Ogre Battle: The March of the Black Queen

Jumpchain Compliant
Created by Yorokonde

The stone is cool beneath your feet. A wind smelling of ash and copper barrels past you, staining the white robe now covering your body. On all sides you are surrounded by a rocky plain, flat, barren, exposed. The sky above is black as night with storm clouds that rumble and crash with barely contained energy. In the distance, you hear another kind of rumble. Thousands of feet, marching in your directions. From the East and West, they come.

"So, the Fool has finally arrived."

The voice to your right is strong and easily heard over the rising noise, even if it does contain a quaver and raspiness that speaks of great age. The ancient stands a few steps away, facing you in a thick, blue robe with wide, drooping sleeves. A gnarled wooden staff provides less support and more a sense of dignity within his right hand. His left loosely clasps a deck of tarot cards, their edges tattered and tops well-worn.

"I have seen your futures, Fool, and know the many paths you may take in this world. So it falls upon me, at your mistress' command, to show you the way. Though never question which direction your foot takes its first step is your own decision."

The rumbling march of armies comes to a sudden stop as you look forward again. Two armies stand facing each other, silent and still as statues. There are no uncomfortable shifting from foot to foot, no last minute adjustments of armor, and not even the beasts and demons mixed in growl or snarl or curse. With a start and a few glances between the two forces you realize that they are identical. Paladins and holy clerics stand shoulder to shoulder with werewolves, vampyres, and undead on both sides. The only difference you can see is at the two leaders standing in the middle.

The woman standing on the right has a strong, curveless form clad in a leotard the color of light violets. There is a haunted cast to her eyes that does little to dull the regal command blazing in her gaze. She wears little armor to be standing at the head of an army, just a single gauntlet on her left hand carved with runes that pulse with power. A similar energy flairs around her whole body, just barely inside the range of human vision, the magical aura tinged with putrid greens and matte blacks. As you consider her, the ancient next to you speaks again.

"Empress Endora, once a liberator, now the Black Queen of the Xytegenian Empire. She had traded her soul to the dark forces that inhabit this world twenty-five years ago to have the power to conquer the entire continent. Now all of Xytegenia lies under her control, its many lands overseen by a variety of brutal dictators and cruel warriors of all stripes. Her son, the Dark Knight Gares, stands at her right as both protector and assassin to all that stand in his mother's way."

As he speaks, the woman gives her head of wild green hair a toss and stares in your direction with disdain. The mass of black armor just past her shifts his grip on the massive battle axe resting on his shoulder, never once removing his eyes from the army in front of him. Slowly, the Queen's eyes return to face forward as well.

The figure they both stare at seems to have some trouble maintaining their form. One moment it appears to be a powerful knight clad in shimmering white armor, the next a woman clad in black robes with a pointed hat stands there instead. You blink and catch the leader changing between a wild looking man with a snarl on his face and a whip in his hand to a regal woman dressed in a flowing dress with a rapier clutched firmly in one hand.

"The hero of this story has yet to be decided, you see. There are many possibilities, all of them equally valid. Much of it depends on what you choose in the coming moments. You hold the deck in your hands and may shuffle the cards as you wish, but you will also stack the deck, knowingly or not, by your mere handling of them. So, we come to our first choice. Who will you serve?"

1. “I choose to serve The Black Queen.”

A single step to the right was all that it took to carry you the distance to Empress Endora’s side. She turns to look at you again, but this time the look is one of a doting parent, a willing lover, a faithful friend. Her gauntleted hand reaches out to clasp you on the shoulder. It feels cold through the thin material of your shirt. The sheer power of her arcane might buffets you like a passing breeze.

“Be welcome. Your service to my cause will not go unrewarded. Faith in our cause will lend you strength unknown to any but my own forces. Dark magics and creatures of the night will come to your aid more readily. And should you help Us crush these annoying rebels I may even make you my King.”

You’re not quite sure if the shiver that crawls up your spine is out of excitement or fear. The ancient who is your guide shakes his head with the air of disappointment before taking up a place next to the still insubstantial hero of the Rebellion. Warren will still guide you through the rest of your choices, but his position in this war was already chosen before you entered.

By choosing to serve The Black Queen you have firmly allied yourself with the evil forces of this world. You will be tasked with defending the realm against the Rebellion slowly gaining momentum in the fringes of the land. Whether you crush them early and deal with continued pockets of resistance cropping up through your years here or wait until they are all gathered in one place is entirely up to you. Your Queen is tolerant of your individual tactics, but will not brook repeated failure without purpose for long.

You begin your campaign in Empress Endora’s seat of power, the capital city Xytegenia. You will have several thousand troops under your command. Mainly simple warriors and one-spell wizards, but the six lieutenants for your army are mighty Werewolves and Vampyres. They are a broody, bloodthirsty, contentious lot that will follow your orders without question but will not work well together.

2. “I choose to serve The People’s Rebellion.”

One footfall to the left placed you at the head of the army, the wispy form of possibilities coalescing to cling to your skin like morning dew. You feel a tingle through your body, your hair standing on end and goose pimples rising on your skin, as the dew evaporates into nothingness. Turning your head back to the right reveals your narrator has taken his place there next to you. His lips are turned upwards ever so slightly, but Warren quickly wipes the expression from his face.

“Be welcome. You are now the Hero of this tale, the one who will lead this misfit army against the Black Queen. Should you succeed or fail is now beyond my abilities to foresee. For you are an agent beyond this world and a force that no amount of fortune telling can predict. Still, I shall stand by your side, as will many others who believe in the cause of good triumphing over evil. All you must do is lead.”

The Black Queen herself utters a curse so dark and foul that it causes a wave of cold to sweep through your soul. But she makes no move to strike out, merely standing in place at the head of her army and scowling at you.

By choosing to serve The People’s Rebellion you have firmly allied yourself with the forces of good in this world. You will be tasked with leading them in freeing the realm from Empress Endora’s cruel grip, and possibly other horrors to come. You may take as large or as small a leadership role as you wish, but you will be the undisputed Hero of the Rebellion. You may employ whatever tactics you wish, but be warned that the people you are liberating may come to resent ruthlessness and a lack of honor in battle. After all, they wish for a hero, not simply another iron fist at their throat.

You will begin on a small island off the southern coast of the mainland, home to three small, scattered towns and a barely staffed Empire stronghold. Should you succeed in liberating the towns and overthrowing the Empire’s few dozen soldiers with just the resources you have on hand, Warren will join your side and summon forth the last of the Rebel army. Only a few hundred soldiers at first, but you will find others willing to join should you prove yourself to be the Hero you claim to be. Your initial six lieutenants are Paladins and Clerics, who work well together but will only follow a leader they respect.

3. “I choose to serve No One.”

As your foot takes a step directly in the middle of the two forces, you find yourself carried instantly between the Black Queen and the wispy form of a hero yet to be chosen. The Empire on your left, the Rebellion on your right. Both turn to regard you with disapproval in their eyes and a scowl on their lips, but say nothing. Warren, however, is quick to comment as he steps up beside the figure to your right.

“By choosing to serve yourself, you have opened up an entirely different future to this land. Few will trust a party that refuses to take sides in the coming conflict for it is a clash that will reshape the entire continent. If you remain resolute to the thin line of fate you have chosen, just remember you were once offered a chance.”

As an ally to neither side in the coming conflict, both will regard any of your plans with suspicion, if not outright hostility. Heroes and villains of all stripes will quickly choose sides in the coming months, leaving few open to join you. Simple survival of your allotted time is your only goal. Simply put, not many people will like you, but you are not bound to a particular destiny.

You begin your journey in the back of a caravan wagon, heading along the coast of Deneb’s Garden somewhere between Roseanheals and Talka. What reason you have for being there if your own decision. In two days time you will reach Talka, the main trading town for the region. From there you may do as you wish.

Origin

(You may freely swap your gender if you wish.)
(You may also choose your own age, between 21 and 60.)

Whichever path you chose, Warren's words continue to reach your ears with the same strength and vigor.

"Now it is time to determine your place in this universe. For while none will gainsay a friendly force at their side in the coming war, it is possible to further secure your presence. Your mistress has empowered me to seed the tapestry of time so few will question your place within it. Choose wisely, for it will determine not only how the world views you, but what you know of the world."

1. "I choose to remain a Mystery, stranger to all."

Warren does not move or show a single bit of emotion at your declaration. A single nod of understanding and then no more.

"As you wish. You will have no ties to this world, no memories, no friends, no enemies. You will know nothing more than what I have told you and will tell you in the coming questions. Though, perhaps, you already know all you need to about our world or you do not wish to know. In either case, you are who you are and that is all you shall enter this world with. I wish you luck for you will doubtlessly need it."

You have no additional memories of this world nor contacts or skills. Should you choose a side in the war you will have to prove your own worth to be accepted. Picking neither will have you be a true stranger to the land with no identification or allies other than those you bring with you.

2. "I choose the past of a Peasant, worker of the land."

Warren raises his staff a foot off of the ground before slamming it back down. It strikes with the sound of loud bell tolling from a distant church rooftop. You feel your hands and muscles tingling, both growing thick and strong. The proof of long years working the fields grows obviously as calluses are born in an instant on your fingers. Your legs, forearms, face, and neck all acquire the deep tan of your time spent in the sun.

Finally, your memories fill in with the events of a lifetime. For the most part, they showcase the mundane existence of a farmer working the fields in an effort to feed a loved family and please the demands of a cruel overseer. However, as the latest year trickles in, the banal reality is suddenly interrupted by flames, screams, and flashing swords. A family dead, buried by your own hands, and vengeance sworn against those who performed such atrocities.

As a Peasant, you lack the martial training that one normally requires to succeed in an army. While you have learned enough to survive on a battlefield, you make up for your absence of military training with raw spirit. You will specialize in leading troops against impossible odds and rallying the morale of those who follow you. Your leadership skills will shine best with you in the front ranks, leading the charge against your foes.

Peasants gain a small boost to physical endurance, strength, and charisma as well as mundane memories punctuated by sharp loss. You come into the world with no additional weapons training or leadership skills.

3. “I choose the past of a Soldier, defender of the realm.”

Warren raises his staff a foot off of the ground before slamming it back down. It strikes with the sound of metal crashing into metal and the cries of men dying in battle. Your muscles stretch and writhe painlessly under your skin, expanding as the effects of years of marching and drilling appear within moments. Slashes appear on your forearms like cuts from an invisible sword. They do not bleed and within instants seal themselves again before becoming faded scars.

When the memories pour in, they are long stretches of boredom and routine punctuated sharply with moments of spilled blood and raging battle. You volunteered into the army of your own accord, thinking you could make a difference in the world. While the glamor wore off quickly there was no denying your talent for the art of warfare. You were trained according to your talents and quickly put in charge of leading a small force. With a successful career already under your belt, you find yourself approached to enlist in a new campaign, one with purpose. Your fervor reunited, you pledge your skills anew and eagerly await the day you stride onto the battlefield once more.

As a Soldier, you have years of training under your belt and are skilled enough to have survived so long in a dangerous profession. While you are not one for grand strategies covering entire battlefields, you do know enough about tactics to use the small force you prefer to command with devastating effectiveness. Your leadership skills may not be as potent as some of the other options, but you can command from the frontlines or the rear as the situation demands it with skill to counter any sudden surprises.

Soldiers gain a solid boost to their strength and endurance from the years spent drilling and training. Their memories are ones of war, battle, blood, and death. You gain an overall understanding of medieval weaponry and a smidgen of talent when it comes to leading small forces into battle.

4. “I choose the past of a General, leader of men and visionary of the future.”

Warren raises his staff a foot off of the ground before slamming it back down. It strikes with the sound of rustling papers and the mumbled hum of discussions being held. A sudden buzzing in your head sets off an ache that turns into a flood of information that sets itself into the cracks of your memories. Knowledge is the change invoked by the magic as the tactics of warfare invade your mind. Terrain advantage, effective army composition, supply trains, and territory defense are just some of the topics now laced into your mind.

The memories come after the last bit of knowledge has found itself a home, carving themselves a fresh place. Your home was that of a minor noble, your father and his father all having served in one army or another their entire lives. You were privileged enough to learn from their experience as days were spent reenacting battles from ages past and learning from mistakes made. You were taught a weapon as a form of exercise, but your true talent for leading kept you off the battlefield. You enlisted as an officer, leveraging your father’s reputation and your own abilities into several promotions.

As a General, you have some minor ability with weapons but a flair for overseeing the movements of an entire army. You give the marching orders, designate which towns to defend and which to let your opponents waste soldiers taking, and ensure the defense of the realm from afar. Your leadership tactics shine best when you aren’t on the battlefield at all, or are at least far behind the rear lines.

Generals gain no physical boosts, instead gaining a general understanding of large scale battle tactics and knowledge on how to keep an army supplied and moving. This includes supply chains, pay schedules, equipment requisitions, and the like. Their memories are mainly pleasant, those of a warm home, loving family, and long traditions upheld.

Class

You may choose path 1 or 2, but not both, and may buy the Advanced Classes only under your chosen Path. If you choose path 3 or 4, you may not pick path 1, 2 or buy any Advanced Classes.

Warren gives you several moments to come to terms with your choice, or not if you chose the first option. When he feels you are ready, he clears his throat and begins to speak again.

“ There is one more decision you must make that dictates a portion of your past. Your talents, your skills, your abilities. To put it bluntly, what were you taught? Few are born with equal talent in both sword and spell and thus must choose early in life which to pursue. Think long on which you pick, for you will not be able to learn everything during your time here.”

“Before you choose, take these. Your mistress has commanded that certain rituals be maintained and that you should have those tokens to fulfil them.”

Gain 1000 CP

1. “I choose the path of the Warrior.” (Free)

“A swinger of steel, master of arms, an armored tower of might capable of cleaving through the foes. Very well.” Warren’s staff taps against your white robe, causing them to grow warm and glow with an inner light. With a flash, a loud clatter of metal, and the faint smell of burned lemons, your robes transform into a set of armor. A steel breastplate covers your chest while a suit of chainmail protects your limbs and neck. Your hands and feet are covered in articulated steel plates that allow for unhindered movement and maximum protection. You find one hand clutching a simple metal helmet and the other clutching a glittering sword.

“While the initial skills and armaments are free, I have the capability of offering you additional power at a small price. Each could be reached, with time and study, on your own but should you wish for a sizable advantage you need only pay with a few of your mistress’ coins.”

You are given a fine set of steel armor as described above, as well as a serviceable longsword. You gain roughly a year’s worth of experience using the weapon. It is enough to ensure your survival against another swordsman of this world, but you will need help to take down the more dangerous creatures that live here.

1. “**I wish to learn the Holy Writ.” (200 CP, Discount Rebel)**

“There are none so noble as those who take up the pledge of Justice and Order in defense of those who cannot. In return, the secrets of White Magic have sprouted in your mind and flow through your hand. You will be able to smite the undead, destroying the weakest in a single blow and damaging even the powerful Vampyres with your sword. Neither are common feats in this world and much sought after. You may also turn this magic on your allies, healing their bodily wounds in a moment. Your ability to use this magic is limited at first but will grow with practice until it is no strain upon your body at all.”

You have picked up the mantle of a Paladin. You can heal allies of their wounds with a touch or imbue your weapon with holy energy. Both are draining to your physical stamina and will quickly tire you with repeated use at first. This power has the potential to grow until you may use both constantly but expect it to take time, effort, and training on your part. There is no requirement to act like a Paladin to maintain this power.

2. “**I wish to wield the Darkness.” (200 CP, Discount Empire)**

“By taking up this cursed battleaxe, you signify your allegiance to the worst of humanity. Greed, Lust, and Cruelty are common traits among those who tread the world in blackened armor. You have gained the ability to launch fire at your foes with a gesture of your hand. While it starts as a simple ball, with time you will be able to call upon large, sustained sprays of flames. These flames, and your battleaxe, are markedly more effective on creatures that extensively use or are powered by holy magics.”

Your longsword has become a battleaxe with metal as dark as a starless night sky. It is not magical in any way. It being “cursed” is simply flavor text. You gain the ability to fling fire simply by outstretching your hand and willing it to be so. It will start as a simple ball of flames but with time, effort, and training you will be able to throw flames up to fifteen feet away in a wide cone. It is physically tiring to use this ability and you can easily exhaust yourself by overusing it initially. This too decreases with repeated use.

3. “**I wish to howl at the Moon.” (200 CP, Discount Mystery)**

“Cursed or blessed, depending on how you view the vile creatures, the Lycanthropes. Their true power is only revealed at the setting of the sun, masquerading during the day as a normal person with no sign of the beast sleeping beneath the skin. Under the moonlight a werewolf becomes a deadly monster, armed with fangs and claws as deadly as any sword and possessing a speed few can match. Even worse, those who fall to their bite occasionally rise again as monsters themselves. Truly a horrifying creation to be unleashed into a war.”

You have been infected with Lycanthropy and will turn into a Werewolf under the light of a moon, any moon. You will sprout fur, gain the appearance of a feral, half-canine humanoid, as well as sprout claws and fangs. The transformation is painless and instantaneous. Werewolves have the traditional weakness to silver, but gain a massive boost to strength, endurance, agility, and raw speed when transformed.

4. “**I wish to tame the Tooth and Claw.” (200, Discount Peasant)**

“Those who distance themselves from civilization and find solace in the gentle hum of nature soon find the wilds responding in kind. Cruelty is met with cruelty and kindness is likewise reciprocated. Thus it is with you. In either case, you have the talent and ability to bend the creatures of this world to your whims. They can be faithful pets or disposable tools, depending on your mindset. You begin with the ability to command Hellhounds, the three-headed, fire-breathing dogs found in many mountain caves. Sending these powerful beasts into war can make even hardened Knights quiver. Practice will allow Cocktri and Wurms to be bent to your will, once caught and trained. Perhaps with time you will learn how to tame even more exotic creatures.”

You have learned the skills of a Beastmaster. Your sword has been replaced by a leather whip and your steel armor with a leather vest. You have gained the ability to summon Hellhounds, which means exactly what you’d think. These Hellhounds will display an intense loyalty to you but can be trained to follow the orders of others. Initially you will be limited to summoning and commanding two, though over time your pack could grow to a dozen or more. With time, training, and experimentation, you will also be able to command the other monsters that wander these lands, but you will have to find them first. After this Jump, you retain the ability to summon Hellhounds and can transition this ability into bringing other monsters under your control.

5. “**I wish to master the Eastern Blade.” (200, Discount Soldier)**

“The Eastern traditions are not strangers to us or our wars, but they are not common either. The katana you now wield is an instrument of art as much as it is a weapon of war. By focusing on finesse instead of raw power you will find your katana slips into the cracks and chinks of armor far more easily. Few will be able to hide their blood from your blade. It is also said that those who follow this path can focus their Ki into a killing blow, causing massive damage to those they hit in exchange for taking a fraction of the damage themselves. Perhaps, with training, you could be able to do the same and more.”

Your longsword is now a katana and your steel armor has an Asian tone to its construction. You gain a talent for finding the weakness in an enemy’s guard and sinking your weapon in where it will do the most damage. You also learn how to perform a “Killing Blow”, a Ki-based ability that inflicts a massive wound on whoever you strike with it. However, you will always take a sizable chunk (a quarter) of the damage you inflict. On the plus side, there is no training required to this ability.

6. “**I wish to lead the Masses.” (200, Discount General)**

“Leading an army can be a challenge even for the greatest tactical minds. Training and mock battles can only prepare one so much for witnessing hundreds falling to spell and sword at your command. Still, I can sense in you a core of steel and strength that will serve you well. While you will find yourself gaining no special abilities, no magic or beasts to command, you will instead find your inner reserve and confidence strengthened. Only the most suicidal of your tactical plans were be argued again as those under you trust in your ability to lead them to victory.“

Instead of martial skill, you gain a sizable boost to your willpower, as well as a resistance to fear effects and sanity damage. You also discover the ability to more easily convince others that your way is the right way. This does not extend to blatantly suicidal plans and works best off the battlefield.

2. “I choose the path of the Magi.” (Free)

“A student of the arcane, caster of spells, and wielder of knowledge and secrets. A very fitting choice.” Warren’s tone seems to indicate he approves of this choice, though his face reveals nothing as his staff reaches out to tap your white robes. A soft golden glow begins to build from that spot, spreading a little more with each pulse until it is almost painful to look at. It finally stops as if abruptly switched off, your robes now a vibrant yellow color. Your right hand is holding a wooden staff similar to the one Warren holds, though your own has a gemstone the color of your eyes set into the tip. In your left you find a thick, leatherbound tome of spells containing the words and gestures required to bathe your enemies in elemental magic. Strangely, not one spell in the book has any use outside of combat.

“These spells are yours as part of your choice, as is the focusing staff for your new talent. There are, however, additional incantations I can teach you to broaden your horizons beyond the limited scope you now possess. Each of these could be eventually uncovered through your own practice and careful study of ancient libraries, but I can gift them to you now… for a price.”

You have been given a set of yellow robes and a wooden staff with a gem the color of your eyes at its head. You have also received a basic book of spells containing the ability to spray fire, ice, or lightning in either balls, lines, or small cones. Using these spells physically tires you and initially your ability to use these spells repeatedly will be limited. With time, training, and effort on your part you will be able to learn spells to cast additional elements, affect more enemies at once, and lessen the strain on your stamina.

1. “**I wish to follow the Holy Word.” (200, Discount Rebel)**

“The sacred practice of White Magic is a powerful art all on its own. Simple prayers and a gesture of the hand are all that are needed to invoke it for those with the talent and knowledge. Blessed with both, you are now armed with the ability to strike down others from afar with holy magic or heal those nearby. White Magic was not truly designed to be used against the living and is fairly weak in that respect. But against the undead and the evil, your magic can become an unrivaled destructive force. Given faith, time, and effort on your own part, even the mighty Vampyres will crumble to ash under your spells.

You have been given the skills of a Cleric. Your skills in magic have been stretched to the realm of the Holy element, which most Mages never see. Holy magic can be used to heal groups of your allies as well as incinerate the undead. You can also attempt to smite the living with it, but it will always have a reduced effect. Initially, powerful undead like Vampyres can shrug off your spells. With time, effort, and practice, you can learn to take even them down. Like all magic, these abilities are physically draining and will exhaust the uninitiated easily.

2. “**I wish to sit on the Throne of Bones.” (200, Discount Empire)**

“Perhaps the knowledge I have granted you was not enough. You desire more power than a mortal has any right to wield. Don’t worry, it can be given. All it will cost you is your heartbeat. It will be replaced with the thrum of shadows and the ability to unleash more magic than you ever could while alive. After all, if you don’t have to worry about pain, you can push yourself much farther. You will be able to bathe entire squads in elemental magic now and will feel pain as only a dull ache. There will be other issues from becoming one of the undead as well. I hope it was worth it.”

You have been transformed into a Lich, a mighty spellcaster who has sacrificed his humanity for unparalleled magical power. You no longer need to worry about a stamina limit holding back your ability to cast spells. You don’t have one. Additionally, you receive an overall boost to your magical abilities, a talent for affecting large groups with your spells, and a slight overall resistance to magical spells. You do gain a weakness to Holy magic, as well as the other complications you might expect from being one of the undead.

3. “**I wish to drink the Cup of Blood.” (200 CP, Discount Mystery)**

“Few are willing to sacrifice the warm touch of the sun for power, but you have done so. Never again will you walk among the light without bursting into flames and feeling the dark magics that now sustain your existence ebb away. In exchange, when shadows hold sway over the land few will be able to resist your power. You may drink the blood of the living to reinvigorate yourself and turn the weak minded against their friends and families. You gain a substantial boost to your strength, agility, and durability, making you one of the most deadly beings that could be deployed into a battle. You will, however, suffer greatly from exposure to holy magics and can easily perish if assaulted in earnest with them.”

You have become one of the Vampyres, most physically powerful of the undead. You sprout a pair of fangs where your canines are now, gain a pale complexion, and a penchant for black clothes. Being touched by the sun, even while completely enshrouded in cloth, will sear your flesh and begin to weaken you severely. Several minutes of full exposure is enough to require a normal Vampyre weeks to recover from. However, these weaknesses are offset by the ability to suck blood from the living to heal yourself and a hypnosis ability that works on the weak-willed. You also gain a boost to your strength and agility that rivals the Werewolves and a durability that can only be pierced by Holy magics.

4. “**I wish to wear the Crown.” (200 CP, Discount Peasant)**

“There are all kinds of magic in this world beyond just the Light, the Dark, and the Arcane. Those born with magic that focuses itself inwards on the person until it becomes a nearly tangible force of charisma and grace. They are few and far between but they do exist. Natural leaders, those who can inspire with a word or a look, who can lift the spirits of those around themselves simply by existing. Those with this kind of magic will drift into positions of power with little effort on their own and those who serve them will be happier to do so. The most powerful of these internal magicians can learn to use it as a form of holy magic, bathing their enemies in barrages of glitter and star-shaped projectiles.”

You have gained the skills of a Princess. You gain a substantial boost to your natural charisma as well as a talent for convincing and inspiring others. You will be able to make the people around you happy just by your presence and others will desire to please you to a certain extent. You cannot force others to do what they would normally be unwilling to do, but nudging them into satisfying their natural tendencies for your benefit only takes minor effort on your part. With a lot of training and time, you will be able to externalize this magic in the form of spraying your opponents in holy magic. It takes the form of glitter and star-shaped projectiles.

5. “**I wish to hunt the Shadows.” (200 CP, Discount Soldier)**

“In the East there are rumors about those who slip from shadow to shadow all but invisible and strike down their foes without being seen. These rumors are exaggerations, but the individuals do exist. They are able to blur their presence, not true invisibility in full daylight, but nearly so in shadows. They are also taught the art of striking silently and swiftly with sword and dagger. These individuals turn the tides of wars from far behind enemies lines, bringing down generals and advisors with single slashes. Those who have killed many and practiced their craft also learn how to twist their illusions into reality, tossing short bursts of elemental magic at their foes to strike from a distance.”

You are a Ninja, shadow warrior from the East. You gain a natural talent for silent movement, ambushing strikes, and the use of poisons of all stripes. You also gain the ability to blur yourself, making it hard for others to see you when you are not moving. Practice and experimentation will also grant you the ability to throw small bolts of fire, ice, and lightning.

6. “**I wish to build the Army.” (200 CP, Discount General)**

“Those with dual talents for leading and magic often find themselves drawn to Golems. Large and powerful, but slow and dimwitted, these weapons of war have seen use in every major conflict of our world. Those who know the secrets of building such devices often find themselves pressed into service, making Golems out of stone or iron to send to the front lines. Even when destroyed, most can be put back together and sent back into the field. A rare talent, but one in high demand during such turbulent times. It is rumored that the oldest and wisest with this talent can steal command of Golems in the midst of battle and turn them on their creators, but no known records exist of anyone having such talent in several generations.”

You are a Doll Master, wielder of the magic needed to animate Golems. Golems are roughly humanoid creatures that normally stand eight feet tall and are as wide as three men. They are normally made out of stone or iron, though with practice and experimentation you may make them out of whatever material you wish. Golems are as tough and strong as the material they are made from. Additionally, making them from exotic materials may imbue they with equally exotic abilities, though only experimentation will tell you what those might be. These Golems will never pass for Human.

3. “I choose the path of the Scales and Fire.” (200)

Warren stares at you for several long moments after you announce your intention. His face betrays little, but his eyes are worried. “Are you sure you truly know what you wish for?” His raspy voice lashes out. When you reaffirm the desire, his impassive face turns down into a grimace, but he reaches out and taps you in the chest with his staff.

Instantly a burning sensation rises from the spot, seeping into your chest, soaking your organs in liquid fire. Strangely, though the heat is uncomfortable and you know there should be pain, there is none. You look down to find the white robe transforming into a scaled coat. Rebels will find the color a brilliant silver, while those who sided with the Empire will watch their coat turn a deep, matte black. Those who picked neither will find the scales a brilliant crimson. In any case, the scales quickly spread down the length and arms of the robe, curving around to fill in the back as well. The change does not halt at the robe, instead trailing down onto your own hands and feet. You watch, with horror or fascination, as your hands and feet twist and expand. The robe suddenly shrinks several sizes and for an instant it is hard to catch your breath. But then the tight feeling fades and you find the robe has become your skin, the scales having fused to your body. Something flutters down past your face. Your hair. From there the transformation seems to skip a few steps and you find yourself towering over everybody.

A quick inspection reveals that your new body is easily ten feet tall with five more feet of neck. A pair of powerful, bat-like wings have sprouted from your back. A few experimental flaps revealing that they are more than capable of lifting you off the ground. The laugh that rises from your throat comes with a short blast of destructive magic (Ice for Rebels, Acid for Empire, Fire for Other) which you realize you can now spray in bursts. Doing so constantly may prove destructive to your throat, however.

Warren interrupts your inspection with a few last words. “I only pray that you use this new form wisely. The Great Dragons are no mighty spellcasters nor indestructible, but their hides are tough enough to resist all but the sharpest swords and keenest spells. Their strength is rivaled only by the others of their kind and each is worth several squads of soldiers on a battlefield. You will also find that others of your kind more willing to answer your call to battle, though you will have to find them first.”

You’re a Dragon with a color and elemental type depending on which side you chose to back. Rebels will become Silver Dragons and be attuned to cold. Those who backed the Empire will become Black Dragons and have the element of acid. Any who picked neither of those will become a Red Dragon and be able to breathe fire. Other than a few minor aesthetic differences between the breed, Dragons are essentially the same.

Dragon scales are tough enough that magical weapons are needed to do more than scuff and scrape. They are also roughly ten feet tall with an additional five feet of neck and tail. Their wings are bat-like and far more durable than they look. Flying is a tiring affair though. Physically, Dragons are as strong as any ten men and easily able to kill entire squads of normal soldiers on their own. However, they lack any ability to cast spells or disguise themselves as anything but what they are. They are slightly more resistant to spells than the norm, though they are immune to their own element. For more information, see Note 2.

4. “I choose the path of Pumpkins and Straw.” (200)

Warren seems utterly confused by your statement, perhaps the first emotion you’ve seen him openly display. He opens his mouth to speak but is interrupted as a woman astride a flying broomstick dives out of the sky and comes to hover before you. She is a captivating beauty, dressed in a black, low-cut dress and a pointed hat that fails to hide long, wild red hair. A wicked smile sits on her lips as she considers you with eyes as green as a forest in full summer.

“Dear me, what an interesting one you are. I haven’t had a willing test subject in.. well… ever!” Her voice is husky and seductive, yet entirely too cold.

“Deneb! What interest have you in this?” Warren demands of the witch, who spares the old man a withering glance that all but carries daggers.

“This one’s mistress tasked me to perform a favor. Considering their choice, it is only fitting. So pipe down and allow me to complete my task.” Her voice is like ice in the veins, but when she turns back to you the wicked smile has already returned. Without another word she suddenly slaps you across the face with a wand topped with a pumpkin.

Your senses return after a few moments of stars and black stripes, but they do not return the same. Your eyes now lend an orange cast to everything and sounds come to you as if filtered through a hollow tube. Glancing down you find your white robe transformed into a wildly oversized green shirt, reaching nearly to your ankles and sleeves covering your hands with nearly a foot of cloth to spare. Brown boots and pants peek out from beneath the shirt. Your voice has gained a hollow sound to it, echoing with itself an half-syllable later. The most disturbing transformation of all can be seen when Warren holds up a small mirror. Your head as become a large, ripe pumpkin with two triangle eyes and a wide grin carved into the front. Only blackness resides inside, which will not yield or change no matter the brightness of the light shined inside.

“Ah, a masterful transformation, truly my best work. King among the Pumpkinheads you will be.” Deneb crows as Warren continues to look disturbed in the background. “Never will you want for food or water for the sun itself will feed your form. Give your head a sharp tug and it will come off without ill effect, another growing in its place within seconds. You can throw it at those you dislike, for once plucked it will continue to house the dark magic used to create you and become a potent missile. Those struck by it will find resistance to dark magics will do little or nothing to defend against your pumpkin assault. Survive long enough and you will find other ways to bend the evil inside of you in new and interesting, but pumpkin-themed, ways.”

“One last gift I will bestow upon you is the ability to recruit others of your ink. Through an investment of time and a bit of your own dark essence, you will be able to transform a pumpkin and a corpse into a pumpkinhead like yourself. They will obey your commands, though they are not the smartest fruit on the farm. Initially you will only be able to support a few, but as your power grows so will the numbers you can recruit. Just be careful not to let the others see the process. I know first hand just how suspicious the commoners can become.”

And with that, the deadly beauty takes off for the skies, blowing a kiss back to you.

Deneb has turned you into a Pumpkinhead, a scarecrow-like undead with a shuffling gait and a pumpkin for a head. You wear a very long, green shirt, tan pants, and tan boots that cover up the semi-decaying flesh underneath. Inside the pumpkin you now have as a head resides the Dark magic keeping your consciousness in place. Losing your head is not fatal, as you will grow a new one within seconds. In fact, Pumpkinheads attack by pulling off their own head and tossing it at their foes, causing the residual Dark magic inside to explode in a small blast. Pumpkinheads can still be killed, but you are far more resilient than most of your kin. It will take a fairly extreme amount of damage to kill you. On the level of chopping you in half lengthwise.

You have no need to eat, drink, or sleep so long as you are exposed to at least a few hours of sunlight a day. Without sunlight you become sluggish and unresponsive, but you will not die. The final and greatest ability you have been blessed with the capacity to make other Pumpkinheads. Given a ripe pumpkin, the dead body of a young man, and several hours, you can combine the two with a portion of the Dark magic residing inside you. The resulting Pumpkinhead will be unfailingly loyal, but not exceptionally smart. You can make roughly two Pumpkinheads a day, but only command roughly twenty-five at once initially.

Perks

Each Origin and Side receives their 100 CP Perk for free with a 50% Discount on the others.

"And here, now, we come to the Present." Warren's raspy voice cuts through the silence that seems almost a tangible force against your skin. "Where the Past joins with the now to define what you have taught yourself. Your mistress has asked me to present this list to you. She has a number of boons for you to choose from, though I will have to collect some of her currency for each one you decide upon."

His wizened hand offers up a single sheet of paper, which lifts into the air of its own volition to hover in front of your face. At first glance, it resembles a Top 20 Hit List that a radio station might put together, all of them by one particular band. But as you read through the descriptions of each "Song", you realize they are something much more familiar.

Mystery

Back Chat (100 CP)

It can be hard to slip into a conversation when no one knows your name, who you are, or why you've even been invited to this war council in the first place. Getting them to listen to your battle plans is significantly more difficult. Except now, your ideas seem to slide into place as *their* ideas. Given time and a little debating, your suggestions are far more likely to end up being accepted, even if you won't get the credit.

This ability that allows you to slip your own ideas into others heads without them remembering where they came from. It generally makes people more willing to accept new ideas, even if they do have to debate it for a while.

Face It Alone (200 CP)

Politics is never as clean and civil as it appears on the outside. Meetings in shadows and backroom deals are common, with most nobles keeping an assassin or two on staff as a matter of necessity. Now, you could easily be one of those silent killers. You gain years of knowledge on the subject of poisons, as well as a natural talent for stealth and knifework. Just remember not to drink that wine you laced with cyanide.

Ten years worth of knowledge on the subject of poisons is now yours, with an additional talent for stealth and ability to stab others in the back. Should you happen to also be a Ninja, this perk boosts your class abilities, making you an undisputed master in all three areas.

Impromptu Innuendo (400 CP)

Lying and selectively telling the truth are two entirely different affairs, hardly the same thing at all. Not that anyone will suspect loveable, innocent, trustworthy you of lying to them. You might be wrong from time to time and occasionally have gotten informations from an unreliable source, but you, lie? Never! Except, you can and do, constantly. And few people will ever suspect you of it. Even better, your new talent for vocal misdirection allows you to discern those who are attempting to mislead you with ease.

You are a talented liar and an excellent detector of others lies. You can discern all the shades of deception from white lie to pile of horse shit with ease and without constant effort. Few will ever believe you to be lying, often coming up with excuses for you even when you are proven a liar. Those with keen intellects can see through your webs in time.

You Don't Fool Me (600 CP)

Strategy has a lot to do with politics when you get right down to it. Outflanking your opponent and taking an advantageous position can be just as devastating in the courts as it can be on the battlefield. Leaving your opponent a method of escape only to reveal it to be a trap can cripple even the strongest opponents right when they feel at the top of their game. While the antics of the battlefield hold no allure to your new talents, you are a master at political maneuverings. You are capable of thinking five steps ahead in any plan and even another cunning artist of the long con would have trouble interrupting your designs in any significant way. Setbacks will happen, but you will usually find a Plan B at hand.

When it comes to political maneuvering and long-range plans, you are second only to some of the greatest minds of the universe. You have a tendency of developing Plans B, C, D, and E for every scheme you hatch and others will always have a hard time derailing your plots completely. This perk is far more suited for the courts than the battlefield, though there are a few similarities between the two that can be taken advantage of.

Peasant

Soul Brother (100 CP)

Simple upbringing breeds simple tastes in words and a desire for emotion over cold logic. That's not to say the common folk are stupid or uneducated. They just have different priorities. When you speak, you've learned to cater to those tastes. Your voice now throbs with emotion when you desire it to do so. It blazes when you denounce the sins of others, weeps when you speak of personal tragedy, and roars as you call those around you to defend their homes. Those who follow their hearts more than their mind will be more easily swayed by the emotion you exude, though your words cannot be empty platitudes. You must still convince.

You can infuse your voice with emotion appropriate to the words you speak. While this may seem like a small thing, careful use of this ability will allow you to add weight to your words. It will allow you to more easily sway people who are ruled more by emotions than by logic.

One Vision (200 CP)

Fighting for what you believe in is a powerful force all on it's own. It can lift spirits in the face of annihilation, turn cowardice into bravery, and allow an under armed, outnumbered force to charge against a line of professional soldiers. Now, with a short speech and a few well-placed words, you can invoke that same spirit in those around you. Those fighting beside you will be no tougher than before, but they will fight with zeal against all but the most impossible odds, so long as you share a similar cause.

When fighting alongside a smaller force against a larger one, you can empower those around you with courage and bravery. This takes a short speech to invoke, but affects all those who can hear you so long as you all share the same cause.

Fight From The Inside (400 CP)

In war, one is never guaranteed superior numbers. Even the most careful plans can be destroyed by simple bad weather or a surprise assault. On the other hand, if you're the sort to run by the seat of your pants, you're used to working with what you've got on hand. After all, if you've only got half the numbers, you just have to fight twice as hard. You've learned how to channel your voice into a powerful force all on its own, capable of inspiring those around you to do just that. A short speech on the topic of courage and bravery is all it takes to grant your fellow troops the ability to fight harder, longer, faster, and stronger than they ever thought possible. So long as you're in the front lines with them.

This perk allows you to physically empower those who fight with you towards the same cause. So long as they can see you fighting or hear your shouts over the din of battle, common farmhands with fight with the toughness and strength of seasoned soldiers. Should you acquire a force of seasoned soldiers, they will be roughly twice as tough as normal humans. No matter what units make up your force, all will shrug off non-fatal wounds and continue fighting through the pain.

Dear Friends (600 CP)

At the head of an army, you are a shining example of your cause, a beacon that others can gather around. A simple seed that sprouted in the same soil as the rest of them yet somehow noticeably better. You will find people looking up to you as you lead them with the raw force of your personality instead of talented tactics or large scale plans. People will come to believe in you and you will be able to use that belief to grant them a small measure of your power. You can focus this on a few to great effect or spread it out to affect entire groups of followers.

When you are personally involved in a battle and others are fighting alongside you, you may lend them some of your Perks. You can lend 4 people 400 CP worth of your Perks, or 8 people 200 CP, or 16 people 100 CP. Always use the undiscounted price of a perk for the purposes of this ability. Those you lend the Perk may use it exactly as if they had bought it themselves, though suddenly thrusting powers onto people without explanation may not end well. You can learn to use this ability outside of the battlefield with time, effort, and training.

Soldier

Don't Lose Your Head (100 CP)

There are hundreds of things to remember on a battlefield. Which end of your sword to hold, what angle to place your shield so you don't break your arm when that mace slams into it, where your squadmates are, should you be advancing or pulling back… and that's just scratching the surface. It's enough to make even hardened soldiers make mistakes. Except for you. You could be literally on fire and you would still be able to remain calm, stab the mage in the eye, then walk back to the healers and request treatment. Sure, you're in enough pain to make a normal person blackout several times over, but you've got a battle to win. No time for a nap. You are able to keep your calm and remain level-headed no matter what is happening around you or to you.

This perk allows you to ignore pain that would otherwise incapacitate you, though you will still feel it. You'll just keep functioning. You will also keep a much cooler head in stressful situations.

Good Company (200 CP)

In the chaos of battle it is easy to find your squad cut off from the main force if you're not paying attention. Behind enemies lines and surrounded, it can be very easy to lose hope of being saved. And while those you lead will look to you as an example, even in your presence morale can begin to flag. Now, however, all you need to reinvigorate your troops is to drive your sword through an enemy's chest and shout an encouragement or warcry. That simple act will infuse your troops with courage once again, allowing them to shrug off fatigue, cowardice, or fear for a little while longer. Repeated use in a short amount of time will have a diminished effect on this ability.

Personally killing an enemy and raising a warcry to empower the soldiers you are leading. This act will not actually make them less tired or afraid, but it will shove the emotion and fatigue to the back of their mind temporarily. Using this ability repeated in quick succession will have a diminishing effect. Eventually those affected by this ability will feel the full weight of their experiences.

Somebody To Love (400 CP)

The lands of Xytegenia are a diverse place full of magic, monsters, and martial talents, each with their own goals, beliefs, and perspective. A majority of them are quite happy to join in the war sweeping this nation for a paycheck and three meals a day, but that doesn't mean they will get along. Vampyres and Paladins will naturally be at each other's throats, while asking Clerics and Liches to get along is just asking for trouble. While these rivalries would be a constant headache and drain on moral for most armies mixed this way, you've discovered a talent for ensuring such disparate creatures get along with easy. A little time spent walking through your camp and talking to those you lead can easily counteract any friction that crops up. You may spend a little more time than normal sorting through the business of the squads under your command, but the effort more than pays for itself on the battlefield.

Normally trying to get angels, demons, and even more unusual things to cooperate would require constant time, attention, and personal intervention to keep things from turning violent. With this perk, you can diffuse a lot of that tension with just a few words and a little time spent among the troops. This ability works on the small scale as well as the large, able to boost relationships between just a few individuals or up to a few hundred at a time.

Man On The Prowl (600 CP)

Heroes have a way of changing any battle they participate in. The aura, the reputation, the sheer skill such individuals exhibit with every stride have a way of leaking into the rank and file soldiers. They'll stand taller, hold their weapon up higher, charge a little faster just knowing they fight alongside such a person. Now you are one of these paragons of ability, lacking only a title though you may quickly acquire one of your own once you participate in a few battles. When you fight at the head of a force, you can transform this passive aura of respect into a palpable force that infuses those who fight alongside you. Though mere mimicry of your own power, this energy will empower those within a hundred feet of you to fight harder, better, and be faster, stronger individuals. Effectively, this makes those you fight with twice as strong, twice as durable, twice as powerful, so long as you are all fighting a common enemy.

Simply put, those you lead into battle are significantly more powerful with you in the lead. Extremely powerful beings will gain less of an overall power boost from this ability, but standard foot soldiers will gain a significant advantage. This ability offers not just an increase to physical attributes, but a measure of additional skill as well. You can, if you wish, toggle this ability off or selectively target which allies you wish to affect. By default, you will inspire allies within a hundred feet of yourself.

General

Keep Yourself Alive (100 CP)

Above all, the General must survive to live another day, for he is the brains behind an entire army and few are as valuable. Still, if one is not present on the battlefield one cannot counter a sudden change in tactics as easily, so you will often find yourself in harm's way. Except now you will find yourself out of it more often than not. Stray arrows from a volley will strike your horse, or miss, instead of hitting you. You'll find a tree to slip behind when magical spells go awry. While this defense is not useful against targeted assaults, it will help you from accidently catching an arrow to the eye just because you're not paying attention.

A low-grade luck perk that helps protect you from collateral damage from stray projectiles and spells. Doesn't work well against aimed attacks.

Escape From The Swamp (200 CP)

Defensive tactics will not get your name into the history books, but they will keep you and your forces alive long after the more headstrong of your allies have exhausted their forces. A keen eye for the most defensible positions and a little time can yield your troops with a sizeable advantage. Even caught unawares, a few sharp commands and a strategic retreat can ruin a charge completely. Given a supply of shields you could give the mythical Romans a run for their money. Simply put, whenever you and your forces prioritize on protecting yourselves over attacking your foes, you will take fewer losses and less damage overall.

You gain a wealth of knowledge when it comes to Defensive Warfare. You can spot highly defensible positions given a map and a few minutes to scout the battlefield. Given half-trained troops and a supply of shield, you can have them pulled into a tortoise formation that the Romans would call credible. Even when confronted with a surprise charge of cavalry, a few quick orders will have your soldiers swapping swords for spears and ruining your enemy's day.

Dragon Attack (400 CP)

Defense is all well and good, but it is hardly the best offense. Offense has, and always will be, the best offense and you know it. Given a force and told to charge an enemy position, you are exceedingly capable of ferreting out the weakness in their formation and exploiting it for deadly effect. Put a battleplan in front of you and you'll be able to coordinate an entire army's positions to crush your opponents like a grape. Stand outside of a walled and guarded city well prepared for a siege, and you will be inside those gates months before anyone else. Always forward, cry your troops, because for you it is entirely the truth.

You are now a master of Offensive Warfare and Siege Tactics. You understand just which forces to deploy to the field for maximum effect and can lead even half-trained conscripts against a full fledged army with minimal losses. Pincer maneuvers, flanking attacks, even supply line ambushes all come as naturally to you as if you had a lifetime of experience leading them.

Hammer To Fall (600 CP)

Surprises are an unpleasant, but ever present, constant of war. Traps, treachery, ambushes, and worse are hazards that can claim nearly as many lives as enemy weapons or spells. An experienced eye and mind can guess where traps will be placed and see the nervous twitch in a former ally before they strike, but even the best cannot stop every assault. They can, however, turn what should be a trap against their opponents and catch them instead. While this perk makes you no better at detecting surprises, it does allow you to twist them back upon those who try. Assassins will stumble on a bit of carpet before the knife reaches your back, allowing you time for a killing blow. You will quickly counter those archers on the ridge with a well placed catapult shot that will bring the entire rock formation down on the foot soldiers below. You will still take losses because of an ambush, but not nearly so many and it will almost always turn out to be for the best.

While this perk doesn't gift you with any additional foresight to predict ambushes or spot traps, it does grant you the ability to instantly formulate a plan to turn such events to your advantage. Part luck, part skill, part raw talent, the combination of which makes you capable of ruining your enemy's day if they try any underhanded tactics. All but forces your opponents to play fair or pay dearly for their actions.

Rebels (Limited to Rebels Only)

Body Language (100 CP)

Heroes have a certain reputation to uphold. They are expected to be the example that others aspire to be, the ray of light that can be called upon when evil closes in, but most of all they must look the part. Heroes are always easily distinguishable from the common soldiers, generals, and other assorted people who also fight for the just causes of this world. They glow with a soft, inner, golden light, a remnant of the magic the long dead gods of this world used to imbue into their chosen few. Breezes seems to follow them, keeping them cool in battle and billowing out capes dramatically at just the right moments of inspiring speeches. This touch of magic also guarantees the Hero never has any problems with their teeth.

Simply put, you are a Hero and it tends to show in lots of little ways. You can glow softly with a golden light and a breeze will always find your cape and cloak to make it billow dramatically during inspiring speeches. You will also always have perfectly white, perfectly straight, perfectly clean teeth. You can turn the golden light and breezes on and off as you wish.

See What a Fool I've Been (400 CP)

It can be surprising to some to discover that their sworn enemies are also people under the layer of corruption they have covered themselves in. That Empire Commander ruling over a province with an iron fist may only be doing so because the Empress is holding his brother hostage. An enemy general may only need to discover his best friend is alive to realize there is more than eternal war to look forward to. In many people, all you have to do is rekindle that little spark of hope to reignite the hero inside. Of course, not everyone still has that spark to kindle and will still reach for the sword rather than the hand offered in friendship. But even individuals like that can be understood, even pitied, under the right circumstances. Perhaps that is all they really need.

This ability is part luck, part skill and enables you to discover a way to reach out a hand in friendship to all but the most truly evil beings you encounter. Sometimes you will have to embark on a lengthy quest to discover an item long since lost or a friend thought dead. Other times you will hear a rumor that will offer enough of a hint to probe the cause of their corruptions. Occasionally all you need to do is offer the right encouraging words. Now, you can.

Empire (Limited to Empire Only)

Self Made Man (100 CP)

The Black Queen was, at one time long ago, a kind and benevolent woman who did what she believed to be necessary to save the country from dangers only she understood. Now she has been corrupted by the dark magic she surrounds herself with, turning cruel, vindictive, and a little unstable at times. As her left hand, a measure of this has rubbed off on you just as it has the rest of her court. Doors tend to creak loudly when you need to make a suitably dramatic entry. You gain a truly terrifying set of facial expressions, from a dagger-filled glare to a sneer of utter contempt and even an intimidating growl. But most unsettling of all is your voice. When you wish it, you can make it sound as if your words carry the subtle undertones of implied violence or the outright echos of fire cracking off each word. A little bit of that old black magic truly does wonders.

You can now cause even perfectly lubricated doors to creak sinisterly as you enter through them. You also gain a set of truly intimidating facial expressions, from sneers to glares to growls. Also, should you desire, you can infuse your voice with undertones of violence or burning flames.

Pain Is So Close to Pleasure (400 CP)

While the Rebels may be soft hearted and willing to simply trust those they serve beside, you know better. People are cruel, vicious, terrible creatures that only respect power and pain. And now, you know how to use both to gain the obedience of those who serve under you. You gain an understanding of just when and where to apply a verbal taunt, a swift boot to the backside, or something a little more creative to ensure the loyalty you know you deserve. With a little negative reinforcement you will never again have to worry about those around you stabbing you in the back or betraying your interests.

With a little pain and a bit of verbal abuse, you can ensure those you lead will require extraordinary efforts to even think about betraying you or your interests.. Few beings will appreciate this kind of treatment over an extended period of time, but it will prove incredibly effective for the short term.

Undiscounted

Now I'm Here (200 CP)

The trouble with liberating towns is that you are all too often left with the tedious task of setting a working government back into place. Greedy, cruel, and/or oppressive overseers, once removed, often leave large gaps in the political landscape that can be hard to fill and thus make the transition to a new type of government much more difficult. Additionally, there may be collaborates with the enemy hiding in wait among your new allies, just waiting to be granted a bit of power to seize control once again. Thankfully, you have been granted an insight into the people around you and politics in general that greatly assist you in getting a town back to working order.

This ability offers two distinct advantages. Firstly, with a little time and social interaction you can gain the measure of a person, get an idea what their goals are, and how likely they are to betray your trust. This ability isn't infallible but accurate enough to be trusted. Secondly, you gain an understanding of what vital functions a town might be lacking and how best to fill the need. For example: If a town's finances are in ruins after a greedy Empire dog ran off with the coffers, you now know just what kind of knowledge and attitude a person would need to successfully bring order to that chaos. Each situation will have their nuances. Now you can pick up on them with ease and always leave the town a better place than when you liberated it.

You can now easily get an idea of how trustworthy an individual is and what their overall goals might be just by speaking with them for a short while. This gut feeling is not infallible, but is right more often than not. You also gain knowledge and insight into just what kind of people are needed to patch any holes in a town's infrastructure after you assume control of it. It doesn't give you the knowledge to do the job yourself, but tracking down the perfect candidate for a position is now much easier.

Items

Each Origin receives a 50% discount on their items.

When you eventually look up from making your selections, you realize that the gray, rocky landscape has disappeared right out from under your feet. The gentle creak of wooden boards drifts up to your ears as you shift your weight. Instead of being surrounded by armed men, women, and creatures ready for war, you find yourself fenced in by weapons and armor of all types. You gaze around at the multitudinous aisle draped with all manner of knick-knacks, potions, shining baubles… and is that sack moving? This shop, for you decide it can be nothing else when you spot the price tags on everything, is easily the largest of its kind you have ever seen. You get the sense that you could find nearly anything on these shelves if you had enough time to look.

"Good morrow and have a welcome as part of the deal!"

The squeaky, energetic voice interrupts your wandering gaze and draws your gaze to your right. A man who was certainly not standing there a moment before leans against one of the shelves, cleaning his nails with a thin dagger. Every inch of him screams 'nondescript' from his plain brown leather jacket, pants, boots, hair, and eyes, to his facial features that could easily be used to describe half the male population of a planet. Only his voice seems out of place and unusual in any way.

"So I hear you're in the market to buy a few things? Well and good! Anywhere Jack is the name. No, it's not my real one but it's what everyone calls me. Funny thing about it though…" Jack's speech is so rapid that it's hard to spot when he stops to breathe. In mid-sentence he vanishes and appears off to your left, now holding an entirely different dagger. "...it's absolutely true. At least you didn't scream. Last one who came through nearly pissed himself when I pulled that trick. Anyways you said you wanted to buy something so let's get down to it, eh?"

Mystery

"**I page through the Tome of Learning." (100 CP)**

"Ah, fine choice, fine choice. I know that leather bound volume doesn't look like much, but you can't judge a book by the cover. Hidden inside those pages is a subtle, but useful, magic. It grants those who read it the ability to enhance their own mental capacity, unlocking potential that would otherwise have been wasted. Of course, there are safeguards in place to keep you from using it for too long or too often. Can't have smoke pouring out your ears can we?"

Once a day you can read a single page of this book to give yourself a moderate, but temporary, boost to your intelligence. The enhancement will last for a single hour of experienced time.

"**I feel the tug of the Dowsing Rod." (100 CP)**

"What first may appear as a simple wooden stick with two silver forks strapped to the end is, in fact, a very useful magical tool. Simply hold it in your hands and wish to discover that which is hidden. It's that easy! You could ask it to point you towards treasure, enemies, or even potential allies if you're in need of a friend. Just make sure to hang on tight, that little stick can really tug when it's given a task. Now, I am required to tell you that it *may* not always find exactly what you're looking for, but rest assured it will always find something of value."

Once a week you can tell this magical device to hunt down treasure, enemies, or potential allies. It will lead you to the nearest person or item that fits that basic description. Doesn't always lead you to what you expect to find, but will always be worth the time and effort. Cannot hunt down specific items or people.

“**I stare at the glitter of the Angel’s Wing.” (200 CP)**

“Now that, my friend, I’m going to have to ask a little extra for. You see, what you’re holding is a gen-u-ine angel feather, plucked straight from the wing. No foolin’! Bought it right from the source, if you know what I mean. Had a wizard I know embed it in crystal and strengthen the magic that still clings to it. Now it’s a necklace that helps the wearer resist holy and dark magical energies. Yes, it really works and no, you can’t test it out. Just trust me. This is the real deal.”

A feather from a literal angel, frozen in crystal and attached to a necklace. Provides moderate resistance to both holy and dark magical energies.

“**I pick up the Trade Ticket.” (200 CP)**

“Ooooh, I can see you’re a customer with a discerning eye. That bill of sale you’re holding happens to be one of my own, specially enchanted by yours truly. All you have to do is rip it in half and I’ll come running no matter where you are. Well, running is probably the wrong word, but I’ll be there, nevermind semantics. I’ll even bring a portion of my shop with me for you to peruse. Nothing too fancy, can’t bring the rare stuff with me everywhere, but I’ll have all manner of healing potions and medicinal herbs at least. Don’t worry about having gold coins in your pocket either. I’ll take whatever you happen to have on hand at the time. Oh, and I’ll give you a fresh ticket before I go too. Just make sure you make it worth my time. I might ‘forget’ to give you the ticket for a few days if you don’t.”

You can summon Anywhere Jack to wherever you are by ripping this piece of paper in half. He will come with a backpack full of magical healing items and healing herbs of all stripes, happy to sell you as much as you want. He will also have a selection of trail rations, water bottles, and other vital adventuring gear, but his stock of these will be more limited. He will always take the local currency for the universe you happen to be in, but only the local currency. He’s not a moneychanger.

“**I test the balance of the Battle Dagger.” (400 CP)**

“An uninspired name for an ordinary looking dagger that’s barely magical no matter how you look at it. Now don’t look at me like that. Jack isn’t trying to pull one over on you. This Battle Dagger is in fact one of the more deadly weapons out there for those with a fondness for shadows and dressing in black. Just pick it up and it will reveal its true power to you. So long as you hold it, people will all but ignore the weapon. It’s not invisible, not exactly, but it may as well be for how hard it’ll be to get people to notice it. You’d have to wave it in front of their faces while snapping their fingers… or bury it in their side. That’ll make anyone notice it right quick.”

A very plain, very uninteresting dagger. While not invisible, while you hold it people will have a hard time paying attention to it. They just simply won’t notice the knife in your hand until you shove it into them. You also gain a boost to your natural stealthiness while you hold it.

Peasant

“**I notice the buzzing of the Golden Beehive.” (100 CP)**

“I know what you’re thinking, I can see it on your face. You’re wondering what on earth Jack is doing with a beehive on his shelves, especially one still filled with bees. Well, don’t you fret, these little fuzz-balls aren’t made for stinging they’re made to make honey. And not just any honey, magic honey. Magic honey that tastes unlike anything you have ever tasted in your life. Simply divine in flavor and useful for you alchemists as well! Any healing potions you whip up with this honey as your base will be twice as effective. That’s right, you heard me, TWICE! And that’s got the Anywhere Jack Guarantee on it.”

An ordinary looking beehive filled with small, fluffy honey bees. They will never sting you or any of your Companions, but don’t much care for strangers. You could easily pick up and move the whole hive without so much as a buzz. The Golden Honey inside can be used as a base in healing potions to double their power. Inventive Jumpers may find additional uses. Plus, it’s super tasty. May ruin regular honey for those who try it.

“**I detect a waft of brimstone from the Vitality Potion.” (100 CP)**

“Just an ordinary healing potion… laced with draconic magic! Bam! Almost had you there for a second. Now then, these kinds of potions are very hard to make and almost impossible to find, but worth it to those who take the time. Simply gulp it down and you’ll find yourself infused with a subtle, powerful bit of magic distilled from a dragon’s… nevermind. Not important. What does matter is that you will be able to call upon your new infusion of magic to boost your natural hardiness. You’ll be able to shrug off pain, resist torture, even be able to eat an entire bowl of five alarm chili without breaking a sweat.”

Once per day, with a moment’s concentration, you can grant yourself a moderate boost to your ability to endure and resist pain. The enhancement lasts an hour of experienced time.

“**I slip my hands into the Thunder Gloves.” (200 CP)**

“Now these little beauties I picked up off of a blonde fellow a while back. Had a warhammer, spoke in this odd language, and liked his lightning a little too much. Anyways, he gave me a pair of his gloves in exchange for a certain little gem I had kicking around. Pretty sure I came out much better on that deal. These little beauties all but crackle with electricity with every motion of your fingers. It’s mostly harmless, unless you want it not to be, at which point the gloves are more than happy to shock whatever it is you happen to be touching. They also love to drink in the stuff like a sponge. Handy if you happen to be out in a thunderstorm.”

You can, at will, shock whatever you’re touching with these gloves with roughly the equivalent of a modern taser. While wearing these gloves you also gain a very high resistance to lighting.

“**I touch the fur of the Lucky Charm.” (200 CP)**

“Anywhere Jack is going to level with you on this one… I think it’s a bunch of hooey. This rabbit foot certainly wasn’t lucky for the rabbit it came from. Just because I found a sizable chest of gold, got laid three times by two different women, and stumbled upon a fascinating young merchant who needed to sell all of his stock at a major loss immediately after I picked up this charm is pure coincidence. I mean, honestly, who ever heard of a lucky charm actually working? Not Anywhere Jack, that’s for sure. Still, if you want to buy it, I suppose I can let it go.”

This white rabbit foot necklace will offer you a small, but constant, boost to your luck while worn. Though the boost is relatively small, it applies itself to a wide range of events and situations. You can give this charm to others, but it must be worn to be effective.

“**I appreciate the glint of the Musashi Blade.” (400 CP)**

“This little beauty is a weapon you’ll be hard pressed to find anywhere else. A katana whose steel was folded over a thousand times, oh yes it’s true, and then enchanted by a masterful magician. Guaranteed sharp and unbreakable except under the most extreme of circumstances. Even better, when wielded in battle the sword breaks out in a blaze so intense the blade turns a glowing white. Stories say it was once held by a true hero who used the sword to free his nation from a terrible curse. Who knows? It could be true.”

This katana will always be sharp and will only break under the most extreme circumstances. With an effort of will, you can ignite the blade with an intense, white fire. The sword or the radiant heat will never burn you or do more than make your chest glisten heroically.

Soldier

"**I pull the Speed Potion from the rack." (100 CP)**

"While some people desperately want to be a little smarter and others want to swing giant swords with ease, I can see the desire in your eyes. The need for speed! Jokes aside, this little beauty of a potion will allow you to temporarily break through the normal constraints of your own body and exhibit bursts of speed. How fast do you ask? Dodging arrows with ease and ducking under swords, for a start. How did I get so much speed into a tiny little bottle you might be asking? Jackrabbits and a lot of magic."

Once per day, with a moment's concentration, you can grant yourself a moderate boost to your raw physical speed and reflexes. The enhancement lasts an hour of experienced time.

"**I hear the tinkle of the Dinner Bell." (100 CP)**

"Now now, don't look at me like that. The delicate appearance of this china bell is hiding some seriously powerful magic. Just give it a flick, speak the magical phrase, and you'll find yourself and your nearby friends whisked away to the nearest spot of safety. Of course, safe is a bit of a relative term, but don't worry! The bell will never dump you into more danger if it can at all help it. It's got a range of a few days worth of travel as the dragon flies and it usually targets the nearest town or village if it can help it. Still, with an entire nation of war sometimes you might find yourself out in the middle of the woods instead. Sieges to tend to last a while."

Once per week you can give this bell a tinkle and speak the short activation phrase to teleport yourself and your Companions out of danger. It isn't a precise, targeted effect but the range on it is rather impressive at a few hundred miles. It will never drop you into a dangerous situation unless there is literally nowhere safe to teleport to. Then it will simply fail to activate.

"**I slip my feet into the Seven League Boots." (200 CP)**

"Bought these off another Jack in another world, but they're no less effective for all the wear on their soles! This pair of worn, comfortable leather boots are guaranteed to fit all sizes of feet. I've even had a dragon try them on! Yes, really! What do they do? Well, besides being the most comfortable things you'll ever have caressing your toes, these boots have a few interesting abilities. Firstly, they prevent the wearer from being teleported against their will. Secondly, if you kick someone with these boots they'll be teleported a short distance away. Mind you, you can't just tap them, it's got to be a full strength kick. And you won't find them spliced into a wall or something, just a distance away, probably confused and disoriented. What? Why would you expect them to let you teleport? Where did you get such a crazy idea?"

These comfortable leather boots allow you to resist being teleported against your will. Sufficiently powerful magic may be able to punch through this protection. Also, those you kick with these boots will be teleported a short distance away in a random direction. It must be a full-powered kick with an intent to harm, not a simple tap. Also, those you teleport will never end up sliced into or trapped inside of a wall.

"**I flinch from the rage of the Fire Shield." (200 CP)**

"Don't be alarmed! That's not my shop on fire, just the shield. Oh yes, it really is made of solidified magical fire harvested from a Red Dragon's breath and forged by the smith-wizards of old in their Ice Furnaces. Would Anywhere Jack lie to you about something like that? In any case, don't be afraid to pick it up, this shield knows better than to burn its wielder. Just be careful around drapes and tapestries. It might not burn you, but it aches to set the rest of the world alight. In addition to being as strong and tough as the best steel, this creation grants the holder an enhanced resistance to fire magic of all kinds. No, it's not actually sentient, that's just the sales pitch talking."

This shield made out of magically solidified fire looks like you have a literal fireball strapped to your arm. Strangely enough, it feels cool to your touch. Unsurprisingly, those you smack with it will feel the burn quite intensely. It will still block blows like a well-made iron shield and is enchanted to grant the holder a hefty resistance to fire magics of all kinds.

“**I note the power contained in the Ozrich’s Spear.” (400 CP)**

“Whether you are magically inclined or prefer to solve your problems hand to hand, this is the weapon for every occasion! And yes, the head of this spear is made out of a deep blue ice given strength by magic straight from ages past. They don’t make them like this anymore. Or ever, if you believe the legend attached to this weapon. It has to do with a hero plunging this spear into the heart of an ice dragon, but I won’t bore you with the details. In any case, the magic imbued in this spear operates two ways. If you use it as a focus to cast a magical spell, it enhancing the effect quite significantly. On the other hand, if you wade into a melee and start swinging it around, you’ll find yourself quite a bit stronger than you normally are. It’s that easy!”

A rather plain looking spear tipped with a head made out of deep blue ice. It is as tough as any well-forged, magical weapon and will certainly stand up to any punishment you try to dole out with it. It offers a slight bit of magical ice damage to all of your attacks, as well as a sizable boost to your strength. Alternatively, it can offer a moderate boost to your magical ability when used as a focus for your spells. It can swap between these effects, but it takes a moment of concentration to do so and cannot maintain both at once.

General

“**I dislike the taste of the Strength Potion.” (100 CP)**

“Well, you’ve seen the other two, this one just rounds out the set. Don’t be put off by the color it really does work! Distilled from a giant’s blood and hellhound breath, this little marvel is guaranteed to make you feel as strong as any five men! Lift and toss boulders with ease, wrestle a bear without breaking a sweat, kick a man completely out of his clothing! The possibilities stretch only as far as your imagination with just one sip of this mighty draught!”

Once per day, with a moment’s concentration, you can grant yourself a sizable boost to your raw physical strength. This enhancement lasts an hour of experienced time.

“**I gaze deeply into the Crystal Ball.” (100 CP)**

“Cheap crystal, you say? Not in Anywhere Jack’s shop! No sir… madam… whatever! This enchanted sphere of clear crystal is specifically designed to help the lost find that which they desire. However, the creator wasn’t the best wizard on the planet, so it only works in a limited fashion. See, a lot of towns in this world aren’t on any map and are well hidden in crevices and on islands. Why there are villages that haven’t seen an outsider in generations! Ancient ruins that have been collecting dust undisturbed for hundreds of years! Now, with this magical tracking device, you have the power to find these hidden treasures. Who knows what you’ll discover inside them.”

This clear crystal ball can show the holder the location of towns, ruins, and temples that are not on any map. Even those protected by anti-scrying magics can be found with this device. It can only be used once per week, but it will provide you with fairly accurate directions to find the nearest location that fits this description. The magic will attempt to find undisturbed sites, or towns that aren’t on maps, before any others. You may still have to search around a little to find an entrance and it offers no hints or suggestions on dealing with possibly hostile locals.

“**I blow a few notes through the Battle Bugle.” (200 CP)**

“This brass hand trumpet may require a little bit of finesse to play, but once I describe to you what it can really do you won’t want it for its style. Like most things in my shop, this instrument is enchanted and can do quite a bit more than it appears. When at the head of an army, it can be difficult to make your orders heard over the sounds of weapons banging off of armor and people dying. This trumpet helps with that, amplifying anything said into the small end a dozen times over until you are sure to be heard. Additionally, should you find yourself harassed by flights of arrows so numerous that they block out the sun, simply blow hard into the instrument. It will issue a blast of sound perfectly tuned to turning aside arrows and other basic projectiles. Why, it could even shove catapult shot aside… a little bit.”

A basic looking brass instrument of the horn variety, enchanted to amplify the speaker’s voice to be heard over even the loudest battlefield. May cause hearing damage to those who stand too close. Additionally, blowing hard into the instrument will cause a blast of compressed air to issue forth that is capable of stopping a few hundred arrows in their tracks. Has a harder time with heavier projectiles and enchanted arrows, but can at least divert them a short distance.

“**I am drawn to the Cure Ankh.” (200 CP)**

“This holy symbol once rested in the hands of a legendary healer. She had no great skill at the art, just a minor talent for magical healing. She could handle scrapes and cuts and lesser infections but even those would tire her rapidly. Still, her perseverance and willingness to help all those she could eventually caused her name to be added to the annals of the mighty heroes of the past. Now if only I could remember what her name was. In any case, her holy symbol gained quite a talent for healing of its own after her death. Simply hold this icon aloft and wish for those around you to be healed… and they will be! Admittedly, it’s not going to bring the dead back to life, but being able to get a whole room of injured soldiers on their feet is always handy. Just… don’t use it around any skeletons you might be friends with. The healing magic *really* disagrees with the undead.”

A golden Ankh imbued with quite a bit of holy magic. Even those who have no ability to use magic can activate this item simply by holding it over their head and desiring it to do so. Once per day it will heal serious wounds in all those around the holder in a small radius. The healing magic is powerful enough to get even severely wounded soldiers back on their feet, though it will not regenerate limbs, restore completely destroyed body parts, or bring the dead back to life. The healing magic can also be used offensively against the undead, as it will heavily damage any such creatures within its small radius when activated.

“**I hear the whispers of the Pristine Sword.” (400 CP)**

“Forged from a unicorn’s horn, this blade has been passed through the ages from mighty general to mighty general. Even when lost this pure white blade would find its own way to another’s hands. A strong leader would wander off the path, trip over a root, or even fall into a river. When they picked themselves up, there would be the sword, planted in a large stone like it had never been touched. No rust will touch it, no blow can blunt it, and the undead shy away from the very sight of it. Even more fantastic, are the stories of whispering voices. Those who died with the sword in their hands left a piece of themselves embedded in the magic. If you listen closely, they say you can hear them whisper advice to the holder when you need it the most. No, I’ve never picked it up. That thing is creepy.”

A pure white longsword with a twisted design to the blade. Forged for a unicorn’s horn and imbued with holy magic that will infiltrate every strike you make with it. The generals, warlords, and leaders who have held the blade in the past have left a bit of their soul entwined with the magic. It will occasionally whisper advice to you about the current situation, generally showing you options you may not have considered or solutions that are not obvious. The voices can be silenced, if you wish, but will occasionally leak out anyways. Overall this is meant to be helpful and will never be distracting. You can always choose not to follow their advice, but it will prove accurate and insightful more often than not.

Companions

As you turn away from Anywhere Jack and his fantastic collection of items, your eye catches on the glitter of glass down one hallway. You find yourself stepping in that direction, drawn to find out what it could be like a sailor beckoned by a mermaid. Several twisting hallways of trinkets later you step out into a different place. The wooden floors and walls are replaced by white marble, torches flicker in scones along the wall, and there's a faint sound of water running despite any visible fountain.

Most startling of all are the framed pictures covering the right wall. Evenly spaced, perfectly hung, but so densely packed that you can barely spot the white stone behind them. Your eyes range the faces, taking in the smiling, the frowning, the scowling, and the beaming alike. Heroes and villains of all stripes seem to be represented, small engraved brass plates attached to each frame spelling out their names. And there, near the center, is your own. Your true face, not the one you commonly wear.

"These are the true heroes and vile villains that will make their names for themselves in the future, if they haven't already. Some you will meet, others you will fight, and a few will never exist unless you make certain choices." The voice that whispers into your ear is soft, feminine, gentle, but there is an odd flatness to it. "Here you may spend your mistress' coin to curry their favor or add pictures of your own to the collection."

Funny How Love Is (Free/200 CP)

"So you wish to add to the wall? Very well. As our gift to you, you may do so at no cost. Those who you invite to join this world will be placed into the web of history and be given the basic skills of the class of their choice. Should you wish for them to gain more, you may hand over **200** of your mistress' coins. Your companions will now gain the specialized class that matches their Origin for free. Additionally, they will each gain **500** coin to spend as they wish from Warren's Perks or Anywhere Jack's Items."

"Should any of your friends desire to walk the **Path of Scales and Flames** or the **Path of Pumpkins and Straw**, they may spend **100** of their coins to do so."

Import 8 Companions you already have. They all automatically pick the same side as you do, gain a free Origin, as well as a Basic Class. If you pay 200 CP, each of them get the Advanced Class that matches their Basic Class and Origin for free. Additionally, each of them gain 500 CP to spend as they wish. Should they wish to become a Dragon or Pumpkin instead of taking a Class, they can do so for 100 CP from their budget. *You may also create OC Companions with this option if you want to fill any empty slots you might have.*

Leaving Home Ain't Easy (200 CP)

"Ah, yes, the heroes of this world have attracted your attention, have they? Or is it the villains? Perhaps both? Well, whichever it is, matters can be arranged so that those who have caught your eye will catch yours in return. You will find them, by various machinations of fate and coincidence, to become steadfast allies during your time here. I must caution that neither the Witch Deneb or the Empress Endora will heed this particular call, as well as a few of the most powerful demonic forces that exist."

Canon Companion purchase option. You may select any of the heroes or villains that exist during this time period to have a fateful encounter with. They will become your ally for the duration of your time here, though the path to that may be longer with certain individuals. The Witch Deneb or the Empress Endora, as well as some of the Demon Lords, are unacceptable choices for this option.

Drawbacks

Suddenly, the torches in the hallway of white extinguish themselves. Except, the light doesn't fade. Instead the stones begin losing their brilliance, fading into a deep, pitch black as the air grows steadily colder. The exits have disappeared and every time you turn your head the details of the room subtly change. The pictures dissolve into smoke and the sound of water slows down and becomes the burble of flowing mud. A putrid smell seeps into the air as a hiss of stale wind turns into a new voice.

"Traveller of worlds, surely you knew this step was coming." The voice has a slippery, slimy feel to it that is all but tangible. With every word it seems to tickle at your ear as if looking for a way in. Within moments you find a headache forming at the back of your head and behind your eyes.

"I have come to offer you more power, to refill that satchel of your with a few more coins. In exchange, I only require a few moments along with the loom of fate. A change here, a touch there, nothing more. Surely a being as powerful as yourself can handle such minor trails. Of course, there is only so much I can change, bound as I am. If you wish, I can grant you up to an additional **800** golden tokens of power. How you reach that number is no concern of mine, but that is the limit of what I can do."

*You may take as many Drawbacks as you wish, but a maximum of **800** CP is all that you can gain. Companions cannot take Drawbacks*

"**I will dare to Tempt the Fates." (+100 CP)**

"So you wish me to tweak those darling three Fates in their behind for a bit of extra power? Done. You will find yourself on the poor end of any event that relies solely on luck. You will never win card or dice games nor will coin flips ever favor you. The people you meet will seem oddly interested in what a coin as to say. Additionally, any abilities you already have to tip the odds in your favor will find little purchase in this reality. Fate and luck are no longer yours to control."

"**I will dare to be Outclassed." (+100 CP)**

"A simple little tweak to the fates of this world. Your enemy will always seem to have better trained, well-equipped troops while you will struggled to find enough spears for your soldiers. Those you recruit will regularly seem to have little to no real training or experience in warfare. Spending your time and energy personally training them will be the only way to see any true progress in their abilities. You might want to get on that, by the way."

"**I will dare to Lead without Respect." (+100 CP)**

"Oh, this is going to be fun. Should you have purchased an Advanced Class up above, you will find yourself without it now. At least for the duration of your time here. Of course, I have little doubt that you can compensate for that, so I've added in a little twist to sweeten the pot. Those who follow you will now decide that your lack of an Advanced Class is a mark of shame. They will be much less interested in following your orders or those of your Companions now without some extra motivation."

"**I will dare the Pumpkin Panic." (+200 CP)**

"Aren't you a daring mortal? As you wish. Deneb and her Pumpkin warriors, normally content to stay in her forest and terrorize the locals, have now been alerted to your presence. I may have fed the darling little witch a few lies. She now firmly believes that your soul holds the secret to several magical mysteries she has been trying to unlock for millennia. You will find yourself plagued by Pumpkin Warriors no matter which side you chose in the war, with Deneb herself as a commander for your enemies. Should you not have picked a side, you will still find yourself assaulted by her undead on a weekly basis with ever growing numbers. Should you prove too much for them, Deneb herself will begin tossing dark curses in your direction at every given opportunity. Good luck. She's a feisty one."

“**I will dare the Hardware Failures.” (+200 CP)**

“There’s something wrong with your head, isn’t there? No, I mean this literally, there’s something wrong with the way you see this world. When you are by yourself or around just a few people, everything seems fine. But once there are more than two or three dozen people nearby, you start to notice it. At first it’s just a slight stutter in your sense, like you missed out on half a second of time roughly once a minute. But as the number of people around you increases, so does the effect. With a hundred people nearby you seem incapable of reacting any quicker than a few seconds later. With a thousand? You might as well be thinking at half speed. On a battlefield? Well, let’s just say I hope you’re not on the front lines. Keep in mind, this is not a matter of you moving slower than the rest of the world, your thought processes are what is affected.”

“**I will dare the Lack of Supplies.” (+200 CP)**

“Hungry soldiers do not fight nearly so hard, let alone those marching on worn-out boots and holding rusting spears. Now you’ll have to deal with all three problems. I’ve made a few alterations to the warehouses holding your supplies and you’ll find a large quantity of it rotted, useless, or soon to be both. However, good luck getting the merchants to sell you extras. Someone has spread a few nasty rumors about you being a cheapskate and a swindler, so now few will be willing to do business with you. Oh, and I wouldn’t suggest trying to steal what you need from the locals. You will gain quite a bad reputation operating like that.”

“**I will dare the Wrath of the Smallest.” (+300 CP)**

“Do you feel that itch under your skin? That sensation of a hair or bit of skin out of place just begging to be scratched away? Well, don’t bother trying to get rid of it. You’ll have much bigger problems to worry about. Termites will haunt your life no matter what you attempt. On the defensive side of war you will find your walls, spikes, and other traps riddled with holes in a matter of hours. Should you attack, you will have the same problems with your siege equipment. Either way, your supply carts will also suffer from constantly rotted wheels and axles. Don’t worry if you’re not participating, because the termites will find you there as well. Chair and tables will crumble under your touch and I wouldn’t recommend staying in a wooden house for too long. Don’t get cute and start making devices out of metal to circumvent these little pests either. You will find they have an equally ravenous appetite for even the most indestructible of materials, eventually causing similar damage.”

“**I will dare the Monster Mash.” (+400 CP) (Cannot be taken with Pumpkin Panic)**

“Deneb has always been one for sticking her nose where it shouldn’t belong. Her Pumpkin Warriors are only the latest example of her magical experimentation. But all it takes is the right forbidden tome set on her nightstand and a single page ripped out to tip off some truly interesting events. You will find Deneb’s experiments have slipped her control, running rampant over the locals and animating entire nearby pumpkin patches. Worse of all, they are no longer simple undead, but mighty Halloweens. Laugh at the name if you wish, but you will find these creatures no easy matter to kill and imbued with a fire magic that can scorch even the mighty Red Dragons. These monsters have captured their creator and she is the only one who can reverse the damage she has unleashed.”

"Should you manage to save the Witch Deneb, halt and reverse the damage wrought by the Halloweens, and save her from the masses that will surely desire her death, she may wish to join you on your journey across the worlds. I would suggest asking nicely.”

“**I will dare to Save the World.” (+400 CP) (Limited to Rebel Side)**

“Normally the rest of the world would regard this whole civil war with a measure of curious interest and just lock down their borders until a victor was decided. Now, however, you will have to take on a far more powerful, more well prepared force. The Empress Endora is not the undisputed ruler of not just Xetegenia, but the whole of Galicia. That includes the Kingdom of Palatinus to the North, the Kingdom of Nildahme in the East, and the Holy Lodissian Empire to the far Northwest. You will be starting your rebellion at a severe disadvantage, facing a much larger enemy force, and need to liberate the entirety of the continent before taking down The Black Queen herself. You will not be allowed to leave this world until you have done so. Expect a very extended campaign.”

“**I will dare to Rule the World.” (+400 CP) (Limited to Empire Side)**

“So, remember that bit about you starting out with at the right hand of the Empress with thousands of troops at your command? That turns out to be entirely not true. Now, you start twenty years later, in the rubble of the Capital city that was burned down ages ago, standing in front of the long dead Queen and holding her crown. You will have to be the one to step into the spotlight and retake the continent for the glory of your fallen Queen. That’s right, not just Xetegenia. You will have to conquer the Kingdoms of Palatinus and Nildahme, as well as the Holy Lodissian Empire with far fewer resources, a tiny army, and only one lieutenant. You will not be allowed to leave this world until you have managed to accomplish this task. Except to be here for a while.”

“**I will dare to Fix this Mess.” (+400 CP) (Limited to Own Side)**

“Oh dear. I seem to have broken something. Well that certainly is going to throw a wrench into things. Normally the rebels would take over the capital, kill the queen, and then go hunting for demon lords in the aftermath. Normally you wouldn’t have to deal with that in any case. Unfortunately, I seem to have nudging things just a little bit off kilter. The battle is already over, instead of just beginning, and the Rebels and the Empire have done a fantastic job of murdering each other very hard. The Black Queen and the Hero of the Rebellion are both very, very dead, as are most of the forces and major players on either side. Even worse, one of the Demon Lords has broken out in all the chaos and brought an entire army of the damned. You’re basically the only one left who can fix this world and now you’re not getting out of here until you do. Be prepared to make what’s left of both sides play nice to defeat the evil trashing everything. It won’t be easy.”

“**I will dare to Break the Seal.” (+100/200/400/600 CP)**

“Are you really sure you wish to tread this path? Very well then. You have been to other worlds before, yes? Made friends, enemies, solved and committed crimes, I hear you were once even a little girl. What am I driving at? Well, now your past is coming back to haunt you in a big way. A main character or villain from each of the worlds you have visited are being inserted into the fabric of this reality. Each will have a nation under their boot and a major reason to hate you, specifically you. Each will have an army that you must defeat and it will be empowered with whatever technology, magic, and/or special resources they would have had access to in their own world. You will the be forced to duel them one on one. You’d better win, too, unless you like being killed and sent home. If you let them live or not is strictly up to you, though if you do they will accept their defeat gracefully. A few may even offer to add their strength to your own, though only for your time in this world. No second chances at grabbing that friend that got away from you. The number of coins you gain depends on just how many worlds you have previously visited. You get **100** if you have visited less than **10 worlds**, **200** if you have visited between **11 and 30 worlds**, **300** if you have been to between **31 and 100 worlds**, and **600** if you have visited **more than 100 worlds.** I hope you know what you’re doing.”

The End

However it happened, whatever twists and turns your personal story went, should you have survived your choices and reached the end of your ten year (or longer) stay, you are once again presented by three options for your future. There is no fanfare for this choice. No fancy list to read or colorful character to present them to you. Instead, the weight of your Drawbacks slipping away is your only tangible indication that your time is up. It simply comes to you that you must make this choice.

"**I will cast aside my journey and Settle myself on this world."**

Perhaps you realize that there is no other world you would rather see. Perhaps you have grown attached to those around you in a way that you refuse to see slip away. Perhaps you have simply run out of that strange mix of curiosity and ambition that propels others of your kind on their wild, winding journey across worlds. Whatever the reason, you have decided to stay in this world, to call it your new home, and wander no longer.

"**I look back at my true Home World and my thoughts grow wistful."**

When offered the choice, something tickles in the recesses of your memories. A life left behind, family, friends, or perhaps just a favorite pet eagerly awaiting your return. You haven't thought about them in… has it really been that long? Suddenly other worlds, other realities, other powers and technologies all hold little interest. It is home you long for. So you set off on the long road back, taking only a single stride between worlds to arrive where you first left. But at least you will have some souvenirs from your time away.

"**I search the horizon for more worlds to Walk Upon."**

These last ten years have only made you all the more eager to see another place, another time, another reality. When offered the chance you barely even have to think upon your answer. You know it already. Or maybe you never really had a choice to make. Perhaps the only way for you is forwards until you find what it is you are searching for. Reasoning aside you stride forth towards a new tomorrow.

Notes

1. Any Monstrous or Undead forms you gain from your choices above become alt-forms at the end of your time here.
2. Dragons in the Ogre Battle universe are not like Dungeons and Dragons Dragons. They are more like the dragons from Reign of Fire, though far more intelligent and with more varied elements. They are physically impressive and have a breath weapon that straddles the border between real and magical damage, but otherwise lack any innate magic of their own. As they age they grow slightly tougher and their breath weapon becomes slightly more powerful, but it will hardly be noticeable considering how long Dragons live.
3. If you have not seen Reign of Fire, consider watching it. It remains a pretty decent movie.
4. Alternatively, think of Ogre Battle Dragons as D&D Dragons without their magic or unique powers.
5. Should you choose to become a Dragon or Pumpkinhead, you do not gain a Class and cannot buy Advanced Classes.
6. Yes, I know Tarot Card Magic is a large part of the game. No, I won't be adding it to the Jump at this time. I have tried several different ways and agonized over how to add it for well over a week at the time of this writing and cannot find a way to incorporate it in a way I think accurately portrays the ability. It simply offers a huge range of abilities that would dwarf every other ability offered in usefulness and power. I apologize for this failing on my part, but no matter the argument used, I will not be changing my mind at this time.
7. Yes, I realize that Own Side doesn't have an Advanced Class discount linked to it. This is purposeful.
8. Yes, you may buy more than one Advanced Class if you wish. This is a unique option offered specifically to the Jumper. No one else in the world has more than one Advanced Class.