Night in the Woods

Jumpchain Compliant Document

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Possum Springs is a rather boring little town set in rural Pennsylvania. It has a long history that dates all the way back to 1795 when a bunch of beaver fur trappers founded the town. Between then and now it was a busy little town kept alive by the saw mill, glass factory, and copper mines. But all of those have been closed for quite a while now. The city is suffering the fate of most small towns once in industry dries up, slow atrophy. Even the local supermarket has closed down.

A few other businesses on main street are all that sustain the town now. An old pierogi restaurant in the now defunct train station, a call center, a train-shaped diner hanging on by sheer determination, and an irregularly staffed convenience store. There are a few others, but suffice it to say job opportunities are slim without commuting.

But despite the boarded up shops and more than a few houses sitting empty, the people of Possum Springs have adapted and make do the best they can. The library has been converted into an apartment building to fill the need of those who can no longer afford their houses. The traditional festivals are still held, if scaled down, and the children still have schools to call their own.

However, there have been a number of disappearances in and around Possum Springs over the last few decades. Usually drifters and wanderers, but most recently added to the list were several youths of the town. Casey Hartley disappeared at the end of June, only a few months ago. Parents have taken to keeping a closer eye on their children and warning them that the town is not as safe as it once was.

There are also rumors and stories of ghosts wandering the graveyard, spirits walking off cliffs and into thin air, and other supernatural mischief. While most, if not all, of the townsfolk simply pass the stories around without believing in them, there is a decided air that hangs around Possum Springs after dark.

One would do well to make sure they were home by dark, their doors locked, and not show any interest in scratching beneath the surface. One could live a nice, quiet life in Possum Springs if they did so.

Backgrounds

You may freely decide your Gender. You begin one week before Mae steps off the bus.

The sun has long since hidden behind the line of the horizon. Chill air nips at your flesh, driven deeper by the slow wind that blows. Around you on all sides are trees half bare from the changing of the season and sinister in the night. A concrete road stretches out beneath your feet like a river of black ice. You cannot see how far it continues in the moonlight. Looking behind you reveals nothing different. Just road and malevolent trees and the biting wind.

You struggle to remember why you are walking along this road. Something about a broken down car… but the details slip away as you try to grasp at them. Had there been a person riding with you? Why weren't they walking too? The only clear thought standing out amidst the haze of your mind is the necessity to keep moving forward.

A shadows stirs off to your left. The primitive, animal portion of your brain tries to snap your head around to look at it, but instead you freeze midstep. A chill sharper than the air drags its nails down your spine. Out of the corner of your eye you can see it. It is tall, standing upright like a person, but the head is horribly misshapen. Are… are they wearing a skull over their own face?

The clouds shifts and a flash of steel catches the moonlight. That is all it takes for your body to launch into flight. Feet pounding the pavement, breath coming in ragged gasps, arms pumping for that tiny fraction of extra momentum. Moonlight lances down through the half-empty trees, suddenly bright. You dare a look. The figure is closing the gap. Pale white bone for a face with eyes that burn with a purple fire.

He's going to catch you if you stay on the road. It's certain. So you take a chance, cut to the right, dive between a break in the trees and leap down the small embankment. But your feet never strike earth again. The small embankment was the top of a larger cliff. Ice runs through your veins. You can't look down. You just can't. So you look up.

A pair of large, feline eyes stare at you from between the twinkling stars. But they're not just stars. A massive snake lays defeated, pierced a dozen times by arrows. A drowning woman who refused to die. A man who dreams of mountains and lives above the clouds. A bell that only tolls when the world is ending. The eyes consider your falling, doomed form.

"Little creature, you have wandered off your path. Wake up."

And you do.

Drop-In (Free) [Age: 1d8 + 14]

The sudden jolting of the bus slamming into a particularly deep pothole launches you back into the land of waking. Confusion and disorientation muddles your mind but it passes quickly. Your eyes lock onto the sign as you pass it, lit only by a single bulb. “Possum Springs,” it reads, “You’re not lost - You’re here!” The population tally is unreadable in the poor light.

Wondering why you are on this bus, headed into Possum Springs somewhere in what looks like Pennsylvania, is pointless. Either you know already and don’t need the answers, or you don’t and will not find any. You have no additional memories, connections, or history in this world, other than the dream you just had. The bus will be stopping at the town’s only bus station in about ten minutes, at which point you will be on your own. Unless you brought friends too.

Try to make yourself useful in town. There are more than a few people who will notice if you do not.

Local (Free) [Age: 1d8 +14]

For one terrifying instant you find yourself awake and still somehow falling. Then with a painful thud you hit the floor. The world spins a little, but a groan of pain and a shake of your head straightens things out. Sunlight streams through your window brightly enough to make you realize it must be almost noon. At least you had today off of work.

You are a local to Possum Springs, born and raised in the town. You know pretty much everyone in town and they all know you. You might not all like each other but you’ve never hated living here enough to hop on a train and leave.

You live either with your parents in the house on top of the hill you’ve shared your whole life, or else in a smallish apartment on main street with a roommate. Given Possum Spring’s economy it is either one or the other unless you like living out of your car. At least you have your own room, decorated with posters of the local pop culture, and a laptop that works so long as you don’t visit too many of those kinds of sites.

You also have a job at one of the local businesses, which you will have to spend most of your time at if you want to keep up appearances and afford the roof over your head. For one reason or another your income is crucial. But where exactly you work is up to you. Maybe you work at the Clik Clak Diner busing tables or the Trolleyside News folding pretzels. Wherever it is, they’ll be expecting you tomorrow.

Hooligan (Free) [Age: 1d8 +14]

The cawing of a massive crow drags you out of the land of Nod. It’s sitting on top of a log just a few feet away, cold eyes looking into yours. A groan slips from between your lips as aches in your muscles and the pain in your head assert themselves. The crow caws again, even louder, and flaps off into the sky. It’s already late afternoon and you’re in the middle of the woods just outside of town. A nearby fire pit has long since gone cold and there are red cups scattered everywhere. And more than a few people forgot some underwear.

It was an awesome party.

You've lived in Possum Springs your whole life, though maybe you made an attempt at college before giving up and coming back. Everybody in this small town knows each other. Which would be great if you didn't already have something of a reputation as a troublemaker. But whether you're a rogue with a heart of gold or just a scamp who's lost their way a bit, you can be sure you have a few friends within walking distance.

You live in one of the buildings along the main drag of the town. They're apartments built out of what used to be the old town library or town hall. They're tiny little things and you're forced to live with a roommate but at least it doesn't cost much and you've got your own room. Thankfully they don't mind your rambunctious lifestyle. Your room has a few posters for niche pop culture properties and a laptop for messaging all of your friends.

You have a "job" at one of the local businesses, though nobody really understand why you're still employed. You have a reputation for leaving your shifts early and wasting materials, though thankfully nobody has caught on that you're letting your friends shoplift and pretending not to notice. You might work at the Snack Falcon convenience store right in town or perhaps the Ham Donkey grocery store down by the highway. Either way, you might want to get a move on. Your next shift starts in a few hours.

Adult (Free) [Age: 1d8 + 34]

The shrill beeping of your alarm clock pulls you from the dream. You slap it quiet and look out out the window. It's not quite even morning. Some people would still call it the crack of dawn. But bills need to be paid, money earned, bacon brought. So you stand up and go about your morning routine, working out the kinks and pops and crackles in joints that didn't used to complain so much.

You're one of the grown-ups of Possum Springs. You've lived here your whole life, through the good times and into the bad. You worked in the mines when they were open, then in the glass factory for a while, and maybe a few of the other industries, but those are all closed now. Thankfully there's the call center in town and the sewing factory still has a few employees. You probably work at one of those. Of course, there's always the Ham Donkey if you're desperate.

You have a house of your own, shared with a family if you desire to have one. It's not up on the hill with all the fancy houses, but instead down by the train tracks. You're far enough away that you won't have bits of ceiling raining down on you. Getting used to the rumble of trains might take some doing though.

Baring your job, what you do with your spare time is largely up to you. Maybe you can volunteer at the church up on the hill. The pastor could always use an extra set of hands. Or you could join up with the City Council and help push the town forwards the future. Of course, you might just be keeping an eye out for undesirables seeking to infiltrate your lovely little town. Complaining to the right set of ears will surely get such vagrants on their way quickly. For the greater good.

Form

Everyone in Possum Springs, and the whole world, is an animal of one kind or another. So go ahead and pick which one you want to be for free. It has to be a reptile, bird, or mammal from normal earth. Cats, bears, dogs, alligators, and birds of all colors are all common, but you can be something a little bit more exotic if you really want.

IMPORTANT: Whatever you pick, you gain no special abilities of any kind from it. No flight from being a bird, no exceptional jaw strength from being an alligator, no wild agility and long fall immunity from being a cat. Everyone here is baseline human in abilities with a little fur, scales, or feathers plastered on top.

Perks

Each Background has a 50% Discount on Perks in their tree.
*They also receive **(1)** of their **100 CP** Perks for free.*

Drop-In

"Sometimes…" (100 CP): It can be easy to miss the beauty hiding amidst the steel and plastic and concrete of the modern world. Sitting on top of a hill in the early morning, watching the fog roll in to turn a long vacant parking lot into an ocean of mist. Enjoying the sight of a herd of deer making their way through like a school of fish in murky water. But you have learned to enjoy these little moments and draw strength from them, bolstering your willpower for moments when the world turns dark and weird.

"Just A Place For Weird Animals To Eat And Have Babies In" (100 CP): You get some...odd tidbits about a place just hanging out in it. Flashes of memories come to you, never yours but as vivid as if they were. Many of them seem useless at the moment. The knowledge that Jamie Westerton got her earrings ripped off here, which band practiced under that tree several years ago. They're odd, but vivid and always come with names attached. Perhaps, if you visit the right places, you'll discover your talent is more useful than you've come to expect.

"I'm the Janitor." (200 CP): Just because nobody knows you, doesn't mean they don't not know you. A sort of passive camouflage surrounds you when you wish it. You are not truly invisible, of course, but few people who would question you wandering where you should not be. Cameras and security systems will still detect you and once an alarm is raised this talent won't help you much. Until then you'll just seem to belong.

"Is that an arm?!" (200 CP): If you scratch below the surface of anywhere you can usually find a few odd things. A stage hidden at the top of a building or a young girl who sits on the roof and dreams of murder. But for you, that's just Tuesday before lunch. You constantly trip over oddities, strange happenings, and local legends with barely an effort on your part. While this won't always find you anything useful, it will always be worth the time to investigate.

"You've got a dark spot in you." (400 CP): You're not one of the normal wanderers who come drifting in on the trains, are you? You've been touched by a sinister something from this world. Maybe on your way in, or maybe you did a favor for an unspeakable being in the past. Either way, they've granted you a boon. You can now walk through walls, provided they are not more than 16.9164 centimeters thick. It takes no effort on your part to use this ability but you can turn it off if you wish. You can even use it while carrying another person, if you're strong enough to lift them.

"It's a cold world…" (400 CP): But it doesn't have to be. All it takes is a little kindness freely given and passed along to another. Small favors fulfilled without a demand of repayment can sometimes snowball into something larger. By practicing a little generosity on your own part you can inspire others around you to pitch in and help out as well. You can ask others you meet for favors and they will more easily accept, especially in the name of a good cause. While this won't cause someone to go on an epic quest or anything like that, they will pass word along if you need to locate someone. Or they'll keep an eye out for a suspicious rumor and ensure it feeds back your way. Just be sure not to impose without passing the effort along yourself.

"And I am showing you things." (600 CP): Having come from the mists beyond this world, you have seen things few here would dare believe. If only to keep their own sanity. But there are times when illusions need to be shattered, when a person needs to see things as they truly are. Now you can simply show them. With a moment's concentration you can project visions into the minds of others. At first this will only be still pictures with a basic emotion attached. But with time you will refine your control and be able to shove along entire chunks of your memories complete with all the emotional nuance you experienced. You may also use this ability to allow others to see the world as you do, from your point of view. Be careful how you use this ability. There's no guarantee how others will react… or how much sanity they'll retain from such visions.

"I think I met God." (600 CP): Dreams are an unusual place in this world. The line between **Here** and **Somewhere Else** blurs. Those with the talent, the curse, can sometimes see into the other side. Though rarely when they want or expect to. You have been "blessed" with incredibly vivid and lucid dreams. When you sleep, your mind goes wandering. Sometimes you will encounter beings that exist between worlds who will offer you words of wisdom or cryptic warnings. Occasionally you will have visions that make no sense until the moment has passed. And other times you will be able to coax concrete details about the future out of the ether. Whatever you find there, each night will have you awakened with a useful tidbit in your mind, even if it only a reminder that all is not as dark as it seems.

Local

"I stayed here and got older." (100 CP): You can't always get what you want out of life. The money might not be there for college or life throws up brick walls you just can't tear down. At times, all you can do is shoulder the burden you've been given and try not to let it break you. You'll keep your sanity better than most when faced with the cruel world and its secrets.

"I was in scouts." (100 CP): When you were a kid, willingly or not, you attended Scouts on a regular basis. You went on camping trips, hiked the national parks all around Possum Springs, and learned something about nature in the process. Or maybe you just goofed off with your best friend the whole time. Either way, you picked up some very basic survival skills and are a little bit more physically fit than most. You're no athlete, but at least you can make it up a hill without gasping for air. Unless you have asthma.

"It's just ones and zeroes." (200 CP): In this day and age of smartphones and computers and laptops, it helps to know your way around a hard drive. Whether out of necessity to keep your old junk working or just for fun, you spent some time studying the ins and out of modern computers. You know enough to qualify for an A+ certification without a problem and even a little hacking skill on top. You'll probably just end up doing tech support for your friends if you stay in Possum Springs though.

"I shot a horror movie once." (200 CP): It's hard to figure out just where you fit into this crazy world. Especially if you're a little weird. But being weird is okay because it lets you see the world in new and interesting ways. Which really helps when you want to express yourself. You'll find those creative blocks you used to suffer from are much easier to clamber over now and the results will be a little more unique.

"Gregg's my corner." (400 CP): Let's face it. Life is uncomfortable, depressing, and frightening at times. There are days and situations where you're just going to want to curl up into a corner and try again tomorrow. Thankfully, you've discovered a rock in your universe. It could be a person to hug in the night, an ideal to strive towards, or perhaps a cause to dedicate yourself to. Whatever the case, when you're in your comfort zone, you'll find that your confidence levels rise and the stress of the world just melts away.

"You're Donna's cousin!" (400 CP): There's just no getting around it with a small town like Possum Springs. You know everybody, even if it's just in passing. And the few you don't stick out like sore thumbs. So why don't you introduce yourself? You have a talent for running into odd and interesting characters. They might be heroes, or villains, or maybe just a person with a rich and interesting story to tell. Maybe they hiked to Pennsylvania from Russia via Oregon along nature trails. Of course, if you feel like being alone for a while you can turn this talent off.

"The best available friends." (600 CP): It always sucks to get stuck in a situation you can't work your way out of. A bad few years can become almost unbearable if you're forced to do it alone. Thankfully you've learned to make the best of what you've got on hand. You can make friends out of nearly anyone, though admittedly you'll have an easier time with people who actually *want* to be friends. This works best when you concentrate on the common ground you two share. Even if that is just bitching about how much other people suck. Just don't expect it to work on those who harbor absolute hatred for you.

"I believe in a universe that doesn't care and people that do." (600 CP): The world is a sick, screwed up place. People find themselves trapped under the pressure of responsibilities forced upon them by others who simply can't handle them. Or their soul and memories are littered with a patchwork of abuse and scars until it seems like no joy can penetrate the darkness. But instead of letting the shadows fester, you've learned how to put them aside. To pull yourself back up into the sun and learn to enjoy life again. While this won't do much to prevent the soul-scarring and trauma from happening, you'll be able to recover from it much faster. PTSD and mental damage of all kinds will slip away, if you stop brooding long enough to let it.

Hooligan

"CHOKE ON MY ENTIRE ASS!" `(100 CP): Insulting people is just second nature to you at this point. Whether it's trading friendly death threats with your pals or really laying into someone who deserves it, you'll always have the perfect insult on hand for any situation. So here's hoping the elevator you're in gets filled up with water and sharks, you giant nerd.

"AAAAAAUUUUGGGGHHHH!!!" (100 CP): You're an excitable sort aren't you? By flailing your arms with a big grin on your face or generally being really loud, you can hype anyone up. Grey clouds? NOT ON YOUR WATCH! Just run up to that depressed person and scream your head off while flailing your arms! Don't think just do it! Watch that depression melt away! Well, at least for a little while. Won't solve problems long-term, but this helps make people forget about their problems for a while.

"CRIMES!" (200 CP): Sometimes you've just got to stick it to ***THE MAN*** by flouting the silly capitalistic ideals the world clings to. Or maybe you're just out of money. Reasons aside, you've got some pretty sticky fingers and a knack for not getting caught. Anything out in the open and relatively unattended is fair game if you take your time. Remember, dinosaur rules. So long as they don't see you moving, they'll ignore the pretzel in your hand.

"One, two, three! No Stopping!" (200 CP): Just jump, jump, jump! The third one is always the highest! That's like… physics or something. You had a habit of clambering around in places where people told you not to in your youth. Like power lines, fourth story ledges, and street lights. That talent has always stayed with you, so now you have very little problem balancing, jumping, or climbing with the best of the parkour experts. No matter how round you are!

"I could have died." (400 CP): Well you're the one who insists on standing on top of power poles. Of course you're going to fall off once in awhile. Except you've learned how to fall, if unconsciously. Sure, it won't look very graceful, but no matter how far you fall you'll find a way to survive it. Six story leap? Just a few bruises. Top of a church? A skinned knee at worst. A pit filled with spikes? Okay, then you've got a problem. Sharp object and distinct hazards will still leave you very much dead, but the fall itself won't ever cause more than a few bruises.

"Please don't fix anything ever again." (400 CP): An inventive mind and a basement full of junk can fix anything! Even a busted furnace! Okay, not really. But when push comes to shove and things really need to be fixed, or broken, right now you are totally up to that task. Given something blunt in your hands and enough room to swing you can get anything working again, if only for a little while longer. The repair job when you actually try to fix it later is going to be a little harder, but hey, sometimes you just can't stand to be locked in a basement any longer. You can also use this skill the other way around and break things much easier now.

"Let's be Legends." (600 CP): You know what Possum Springs needs? A legend. Because, let's face it, nobody is going to be around forever. So you might as well leave behind some kickass stories. You can throw awesome parties. The kinds of parties that people will walk about for years to come as the best example of wild shindiggery since your last one. It's not just parties either. You have a talent for coming up with the ***best*** ideas for entertaining, wild, and sometimes illegal activities for those around you to enjoy. So grab that crossbow, a few dozen Slammercakes, and that 48 pack of TP. Go leave your mark on this town before you're gone.

"Everybody needs a Gregg." (600 CP): Okay, sure, you're a complete piece of shit sometimes. You miss birthdays, leave the toilet seat up, invite your friends along on date night, and are generally inconsiderate of those around you. But you try to be a decent person when you can to those you truly care about. And it shows, though the results are a bit off at times. So while the rest of the world might look down on you as a thug and a criminal, those closest to you know you have a heart of gold hiding underneath the crud. Quite simply, those you befriend will overlook your more inconsiderate habits so long as you're actually trying to be a decent friend. Being a total jerk is still going to chase them off.

Adult

"Being in the wrong place is all it takes." (100 CP): It's a dangerous world out there. You've seen more than enough in your years to plant that idea firmly in your mind. And sadly, the children just aren't ready for that kind of knowledge. They should be able to enjoy being children from a while longer. Cryptic warnings are often the best medicine. You are great at being vaguely threatening, but ominous enough to discourage investigation. It won't always work, especially if the person is stubborn, but it will still sound pretty spooky.

"You're talking in fortune cookies." (100 CP): You've got a few more years on you than those precious little bundles running around in the street, so you understand a bit more about life. The silly little dears always seem to have one problem or another. Of course you're going to help them out by offering up some of your wisdom! You'll always have a relevant piece of advice to dole out, though it might not be as helpful as you'd like. On the plus side, they all sound like they would go great inside fortune cookies.

"Small town polite is all you've got." (200 CP): There's a rather sordid past following you around. Maybe your kid beat the crap out of another one for no reason, or maybe your grandfather started something horrifying. Or perhaps you just shat on a neighbor's porch while drunk one night. Either way, other people tend to overlook your past and obvious flaws long enough to be polite. At least to your face. They'll still know what you did and probably gossip and judge you about it while you're not around, but you'd never know it from the friendly waves and greetings you receive.

"Does it pay?" (200 CP): The economy of Possum Springs… well… it sucks. There's not a lot of jobs to go around and nobody is putting up with a person who can't pull twice their own weight. Thankfully, you won't find yourself out of a job for long, no matter why you got fired. You'll always have better luck finding jobs that require manual labor of one kind or another, but that's not to say you can't land something a little better occasionally. This won't help your job security though, but hey, who cares about that when there's a new job just around the corner? Try to work hard though, slacking off too hard will see this luck dry up on you for a while.

"Can we please get back on topic?" (400 CP): Meetings are just a fact of life for most adults. You have to get together and toss an idea around and around for hours before everyone agrees to do things a certain way. As much of a hassle as this can be, especially when half the people don't like each other, at least you've found a way to make the most out of the process. When you pitch and discuss an idea with a group the end results tends to be better than any of the individual result would have been. It works best on a smaller scale, groups of ten or fewer, and even has an effect if all your group did was argue and bicker the whole time. Obviously, productive conversation will have a greater effect.

"A tooth?" (400 CP): It's an old tradition and one that nobody remembers the true significance of anymore, but traditions must be respected. The ancient rites upheld so long as there is one left who remembers. You have learned how to bind people together with a secret and a token, the one tied to the other so long as it is carried. If the token is discarded or tucked away for safe keeping, the secret goes along with it. The more dire the secret, the more powerful the token must be for this effect to be upheld. A murder would have to be sealed with teeth and worse crimes… well… I think you get the picture. To be clear, without the token, those who are bound to the secret cannot recall it at all. This ability requires at least three people to function properly.

"Everybody doesn't believe in God for at least a few minutes each day." (600 CP): This world, like so many others, is a selfish, hateful place at times. It can be hard to discover the drive to keep going, to soldier onwards with your purpose or desires against the press of so much darkness. Especially when others come to you, questioning themselves as much as they question you.

But all it really takes to keep the light glowing in their soul is it share a little of your own. Even if it's just a glowing coal. Sharing your faith, whatever that might be, with others allows their own to be bolstered. Emotional turmoil can be stilled, suicidal thoughts banished, and other such mental afflictions banished with a conversation. Permanent or more deeply rooted damage will take longer to heal, if it ever does, but if you are persistent, gentle, and kind, you can truly help those around you.

"Strange fires, strange voices ain't never good." (600 CP): These are dark times, though much of the world does not yet know it. Cities drying up, people leaving and never coming back, riffraff scuttling about the shadows to make the streets unsafe. And there is worse hiding in the darkness, down in the hole at the center of everything. True evil, powerful and terrible, lurks there. It must be appeased. It will be appeased. For the greater good.

You have learned how to draw like-minded individuals around yourself. You can share secrets about the world and they will be believed, so long as they are true. They will be willing, if unhappily, to perform secret rites and rituals that are necessary to appease the darkness and keep it from their doors. Even if those rites require blood. For the greater good.

Undiscounted

"I play drums." (50 CP): Or bass, or guitar, or maybe you just have a really great growl. Whatever musical instrument you choose, you now have an average skill playing it. Enough to not sound like complete trash when playing along with your friends. Just expect to put in some seriously practice time if you want to "play outside".

"Being round is okay." (100 CP): So what if you're a little chubby and round? That's okay. There's nothing wrong with being round and you know it. You've learned to live with the flaws in your appearance and now you won't suffer from self-esteem issues stemming from them. You might not have people lining up to date you, but you're okay with that. Besides, everyone looks normal in the dark. That's how sex works… probably. You'll find out one of these days.

Items

Each Background has a 50% Discount on Items in their tree.
They also receive **BOTH** *of their* **100 CP** *Items for free.*

Drop-In

Comfy Robes (100 CP): Deep red and very plush, these robes would be great for standing around in the woods at night with a knife poised over… I mean… sitting around your living room enjoying some Gabbo and Malloy.

Mace (100 CP): A small can of pepper spray that fits easily into the pocket. People tend to miss it even if they frisk you. Won't do much more than irritate and burn an attacker's eyes, but at least the can won't run out.

Fairy Lights (200 CP): A few dozen highly trained lightning bugs contained in a small jar. When released, they'll fly around you and light up a small area with their flashes. Not all that useful but it looks really cool and could be helpful in a pinch. The fireflies always return to the jar so it is always full when the next day's dusk comes.

Fiascola Machine (200 CP): A lovely cola machine of your very own, decorated with the oh-so-dreamy Fiasco Fox in his steamy leather jacket on the front. It dispenses five flavors of Fiascola, including Classic and Lime, for absolutely free and plays a fun little tune while doing it. What are the three other flavors? You'll just have to press them to find out.

Creepy Woods (400 CP): This little patch of the forest around Possum Springs has decided to follow you around. Kind of like a haunted puppy. It will attach itself to your Warehouse or you can plop it down in each world you wander if you would rather. Besides having enough cloaking woods to ensure that no outsiders will be able to see inside, it also has the rather peculiar quality of keeping any amount of noise produced in the clearing from escaping the woods. Hold a rock concert in there and nobody outside the tree would hear a peep.

The clearing itself comes with a spot for a large bonfire and several smaller campfires, as well as an assortment of comfortable logs and stumps to sit on. The woods tend to get a bit of a spooky vibe to it at night, which can be cool or intimidating depending on just what is happening inside.

Local

Musical Instrument (100 CP): It's a little beat up and you might have to replace a string to tighten a few bolts, but this musical instrument of your choice is all yours. Despite appearances it will always sound like a perfectly tuned, well-maintained sonic death cannon! ...Instrument. I meant instrument.

Apple Crate Of Ghost Stories (100 CP): Exactly what it sounds like. An apple crate filled to the brim with books that have titles like: Necropuss: Book the First, Ladyshark, The Stoat On Gallows Hills, and others guaranteed to get the hairs on the back of your neck to stand up. They all star animals of one kind or another, but are certainly creepy ghost stories regardless.

"Gotta date with sword people online." (200 CP): A handy little laptop. It doesn't appear to be anything special, but beneath the hood it's a kickass gaming rig. Comes preloaded with Demontower and an instant messaging program to contact your friends. Also includes a battery that never needs recharging and always has a connection to wi-fi and the local universe's net.

"It's an original Luna Freeze." (200 CP): Would you look at that? It's an old fashioned ice box straight out of the 1940s. It has the classic single door and rounded top style that just screams designer appliance. This thing has held together surprisingly well and, if tested, will prove to be way more damage resistant than a refrigerator should be. The Luna Freeze will also keep running regardless of inconveniences like a lack of electricity… or an engine. It'll keep food fresh basically forever. It won't stand up to a nuclear bomb though.

Snack Falcon (400 CP): Admittedly this convenience store is no Food Donkey… it's much better! It comes stocked with Crunchster chips in both ANGRY PEPPER and Original flavor! It's got Snookel, whatever those are, and submarine sandwiches always "fresh" and delicious. Fiasco Cola is on tap in three exciting flavors that are all the same! So swoop in for a bite, stick a couple of cups on your ears, and dig in!

Okay, enough sales pitch. The Snack Falcon is a small convenience store that likes to follow you around, usually showing up a few blocks from wherever you find yourself in the world. You'll be able to snag anything you want from the shelves, but most of it is snack food that doesn't have much nutritional value. If you don't want to staff it yourself, it will come with a colorful character to mind the counter. He'll probably spend more time out back breaking light bulbs than manning the counter though. Of course, you could attach this to your Warehouse instead.

Hooligan

Box of Light Bulbs (100 CP): It's a long cardboard box filled with long, fluorescent light bulb tubes. 40 Watt and 20 of them in all. Normally these would last months, if not years, of normal use. But we both know none of these are going to see an electrical socket. Just watch out, these guys tend to explode when broken. And showers of glass shards tend to hurt.

It refills every few days or so. Whenever Christine gets around to ordering more.

Baseball Bat (100 CP): This is one tool everybody knows how to use. A classic wooden baseball bat of your very own. Suitable for breaking light bulbs, smashing up cars, wailing on furnaces, or whatever else your dark little heart comes up with. It'll stand up to whatever thrashing you can dish out with it. Should you find a way to break it, or lose it, you'll find another one leaning against a wall in your travels a few days later. Whenever you find yourself in need of it.

Robot Parts (200 CP): You really need to stop breaking into abandoned grocery stores. This box of bulky robot parts looks, and is, pretty useless. There's a massive steel body that weighs a ton and three animal heads (frog, rabbit, and fox) for you to slap on the top. There's also hands and legs and bolts and bobs and wires you're not sure even connect to anything. Anyways, slap it all together and you'll have a really, really basic robot. It *might* do house chores on a good day, dripping battery acid on the floor the whole time.

Pizza Scale Box (200 CP): The Pizza Scale Box is just a pizza box that is always filled with pizza. That's it. It's not the worst pizza in the world, which means it's still pretty good pizza by the rules of the Pizza Scale. You can order your pizza with whatever toppings you want. Just shout your order at the box before you open it. And voila! Pepperoni pizza every single time! Had you fooled there for a second, huh?

Donut Wolf (400 CP): Welcome to Donut Wolf, home of the delicious Slammercakes! Now also serving pancakes with special Howlin' Mad Maple Syrup for your enjoyment! Also, for a limited time, enjoy our Doom Donuts, each decorated with a satanic glaze and decoration!

If you don't attach the Donut Wolf to your Warehouse, it will plop down into each world you visit a short drive away. It will be open 24/7/365, usually by a tired looking employee without much zeal in his voice, and will happily offer you whatever you want for free. As a special promotion, your location will always offer a "limited time" donut, pancake, or other baked good subtly themed for whatever is currently going on in your chain or life. Be warned, these might not always be very tasty.

Adult

Ancient Clock (100 CP): A massive grandfather clock decorated with wildlife and forests carved into the wood. While it still ticks and tocks away regularly, the timepiece doesn't really work right anymore. It only chimes the hour about twice a month and it's never at the right time. Still, it looks pretty and makes a statement. Just try not to have a heart attack when it finally goes chimes.

Lemonade (100 CP): What? Do you not like lemonade? What's wrong with kids these days? Honestly! It's a perfectly delicious glass pitcher of lemonade with a half dozen tumblers to go with it. The ice in the pitcher never waters down the lemonade and keeps it the perfect temperature for enjoying on a hot summer evening. It even refills immediately once emptied.

Gabbo and Malloy Television Set (200 CP): It's just a square box of a TV, one of the old tube types, but it comes with a special antenna that will allow you to tune into the Gabbo and Malloy TV show no matter where you are in the multiverse. It's a whoppah of a show and you're not going to have to worry about missing a single episode of it now.

Telescope (200 CP): A pretty useful device at any time, this one comes with a tripod and a special filter that allows you to find Night Stars during the twilight hours of the spring and fall season. Each of these Night Stars come with a special story attached, which are laid out in the book that comes with the telescope. The stories are usually interesting, odd, disturbing, or somewhere in between all three and are derived from the local folktales and forgotten lore. Both the booklet and the telescope are capable of operating in other worlds just as easily, though it is hard to guess just what kind of stories you would read from those Night Stars.

Homey Little Home (400 CP): This is a comfortable home, with tons of family portraits. These family portraits will include stuff like your relatives and kids, even relatives from past worlds you have been to if you want. You'll always have a good, comfortable feeling here. Your mind will become at ease here as you gaze around at the memories. It's got all sorts of strange and weird knick knacks, but it's home…

You may attach this directly to your Warehouse if you wish or let it incorporate itself into the each world you travel to.

Companions

Jeremy Warton a.k.a. Germ Warfare (200 CP, Discount: Drop-In)

Germ is a bit of a mystery to pretty much everybody. He's 18 and is a bird with dark green feathers who prefers to wear a black jacket, pants, and baseball cap. He lives in the woods just outside town, past the boarded up Food Donkey supermarket, with his mom, two brothers, and grandmother. Though if you ask him he will tell you that he lives in a tree.

He likes heavy metal music, though he's content to listen to the local garage band no matter what they're playing. He can often be found hanging out with the local "Crust Punks", vagrants who travel the train lines and use Possum Springs as a rest point while they wait for a new train to hop. He really has a talent for getting along with everyone that he meets.

There is some darkness in his past, though Germ tries not to dwell on it. He was stalked at one point by a shadowy figure who tried to kidnap him. His third brother also went missing at one point and was found brutally murdered. And his grandmother is… well… you'll just have to meet her and hope she doesn't see too deeply into your soul.

He can usually be found hanging out around the Clik Clak Diner or the Food Donkey if he isn't hanging out at Gregg's place or wandering around with Mae.

Recruiting Germ as a Companion could be very easy or very hard, depending on how you interact with him. He isn't attached to Possum Springs especially firmly but he has family here. Getting a feel for his unique mindset would go a long way towards understanding each other.

If recruited as a Companion, Germ comes with the following.

Perks: "Sometimes…", "It's a cold world…"

Items: Mace

Lori Meyers (200 CP, Discount: Drop-In)

Lori is a dark gray rodent with dark blue, almost black, eyes. She prefers to wear a t-shirt and a black jacket against the chill of the fall. Blue jeans and worn black sneakers complete her outfit. She's 14 and is socially awkward, even more so than usual at that age, with a passion for horror movies that have made her a little morbid. She is cute enough, but when nervous she sometimes hyperventilates.

Beyond that, she enjoys researching and experimenting with special effects and knows a bit about the business already. Enough that she has already shot a short horror film on her phone about a window appearing in a house. Her thoughts tend to dwell a little too much on this kind of thing, as she'll admit if one befriends her.

She likes to hang out on the roof on the apartments along main street of Possum Springs, which is much quieter than her house down by the train tracks. She lives close enough that the rumbling sometimes knocks plaster from the ceiling. Still, she doesn't dislike trails. If anything it's quite the opposite. Sometimes she will go and lay between the train tracks, letting the trains rumble over her while she wanders her own thoughts.

Recruiting Lori as a Companion might be difficult, as she already has plans for her life. Really, she just wants a few friends who can understand her monstrous thoughts, so maybe it won't be so hard after all.

If recruited as a Companion, Lori comes with the following:

Perks: "I shot a horror movie once.", "One, two, three! No Stopping!"

Items: Apple Crate of Ghost Stories, Comfy Robes

Beatrice "Bea" Santello (200 CP, Discount: Local)

Bea is a crocodile with a blue tinge to her scales and dark blue eyes. She wears black clothes, preferring jeans and a long sleeve shirt for the fall weather, and always wears a silver ankh around her neck. She is two, smokes much of the time, and can easily be mistaken for a goth at any distance. But she has her reasons for bearing such a somber attitude.

Her mother passed away due to cancer a little more than two years ago. Her father was unable to handle both the loss of his wife and the extreme financial burden that came with her death. He succumbed to a nervous breakdown for an extended period of time. Running the family business, the "Ol' Pickaxe" hardware store, as well as caring for her father fell entirely on Bea's shoulders.

All of this has culminated to leave Bea feeling trapped and extremely stressed even though her father has mostly recovered. Her sense of responsibility and duty would not let her accept the many college offers that were waiting for her. Not that there was any money to pay for college in any case. In more than one way, she believes her life ended when her dreams died.

Still, she takes what little free time she has to practice music with Mae, Gregg, and Angus. She uses her computer to play the drums and can cover the bass sections as well. Outside of that she enjoys bad true-crime shows and complaining about work. She also speaks some French, which she learned in high school.

Convincing Bea to come along as a Companion would require a lot of work, but is far from impossible. She will not give up her duty to either her father or the store unless she was sure they could both manage without her. It is a weight tied around her ankle that keeps her bound to Possum Springs.

If recruited as a Companion, Bea comes with the following:

Perks: "I stayed here and got older.", "The best available friends."

Items: N/A

Angus Delaney and Greggory "Gregg" Lee (400 CP, Discount: Local & Hooligan)

Angus and Gregg are the classic case of opposites attracting. Angus is a stoic, shy brown bear that looks more like a responsible adult than a young man. Gregg is a wild one, talkative, and every bit a charming rogue if anyone ever fit the definitions. They both work very well together and are quite attached, though they've still got a few bumpy patches to work out together. They live together in an apartment along the main street of Possum Springs.

Both of them had a bit of a troubled past, though Angus certainly got the worst of it. They might tell you about it if you become good friends. Just don't expect happy stories. They are, however, deeply revealing ones.

Angus is a bit of a tech wiz and enjoys cooking for those he cares about. He does the latter more often when he is stressed, which is more often than he would care to admit. There is a good sense of humor hiding under the rather emotionless face he wears, but it takes good friends to draw it out of him.

Gregg is, in a few words, a punk. He has poor impulse control and even worse ideas about the best ways to spend his time. A few rounds of knife fighting or an afternoon breaking light bulbs with a bat are his idea of fun if left to his own devices. And while it isn't a front, not exactly, that certainly isn't all there is to Gregg. He has serious moments and cares deeply for those close to him without being afraid to show it.

Apart, the two would be different kinds of messes, but together they work, somehow. They make plenty of time for each other and both enjoy keeping the band going. Gregg plays guitar and does backup vocals while Angus growls out lyrics like a heavy metal pro.

Convincing the pair to come along as Companions (and yes, they each take up a spot), is likely not all that hard. They are already set on moving from Possum Springs in the near future to make a better life for themselves somewhere else. Perhaps they can be convinced that there can be more out there to be experienced.

If recruited as a Companion, Angus comes with the following:

Perks: "I was in scouts.", "It's just ones and zeroes.", "Gregg's my corner."

Items: N/A

While Gregg has the following:

Perks: "AAAAAAUUUUGGGGHHHH!!!", "CRIMES!", "CHOKE ON MY ENTIRE ASS!"

Items: Box of Light Bulbs, Baseball Bat

Rabies the Possum (100 CP, Free if Germ is purchased)

Rabies is a possum. A regular possum. Yeah, there are regular animals mixed in with the animal people. Don't think about it too hard. Not that you could with Rabies in front of you. He is literally the best Sewer Pal you could ask for. And he's taken a shine to you. Don't worry, he's not actually rabid. It's just a name to intimidate all the other possums.

Rabies can "Speak" on command with an affectionate, but terrifying, squall of sounds. He loves candy and junk food of all kinds and tends to "find" it on his own. He can even unwrap candy bars on his own. Has a harder time with Fiascola cans, but he gets into them eventually. He can usually be found hanging upside down by his tail somewhere nearby. Rabies counts as a Pet, not a Companion, by default.

Margaret "Mae" Borowski (400 CP, Discount: Hooligan)

Mae is a complicated little ball of failure. Which isn't really fair to say about her, despite how true it might seem at times, even to herself. She has had a troubled past and struggled with both depression as well as anger issues. She has the latter more under control than the former currently. Though there may be answers for her disconnected feeling with the world around her that even she could not currently guess.

Mae is a cat with dark blue fur, wide red eyes, and a little patch of dyed red fur on top of her head. Her right ear is a little ragged from a dog attack when she was younger and she has a tendency to flick it when idle. She is short for 20 with a plumpness to her frame that causes her to be well suited to the term "sturdy". Mae cares little for fashion and wears simply what is comfortable, which can sometimes be the same thing several days in a row.

Beyond that, Mae can be a bit of a jerk, falling back on snark and short, angry answers driven by her lack of direction in life. Because of this, and the few violent incidents in the past, most of the town sees her as a troublemaker and a nuisance. She can also be impulsive and has a hard time explaining herself to that others understand her, which only adds to her frustration. Still, here is a kind soul who cares beneath the angst, anger, and sadness. If only she could learn to see it.

It should be noted, clearly, that Mae has a connection to the stranger forces of this world. The darkness that lurks beneath the surface calls to her in her dreams, though she does not yet recognize this for what it is. She will also become entangled in a mystery that has plagued Possum Springs for several generations now. She will survive, but could use a helping hand to ease her way through the darkness.

Convincing Mae to come along as a Companion will be… interesting. The poor girl really needs therapy and some way to cope with the strangeness that has come to mar her life. Both are going to need more than simply a kind ear and a few therapeutic words. It couldn't hurt to help her figure out what she wants to do in her life, though that won't be an easy task either.

If recruited as a Companion, Mae comes with the following:

Perks: "I think I met God.", "CHOKE ON MY ENTIRE ASS!", "CRIMES!", "One, two, three! No Stopping!", "I could have died."

Items: Apple Crate of Ghost Stories

"The band is still going?!" (0/50/200 CP)

No doubt you have Companions of your own you wish to drag into this world. Very well then. You have three options for it.

0 CP: You may import up to 8 Companions for free, granting them only a Background and the free Perk associated with it.

50 CP: You may import up to 2 Companions for this price. The recieve a Background, the free Perk and Items associated with it, as well as 400 CP for them to spend on Perks. You may also create new Companions with this option.

200 CP: As above, with the difference of being able to import and/or create up to 8 Companions instead. You may also use this option to take along any Canon characters not mentioned above.

Drawbacks

*You may take up to **800 CP** worth of Drawbacks.*
You may take more for no points at your own peril.

Night is Strange (+0 CP): For those of you who want see a little bit more of the world than Possum Springs, you can instead begin enrolled in Duskpool College. Your entire tuition will be paid for in advance and you begin a year and a half before the events of the game. On the same day Mae begins classes there.
"Stop whining!" (+0 CP): Of course, not everybody likes feathers, fur, and scales. So, if you like, go to a version of Possum Springs where everyone is human and nobody is animals at all.

"I literally do not know this song!" (+100 CP): Are you a musician? Yes? No? Either way, people sure seem to think you are. You'll find yourself shoehorned into situations where others will be expecting you to play songs on your preferred instrument on a regular basis. You'll get little to no advance warning on the matter and never any sheet music to practice with. You will just have to struggle along and get used to disappointed looks.

Wellboy and other horrible tales (+100 CP): Someone has gained a horrible taste in books and it's you. The only books you'll find yourself willing to read for any length of time will be horrifying, grizzly tales of abused children and true accounts of horrible moments in history. Any others you pick up with seem mind-numbingly boring. And don't think you can get around this by just not reading. You'll have to read at least one book a month.

"Once a Thief, Always a Thief" (+100 CP): You've got some sticky fingers on you, don't you? Well, a lot of people seem to think you do at least. Most won't do more than keep a really close eye on you while you're shopping in the store, but expect at least one or two local places to refuse to serve you at all. Even if you prove them wrong by actually paying for your purchases, it won't change their minds at all.

"ADULT!" (+100 CP): Just because you're old enough to drive and smoke, doesn't mean you've got your life figured out yet. You're seen as young, naive, and a little bit useless by the "real" adults of this world. You know, the ones with jobs and better things to do with their day. Get used to not be taken seriously, even when you're screaming about a kidnapping that literally just happened.

"Monstrous Existence." (+200 CP): You're not from around here. Even if you've lived here for years, a change has come over you recently. And, as subtle as it might be, there are those who notice. The Old Ones hiding at the fringes of the shadows. They are mostly content to let those of the light have their time, for now, but you are different. You bring in powers and abilities that could alter this world. And they hunger for such power. The more you use your powers and abilities from other worlds, the more those who live in the shadows will take notice of you. Should you prove too tempting a target, they will begin reaching out.

"You've barely got that!" (+200 CP): You did, or in the case of Drop-Ins will do, something horrifying. In front of half the town. Maybe you beat a kid half to death with a baseball bat for no reason anyone else could see. Maybe you tagged the entire town with crude messages about those who live there. Whatever it was, all of Possum Springs remembers or has heard the story of what you did. They will not let you forget it. Ever. Should you travel outside of Possum Springs, expect different, but similar, rumors to follow your heels.

"I'm a total trash mammal." (+200 CP): Okay, let's just face facts. Your hair is constantly a mess, you have shit taste in clothes, you're chubby, and you've got a serious case of nightmare eyes going on. Like, holy shit, who would find you attractive? I mean, none of that is true, but you sure think it is. You're going to suffer from some serious self-confidence issues while you're here. And while others might be able to make you forget about them for a little while, there will always be something around the corner to make you remember. It'll hurt all the more for having forgotten for a bit. If you happened to take "Being round is okay.", it will not function here.

"I saw a shark and he told me something important." (+200 CP): You really need to stop licking electrical sockets. You get electrocuted. A lot. Like at least a few times a week. And it's going to hurt no matter what kind of biology you claim to have. A lot. Some of them will be smaller zaps from cords with a short, but you'll get at least one shock a week that causes you to black out. At least the vivid hallucinations from your brain misfiring are interesting. You'll always be left with this feeling that you were being told something important that you can't remember afterwards.

"You're not lost, You're here!" (+300 CP): Possum Springs is a peaceful little town… sort of. Not having a grocery store inside the city limits sucks though. And business keep closing as the life slowly drains out of the town. But, I hope you like it here, because you're not leaving. Ever. An invisible, totally unbreakable bubble has dropped around the city designed specifically to keep you and your Companions inside. Everyone else can come and go as they please, except for you and those you brought with you. At least the Snack Falcon is always open.

"All writing sex and having papers with each other." (+300 CP): Easy there! You had like, three beers and you're already shouting like a moron at the entire world. While you're here, you're going to be easily influenced by alcohol, drugs, and other similar substances. It will only take a single beer to get you tipsy and four is blackout drunk territory. Cough syrup is going to be an interesting experience. Anything stronger might actually kill you, so ease up. You're also going to have a problem turning down any of these things if they're actually offered to you. And if that wasn't all, the cherry on top is that you are now a rather violent and emotional drunk.

"Maybe I'm just the most recent failure in a long line of failures!" (+400 CP): Look, there's a difference between being being snarky and sarcastic and being downright hurtful. The things that come out of your mouth are going to be the kinds of things people shouldn't even think at each other, let alone say. And worst of all, you won't be able to stop yourself, no matter how much you really want to. People might even know why you're being so hurtful but that isn't going to lessen the pain. In short, you're going to screw up nearly every personal relationship while you're here. Even those you thought you'd never fuck up. I hope the points were worth it.

Touched by the Black Goat (+400 CP): Something touched you on your way into this world. Perhaps you wandered too close to the hole at the center of everything. Or you say something hidden behind the veil that should have remained hidden. Whatever exactly happened, only you know for sure, if you even remember. You survived, obviously, but there is a tainted spot in your mind. Disturbing visions will plague your dreams and cause you to get either too little or far too much sleep. Either way you will feel groggy and slow most days. On top of this, you will begin having trouble seeing the world the same way as you used to. You'll begin disassociating people and things with what they should be. They'll turn into "shapes" that you have to struggle to place meaning to. This latter problem will progress slowly over the years you are here, but should you be confronted by the things that lurk in the shadows again, you will find the damage rapidly grows worse.

Nuke Possum Springs (+600 CP): The graffiti on the wall isn't just the work of a bored, angry, frustrated little mouse anymore. It's a warning. A dire prediction about the end of the world. It might not be a bomb that finished the job, but it is going to start with one. Somewhere, someone in Possum Springs is preparing the do the unthinkable. They'll believe they're doing it for all the right reasons. They'll believe the sacrifice will be completely justified. They'll be smart, organized, and surprisingly well funded. And only you can stop them. No one else will believe in the inconsequential clues you stumble across, no one else will listen to your wild theories. It's just you against a person who wants to end the world in the worst way imaginable.

You will be challenged in every way you could possibly imagine. And maybe, just maybe, you can prevent the disaster from occurring. The consequences for failing to do so will be much larger than just your death and the death of the entire town. So please, hurry.

“They are blind but they are seeing you.” (+600 CP): Lovecraft has taken a firm hand in this universe and it’s safe to say everyone is going to have a really bad time. While the various Old Ones have been replaced with those of the local universe, those that serve them and their influence is no less active for the name change. Cultists will sprout up like weeds and gain terrifying powers. Places in the world will grow dark and strange and deadly to behold. The mines outside Possum Springs will no longer be simply creepy. There will be true terrors living in the tunnels.

The entire world will feel the effects of this drawback, but none more so than you. You and those around you will be thrust into the thick of the world behind the veil. Mae will no longer simply have terrifying dreams, she will accidently tap into powers that could not only kill her, but dozens of people around her. The Cultists in the mines will no longer serve a being content to wait in its hole for its meal every month, it will send them out into the world to spread the faith and feast on its worshippers.

The world has taken a dark and dangerous turn. Lives will be lost, souls destroyed, and evil will sink its claws into every corner.