

Hubris. Conviction. Outbreaks of biological abominations. These are the three certainties of the world you'll be visiting, a seemingly modern one in which men play God and pairs of other men (and women) deploy to shoot their way straight through what they've unleashed.

Zombies, in every-and I mean EVERY-shape and size.

From rotting corpses shambling along the streets, to swarms of mutated animals clawing for your throat, to even futuristic steel-skinned figures flitting towards you, to bloated figures swinging oversized weapons, there's no end in sight to the undead onslaught.

AND YET.

In this world, two agents can go further than even the most brilliant minds of this generation can predict.

Take 1000 CP. Don't get bitten.

Choice of Starting Date

You may freely choose from any of the starting dates in the series.

The House of the Dead: Overkill: It is 1991. You start in a small town in Louisiana where agent "G" is forced to team up with police detective Isaac Washington to battle…well, not exactly zombies. *Mutants.* It turns out that during the Cold War, the US invented a super-serum named Formula X that turns subjects into homicidal mutants. And that an eccentric warden is driven to use it to save his dying mother the only way any way he can: By releasing hordes of slavering monsters on the world.

House of the Dead 1: It is December 18, 1998. Driven to the limits of both sanity and science trying to save his sickly son, in a fit of madness Dr. Curien releases hordes of undead all over Europe. AMS agent Thomas Rogan and his partner "G" are about to respond to a distress call from Thomas' fiancé. You start in the mansions where they're about to meet the fruits of Curien's labour, a trail of gunfire and bloodshed that will lead them to his masterpiece: The Magician, a pyrokinetic flying zombie who might prove a little less obedient than the mad scientist hopes for…

House of the Dead 2: It is February 26, 2000. Agent "G" has disappeared while searching for the remnants of Curien's research. AMS agents James Taylor and Gary Stewart are in hot pursuit, unknowing of a second outbreak soon to pass. You start in Venice, Italy, near where a wounded "G" has assembled a field journal of undead weaknesses. This time however, the mastermind behind the undead is one Caleb Goldman, Dr. Curien's financier and something of a militant environmentalist. He envisions an Emperor who can both rule over and destroy humanity, culling it from what he sees as rampant overpopulation as well as the ensuing pollution.

House of the Dead 4: It is 2003. Veteran AMS agent James Taylor and newcomer Kate Green are investigating the Goldman Incident in Italy (or possibly London, if the Japanese dub is to be believed). A sudden earthquake traps the agents underground right as zombies start marking on the populace. You start somewhere in whichever city they're in. It turns out Goldman's plans were lain further ahead than his death, with missile arrays in place to cull the human population if the zombies didn't succeed and his final legacy, The World, hellbent on carrying out his maker's vision. If all goes well, Kate Green and "G" have one final trial to overcome if the true source of the infection is to be dealt with.

House of the Dead: Scarlet Dawn: It is 2006. AMS agents Kate Green and Ryan Taylor are in an undercover mission in Scarecrow Manor-where soon, cover will be a moot point. You start somewhere in the manor as well. It turns out that the manager, Thornheart, was a co-conspirator with Curien and Goldman, and believes he has what he needs to better their work. His masterpiece, the Moon, can wield wind itself as it's weapon.

House of the Dead 3: It is the post-apocalyptic world of 2019. Zombies have spread all over the world, causing the collapse of civilisation in which the AMS still fights

for survival. Thomas Rogan is leading a crack team of into the desert seeking to discover what secrets in Dr. Curien's vaults might hint at how the world ended, but unless someone acts fast all but one Captain Dan Taylor are doomed. You start near the EFI Research Facility. Perhaps you'll be able to save Rogan before he's abducted, forcing his daughter Lisa and former partner "G" to rescue him? The legacy of how Curien's grief and loss drove him to lengths he thought would change the world for the better has culminated in the Wheel of Fate: Curien's own corpse restored by a 19-year long resurrection process that has given him terrifying electromagnetic powers.

Origins

Any of the following origins may be taken as a Drop-In option.

Agent: The AMS. An American agency with both domestic and foreign bases, intimately acquainted with some of the federal government's darkest secrets. Not that you'd know it from the men and women on their payroll, many of whom seem to be action movie stars always ready with a quip and just enough ammo to see their missions through. You're one of them now, whether as yet another ex-partner of "G" or a less familiar colleague sent in to stop the current zombie menace. You have a license to put down the undead, and nothing else. Hope you weren't expecting backup, because they tend to send a lot fewer people than you'd expect to deal with a zombie outbreak.

Mastermind: This world. This vile, wretched impure world. It deserves to be corrected, by the fruits of your genius. To be…consumed. For some reason you've become involved in the study of life beyond death in some capacity. You could be another scientist with some skill in the procedures and compounds that render a man into a deathless monstrosity, a contemporary of Dr. Curien's perhaps. Or a wealthy investor, like Dr. Curien. Or even an authority figure in a small town. Whoever you are, you're used to being in charge and likely have at least some aptitude to back it up. What are your plans for this sorry world? Complimentary evil laugh included.

Undead: Whoever you were in your old life is irrelevant now. You are a sharp-toothed, lank-haired monstrosity that does not eat, does not breathe, does not sleep. Your claws are as sharp as your teeth, and whether your flesh is rotten or eerily smooth only cover of night could make others mistake you for a normal human. The sight of your kind would be more feared and reviled in this world if the AMS, by and large, hadn't done a surprisingly thorough job of covering up your existence. However, as a strange exception to the rule instead of being a mindless engine of appetite and aggression it seems you've retained your full sentience. There are few friends for you in this world, but many hiding places. What will you do now?

Perks

Perks are 50% for the origin they are discounted for. 100 CP perks become free for Agents and Masterminds. **Undead receive one free 100 CP perk** and may purchase more at the usual discount.

Agent

ACTION! (100 CP): Quick! You're surrounded by 7 zombies closing in on all sides, what do!? Oh. Calmly and reasonably bust a cap in them all, apparently. It seems that you have whatever training AMS agents have that lets them retain impressive mental fortitude and firearms accuracy when suddenly ambushed by undying abominations against science. Mere biological aberrations and the element of surprise will seldom if ever shake your gunplay and fighting spirit. It'll take something like physically knocking over whatever platform you're standing on to mess with you reflexively putting every monster back in the grave.

HELP! (200 CP): Sometimes you're obliged to rescue someone from the zombies. Sometimes…accidents ensue, and friendly fire happens. Not on your watch, though. Whether saving someone from zombies closing in on all sides or rescuing someone about to be dragged to a grisly fate, you have a sixth sense for precise shooting to rescue a hostage being violently attacked or taken hostage. Not only that, but whenever you do rescue someone in a sticky situation luck favours them having some sort of minor helpful gift to aid your immediate goals. Usually something like a medical kit or something that can briefly enhance your ammo for most civilians, but rescue someone like a trained agent already on the case and you might just get more intel on your enemies.

RELOAD! RELOAD! (400 CP): You'd expect two agents up against an entire city of raging undead to be inevitably overwhelmed by attrition. Well, you expected wrong because somehow, daring duos make it to the end of entire ravening armies' worth of monsters. And however they got it done in-universe, you've got a trick up your sleeve. Whenever a firearm you're using runs out of ammo, you can fully reload it by tilting your gun straight up at the sky. You can still run out, but the quick tilt instant refills everything in working order, and you can even reload if you haven't spent every bullet. It's almost like you're playing a light shooter or something.

ALL CLEAR! (600 CP): Historically the AMS isn't very good at actually detecting and unravelling nefarious plots. What they are very, very good at doing however is solving a disaster already set in motion by just sending two guys in to shoot everything until it's dead AND not moving. Whenever you engage in simple, violent solutions it seems like the consequences and complexities of the conflict just…fade into irrelevance as long as you can actually kill everything in your way. Infection vectors just kind of dry up. Schemes set in motion for centuries crumple, as chance and fate lead you to the mastermind's doorstep. You'd still need an access card or password to bypass something as concrete as a security vault, but if there's even a chance of getting one off a zombified security card finding it won't be a problem. The point is, if someone has to stop you they have to throw a wall of bodies or concrete in your way. And while it's still a good idea to avoid getting

bitten schemes, infections and other mundane but intangible barriers to saving the world by just shooting everything in your path simply don't seem to matter as much. You're not inevitable, but you are an action movie hero with the plot armour that implies.

Moreover, any gun you fire packs just a little more punch than it should. Even if a foe is normally functionally immune to bullets, just keep blasting away and you can stagger them-leaving them dazed, wide open and more vulnerable than usual. It'll take longer the tougher they are, but with enough grit, determination and above all ammo you can still daze things normally too big to even have a hope of felling with handguns.

As a final benefit, there are possible outcomes for the conflicts in this world that can prove…less than satisfactory. Not on your watch, though. Whenever you're near defeating the mastermind of a conflict, you gain a strong gut instinct for the course of action you'd need to take to make sure the outcome of the conflict is as satisfying for you as reasonably possible.

Mastermind

The Finances of the Dead (100 CP): You'd expect financing and maintaining the cutting-edge equipment needed to release a plague of zombies to be extremely expensive. Not so. You have a means of making huge piles of money with relatively little fuss. The exact details are up to you; you may be a talented CEO or simply own the patent rights to several mundane but extremely effective pharmaceuticals even in future worlds. The point is, you're a few phone calls away from making the kind of money you'd need to accomplish what's really important: Releasing a zombie outbreak on a major American city.

An Undying Legacy (200 CP): There is a trend in this world for one zombie outbreak to be stopped and it's mastermind slain, only to posthumously reveal that someone else will carry on his legacy. Now, you too will find that defeat isn't necessarily the end of your goals. Whenever you've been thwarted by direct opposition, there is a high chance someone else who looks up to the goal will attempt to carry it out anyway on their own. You have no control over who it is, their overall capability and competency, or how they'll do it, but you will find this strange bedfellow (and potentially, further allies) to be quite amicable to cooperating. As a general rule of thumb this will generally make sense in proportion to the scope of the goal as well as how successful you were to carrying it out. A zombie of godlike power is unlikely to be impressed by your bake sale, or a "plan to take over New York" that begins and ends at graffitiing the Statue of Liberty.

Mutagen Maestro (400 CP): GIVE ME LIFE, you cry out, posing dramatically at the tank full of Science Goop™ busy creating your latest genetic anomaly. While with the Mastermind background you were assumed to have at least the basic aptitude to create some form of living dead, this perk grants you expertise in the nuances of the foul science on par with Dr. Curien himself. Your genius and scholarship in creating the undead also lets you modify and improve them, create new variants or tweak the contagion to result in different mutations. Once you've created a specific type, it also becomes much easier to clone duplicates of it-although if

you're strapped for time, such entities tend to be weaker than a more polished original. It is even possible to create entities that resemble mad gods and divine demons more than rotting corpses-though by and large, none so great as to be undefeatable by two guys with *really* good gunplay and arbitrary amounts of ammo. Who knows what the upper limits of scientific necromancy are? (Check the Undead perk section for ideas).

Perhaps the most interesting facet of this research is that it *can* be applied to truly benevolent medical miracles. It may have cost him his sanity, but ultimately Dr. Curien did save his son from a terrible illness.

The Contagion's Vessel (600 CP): In the end, you are the only zombie that you need. You yourself are the perfect test subject, being remarkably receptive to genetic modification in all its forms. Strangely, even when it shouldn't make sense biological augmentation tends to manifest in accord with your ideals and values, potentially shaping your body into something like a demon of pride or an almighty god instead of giving you the usual rotting flesh look. Your work will still require actual skill and talent to go above and beyond the usual shambling corpses in overall capability, but even before that the negative consequences of biological alteration seldom if ever happen as long as you maintain a modicum of carefulness. And once you do acquire the means to create augmentations on par with the Tarot series of undead? It's no exaggeration to say that whatever oddity lurks in your genes-or perhaps, your heart-could transform you into your own masterpiece. Be the purity you want to see in this godforsaken world.

Undead

The All-Terrain Dead (100 CP): Webbed toes. Gills. Wings of flesh, or feathers. The specifics are up to you, but somehow unlike most corpses you are perfectly at home in either the water or the air as much as you are on land. You'd expect a zombie to drunkenly flail their way through the swamp depths, but you take to swimming as well as an alligator-or a heron, if you can fly. This perk may be repurchased for relevant mutations for the environment you didn't pick.

The Alternative Dead (100 CP): No you see, you're not a zombie-you're a *mutant*. The point is, there are many different forms of biological aberration in this world and strictly speaking you don't have to be a walking corpse as long as you're sufficiently inhuman to not fit into society. The advantages this grants are mostly aesthetic, but if you want to have faelike grace, symbiotic plants or a lizardman's tough hide instead of the usual tough but rotting flesh *before accounting for other relevant perks* and inhuman strength this is your chance to assert that you are a slightly different kind of infectious genetic anomaly.

The Resilient Dead (100 CP): Many zombies can keep on coming even after losing a limb. You? You can keep on going after losing three. While the undead are unnaturally resilient, while a good shot to the chest would spell the end for most zombies you could have a quarter of your ribcage blown out and still fight with your usual ferocity. This extra but minor toughness is of course proportionate to your overall durability, nothing truly exceptional but just enough to make you a little tougher than you'd seem.

The Elemental Dead (200 CP): Fire. Lightning. Wait, ice? It's hardly believable that your powers are genetic in nature, but somehow it appears you have the ability to generate and manipulate some sort of natural phenomena. For a regular zombie, this is something on the scale of coating your weapons in fire or breathing it in a cone about twice as far as you are tall. For one of the Tarot series of undead (those benefiting from The Arcane Dead perk) this rises to something much more spectacular, being able to rain down small firestorms on unsuspecting targets or electrify large swathes of an entire warehouse. Consider this a mutation imbued into you at a genetic level that improves with your overall biological capability.

The Sprinting Dead (200 CP): You are far, far faster than a zombie has any right to be, being able to move rapidly enough to leave afterimages and evade gunfire in a pinch. You're more built for swiftness and endurance, being unable to sustain this pace for more than a few seconds, but you recover quickly too and can run rings around humans with a couple breaks. The average zombie would be well-served by this pace, if they weren't generally mindless corpses-and a truly intelligent undead would be able to look down on mortals unable to keep pace with it.

The Gigantic Dead (400 CP): Some undead are just BUILT different. Literally. You're simply gigantic, your body looming over any human with the strength and endurance that implies. Different purchases in this jump might also include mutations or extra strength; by default you're assumed to be a gargantuan figure like Kuarl, but you could also be more like the lumbering Justice or the plantlike Sun. Exactly how big you are is up to you as long as you're smaller than an actual building, although keep in mind larger entities are generally slower.

The Psychic Dead (400 CP): Psychic screams that paralyse your foes. Levitation for yourself and those around you, or force barriers. It seems that you have an assortment of psychokinetic projection abilities that let you manipulate objects and entities from a distance-perhaps spanning most of a soccer field. Most of these powers are beneficial to disabling or keeping away as well as enhancing your own mobility; you can certainly kill with some of them, but generally through something like a charged energy attack capable of sending a car flying than by willing people to die with a look. This level of capability represents an undead with The Arcane Dead; for regular zombies, manipulating an axe from several meters away as if it was held by them, hovering short distances quickly or creating barriers that can take as much impact as thin Kevlar is closer to the usual level of aptitude is closer to their overall level of power. It is ultimately one more mutation, dependent on your overall biological capability.

The Futuristic Dead (400 CP): Oh. You're a *robot* or something so artificially augmented as to be akin to that as well as a zombie. Maybe you're heavily enhanced with nanomachines? Apart from significantly improving your durability and fine motor control, this offers you minor offensive augmentations like being able to emit small energy blades from your body or creating hardlight projections to emulate your attacks. Whatever strange sciences that went into your design neglected to include any form of offence as direct and rapid as a gun, but if you want to blast people with short range bursts of lightning or send a limb flying and

return to you, this is your chance to be a modern day Frankenstein's Monster.

The Spawning Dead (600 CP): Death is not the end, and now neither is life. Somehow you have a way to make more zombies other than merely biting others-you can create them, wholesale, rapidly enough to make up to a dozen during pitched battle. And those you create are loyal to you, shock troopers telepathically (or something equivocal, like bound by pheromones) obedient to you and hostile to your enemies. How exactly this works is up to you; perhaps if you are large enough you directly give birth to them, or perhaps you simply conjure geysers of zombie slime that form into new zombies that have never truly lived. By default such entities are roughly as powerful as the common rabble of ravening mindless monsters. It would take significant mutation or genetic augmentation to be able to create greater entities with this alone.

The Arcane Dead (600 CP): You aren't just any undead. You were created in a lab, custom tailored to a specific design and for some reason associated with a Tarot card. Every single genetic advantage you've obtained in this jump is significantly stronger; some examples have been listed for certain perks, even with nothing else a regular zombie with this would have "boss monster tier" health and greatly heightened speed and aggression, as well as strength enough to flip over a car with minimal effort. In particular, you have an extremely powerful unique mutation. An example being an armour-plated giant worm or serpent instead of a humanoid, vines that shoot bone shrapnel at your enemies or claws powerful enough to punch through concrete and let you crawl on walls. You could even be simply so tough as to be functionally immune to bullets (though not to falling buildings) as well as either gigantic or translucent and amorphous enough to be difficult to hit with bullets. Truly, a monument to man's hubris.

As a side note, since most of the Tarot cards are taken up by the end of the game you may optionally either replace the zombie it's associated with or have a different title like "The Pursuer" or "The Unforgiven".

The Evolution of the Dead (600 CP): The World, Goldman's last act of spite to a polluted world, had an ability that surpassed any other shown by the undead-the capacity for rapid fire adaptive evolution. Beginning trapped by his own ice powers, if battle with him draws on for long enough he can potentially free himself to fly-becoming visibly larger and more powerful during the battle all the while. There is now one other entity with that power: You. Your gift doesn't shine unless you're in pitched battle, but when it does all your biological abilities start to grow to help you win the fight. Muscle fibres tighten, elemental powers intensify-your growth is simple but as indefatigable as the undead themselves. Two men with normal handguns can only hope to hold you off for minutes until you evolve beyond being hurt by bullets-unless one of them has a powerful explosive device.

Taking this with The Arcane Dead grants a specific bonus: The removal of any biological "weakpoint". Most Tarot-tier undead have a specific place that, when shot, results in some great strategic weakness-even if it is only the part of their body least protected by their biological coverings, or something logical like a knee joint that stops the creature from moving. You, however, have evolved past such petty traits. You are far from truly indestructible, but there is no longer any part

of your body more susceptible to harm than any other; it will take crippling or amputating a limb the hard way to hamper you.

Items

Items are discounted by 50% to their relevant origin. Discounted 100 CP items are free.

Agent

PDA and Gun (100 CP): Standard issue equipment for all AMS agents, this handy silver and black device is useful for pretty much everything except actually killing zombies. It can navigate tight corners in hostile environments like a GPS. It can do everything a smartphone can, from take calls to pictures; a skilled cameraman could perhaps use it to identify weaknesses on the undead. It can detect incoming threads, beeping with a red alert light. And best of all, it can blow up.

Sometimes, guns aren't enough. Sometimes, you need a bomb. This handy electronic device can also be that bomb. Be careful resorting to it though; detonating it without getting caught in the blast is rather tricky.

You get a new one in the mail every week, if it's used up.

Of course, you also get a handgun of your choice to ensure you're properly equipped for the mission. A couple cartridges of ammo restock every week.

The Typing of the Dead (200 CP): Well, this is…interesting. It appears you've found a keyboard with straps that let it be worn on your shoulders. While wearing it you sense specific English words that, once typed, inflict damage that happens to be *exactly identical* to a well-aimed gunshot at anything you aim killing intent at- except for the fact that it bypasses all cover, agility or other factors except for innate durability. How curious. It looks like you won't be running out of ammo any time soon as long as you can type words like "librarian" and "vertical" very quickly.

For some reason, nobody in this world will comment on how ridiculous this is. No guarantee is made for future worlds.

The Journal of the Dead (400 CP): Somehow, you've come into the legacy of an agent that went ahead and scouted out many of the major enemies in this world. This tattered journal contains detailed anatomic sketches of all major undead enemies found here, with highlights and brief notes on any weakpoints they have. Even if the undead appear to have no weakpoints, the writer will helpfully suggest parts that *might* be weakpoints if certain conditions are met or leave other advice.

In future worlds, this item will update to include similarly concise but highly practical advice against all undead entities.

Frequent Zombie Slayer Miles (600 CP): Normally the agency handles all the nitty-gritty of finding new zombie outbreaks, but this ensures that even in future worlds you can get to wherever you need to with the flash of this passport. The legalities are unclear, but whether you need to commandeer a specific vehicle or catch a

flight to Milan you won't have to think too hard about transportation. Just killing zombies.

Mastermind

Smart Formal (100 CP): Sharp cut jacket. Clean suit. *Sunglasses.* What kind of megalomaniacal bioterrorist would you be without dressing the part? You now have a collection of sharp looking outfits perfect for intimidating pesky AMS agents invading your corporation, posing dramatically besides your latest project or even doing normal businessman things. Alternatively, one or more of them can be a lab coat.

Ultimate Specimen (200 CP): It's finally done! Whether a loved one resurrected into something more than human or a righteous tool of vengeance created to purify the planet, you now have a powerful entity of your design comfortably stowed in a glowing tube, transparent sphere or some other containment device waiting to be unleashed on an unwitting world. This entity is extremely dangerous and intelligent, on par with the Magician, and due to superior genetic engineering is entirely devoted to you or your vision. Comes with blueprints and several additional tubes, should your creation be-God forbid-somehow destroyed by two agents with guns, and you be forced to go back to the drawing board to create another one over anywhere between a few months to years depending on how much work you want to merely duplicate the entity or outright improve it-with the genetic engineering capabilities of this world alone, at least.

For an extra undiscounted 100 CP, the entity may be on par with the Emperor or the Wheel of Fate instead. For an undiscounted 200 CP it may be a true work of biological perfection, a peer to The World itself.

Shadow Corporation (400 CP): You have to make money to make zombies, and zombies cost a lot of money. Or so the theory goes. This corporation, on par with the one owned by Goldman, provides that money. The specifics of its operation are up to you. It may be a leading pharmaceutical company, or an experimental environmental organisation with cutting edge research into terraforming. It may employ a few hundred employees, or far less. *It doesn't matter.* What matters is that there are a lot of glowing tubes in the basement, and complex scientific equipment that can easily bring about a zombie outbreak severe enough to overtake an entire city. And create a single entity capable of invading one on its own.

It's probably really good at the financial business stuff too, but *this is a zombie goldmine*.

The Mad Scientist Pipeline (600 CP): Long before Dr. Curien, Goldman and Thornheart enacted their respective crimes against humanity, there were plans set in motion. Ancient families united in a shared desire to seek life beyond death. And now, you too have an equivocal network of wealthy professionals invested in the business of immortality and transhumanism. They have nondescript personnel in most levels of society, particularly the corporate world, and pockets so deep they could probably buy out most of a country if they put their minds to it. As

member of those families, they'll see you as the rightful heir to be entrusted with the fruits of their labour. In future worlds you'll find yourself as the beneficiary of a similar legacy, tailored to suit the pursuit of questionable immortality for different settings, being roughly equivocal to the founding families of this world in overall influence. Perhaps in a more fantastical one, you might be the child of a necromancer cabal instead of a biochemical conglomerate?

Undead

Pants of the Dead (100 CP): Death brings with it the loss of many things. Wisdom. Duty. But not necessarily *dignity*. This rumpled but comfy pair of jeans will stretch to accommodate you, no matter how inhuman your mutations or how gargantuan your proportions, so that enough of your body will always be obscured to fit into a PG-13 horror game.

Comes with a tattered, equally stretchy T-shirt only if you are female in this jump.

Throwing Weapons of the Dead (200 CP): Some zombies appear to have found throwing weapons. How? Why? Who knows? Who cares? You have an apparently endless supply of crude throwing weapons such as hatchets, knives or other sharp instruments you can pull out from behind your back. None are of terribly good quality, but even among zombie-fighting secret agents who the hell expects a rotting corpse to whip out a boomerang and throw it at their head?

May be repurchased for different type of weapons.

Melee Special of the Dead (400 CP): This melee weapon is something special. It's synchronised to you, offering immense advantages related to your other biological capabilities in this jump. It could be an electrified power weapon, or a set of two chainsaws attached by a rusted chain you can swing around with preternatural finesse. It could be a gleaming bright sword sharp enough to cleave through a car with a good heave. Whatever it is, no matter how warped your biology you can somehow wield it with the skill of a prize swordfighter-and it hurts a hell of a lot harder than being shot.

The Synchronised Dead (600 CP): Whether by instinct or design, not all the undead hunt alone. You have three choices here, and may repurchase this perk for the ones you didn't take. The first is to have up to four entities similar to your background with all purchases shared by you in this jump, although roughly half as weak as you are. They are extremely loyal and move in eerie synchronicity with you to attack or otherwise carry out your goals. The second is to have command over a vast swarm of self-replicating pests like overgrown worms, gigantic flies, bats or similar such pests. Your third and final option is to have a single symbiotic entity that in addition to having all purchases in this jump, has advantageous mutations that strongly compliment your capabilities from here; an example being the imp Zeal's surpassing speed to provide support and direction to the lumbering Kuarl.

Companions

The Company of the Dead (50 CP apiece): Fellow agents? Conspiratorial allies? Other undead that somehow don't hunger for your guts? Whatever the case may be, you may create or import new companions with this option. They each get 800 CP to spend on whatever they want, except more companions.

The real Dead were the friends we made along the way (Free): Life, it must be said, is very cheap in this world. That is why the lives of those you may find here are on sale for cheap. As long as you've forged a lasting bond with a character here, should they consent at the end of the jump they may come with you as a companion. And yes, this does include any of the zombies you may meet if you can somehow convince one to come along.

Drawbacks

Insert Coin To Continue (0/1000 CP): You accept that you're here to shoot zombies and continue your adventure, and you're all out of zombies. This option lets you immediately end the jump and move to the next one when both the mastermind or the final boss of whichever continuity you jump in are killed. The "mastermind" refers to the human most responsible for a given outbreak, such as Dr. Curien, Thornheart or Goldman. The "final boss" refers to The Magician, the Emperor or other major enemy. And yes, the Wheel of Fate does count as both.

For 1000 CP, you may treat this jump as a gauntlet, losing all perks, abilities and allies except those purchased here. Enjoy the true House of the Dead experience, where your reflexes and whatever powerups you can scrounge along the way are all that stand between you and a horrifying death! (That has no consequence for your chain; mercifully zombification counts as death as well as actual biological brain death).

While normally taking this with The Continuity of the Dead below cancels out this drawback entirely, if for whatever reason you want to spend all that time with only your bodymod purchases in this world you may use that drawback to stay as long as it lasts for. Death can send you onwards as usual. You masochist.

The Continuity of the Dead (0 CP): Conversely, 20+ years is a long time. Maybe you'd like to stay long enough to see the world end from walls of rotting flesh? This option lets you stay for the full duration of the entire House of the Dead games' timeline, ensuring that unless you put an end to a certain apocalyptic event you WILL bear witness to the full consequences of Dr. Curien's hubris.

The Comedy of the Dead (0 CP): Oh, *great*. Remember those inexplicable zombie-shooting keyboards I mentioned? Well, now all AMS agents have them. Things are taking a comedic turn, as if some practical joker has rewritten reality for the biological horror to become a vehicle for pratfall after pratfall. Now defeating the Emperor involves being given a questionnaire that can potentially result in Goldman exploding, using a bungee cord to bounce back to the roof and belching, or flying away like Superman when he seemingly commits suicide. *And every incident in this setting is similarly warped if you stay long enough to experience them all*. Welcome to the Typing of the Dead's setting, where despite everyone's attempts to be as serious as possible the world has become very. Very. Silly.

Failure of Self-Isolation (+100 CP): Normally only a single city would be affected by the contagion's outbreak, with either AMS intervention or the vagaries of chance protecting the rest of the world from further outbreaks. It's really vague, but the point is it normally takes some lab being unearthed to start a zombie outbreak. Not anymore. While not quite as nasty as a certain heavily censored virus of Chinese origin, the contagion can now spread through vectors such as animals or wind, potentially leading to further infections and outbreaks elsewhere. Expect for *someone* to have to clean up two or three more cities before each outbreak dies off. Hopefully, "G" doesn't mind doing some overtime, and at least this is unlikely

to result in any boss-tier zombies due to it occurring outside the various shadowy masterminds' plans.

I'vE bEEn WaiTinG fOr yoU…FriEnDs (+100 CP): Your accent sounds about as dead and lifeless as an actual zombie. You put the accent on the wrong syllable, and pause at strange points of your speech. You have a tendency to over-exaggerate words like NA-TURE that are emotionally significant to you. Nobody knows what's going on. Nobody wants to ask. But expect a lot of strange looks and occasionally being misheard when you talk like your voice actor is actively trying to botch the role. Unlike Goldman, you don't get a free pass for this and people WILL start wondering what the hell is wrong with you.

Designated Damsel (+200 CP): Well, this is humiliating. Chance and circumstance heavily leans towards you being heavily outnumbered, kidnapped or otherwise put in a position where you're dependent on AMS agents coming to rescue you. If you're undead, you start out contained in a high security lab, stranded in a distant environment or otherwise safely far away from society. It's not entirely impossible to overcome, especially not in the face of overwhelming power, but know that luck itself is against you. If guns can jam, they will. If enemies can outnumber you, they shall.

Two Man Job (+200 CP): You'd expect the AMS to figure out after a while that their agency are understaffed. But no. Henceforth, you can only be accompanied by one other ally for your personal protection no matter what. Circumstances will compel other allies to be elsewhere, be left behind or in extreme cases get so lost they wind up unable to help you. Even if you create a horde of zombies you'll find that they just won't stop wandering away in the exact opposite direction as wherever you are. Your remaining ally is as loyal as they'd normally be, but asking questions like "why don't we just send in a whole crack team to wipe out the zombies?" or "why can't I team up against those meddling agents with the Magician AND the Emperor?" are exercises in futility isn't of mere plot contrivances for the sake of a videogame.

…maybe you're just that unpopular.

So Damn Predictable (+200 CP): It seems that whether living or dead, the virus has gotten to you. You're prone to repeating patterns of behaviour, whether wild swings or shooting in the exact same direction, in battle and are quite poor at adapting to changing circumstances. This makes you no slower, faster or even less responsive; you simply have really bad judgement and adaptability. You're the kind of guy who sees nothing wrong with swinging at someone with an axe, snarling mindlessly for 2 seconds, and then swinging the axe again at their face.

Please Save This Person (+300 CP): You would expect accidentally shooting a hostage to be a harrowing but ultimately harmless incident, right? Well, think again. Every time you accidentally hit a civilian being attacked by a zombie with a bullet, you lose a chunk of your health-about as much proportionally as a normal human being shot in the arm or leg, somewhere major but not immediately life-threatening. You can heal this damage with rest and recovery, but don't think you can get out of this by closing your heart entirely. You are ALSO compelled to save

any nearby civilian being attacked by a zombie by any means available-and in this world at least, there are seldom more feasible means than a bullet.

HELLO SIR/MADAM, HAVE YOU NOTICED MY GLOWING WEAKNESS? (300 CP): There is a tendency for certain enemies in this game to pointedly and very dramatically flash you their sensitive spots in order for the player to know they can be shot for massive damage. You now have this inexplicable compulsion. Whether by pausing to beat your chest, literally bursting open your ribcage to make your heart jump at enemies or ripping off your shirt and pounding your chest as a living human, you just can't help the urge to pause your combat routine and advertise where it's easiest to hurt you. Why are you like this? What the hell went wrong in your life or unlike to make you clumsily twerk at your foes while doing everything short of screaming PLEASE RIDDLE MY ARMPIT WITH BULLETS with your body language?

Zombified (300 CP): Well, now you've done it. While normally no matter what you are, you'd have your mental faculties protected, whether living or dead you now have the mental capacity of a regular zombie. You can moan loudly, crudely attack things and shamble around after living biomass. Other than that, you are on the low end of animal intelligence. I hope those points were worth the lobotomy. You can still adapt instinctively to immediate threads (assuming you took no other drawbacks at least) but you won't be coming up with any zany schemes this jump.

Go home

Stay

Move on

Notes

I love light shooters.