with its superior suspension, but only seats two, and is much harder to discreetly armor than a sedan.

The Other Kind Of Chopper (200 CP)**:** A small helicopter with just enough space for two and a cache of dynamite. Unusual for a helicopter in that it's surprisingly tough and won't viciously attack the earth if you so much as sneeze.

Limousine (200 CP)**:** Now THIS is cruising in style. A stretched limo with full leather interior and discreetly armored steel frame, comfortably seats a dozen people with room for amenities like beer cooler, weapon lockers, or smuggling compartments.

Tanker (200 CP)**:** A huge tanker truck for hauling large quantities of potentially hazardous fluids. Not much good for anything besides that, but it's quite tough and makes a great improvised bomb.

Action Cruiser (200 CP)**:** A classy red sports car fit for an action hero. Great for swerving around and jumping over obstacles and has a rock-solid engine that will sputter and die, bringing you to a gentle halt, rather than exploding in a giant fireball like most engines—no matter how much punishment it takes.

Party Van (400 CP)**:** This huge, unmarked white shipping van is built like a tank and capable of hauling anything from crates and barrels of contraband, an entire platoon of henchmen, to several other cars.

Monster Truck (400 CP)**:** Monster trucks sit on that funny line between stupid and awesome. Half tires and suspension by volume, this automotive leviathan turns traffic into speedbumps by simply flattening anything in its way.

Swing Doors (+50 CP, Incompatible with Chopper, Dune Buggy)**:** You've got those sleek, near-future doors that open upwards like hatches or rotate vertically to open instead of opening normally. This isn't terribly useful, but it is swanky.

Custom Paint (+50 CP)**:** Your choice of designs and colors. This'd be free, except the premium-quality automotive paint and decals used makes your custom ride immune to minor, incidental bumps, chips, and scrapes that'd ruin the finish—though it offers no protection against actual battle damage.

Unpoppable (+50 CP, Incompatible with The Other Kind Of Chopper)**:** A combination of compartmentalized air, springs, and high-density foam make your tires functionally immune to bursting. They can still be chopped apart or blown up, but they'll laugh off jagged debris, spike strips, and gunfire alike.

Clown Car (+100 CP, Incompatible with Chopper)**:** Your vehicle is capable of incongruously seating several times more people than it logically should, without impacting its comfort or performance.

Armored (+200 CP)**:** Tough isn't tough enough. Armor plating will slow down your vehicle slightly and is illegal— though most vehicles can be reinforced discreetly enough to make it difficult to tell— but is a life saver in the midst of rocket-propelled gang warfare.

Mounted Weapon (+200 CP)**:** Concealed and *hilariously* illegal, but fun for the whole family. Comes in fore or aft machine gun, fore or aft rocket launcher, grenade dispensers, a top-mounted flamethrower turret. If you've purchased Goddamn Laser Beams, this can be a laser

turret, or, if attached to a Tanker, it can be a spout to release slicks of whatever the Tanker's carrying. May be purchased multiple times.

Companions:

Lucky & Wild (100 CP, Officer only)**:** The eponymous freewheeling, gunslinging buddy cop duo. Fast friends and battle brothers in the war on drugs.

Crime Boss (50 CP, Crook only)**:** You can recruit one of Big Cigar's lieutenants— Jerky, Gambit, Juliora, Keel, or Bear— or the big man himself.

Partner (50 CP)**:** Create or import a Companion of your own. They share your Background and have 500 CP to spend; if you took Lucky or Wild, they receive the other attribute.



Drawbacks:

Insert Coin (+100 or 100 CP)**:** All of your items and equipment are now coin-operated. This can range from anywhere from mildly annoying to life-threatening in the heat of the moment; make sure you stock up on quarters.

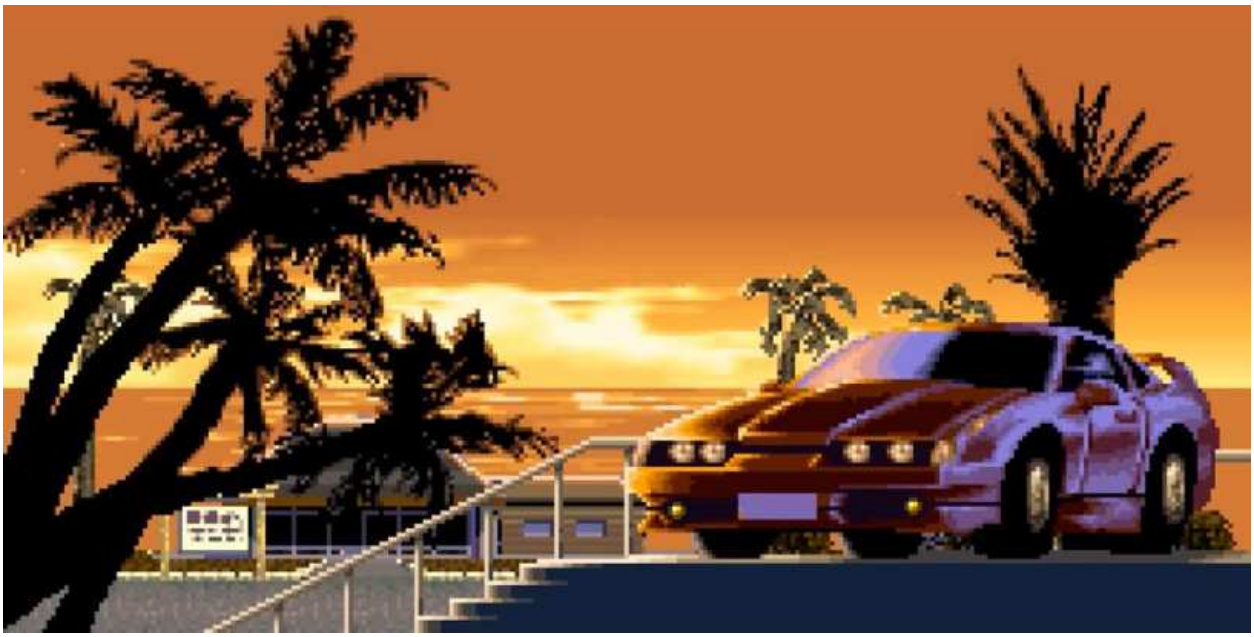
Alternately, you can take this as a Perk that costs 100CP instead: While your items and equipment are still coin operated, the act of feeding a coin to such an object will instantly repair/refuel/reload/recharge/etc. it, even if it's as large and complex as an entire wrecked vehicle.

Exploding Windshields (+100 CP)**:** If only you had a windshield to protect your face from spalls of projectile windshield glass. Car windows explode frequently and violently under duress, and yours is especially vulnerable. Even if you own the Pink Cats Garage, they'll still charge you at a discount for repairs, so expect your refrain to become "Oh nooo, my car is traaashed!"

FBI Says: (+100 CP)**:** Winners don't use drugs, and you're a winner, right Jumper? Or alcohol. No sex or swearing either, this is a PG establishment. Cops will write you up for the slightest infraction if you're one of their own, and even if you can peddle such things as a Crook, you're bound by a strict code of conduct not to get high off your own supply.

I Fought (With) The Law... (+300 CP, Officer only)**:** The NFPD is feckless, corrupt, and incompetent, to the point where they're not only useless, but an active hindrance in your work. Between the idiotic brass, clueless and schoolmarmish civilian meddling, and bureaucratic red tape, it's probably only by virtue of the Maverick Perk that you ever get anything done at all. If you took the FBI Says: Drawback, expect to get put on leave for even the slightest infraction and stripped of your badge for repeat offenses.

Police Brutality (+300 CP, Crook only)**:** It's spreading like a sickness. It seems like damn near every cop is a radical quasi-vigilante action hero for whom procedure is more of a suggestion than a rule, these days, and it's cutting into your margins badly... Especially when their first recourse is to just gun down gangsters indiscriminately and let God sort them out. Bail on California if you like, but it won't take long for other states and nations to follow suit, cleansing crime from the world with the scourge of testosterone-fueled justice.



The End:

Ten years might seem like a long time for the world of a 20-minute arcade game, but hey, it's Earth: The Big Cigar cartel can't be the only one out there threatening the innocent, and it's not like California is the center of the world (disregarding the opinions of Californians). Once your time is up, all Drawbacks affecting you end, and you've got a decision to make:

Promotion:

It may not be *your* Earth, but it's still Earth, and different from it in some pretty exciting ways; you may or may not want to continue in policing or crime, but why not set down roots here? Time resumes in all of the worlds you've previously visited, you become a missing person in your home world, and your Chain ends here.

Next Stage:

Pack up and continue on to your next Jump, wherever in the Multiverse that lands you, older, wiser, and better-armed than you were before.

Retire:

Maybe you've just had enough of all of this. Return to your original home world: Time resumes in all of the Jumps you've previously visited, and your Chain ends here. If you die (permanently, not somehow being raised or resurrected by the end of the Jump), you take this option by default.

Changelog:

V1.0: Tweaks to address typos, inconsistent formatting, and re-crop images. Thanks, Online Version Of Word.

Added an option to Mounted Weapon specific to Tankers.