Well, it's time for a new Jump, you think, waiting for your benefactor to appear.

She's really taking her time isn't she. And- hold on, who are these strange dark cloaked figures?

They look a bit like giant … bats?

"Greetings, dear Jumper. I and my associates are the Masters of the Bazaar. I am Mr Apples, and your benefactor has agreed we will set the stage for your little stay.

More than two decades ago, London was stolen by bats. Dragged deep into the earth by the Echo Bazaar. The sun is gone. All we have is the gas-light of Mr Fires. But Londoners can get used to anything. And it's quiet down here with the devils and darkness and the mushroom wine. Peaceful.

But then YOU arrived.

Welcome, delicious friend, to the Fifth City, London."



By Clover

+1000 CP

"Your only condition during your ten year stay in Fallen London, is that you must spend it as a Londoner. Voyaging across the Unterzee is allowed, but London must remember you as hers. However, while your survival is not in question, London's… is not"

Your gender interests us not, roll 1d8+18 for age or pay 50CP to choose. Here both women and men are capable of being thrilling duelists or pampered dandies, often at once.

It is the year of our lord 1885. It has been 23 years since London fell, 3 years since the better mushroom wine was bottled, and 4 years before more delicious friends arrive.

Advance Warning: Much of Fallen London lore is gained through piecing mysteries or background content together. As such, this Jump contains spoilers about late-game story content that may seem confusing to you.

=Accommodations and Locations=

Mr Cups shambles up, his gait odd. You turn your head just as he stops, behind you, not in front.

"After much reflection among my fellow masters and your employer, little oddity, we will grant you a lease in one of the few choice estates we hold for your stay. Do not disturb the curios in your new accommodations, for they are worth more to us than you could ever replace"

Roll 1d8 or pay 100CP to purchase accommodations.

1 Watchmaker's Hill: Out by the fungal marshes there's a house. Adventurers often sally forth in war parties to clear the monsters shuffling twixt ghost lights. Blind observators laugh at them.

2 Ladybones Road: With a window by the gallows of Hangman's Arch, and the train station to Hell down the way, you'll be sure to pick up many lessons in opportunity.

3 Veilgarden: Poets, prostitutes and your own humble self are free to peddle along these haunts. With booksellers, honey dens and the Singing Mandrake tavern, what more could you want?

4 Spite: In between a rookery and a silk warehouse is where you'll find your rooms. Mind the urchins, they're as thick as thieves. Mind the thieves, as thick as urchins.

5 The House of Chimes: Beneath the great and nameless bell is where you'll make your bed. The shuttered rooms and laughing glooms are not for your feet nor head.

6 Bazaar Sidestreets: A room closest to the heart of commerce itself. The astronomical rent is waived, and you share street with bookshops, eateries, solicitors, jewelers. If you can afford them.

-VEN IS THE NUMBER free SEVEN IS THE NUMBER choice SEVEN IS THE NUMBER SE-

8 Mrs Plenty's Carnival: A tent in the carnival grounds has been put aside for you. You'll never need to buy tickets again, but the fairgoers will always assume that you are a performer in waiting.

"While you may eventually find yourself less worldly rooms and studios during your stay, remember that your presence is always welcome, little oddity"

The routes and ways of Fallen London no longer correspond to their Surface streets. Houses may be in the way of known alleys, and twists and turns may deposit you back at your lodgings. Time and resources need to be committed to familiarize yourself with London's new streetplan.

=Across the Sunless Sea=

You may choose to take a steamship across the dark roiling peliginic waves of the Unterzee. If you wish to captain your own destiny, please wait until the Sunless Sea supplement for in-depth transport options, zailorhood perks, and maybe a few sturdy hands to accompany future jumps.

But for now…

Mandatory – Never shall the two meet
If you have taken Sunless Sea or will take it you cannot interact with yourself. The Zee flows in strange ways, days may flow into weeks, weeks may take mere hours. Always away.

=Menaces of Fallen London=

With all this thought of lands over the Zee, you barely noticed the waters lapping over your feet.

Cursing at your wet ankles, your head whips up to see one of the Masters standing in a slow boat.

That is a Master, isn't it? Its voice is brittle and foreboding.

"Death is not as it always was. Dying will not eject you from your Benefactors graces. At most inconvenience you. More consequences in the Neath. Madness, shame, imprisonment, these lay claim to you, and London's thoughts on you. If you are absent for a full month by any means, London will forget. And you will lose"

Wounds are accumulated through failure in **Dangerous** actions. When your fist breaks against the oncoming horde, when you fail to spook the tiger, when you fall from a ladder in Flit. Too many wounds make action near impossible you until you recover. Should it become too much for you, you expire. It's not so bad on the **River**. Time to wait, play chess, contemplate.

Nightmares are gained when your **Watchfulness** fails. As you mistake yourself, your peers correct you, the knowledge flowing backwards into your mind. Studies cannot continue at your usual pace until the nightmares leave. When your mind cracks, the **Royal Bethlehem Hotel** will be your home, sacrificing dreams for sanity. Or you can jump through a **Mirror**…

Scandal is caused by your **Persuasion** failing. Laughed out of parlors, flubbing your lines, artwork scorned. Certain doors close when your scandal rises. When society cannot bear you, exile to the **Colonies** is your answer. There, bandaged men and women cough and you can repair your standing, through letters, charity and dances.

Suspicion is when your actions weren't as **Shadowy** as you thought. When you are caught, plans failing, chains rattling. With the eyes of the constables on you, some plans need to wait. When they have enough on you, to **New Newgate** in irons. The guards can be bribed, criminals to learn from, and the occasional supply dirigible that flies close to your cell…

=Background=

Mr Stones is instantly recognizable by the many diamonds it is inspecting. “Mine” it says with each appraisal, satisfaction dripping with each sigh. A soft clink as talons delicately place the gem back within its velvet box.

Their glowing eyes flicker to yours. “Not Mine. Hers”

A tone of disapproval, or of want?

Four simple sets of clothes. Four paths to step from. “Yours”

Arrival, Free: Like many, the last thing you remember is stepping off a boat on a slow river, onto the docks of old London town to walk its ever twilight streets in a drunken daze.

Scholar, Free: Was it the voices? The jeers of your skeptical colleagues? The dreams of dark waters beneath a sunless sea? It will make sense here. It has to.

Charmer, Free: Oh, darling, you just HAD to be here! Especially after all that nonsense in Milan with the paper swan! And besides, an Empress’ court underground? Delightful!

Rogue, Free: You go where the money’s good and the company’s bad, and if that’s a mile under the surface then mole’s yer uncle.

=Qualities=

Odd silence. Some discussion is taking place among the huddled cloaks, before one breaks off in agreement. It's Mr Wines! The friendliest of the Masters!

"After much deliberation, we have decided to allow your entry into Fallen London some leeway, and grant you, how do we put it, an advantage for your time here, in untrained talent"

==*Dangerous Levels*==
Strength, ferocity, soldiering. This is your ability to confront and smash through numerous dangers and horrors of Fallen London. Discounted for Arrivals.

Paperweight (0CP): You could no more menace a man as you would a tablecloth! Rats laugh at your threats and your stomach regularly loses fights to Rubbery Lumps.
Menace (100CP): You've been in fights before, whats a few more to you?
Fierce as Fire (200CP): You would leap through a burning building and back without hesitation. They call upon you to rid their houses of rat gangs and clear infestations of eye taking spiders.
Iron Eyed (300CP): There is hardness visible in your eyes, one that deters amateur hunters and scares off marsh wolves. You are not just a steady gaze, your violence speaks for itself.
Terrific (400CP): Your actions seem to be out of a drunken boast. But your actions need no boasts, and your movements are far from drunken. You could easily make a living as a strongman or a bodyguard, and many flock to your door hoping to be a disciple.
Blood and Bone (500CP): You are a shattering presence in London. You have acquired a very specific set of skills, skills that make you a nightmare to deal with and death to most in arms reach. You walk with the grace of a tiger and the surety of pain, and could fight off infantry divisions on your lonesome. More, once you pick up a weapon.

==*Watchful Levels*==
Observation, intelligence, deduction. This is your observational ability, allowing you to learn the numerous secrets of Fallen London. Discounted for Scholars.

Unaware (0CP): They say that a spotless mind shines eternally, but the only glint in your eye is the reflection of candlelight. The higher mysteries fly above your head, but so does learning.
Keen (100CP): Oh yes, it's all very simple when you get to it.
Sharp as Ice (200CP): Others have somewhat glacial thinking, but your thoughts come down and stab like icicles. While winter's absence in London weakens the saying, your thoughts are cool.
Owl Eyed (300CP): With an acute gaze, few details can hide from you. The smudge that hides a city, the ill fitting shoes of the policeman, the ill fitting number in the equation.
Brilliant (400CP): Huffam, Schlomo, you. There are people they turn to when great questions need answers, or great mysteries need questions. You can provide the solutions, the insights, and yet you still seek more.
Great Mind (500CP): You possess extraordinary insight, beyond what Londoners usually see. You've solved problems that left professors tearing out their hair, and pose riddles that take generations to unravel. Lies and truths unravel around you, as you search for greater meaning.

==*Persuasive Levels*==

Wit, charm, plausibility. This is your social skills and irresistible charm, allowing you to persuade, convince and charm denizens of Fallen London for your benefit. Discounted for Charmers.

Wallflower (0CP): As charming as mushroom mould and half as influential.

Artful (100CP): That's funny, yes. Quite entertaining. No, not that entertaining.

Fine as Flowers (200CP): You are a welcome addition to any party. Your fine company is payment enough, and flowers are dull by your side.

Bright Eyed (300CP): There's something in your eyes that warrants a second look. And after that, they stay and your expression sort of unfolds. They're rapt now.

Mesmerising (400CP): They speak of you in distant cities, the Londoner who could charm the wings from birds and the scales from fish. How many offer themselves as suitors, and ruin themselves in rejection. Those are just stories. For now.

For All Seasons (500CP): Your personality, charm, beauty is legendary to Londoners. Disarm with a smile and reduce hardened soldiers to tears with a speech, that is the power of an apex social predator. You idle quotes enter history and your evening parties are the stuff of Xanadu.

==*Shadowy Levels*==

Stealth, subtlety, cunning. This is your subtle and cunning skills, allowing you to exploit the dark and fascinating underground that is Fallen London. Discounted for Rogues.

Honest (0CP): As subtle as a brick. How could you pursue crime? Just eat your dinner.

Sly (100CP): Pockets are emptied, conversations overheard, rumours spread. Was it you? Was it?

Clear as Mud (200CP): Your motives are now unclear, your motions blurred, your morals… There is enough subtlety here. But not enough.

Cat Eyed (300CP): Your eyes are now used to darkness, easily picking out hidden features. Here the latch, there the watchman's disguise, here the false door.

Shrouded (400CP): A whisper passes through the streets. Pickpockets pause in respect, the jewelers refuse to open for business, cats flick an ear in your direction.

Plutonic Lord (500CP): You are the invisible shadow of London town. As subtle as a ravenglass brick, there are few crimes you haven't pursued. Some may suspect you of more devious intentions, but how could they? You were at dinner with the pastor, inspector and magistrate.

=Ambitions=

"… and furthermorous you must have some pursuitivation in the Neath! Why, without ambition man is no better than the common or garden variety Rubbery Man!" Mr Pages has done nothing but talk since they stepped up, especially about what they believe should motivate you "Suretainly, the Clay Men and Devils may exhibit qualities and humours likened to ambition, but those are palescent in comparison to the great altificants that you can aspire to!", His excitement is worsening his usual vocabulary "We encouragize you then, your Ambitions!"

Choose a **single driving motivation** to govern your time in London:

An Ambition of Blood – You are ruled by your adrenaline. Fight the greatest and worthiest opponents the underworld over, with naught but your fists and the measure of a man. Aschew advanced weaponry and augments. There is no sport in star-borne rifles, nor applied mysticism!

An Ambition of Truth – You must know, you have to know! What is the composition of the caverns walls? Why do the bats migrate? How does the Correspondence relate to Hell? Where have all the foxes gone? You are not satisfied with complacency. You need to know, no shortcuts.

An Ambition of Glory – All shall know your glory and delight. You will do anything to become famous, no matter how immoral or boring it may be. After all, isn't infamy still attention? But not through coercion or trickery, no! The most sweetest of attentions is those they give you by choice.

An Ambition of Crime – You are bound to do mischief. Arrange for murders, plunder the riches of smugglers, blackmail the lofty. Yes, London is still a prize to be taken. And only you should stand at the head of madmen, gutter snipes and politicos. Profit to be made, but made with effort.

"Do not take these fablepic tasks to be your monoroutinous occupation! They are mere ornamentribbles to your actual condition, a constant sidepic to your saga, as discussed by our colleague before. What does that explainify? Take it as you would. Oh, the stories you'll inspiritize, the loves you'll leave…"

He departs with frantic scribbles of pen on parchment.

=Dreams=

There is a pause in the air, as if the Masters are expecting someone else to step forward.

Mr Wines, merry as always, approximates a laugh in his cloak.

"I have the great joy of dominion over dreaming. Dreams are integral to your stay in the Neath, and I may help nudge your activities in a certain direction through particular chemistry. Why, if you don't dream, what else would you do all night?"

A selection of drinkables lay in velvet boxes. Choose wisely, and **oncely**, your nightly tinctures.

Dreams of Battle: Vodka, lamp oil and Zee monster blood. You rise, heart pumping and blood rushing. Oh, what a day. What a lovely day. A high risk day. Your dreams inspire you to danger.

Dreams of Clues: Turkish coffee, grimoire ink and candle shavings. You can see it all make sense. It's so close, you just need to write it. No, don't wake now. Your dreams inspire you to discovery.

Dreams of Praise: Absinthe, perfumed honey and ambergris. You wake an image of grace without cosmetic, an air of easy confidence in your steps. Your dreams inspire you to charm.

Dreams of Means: Gin, boiled sorrow spiders and hanged men's tears. Here a lock, there a key. A thread, a plan. Yes, the pieces are falling into place. Soon. Your dreams inspire you to subtlety.

Dreamless Sleep: A tincture of laudanum, extract of coca and spore syrup. Your nights will be cloudless and dreamless, plagued by neither nightmares nor nostalgia.

Water: Mr Wines, my dreams are my own affairs. He looks disappointed, as much as one can do as a shadow in a shambling cloak, but shrugs and moves on for his colleagues.

=Jobs and Abilities=

"I wonder what they see in you, little one"

Mr Fires is responsible for trade in fuel, dirigibles and trade. Wonder what he wants.

"London is a crown jewel, a place of much potential and opportunity" he pipes, "There are occupations to fit every taste, but I believe I can arrange something of an introduction"

You have two free job ranks to use in your respective background.
Each job rank **costs 100CP**. Each successive rank includes the perks of the previous ones.
Master ranks require **one of their corresponding Master Qualities** to purchase.
Professions obtained normally do not obtain these perks.
Ranks are Amateur, Dabbling, Proven, Expert, Master.

-Dangerous Disciplines-

Duelist (Discount Arrival)
A bodyguard? A thrillseeker? A competition fencer? Your name is spoken in blood, and you find employment and payment from those who would do harm.

Amateur Duelist – Rough: Your talents against single opponents have increased. As long as you focus on a single target, your performance is enhanced and unwavering.
Dabbling Duelist – Rioteer: Your talents against multiple opponents has increased. Even when surrounded and circled, you do not lose count or control of your cool.
Proven Duelist – Blooded: You have dueled in silence, in darkness, on rooftops and through hedge mazes. Yes, few could match you, lest they embrace death. You have mastered your pain response.
Expert Duelist – Return Fire: Your concentration has been honed through constant battle. Should your opponent miss their mark, your next blow will carry with it the damage they would inflict.
Master Duelist – Throw Down the Gauntlet: As an authority in combat, you can issue anyone challenges to single duel. Should they accept, no force or opponent can interrupt until death, defeat or surrender.

Monster Hunter (Discount Arrival)
Business is booming for monster hunters in the Fifth City. Whether its bizarre pelts, guided safari hunts, collecting bounties or keeping the peace, a hunter is never want for food. Or being food.

Amateur Monster Tracker: The first step in any hunt is to find the prey. You can recognize the trails of monsters, their false tracks, and guess their dens.
Dabbling Monster Slayer: The next step in any hunt is to fight the prey. While monsters have a exotic and diverse anatomy, you see common vulnerabilities. The torn leg, the second heart, yes.
Proven Monster Tamer: The other step is to bend them to your will. Whether through bribes, soft words, or heavy sticks, you have a way with beasts, gaining their trust and obedience with ease.

Expert Monster Manager: As a seasoned hand around monsters, you can track herd movements mentally, and decide the necessary force to deal death or capture. Send students or a sergeant?
Master Monster Breeder: The Pinnacle of the Art. You can breed any sort of animal with each other should it be a breeding pair. Breed two lions to make a super lion. Breed a lion and eagle to make a griffon. Unfortunately, either the spawn is sterile or the parents do not survive.

-Watchful Disciplines-

Detective (Discount Scholar)
Just because London is a mile from the sky doesn't mean people have stopped plotting. Crimes are being committed, murders need solving and mysteries need demystifying.

Amateur Detective – Investigator: As any detective must, you understand the basics of deductive reasoning, evidence gathering and testimony examination. Go forth!
Dabbling Detective – Detect Guilt: A certain look in their eye, a pause in breath, the way pages are arranged. While it cannot tell you what the crime was, it points in the right direction.
Proven Detective – Sleuth: A keen eye for observation is a rarity. But better yet is the ability to connect clues. An innate sense of what is relevant to your investigation is yours.
Expert Detective – Evidence Absence: Not only can you discern if things are missing, you can tell if they are present. Misplaced or replaced items can tell you volumes about their circumstances.
Master Detective – J'accuse: Ever wonder why certain criminals give up? When you can compile their secrets and wrongdoings extensively, and reveal them, the targets defense and willpower is stripped. Useful for bloodless confrontations or prefight banter.

Academic (Discount Scholar)
Safe and snug in lecture halls and libraries, the most danger you'll see is the review board or errant cricket balls. Others crave adventure but the worlds inside books and minds are here.

Amateur Academic – Trivia: A classical training in grammar, logic and rhetoric. You could fit in with the learned and flighty. This has given your memory a boost, entire books can be memorized.
Dabbling Academic – Fool Proof: Not only must one learn and understand, but to understand at a level that even laymen can comprehend. Your knowledge can be taught to those far below you.
Proven Academic – Expertise: You now specialize in a field of science or humanity. As a leading researcher in the field, your studies yield results twice as fast! Multiple purchases available.
Expert Academic – Copy Protection: Cracking your secrets is very difficult. Attempts to decipher or destroy your research and work will meet with great difficulty, and notify you of the attempt.
Master Academic – Eureka!: As a singular view on the world is reached, conclusions are drawn and determined. Not only does your chosen expertise gain at thrice the speed, but those relevant to your field are drawn to you like moths. Research materials, eyewitnesses, mentors, all yours!

-Persuasive Disciplines-

Artist (Discount Charmer)
There are always those who appreciate beauty, and thus, there must be those who create beauty. In London, you must redefine what it means. Is it fame, patronage or perfection you seek?

Amateur Artist – Specialty: There must be something you're good at? Is it poetry, sculpture, sketching, dance, speech, drama? Out with it! Multiple purchases available.
Dabbling Artist – Commission: An artist's pantry is stocked by their talent. You can sell anything to anyone as long as it was made or performed by yourself. Useful to keep the wine flowing.
Proven Artist – Virtuoso: You excel exceptionally at your specialty, and can be expected to be on call for many creations or performances.
Expert Artist – Serendipity: Some artists hit blocks in their creativity. Not you. Draw inspiration for anything from anything. That puddle of mud, that LB burglar, the light of false stars on stone.
Master Artist – Emotional Exhortation: Art is meant to stimulate emotion. You have now perfected such stimulation and can force specific emotions with your art and craft. Masks that inspire terror, songs that weep with joy, sculpture that tires. Your work is now immune to misinterpretation.

Socialite (Discount Charmer)
Some may say this is no job at all. Well I never! This is the grease in the wheels of civilization, without proper company and respectability, we may as well be Rubbery Men, pardon my French.

Amateur Socialite – Non-Verbal: Actions speak louder than words. Hold two conversations simultaneously, speak with your gestures alone and recognize the cues of nonhumans.
Dabbling Socialite – Etiquette: There is time and place for all things, and unsaid rules that govern them. A social awareness that makes you at home among dock workers or dandies.
Proven Socialite – M. Butterfly: Are you trying to seduce me? The types and favourites of society no longer matter to you, as you can attract anyone into your bed with ease. Men, women, devils.
Expert Socialite – Let Me Finish: Don't you so detest interruptions? But the tones you use brook no pause, and nearly any audience will let you continue should you focus on speech alone.
Master Socialite – Words That Wound: Indignation and outrage have become your sword and spear. Your insults and spite have changed social damage into physical injury, your words can break bones, scar or set them aflame. They must be relevant to the target, said with emotion.

-Shadowy Disciplines-

Thief (Discount Rogue)
Yes, unoriginal. There are plenty of valuables left in the Neath, more, you'd hazard with the mineral wealth of Mr Stones to account for. Those vaults aren't going to empty themselves.

Amateur Thief – Discern: To know the true value of worth. That necklace is paste, but the locket is gold. Those bills are worth less than the document they rest upon. That candle, no, but that ledger!
Dabbling Thief – Casing: How to acquire and plan. Spotting unlocked doors from twenty paces,

which keys fit which locks, where the exits are, where the henchmen aren't. It's coming together.
Proven Thief – Fencing: To dispose of the goods, with interest. Where to find a blackmarket, or a collector, or even ransom them back to the owner. Without a trace, of course.
Expert Thief – Forger: The name of the game is imitation. With study and materials, be it jewelry, documents, or more intangible, you can mockup an approximation that might fool the owners.
Master Thief – The Switch: A seamless replacement that can go unnoticed for a while without close scrutiny. By now you should be able to reach the target with little fuss, so why not make your escape all the more dramatic. It's not like they'll miss… whatever it was you took.

Journalist (Discount Rogue)
Why bother with theft and material wealth with something much more valuable at stake? With truths and creatively edited truth one can shape society and future how they like!

Amateur Journalist – Lead On: Some people love the sound of their own voice. When you cannot convince them to spill it all, you can always eavesdrop at the right moments.
Dabbling Journalist – Has His Price: Nobody cannot be bought, even if the price is something you cannot pay, you will know it. Through bribes and intimidation does your notebook fill.
Proven Journalist – Spin Doctor: When honest reporting cannot get a rise, its time for creative thought. You can wring emotion and outrage, while still maintaining plausible deniability.
Expert Journalist – Nose for News: There's never a slow news day with you. People want to know, and you know where to find what they like. A sixth sense for gossip, madness and truth.
Master Journalist – Absolutely Sensational!: Spin the barest of facts into a riot moving society overturning story based only in the slightest plausibility. The crowds clamour outside of Parliament, shops close and men examine their hats suspiciously.

-Mixed Disciplines-

Spy (Discount Charmer & Rogue)
Just because London is a mile from the sky doesn't mean people can stop plotting. There are deals to be made, secrets to be bought and sold, the fate of nations to decide. That's where you come in.

Amateur Spy – A Pawn of the Game: The first steps into espionage, or fieldcraft. That's an opposing provocateur, there's a good place for dead drops, here's a worthy master.
Dabbling Spy – The Hidden Thread: You see the connection between unrelated events, how to make them or break them. How funerals lead to festivals, science leads to sin, spying leads to…
Proven Spy – Player of the Game: You've been entrenched. Not just content with taking to the field, you can train your own crew of saboteurs. Their loyalty will not waver in your cause.
Expert Spy – Chessmaster: Not actually chess, but the analogy holds. Your plots can run rings around lesser men, and your cunning has greatly increased. You always have a way to profit.
Master Spy – Spider's Web: Much like how arachnids can sense prey, you can sense intrigue. You may swiftly integrate yourself into any plot, no matter how long term it is, and from there it is child's play to guide it to more 'favourable' outcomes.

Explorer (Discount Arrival and Scholar)

The Neath is a big place, and corners of the map need to be filled in and plundered. Gentleman of leisure, burly zailors, academics of the exotic, all welcome the smell of adventure.

Amateur Explorer – Fieldwork: Suffer nothing from putting what you learn from books into action, nor to transcribe what you experience into words. Exploring is tough on both mind and spirit.

Dabbling Explorer – Going Native: Rallying support, and unpaid support at that, is never unwelcome. Whether it is labour for excavations, bodyguards, or interns, you can find them.

Proven Explorer – Labyrinthine: A skill honed by roaming twisting tunnels and roundabout relics. Exploring mazes and interpreting riddles comes easily. Your thoughts are more twisty to match.

Expert Explorer – Delphic Delver: Specialize in either cryptopalaeontological studies (of life and nature), prelapsarian (the past and mystery) or theosophistry (dreams and spirits). Your chosen field yields greater relics and finds, at twice the usual rate.

Master Explorer – Ruin Rich: An empty tomb is the bane of any hard working explorer. Not that you'd ever know that. Even if your rivals have picked it clean just as you arrived or it was a barren from ages past, you always find a hidden room or a secret cache or an overlooked mystery that is always worth your while.

=Items and Objects=

Mr Irons doesn't say a word, twin pinpricks staring at you intensely, but dabs his two quills in their inkwells and begins to write out list after list of highly discounted items.

Italics indicate discounts.

A Thing About Names (Free): Following the example of HRH Queen Vic- I mean the Traitor Empress, many citizens of the Neath have taken to calling themselves the Adjectival Noun. Prominent individuals include the Fidgeting Writer, the Sardonic Singer, the Amused Lordship and so on. It is fashionable to do so, though choosing not to do so is a choice in itself. The name chosen will become the title others refer you as.

Timekeepers Candle (Free): Useful for lighting you to bed or to provide atmosphere for meals. Lasts ten minutes when lit. When snuffed out, will grow to full length in ten minutes. As time in the Neath is difficult to quantify, you can set your clocks to this reliable finger of wax.

Brass Knuckledusters (100CP, *Free Arrival*): For disposing of life's little problems. Slip them into a pocket or around the fist. Things soon become obvious.

Mirror Polished Shoes (100CP, *Free Scholars*): Though you might often catch sight of your own face, the reflections make for perfectly unobtrusive observations.

Bag of Fresh Peppermints (100CP, *Free Charmers*): A fine introduction, a minty breath, and clean teeth. This bag of neverending humbugs couldn't be better.

Common Bowler Hat (100CP, *Free Rogue*): So common that one may be easily lost in a crowd, true no matter where you wear it.

Ravenglass Knife (100CP, *Duelists*): Black as night, as quiet as a cat. Slices through muscle like butter, but quite easily broken.

Tattered Black Ribbon (200CP, *Duelists*): A scrap of black ribbon, to be worn about the arm. Repels the weak and cowardly, only the mighty can face you.

Ensnaring Net (100CP, *Monster Hunters*): An important part of any hunters kit, it can be discreetly placed in hiding or thrown through the air like an overfriendly blanket.

Recipe for Redolence (200CP, *Monster Hunters*): Good for bait lures, scent nullifying and garnish. Can also ensure fertility and health of offspring, and survivability of parents.

Shattered Neathglass Goggles (100CP, *Detective*): What sights did they see, that shattered them so. From the inside too. Hmm. Fascinating. Glow in the presence of lies.

Scrutinizer Deluxe (200CP, *Detective*): If it exists, it can be seen. If it can be seen, it can be seen with this. Not hope, not love, but less abstract nouns.

Avid Glove (100CP, *Scholar*): A miracle of surgery and tailoring, though it may bite any hands shaken. Who can say no to another set of eyes and fingers?

Semiotic Monocle (200CP, *Scholar*): Nontuple hardened glim and sun stained rostygold. What savage scripts could be so dangerous as to require such protection?

Lace and Dabs (100CP, *Artist*): A pair of gloves for hiding away harsh realities. Not for boxing, but finer work. Guaranteed to reduce shudder and blemish.

Striking Mask (200CP, *Artist*): Irresistible, mysterious, enticing. How unusual it is, did you make it yourself? What inspirations it must bring, what thoughts and dreams!

Bejeweled Cane (100CP, *Socialites*): Yes, yes it's very nice. Now cover it up before you blind a butler! A mark of value and very eyecatching.

Exquisite Outfit (200CP, *Socialites*): This inspires envy of the highest degree, and takes hours for each fold and crease to be worn just so. But the sight it brings, there is no substitute.

Spidersilk Slippers (100CP, *Thief*): Woven from the finest of hairs and hatchlings, the sounds disappear like foam on a wave. Were you there? Was anyone there?

Legacy Kifers (200CP, *Thief*): Each thief that owned this added something. A pick, a wire, a latch. And now, it belongs to you. Never leave or enter or burgle a home without it.

Pressman's Mask (100CP, *Journalist*): Is it you? Surely it must be. But it's not. Who could it be. Just another reporter it seems.

Red Notebook (200CP, *Journalist*): All fear the secrets within. Speak not the name, never let it out of sight, and never stop filling it, hoho.

Scorned Chess Piece (100CP, *Spies*): Was it the knight, covered in lurid butter. The pawn, whose dreams of queendom were snatched. The bishop of brutality, the scorned rook? A warning, a hint.

Many-Coloured Coat (200CP, *Spies*): The dapples and patterns, instead of clashing, blur the wearer into a hazy camouflage. Not only that, but it reverses to form uniforms of every regiment.

Pithy Helmet (100CP, *Explorer*): While it doesn't gnaw at you or come with a series of folding lenses, it's sure to stop poisonous arrows or the jaws of an irritated tiger.

Pre-emptive Guinea Pig (200CP, *Explorer*): A projectile to be used at earliest convenience. A magnificently mustachioed knight of guinea. An unexpected follower, too light for the traps.

=Premium Goods=

This list is spattered with indecision. Apparently Mr Irons is reluctant to part.
These cannot be obtained elsewhere in the Neath.

Spirifer's Spoon (200CP): No, not for soup you fool! A defective instrument from the Soul Trade, sold at a discount, this oddly shaped spoon can be used to weigh, taste and extract souls of the living from their bodies. The process is complicated and messier than with Spirifer Forks, but the soul and the abstractee will be recover. Can be used in reverse to insert souls.

Tattered Guidebook (300CP): 'Hell and Stranger Places by the Abstracted Cartographer'. An incomplete draft that details the geography of the Neath, Parabola, and places not of this world. Be careful, though the information is true, not all of it is accurate. Strangely enough, it seems to detail places not native to this Jump, halving their journey at the least...

Dream-Weaver (300CP): This Parabola-woven tapestry has a distressing habit of bursting into flames in torrid nights. Hues of viric and azure please the sleeping mind, providing oracular dreams and meditative visions to those in its presence. Keep it away from mirrors, lest the pattern shed its skin.

Knighthood (300CP, *Arrival, Rogue*)
"For services rendered to Crown and Country", whoever holds onto this title will be attracted to positions of authority and military command. People look to you as a commanding presence, one that can be relied upon to lead charges or plan movements. The title is transferrable.

Doctorate (300CP, *Scholar, Charmer*)
"For celebrated contributions to society and scholarship", whoever holds onto this title will be attracted to positions of academics and advisory. People look to you as learned, one with all the answers and with advice that should be followed. The title is transferrable.

Karak (400CP, *Arrival*): A greatsword from the Orient, the Khanate has yet to forgive its loss. Modeled from the sword of an imperial horse executioner, every swing screams and strikes terror in hearts of many. A strange deep blue, lights dim in its presence, and bioluminescent flares of Neathy beasts are merely deflected. Said to strengthen itself with fear and grief.

Ogami (400CP, *Scholar*): A wavy sword attributed to the Fingerkings. Unnatural green light shines from its edges. The sight of this blade causes either fatigue or vitality, and audiences cry out in confusion that the wielders duplicate. Sheathed in snakeskin, mirrors reveal its true shape.

Droleuse (400CP, *Charmer*): Not quite what Mother Church wanted, this cavalry saber burns with purple flames of memory and mystery. Any stroke made will not be remembered, but any wound made will not be forgotten. Foes will marvel at your invisible swordsmanship, and ignore their own sudden conflagration.

Eaten's Kiss (400CP, *Rogue*) A rapier carved off a Pole in the distant Zee. A true assassin's weapon of discretion, it is only visible in the darkness. Wounds made with its touch will not close. A symbol of misfortune, it attracts the dead and the dying. Still feels the wet of well water. Will always point NORTH when dropped.

Hesperidean Cider =SOLD OUT=
APOLOGIES, Mr Irons writes. CONDITIONS OF YOUR STAY.

=Home Comforts & Additions=

You may acquire furnishings and equipment to your quarters here, as befit your station.
Each cost **400CP**, discounts are **200CP**, but Masters of that line get them for **FREE**.
Each addition can also be accessed from your Warehouse.

Fossilized Mirror – Arrival Discount
Repurposed from a tailor on Flute Street, these mirrors have a distinct amber glaze. Their multiple angles make it easier to scrutinize oneself for blemishes and vulnerabilities, especially the movement of blood and muscle and form. The amber that makes up the glaze appears to be ever expanding, and breaks off easily. Said to be the only safe mirrors in the Fifth City.

Wailing Wax Cylinders – Scholar Discount
This remarkable contraption, inspired by that American fellow, can record sounds and echoes of the humdrum and the horrid. Molded from Wax-Wind sediment at great cost, they hum with apprehension even at rest and the sounds reproduced are unearthly in quality. Of course, you may attempt to remove the noise and listen to the voices behind the nonsense, and their secrets…

Aunt's Best Tea Set – Charmer Discount
Your aunt, bless her, always knew how to brew up a cup. A final gift from her to you, or until she remembers it, the tea served from its pot and sipped from its cups always reminds you of better days and comforts the soul. Invite your friends, socialites, members of parliament, they're sure to tell you tidbits over crumpets and elevenses. Or maybe gossip, or even favours from above!

Weeping Loom – Rogue Discount
Is this somebody's idea of a joke? Sorrow spiders are a poor threat to send a foe, much less as a housewarming gift, yet here they are, tamed and trained to make gossamer of every colour. In time, you may weave suits fit for a king, well a Londoner, but for now, free bolts of unregistered silk are nothing to laugh. And maybe these spiders still retain their eye gouging instincts…

Ring of Brass – Duelist Discount
It is said that conflict sparks at the soul, chipping it away until the core remains defiant. Well, someone said that, you think piecing the last of the ring segments together. A sparring circle barely ten paces from center to rim, but through unknown means collects, or perhaps sifts is the proper word, the conflict and blood in the environs to produce the occasional mosaic of a soul.

Tiger's Favor – Hunter Discount

Shipped from the Elder Continent at great expense, imagine your surprise when the Labyrinth's latest jade effigy was placed in your parlor. The Keeper's snarling abated by legality, this life sized statue is a perfect guardian. It never moves when observed, but anything and anyone placed in its care is sure to remain secure and contained. If only it didn't leave offerings by your bed.

Prismatic Laboratory – Detective Discount

The principle of acute observation is light! And to that end, you have fashioned a workspace of lenses, liquids, critters and crystals to focus upon recreating a spectrum of lights fantastic. Ah, the impossible palette: those colours only seen in the Neath! You may not always produce something like it, but you will produce their inks and lenses in time.

Arcanist's Library – Academic Discount

Like having a thousand erudite friends. But instead of drinking your wine and borrowing your money, they rustle when your back is turned, and leave open books where you might see them. Who knew that *Bat-Colonies of Polythreme* was just what you needed, or *101 Uses for Ratskin?* The lighting is perfect, too. You never seem to run out of candles… or shelving space! Slowly converts any information placed in shelves into a book.

Exile's Apiary – Artist Discount

It is unknown through what means you obtained these hives, whether a favor from a Pirate King or an addicted admirer. With bushels of exile's roses in tow, these bees produce steady amounts of prisoners honey for all your dream walking needs. Be careful, addiction and madness come swiftly to those who overindulge. The wax can also be used to embalm the living in dreaming comas.

Exotic Drinks Cabinet – Socialite Discount

Your cups will runneth over with this remarkable drinks cabinet and selection of refreshments. Whether it is the awful gin of Spite, the poisonous sherry of the Brass Embassy, the horsehair and peach liquor from the Orient or plain old mushroom wine, any potable placed in its closed doors will soon refill to its brim. The items refilled in this matter must not be unique.

Jeweled Tree – Thief Discount

Whether made in mockery or defiance of the Surface, your not inconsiderable talents have liberated this magnificent false foliage from Hell. When fed, watered, and fertilized, this produces leaves of ever warm brass, seeds of moon pearl and flowers of venomous ruby and sapphire. Echoes, unfortunately, do not grow on this tree.

Clattering Press – Journalist Discount

Ah, the roar of the ink, the smell of the type! With your very own printing press, you could spread your words into a thousand households by suppertime. Whether it be scandalous affairs, facts of the day or nonsense from a fever dream, you run the rumour mill now. It comes with teams of urchins to run the business of print and distribution, you merely set the news, and reap rumour.

Shrine to St. Joshua – Spy Discount

Carefully concealed and draped with veils of irrigo, you forget the hidden rites performed here. But this shrine is not just for you. It migrates around London, ministered by Midnight-clad agents and visited by confessors of all stripes. When it returns to your abode, the collected whispers, secrets and truths are laid. Quickly, before you forget. Quickly, before it leaves.

Glimshod Globe – Explorer Discount

Discovered embedded in a deep crater in the Forgotten Quarter, it was sold on auction to those unaware of its true value. A rough sphere covered in ever expanding shells of glim, the discarded segments may be sold to jewelers, or unraveled into uncanny maps. Taking it with you changes the Globe to match the surrounding areas. Keep in the dark. Will not hatch. Repeat, will NOT hatch.

=Infusions=

Mr Hearts stands by a cart, animal organs and eyes in sectioned shelves. The Rubbery Dentist has a chair ready, sparks arcing twixt its frame. The Hellbourne Surgeon's yellow eyes stare greedily, her talons rapping on luminous jars.

"What will it be, delicious friend?"

400CP per purchase, maximum of two.

Honey-Blooded (Discount Charmer & Scholar)
Due to your craving for sweet dreams, your blood has now bonded with Prisoner's Honey, filling your waking hours with lucid visions. You become more persuasive and insightful from the sights you see, and require no sleep, but exertion will still require rest. Your blood is also a potent hallucinogen and tranquilizer on command.

Melancholia (Discount Rogue & Charmer):
"Lacre, tears of the Bazaar, gathered at snowfall and yearfall". With a dab of Neathy snow in your eye, a distinct air of sorrow follows you. Your bright white eye grants you insight into the regrets, secrets and lies that people carry. Subtlety and assurance come easily to you now. Your tears now bring people to their knees in soul searing sorrow on contact.

Rubber-Boned (Discount Arrival & Rogue):
Trying out for Mrs Plenty's Carnival are we? Contortions come easily to you, and even the heaviest of hammer blows barely slow you down. While your newfound elasticity makes you more formidable and flexible, a rubbery appearance is quite unsettling. Especially given your newly pliable face and voice.

Spirifer's Eye (Discount Scholar & Arrival)
An unusual tinge can be seen in your gaze. Your brass eye may now see into the presence, luminosity and desires of souls. This can be used for temptation or prediction, and many a devil will tip their fangs in respect to you. Once you have seen a soul, you will always recognize it which is useful for spirifage or soul saving.

You get the feeling you've seen Mr Hearts before…

=Connections=

By the way he hunches, you can hazard that Mr Spices does not like this arrangement.

“So, another game is it?” Mr Spices snaps, “I have so little patience for these games. Masters do not play games. We would not be meeting now if it was not for that d_mnable contract”

A pause. A hiss.

“Yet, here we are” A pocket book is produced from a fold in his cloak, dislodging clouds of spice.

“For in the end, is not *variety* the spice of life?”

You gain **two for no charge**, they will send you gifts every fortnight as payment for some obscure service. Each **extra connection costs 50CP** to solidify your position among them, and you may attempt to earn their trust naturally. Some factions are incompatible. Similar factions may be present in future jumps.

Bohemians: Writers, actors, musicians, painters. A rousing toast is said in your name. They send you cheap wine, leftover dream honey, poetry of varying quality, and the occasional novellette. It’s not like they can afford more. Cannot take with Church.

The Church: Yes, London still has its bishops and saints, so close to Hell. The congregation have been notified of your presence, and your potential. They send you fine wines, candles, assorted biblical errata. That bit of scripture might be useful actually. Cannot take with Hell.

Clay Men: You've gained the interest of the Clay Men of Polythreme. The King with a Hundred Hearts had a noticeably reaction to your name, which they take as a sign. Crates containing glim, conversations scripts, pottery from distant lands and lively clothing are left on your doorstep. Cannot take with Criminals.

The Colleges: You've made waves among academia. Both bold Benthic and sophisticated Summerset has admirers. They send you snippets of information, annoyed pets, bottles of wine and thesis drafts. Cannot take with Tomb Colony.

The Constables: They protect the rich, the powerful, and now you. What remains of the London police force has you in their good books. Discreet packages of currency, a seat in their lecture halls, invitations to their Balls and evidence locker refuse. Cannot take with Criminals.

Criminals: Criminals have given you their "trust". The underworld has you in humour. Expect rostygold pouches, confessions of streetwise criminals, passphrases, some old caches of supplies and a few crime enhancing tools. Cannot take with Constables.

The Docks: The rough and overlooked, Zailors and smugglers that call London a home and some that don't. They raise tankards to your health at the Medusa's head, and loose crates of glim, map pieces and zailing anecdotes make their way to you. Cannot take with Clay Men.

The Duchess: A woman of independence and refinement. Her motives are her own. You may be welcomed in her parlour. Cats deliver small packages, secrets, tea, criminal hideouts and dead rats. You could do without the rats. Cannot take with the Widow.

The Great Game: Nations of their world and their pawns have acknowledged your presence on the board. Gain secrets and rumours hard sought, payments of francs and marks, the odd intriguing report. You expect these things when your house is a dead drop. Cannot take with Church.

Hell: Those amber eyed Devils have taken a shine to you. From their Westernmost halls, to the Brass Embassy on Ladybones, there's not a tempter who doesn't know you. Their gifts include nevercooling brass, poisonous wine, masquerade invites, chemicals, and a few bottled souls that strayed away from the archives. Cannot take with Church.

Revolutionaries: The Calendar Council has your name in a secret ledger. The anarchists, who normally live up to their name, have you as a reliable. Every other week a spokesman invites themselves in bearing pamphlets of prohibited content, contraband foods and explosive supplies. Cannot take with Rubbery.

Rubbery Men: Ssaloshagosh? How do you spell that? They risk stonings and harsh glances as they make their way to your abode, but by some alien measure it is worth it. Their slimy packages reveal amber of various colours, tiny unusual skulls and pocket change from ancient cities. Cannot take with Revolutionary.

Society: Charmed, I'm sure. The elite, the upper class, the celebrated have found another fixer-upper. Whether they see you as a rising star or fancy, their footmen bring you wines, pearls and handwritten rumours. Oh my, the maid and a devil, really? Cannot take with Tomb Colony.

The Tomb-Colonies: When injuries prove too much for mortals to take, they bind themselves in exile. A few whispers from a dry throat were enough to herald a ship Londonwards. They wrap shrieks, candles, dueling manuscripts in delicate bandages. They wish you visited more. Cannot take with Clay Men.

Urchins: Wotcha guvna. Street roaming gangs of children pester you for sweets and pick through your trash. They leave silk kerchiefs, bottled songs, and stolen hat decorations down your chimney. These rapscallions know more than they let on. Cannot take with Docks.

The Widow: The Gracious Widow imports half of London's contraband. The only resident connection to the mystic Orient, her affections can be quite dangerous. Solemn ladies will leave you jade, medicine, and pearls. Cannot take with Duchess.

=Companions=

At first the next Master kept their distance, as if internally debating what to make of you. “This never happened, you realize,” he finally says, “A Master such as I has far too many interests in fabric and fashion to make time for one as yourself”

Mr Veils sidles up to you in his inky cloak and purrs to you, "However, my dear, if you wish to have some company on your stay, I believe I can arrange for it."

You have **an advance of 100CP** to spend here.

Fellow Boarders 300CP: You’ve been expecting company, eh? Up to three companions can join your stay in London, taking an unchosen background with 300CP to spend.

0CP Companions

Talkative Rat: Will not shut up. Constant yammering, we would pay you to be rid of him if not for the agreement. A damper to any task, there’s no reason to bring this LB along.

Sulky Bat: What do bats have to sulk for? You won’t get any response from this fellow. Good for carrying secret messages, or intercepting secret messages.

Cheerful Goldfish: A happy addition to any household. Keeps your mind off nightmares.

50CP Companions

Araby Fighting Weasel: A ferocious little fellow, if a bit scrappy. Always a good contender in the weasel fights and the weasel races.

Deshrieked Mandrake: Soak one mandrake root in solution herbs, formaldehyde, in order to blunt its shriek. Leave in cage with songbird, nine weeks. Serve.

Tame Sorrow Spider: Will only climb and bite when instructed to do so by its owner. Trained not to make a nest of eyes. Will spin silk on command.

100CP Companions

Albino Rat: A watchmaker by trade, her tiny paws are the match of any craftsmen. Prone to depression, her troubles may fade in time.

Grubby Urchin: Evenin guvna. This little fellow can be relied upon for small scale subterfuge and petty thefts. Or chimney sweeping.

200CP Companions

Blemmigan Secretary: Sentient carnivorous mushrooms with a taste for the written word. You wouldn't expect its cutting wit to hurt more than its razor barbs, but here you are. Wonderful penmanship, despite lacking in eyes.

Rat Chieftain: A loyal commander of a sizable gang of intelligent rat bandits. Bold, cunning and with swords no longer than a toothpick, he can easily hold claim to any house and his forces would give any duelist a run for their money.

Clay Porter: Silent. Stoic. Strong. Few words are needed to describe the face of a Clay Man, especially one who merely carries the bags, sweeps the doors, sorts the trash. A forgettable face in the crowd, and a strong set of ceramic knuckles when necessary.

300CP Companions

The Kindly Ones: A septet of seven ravens that perch together. All white, as befitting Neathy ravens, but not all that wise. Their diet will influence their wisdom and cunning, and their down. Not flesh, though they appreciate it. Feed them secrets. Feed them rumours. Once fed, they can truly advise. Or criticise. It's a coin toss. Lovely harmonies when they sing.

Lettice, the Mercy: This daredevil of a Tomb-Colonist demanded her place here. Her drinking, driving and smoking habits may take some time to adjust to softskin, but her company is certainly unique. Not without her charms, the Mercy is a capable combatant and socialiser. Just keep up.

Gang of Henchmen: These three could be brothers in a different light. Enforcers, thieves, informers, they can handle it all. Whether it is someone needed murdered or a lockbox that needs stealing, they wait merely for the names and the times. No need to get your own hands dirty boss.

400CP Companions

The Devilish Companion: Whether it is the Quiet Deviless or the Affectionate Devil you fancy, a charmingly infernal companion takes your side. While devils cannot help but do mischief, this one errs in your favor. With quiet voice and charming smile, not to mention the fangs and talons and burning skin, they are the image of polite company and one that can most definitely take care of themselves. When picnicking do remember, food meant for Devils is very poisonous. Gave their word they would not commit abstraction without your consent.

The Revolutionary Companion: Choose between the Revolutionary Firebrand and the Secular Missionary as your anarchist of choice. Equal in charm and subtlety, though differing in their methods, they are sure to bring about change and chaos wherever you would wish it. While he makes impassioned speeches that would sway crowds to action, she can subvert secrets and blackmail with an image of perfect innocence. Both are very eager to join your adventures, but only without the other.

Rattus Fabber Brigade: Fifth Pantry Rifles, attenshun, preseeent arms! A mercenary army of rat troopers, rat burglars, rat ogres and rat snipers, what more could you ask for? Send them out to spy, have them guard your secret caches, inconvenience a rival, there is no job too small or foe too large to deter them. Even tigers steer clear of their fearsome reputation and their tiny yet painful armaments. No, you cannot pay them in cheese.

500CP Companions

OVERGOAT: ALL FEAR THE OVERGOAT! Blearugh! You cannot hide from its burning gaze nor drive its shaggy roar from your mind. Few secrets are safe from its investigations, and who could resist its bellows. A shaggy presence in your life, it is less a companion and more a Force of Nature. For it is OVERGOAT, May Its Shadow Pass From Us, May Its Bleating Cleanse the Air. Feed it with the finest of hays, and run.

Laconic Prodigy: This violet eyed waif hails from one of the more respectable orphanages in London. Her wealth of esoteric knowledge and improbable talents, however, are quite something else. Vake ate her parents, took in by a militant convent of nuns, ran away and was recruited by the Foreign Office, disappeared and spent a month in the irrigo place. What would drive others to madness, she takes in stride. Will work for you as an assistant, paid by percentages. Girl of few words, has an admirable hat.

=A Sudden Wash of Daylight=

You blink in the light, have you reached the Surface so soon?

No, not quite.

Stand straight. You are being Judged. Judged of your Worthiness.

Are you exemplary? Are you dedicated?

Fists of Judgement (200CP, Requires Blood and Bone, Dangerous Job Mastery):

And with strange aeons pass even starlight will die. But through you, and your arms, you may impart their Judgement. Anything can be rent into stardust with your blows and time, phantasmal wards discarded like silk, parasitic dimensions and timelines and waveforms collapsing. The Judgements are most effective to opponents who defy laws of reality and structure, but are less effective against those in their place. The catch? Your were never meant to impart the full might of Judgement, and your arms will turn on your own defenses with none left. Free limbs made of daylight to the limbless.

ALSO

With a body that can withstand the force of Judgement, you can now safely handle temperatures that would boil most metals, and are immune to the harmful glow of stellar radiation.

Correspondence Course (200CP, Requires Great Mind, Watchful Job Mastery):

You've seen enough, heard enough, burnt enough! You finally understand, the Correspondence isn't a mere language, it's a song! A song that stars sing to each other, and every star is a mask and the face that lies beyond is- ahem. The Correspondence retains its power after your stay. Break the hold of decay, bend and tilt the laws of reality, impart libraries of information. Be wary, using subpar materials, lax memorization, or a high concentration on non-architectural objects, and bursting into flame will be the least of your worries. Your mind is fixed from its dangers.

ALSO

Should you wish, you may speak the words of the Correspondence, foemen’s sanity sapping with each plasmatic breath you exhale. And your hair turns white. That’s a feature.

Light of the Empire (200CP, Require For All Seasons, Persuasive Job Mastery):

There are some lights that shine brighter for their brevity. That was not metaphor. Ignite the light of your soul to bring light and life to those around you. Energizes and inspires the living, grants animation and some level of intelligence to objects. The more familiar or humanoid the object, the easier the transition. Objects awakened in such a manner are initially friendly and obedient. Objects personally crafted are easier to awaken, anomalies more difficult. Your charm and light transcends physical shackles and touches the hearts and minds of all who perceive it.

ALSO

You may drain light and music, dimming and dulling the sources to fuel yourself.

Black of Night (200CP, Require Plutonic Lord, Shadowy Job Mastery):

Even stars may cast shadows, as you have learnt. With but a thought, you can sever your shadow from your feet, to act as your double, with your strengths and skills only slightly dulled. Your shadow may move freely, whether taking your form or flattening itself to hide and evade wandering eyes. It is a slightly more cunning, kinder where you are crueler and vice versa. Its only weaknesses are the direct gaze of a Judgement which will force it to flee to your side, and its increasing independence away from you. You do not suffer crises of identity.

ALSO

You have a touch that freezes things to the cold of space. It travels both ways, so it is not recommended for prolonged use.

As the light leaves you, whether you chose a blessing, you now have a tale that few would believe.

The Masters haven't reacted to your little daydream.

The Bazaar weighs on your mind. Best not to reveal your blessings while in the Neath.

Let them sleep, for now.

=Drawbacks=

Well, that was odd.

After the Masters have left to give you privacy, you begin to leave, only to notice another presence. Why, it's another Master! Who could this be-

Cloaked in purest white and dripping ... water?

…Something's wrong. While the others had a presence and a sensation of reality

This is an absence. You are facing nothing. Hearing nothing. Nothing is introducing themselves.

They need no introduction. It's best to forget them.

"My former associates offered you power for prosperity. I offer the reverse. Choose carefully, for these burdens will last you your entire stay"

Take as many as you wish, as long as they total **no more than 600CP**.

+50CP Rats! Rats in your Warehouse!
Rattus Faber, or LB, are an inventive, creative and cunning sort. Their small paws make them excellent locksmiths, craftsmen and assassins. This is relevant because- Egads, they're everywhere! You will never be able to rid yourself of every nest, and expect your finest crackers to be gone before noon.

+50CP The Starveling Cat, the Starveling Cat!
Knows what we think and we don't like that! A horribly mangy, mind-reading, lying beast that's never hesitant to eat you out of house and home nor slash you across the cheek. It has lived for millennia and will doubtlessly live for many more. Can follow you in future, if you are so wanting for punishment.

+100 Complications
You are not quite at peak form today, something has made things difficult for you, but what is it?

Arrival Brittle - It's not your strength of will that we're doubting, it's your strength in corpus. You bruise and tire easier. When punching, check your hand for bone fragments. Yours.

Scholar Addled - You are in complete possession of your wits, they're just a bit... scattered about. Whatever ends you reach will be gibberish and flim half the time, fragile crystal the rest.

Charmer Turvy – Habs the goden, a most capering jumpsy. Powb as Raggedy Men, goden the Topsy. Dab with cufft, or hairby or spittle! That's you. That's what you sound like.

Rogue Fumbles – Oop, there go your picks in the drain again. Where's the note for the backup meeting place. Wait, is that a constable at the door! Time to go.

+100CP Unusual Appetites

Bread and wine are not enough to sustain you, you hunger for stranger fare that the butchershops and fungus markets cannot offer, but what is it? If you don't indulge a tenth your weight once a week, then suffer fever, bloody coughs and frailty, so choose carefully.

A Tallowed Tongue

Addicted to candlewax. The quality of the candles in the Neath is unlike anything the surface has to offer. Not just the flame and colour, the taste and odour. The green ones, the black ones, more!

Skin of Trees, Blood of Stone

Addicted to knowledge. While you can tide yourself by snacking on penny dreadfuls, only truly reprehensible tomes of lore and importance can satisfy the pangs of your gut.

Rubbery Luuumps!

Addicted to unusual Zeefood. It must be freshly caught, cut with a silent knife, boiled in wellwater and eaten within the day. Carnival fare may tide you over, but you crave the choice meats.

The Taste is the Key

Addicted to Dreaming. The prisoner's honey that Veilgarden bohemians partake is your little habit, transporting you to dreamscapes unimaginable. Yet you seek the red honey, the rare, crueler honey.

+200CP Hail Britannia!

The British Empire will rise again! This d_mnable underworld is no match for a stiff upper lip, and you are confident, nay strident, that the devils can be bedeviled and the Elder Continent tamed! You always work towards strengthening London, a true patriot, even if it means the death of you.

+200CP Walk Like a Second Citizen

You've committed quite the *faux pas*. Not only will society shun you due to your fascination with Egypt, but shops refuse to sell their best goods, masters are slow to accept and teach you, and even your companions make their excuses to be seen without you.

+200CP Jack (of Smiles)'s New Best Friend

Jack, the premier mass murderer of London, has taken quite a shine to you. After the first few scuffles, something of you has rubbed off, making them hardier and more determined. And yes, multiple. Jack is virtually unkillable by any means, always managing to reappear with a grin on his or her face and a blade in the hand.

+300CP Epic Ambition

Depending on your ambition, take another requirement:

Blood Invictus, you must never take a single scar or loose a single drop of blood in your ten years, from any source. You must not prevent yourself from injury with outside perks.

Truth Clarus, you must publish your findings to the public, have them accepted and not have them go insane from revelation.

Glory Gloria, you must never toil a day in your life. All must behold you, and despair in their own imperfections as they shower you in praise and gifts.

Crime of Absencia, More than never being caught, you must be the leading authority in investigating your own capture.

+300CP We are the 11%
You have become addicted to that social stigmata. Of things in small bottles in shadowy cabinets. Yes, you have become addicted... to selling your own soul. Expect to spend many sleepless nights breaking into Embassies, hoarding diamonds or waiting on benefactors to deliver your bottled essence, only to lose it all again for a night at the opera. You will need it to pass on your ten years.

+300 Attention of the Fingerkings
"Please, sir, me mams waiting for me. I'm all she has left" Do not look at the mirrors "Let me out, my wife needs me! I have her medicine, I am begging you!" Do not listen to the mirrors "Do you want to know a secret? Just let me whisper into your ear" Do not touch the mirrors "Eventually my friends will find you out, imposter, and then! And then…" DO NOT HEED THE SERPENTS "It's not just mirrors you should worry about"

+300CP Ashes to Ashes (Cannot take with Wash of Daylight Perks)
You turn to dust in sunlight. No Saves. If anybody figures this out, and they will find out, well, let's just say that sunlight isn't the only thing they can smuggle in...

+400CP Meddlesome Masters
Not content with dictating the terms of your stay, the Masters have wrangled some concessions out of you. Their plans and ambitions come regularly, overlapping and contradicting one another, where to favor one is to displace the rest. You may be chasing cats one week, to seducing debutantes the next, to burning the houses of the unworthy in another. Truly, interesting times.

+400CP No Vacancies
In normal circumstances, London would still be receiving its share of visitors and immigrants, delicious friends hoping to make a life in the Neath. This time, the fashion has gone out, and rare is the citizen who permanently stays. Without a growing population, or the especial characters that would have arrived, there is little left to calm the troubles that may overflow the cavern walls.

+600CP London Town is Falling Down
The Dawn Machine is not what the Admiralty wanted. A broken thing, it disorders.
The urchins and beggars will climb the rooftops and sing the song of the dead Storm God.
Jack and Jack and Jack and friends bound in a haze of lacerations and desperate cries.
The Calendar Council prepares to Liberate night, and destroy light and law forever more.
The Bohemians and Genteel Society close the shutters to the noise, filling throats with red honey.
The Masters abandon subtlety, opening vaults of mysteries to combat the chaos.
The Bazaar, untended, drowns the streets with tears of lethal sorrow.
The Dock workers and Zailors flee, sighting trails and sails from the across the Zee.
Her Majesty's Finest and Mother Church ally with glassborne serpents for a last charge into Hell.
Cities will be Judged.
A thousand thousand lives will scream a thousand thousand agonies miles beneath the Surface.
All this and more before ten years end.

But still… You arrived.

0CP Asking Mr Eaten
"You wish to know who I am? Rather, who I was? This path will only lead you to foolishness, consuming all, rewarding none. Turn back, please friend, turn back"

0CP Finding Mr Eaten
“There is nothing good here. The dead shall find no rest. There is no honour in this quest. There are better shores ahead of you.”

0CP Waiting for Mr Eaten
“My time will come, there is no need to advance yourself. This path does not need another pilgrim. You can still turn back”

0CP Peckish for Mr Eaten
“The hunger you will feel is the least of the symptoms. It will soon be a fond memory compared to what may come. Turn back”

0CP Pursuing Mr Eaten
“Many who have made this decision regret it. Many have turned away from this path. Turn back”

0CP Trailing Mr Eaten
“A reckoning cannot be postponed indefinitely. The fifth of seven. Each one a candle. Each one not a candle. It was the second that decided the third. The sixth may come sooner. Turn back”

-1600CP Seeking Mr Eaten’s Name
Sacrifice your key, your powers, your memories, your friends.
Your gold, your silver, your food and stipends.
Your houses your lives your deaths your fame,
your blood your reason your glamour your shame-
And remember! All shall be well and all shall be well and all manner of thing shall be well. All shall be well and all shall be well and all manner of thing shall be well.
ALL SHALL BE WELL AND ALL SHALL BE WELL AND ALL MANNER OF THING SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL. ALL SHALL BE WELL. ALL SHALL BE WELL. ALL SHALL BE WELL. ALL SHALL BE WELL ALL SHALL BE WELL. ALL SHALL BE WELL. ALL SHALL BE WELL ALL SHALL BE WELL ALL SHALL BE WELL ALL SHALL BE WELL ALL SHALL BE WELL ALL SHALL BE WELL ALL SHALL BE WELL ALL SHALL BE WELL ALL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL. SHALL BE WELL. SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL. SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL SHALL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL BE WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL **WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL WELL. NOT POSTPONED. NOT IN THE END. NOT FOR LONG**.

=Epilogue=

The great clocktower begins to sound. Once, twice and so on.

You've made it. Ten years and you're still here. Ten years and London's still here.

Impossibly, yet expectantly, Mr Apples is there on your doorstep, a fruit selection basket in one, uh, hand and a bottle of his finest in his other.

He unceremoniously deposits himself in your best seat, setting the basket down gently.

"Ten years, delicious friend, and how do you do?"

The Other London:
This place is nice, Mr Apples, but it's not home. Back to more familiar shores.

Nights by Gaslight:
Leave? Now? Just when you've gotten started? Preposterous! Next you'll tell me that ~~all shall be well and all manner of things are well~~ everything will be fine. They are? Well, g_dd_mn!

Eyes set NORTHwards:
A tear stained note on your bureau. Packed bags and cheese sandwiches. Cancelling your social club renewal. Yes, your affairs are in order. It's time.

=A Parting Gift=

Inside the fruit hamper, you find and open this bundle of oddities.

-Oh my, is that a bottle of *Hesperidean Cider*, the immortality syrup? The text on the label is tiny. WHOSO THIRSTETH AND DRINKETH OF THIS, SO SHALL HE NEVER DIE. Heals wounds, promotes growth, cures ailments. Dreams of paradise may come Guaranteed to halt unwanted excursions to the Grey Lands. As per agreement, for post-chain only. That's a bit disappointing.

-A hefty tome, written by Mr Pages himself! *The Ambition of the Chained*, not a bad read. There are some blank pages at the back that fill as you inspect them. Perhaps it could inspire others into your footsteps. At the very least, reading from it conjures vivid illusions of your life which is fun for charades or distracting opponents. The weak of will who read this may be convinced that they are you, which could prove troublesome.

-That candle you had so long ago. It feels heavier now, perhaps it has fed upon your sins, perhaps it too has changed as you have. *St Andrew's Candle* no longer burns low, for indeed it resists all attempts to extinguish it. But in the case of your sudden and fatal injury, it flares in brilliant ignition, granting you ten more minutes of life and action as it burns itself down from wick to stub. It will not heal your injuries, but it will prevent new ones from forming. Should you survive and reverse your fatality, the candle will not and will only renew itself at the beginning of a new jump or after ten years post-spark. The light it gives is a true Neathy light, a reminder of your time in the Fifth City.

-And a selection of fruit. There's pears, apples, plums, ooh peaches! Haven't had those in a while. *The Peaches of the Traitor Empress* are delicious and best eaten for breakfast.

You have a feeling that one of these gifts is unfinished, and may complete itself in future…

=Questions and Answers!=

These things cost too many CP! In-game they're only worth pennies and Echo dollars!
Inflation. This is the late 19th-Century.

Why bother getting Home Additions?
The resources produced will only get more valuable in time, moving up their respective lanes. Post-London they grow, expand; shrines into basilicas, gardens into farms, presses into buildings.

What exactly *are the resources they drop?*
Things. Rubbery, wordy, influential, silken, infernal, elder, luminous, academic, nostalgic, alcoholic, contraband, rumoured, mysterious, cartographical things.

Irrigo? Violant? Viric? Irrigo? What are these colours I've never heard of?
Impossible colours. They can only exist so far in the Neath, away from the tyranny of Judgement. Perhaps Zailing will teach you more about their names and uses.

What's the deal with bottled souls?
Legally speaking, an exotic source of light. Plainly speaking, it's you. You don't *need* it to live. The abstraction process merely reduces ones creative functions while imparting a little melancholy. A soul has the potential to be bigger, brighter. The best change worlds. Eating them is not recommended. Only monsters and animals could handle the consequences that follow.

Can souls be hurt?
Consumption does not destroy a soul. Not unless it is something that consumes itself. Grief can.

What's the deal with, ahem, the Western neighbours?
Ever since the Fall, London has had to acquaint itself with Hell a train ride away. The Brass Embassy is a constant source of intrigue and masquerades. Devils are pioneers in industry, chemicals and archaeology with an odd fascination with souls, and the Correspondence…

Why are there so many jobless soldiers about?
Soon after London first fell and Hell made itself known, the Brigades and Mother Church launched an invasion. It failed. The soldiers held hostage were ransomed back, a soul for a soul. Those unlucky enough to have no loved ones were lashed to the Brass Triremes of Hell, forced to row to uncertain shores eternally.

What is a Clay Man?
An immigrant worker from across the Sea of Voices, whose home in Polythreme has made an agreement with the Masters for regular shipments of cheap labour. Some are Unfinished, missing hands, eyes, compassion. The backbone of industry, and hated target of the Unions.

What is a Rubbery Man?
Residing in Flute Street, these men with faces of squid walk about London, attempting humanity.

Why can't we be a Devil? A Rubbery Man? A Clay Man?
They have other situations that would make agency… difficult.

Do devils have souls? Do Clay Men? Rubbery Men? The Mast-
Moving on.

Who are the Judgements?
You know. The Shining Ones. The Infinite Chorus. The *waves hand vaguely upwards*. They judge all and order all they see. That is why things down hidden here are not so on the Surface.

Why do they want to help me?
Perhaps they know of your benefactor. Perhaps they want an agent in the Neath. Maybe sympathy. Maybe sabotage. What they don't know is that you are free to use their help. Or not.

So… how does Fists of Judgement work?
Against a mortal man it adds as much as an angry hot day. You can tear the Western devils apart like paper mache, Clay Man like wet sand and shatter Fingerkings like glass, as long as you don't mind the world collapsing around you. Yes, you can use your feet instead, any two limbs in melee, or any weapon in contact with yourself.

What use is the Correspondence Course?
The language of the Judgements is what shapes reality. It also exudes a tremendous amount of heat. Even without mysticism, anything that bears Correspondence sigils could be powered by the energy of debate alone. Also, you can talk to the Judgements. Not sure why you'd want to do that. The answers aren't something people usually want to be around.

Light of the Empire? Less poetic please.
Think of it as a centered buff/heal to allies, and enchant/uplift to items and animals. Rats become locksmiths, tigers take up zoology, hats attempt to eat heads. You could awaken a statue large enough to place steamboats in its palm and strong enough to throw it over the horizon. You would need a lot of light for that. Maybe a mountain's worth backing you up.

Bring back disappearing for Black of Night! I don't want to be shadows, I wanbe darkness! Nerf-
Wasn't thematic enough. Next.

What was the deal between the Masters and-
There are many deals the Masters make, usually revolving around emp-

-the Benefactor?
-erm. They get to dictate the circumstances of your stay. In return… you entertain something else.

Who is Mr Eaten?
Oh, you want to know Mr Eaten's name from before that well nonsense? Certainly! His name was