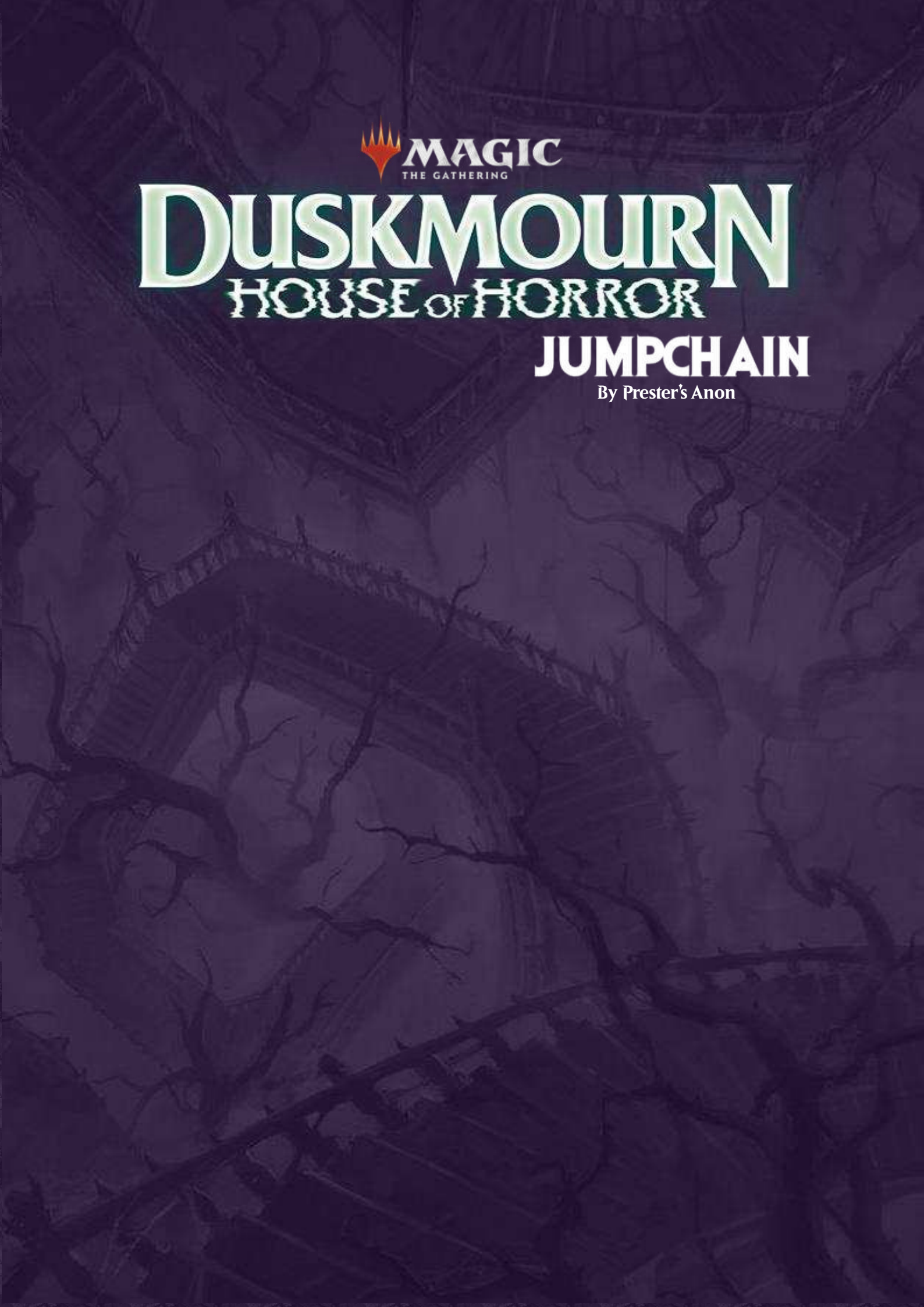


JUMPCHAIN

By Prester's Anon

"There used to be a house next door.
There's not a house there anymore.
Duskmourn got restless, reaching out,
It followed fear, it followed doubt."

"It ate that house up, nails and all.
It ate the windows and the walls.
It ate the roof–when it was through,
It bared its teeth and ate me, too."

"And soon the House will swallow you."

The plane that would become this land was once wild and full of dangers, ravaged by dragons, spirits, and other things.

Magic was scarce and controlled by the very few, but the art of summoning was plentiful, with ghosts and demons alike drawn from the plane's twin afterlives to power all sorts of machinery.

This led to the advancement of the plane, both magically and technologically, and to a growing awareness of the larger multiverse. But before the denizens of Duskmourn could reach beyond their station, a tragedy stuck.

The cause of this tragedy was a demon- the demon Valgavoth, bound by an ancient clan in a house within the physical realm, a house that, as time passed, the clan dwindled to extinction and its secret was forgotten, fell into the possession of the Vendrell family.

Manipulating the family's scion Marina and presenting himself as a guide and friend, he grew. He found prey and souls to consume, and though he could not escape the bindings that kept him in the house- could still never leave the Vendrell famil's estate-

He could grow around them.

Marina realized the danger of her "friend" and tried to stop him- but it was too late, too late for her.

Valgavoth expanded the barriers of the House and swallowed the entire plane, bit by bit. Houses, cities, nations and continents, the sun and moon. He devoured the plane's soul, folding the demonic realm into the physical and pushing the spirit realm to the edges of the world's boundaries.

As the House began to expand, it started to prey on its citizens and their fears. Valgavoth manifested horrors to torment the innocent, nightmares to haunt their rest. The demon lord fed on fear, and in these days, it feasted.

But to sustain a long-term population, it could not blindly devour all. And so, Valgavoth concocted- or perhaps *evolved*- a sort of twisted symbiosis. It created safe zones and stocked the House with food, with clothes, with shelter- to keep them alive, and as bait. It granted the survivors a *chance*- a chance to stay alive, should they prove themselves.

Welcome, Jumper. It's your turn to play the game.

+1000 CP

Let us get started on the terms of your challenge. As usual, choose a background- what is your role in this endless carnival? Other details are wholly meaningless. Your age, your gender- Duskmourn cares not.



Survivor (Free)

The last remnants of the living population of the plane, and foreigners dragged from other planes by Valgavoth's will.

Despite their nomadic lifestyle allowing them to avoid most of the House's attention, their numbers are constantly dwindling as it picks them off one by one- perhaps you will avoid such a fate. Perhaps not.

Razorkin (Free)

Once, they were survivors- but something changed. The House changed them, twisted them, and now they set to hunt the remaining survivors for your own demented amusement.

You are not beheld to the House, nor are you Valgavoth's servant. You and your brethren are beheld only to pain.





Toy (+100 CP)

When Valgavoth ascended to power, the House was animated under his will- mundane pieces of scenery becoming more implements to wield against the Survivor.

You are an object, given life by Valgavoth. Fulfill his sole directive- bring fear. Make survivors fear you and feed your master's endless maw- for the life that he has given you is a life that can be taken back.



Glitch Ghost (200 CP)

Whether by accident or design, those who perish in the House cannot leave, and those who died outside of it- before Valgavoth's ascension- find it nearly impossible to enter. Instead, they must squeeze in through weak spots- cracks in the walls, screens, mirrors, doors that don't quite fit in their frames. It matters little whether they rage at the living or protect their former kin- they are nothing but another part of the game. Naturally intangible and resilient to all forms of conventional force, glitch ghosts take on the role of predators or protectors with ease- they've already faced death. What comes afterward is little issue.



Demon (300 CP)

One of Valgavoth's first acts upon ascending was to make sure no other demon could ever challenge his supremacy, hunting and crushing his kin until they were either dead or incapable of contesting his reign.

Scattered to the winds and utterly diminished, they can do little but vent their hatred on the House itself with acts of petty destruction- but a handful of those who still hold onto ambition focus on making pacts with humans like they used to, hoping to regain enough power to one day challenge and usurp Valgavoth.



Nightmare (200 CP)

Manifested embodiments of individual terrors and fears, spawned spontaneously from the Survivors' minds. Individual and specific to the fear they symbolize, no two nightmares are ever the same.

Seek the mind that birthed you and break it, crush it before they can exploit the weakness that is inherent to your form. Trap them in yourself until they can do nothing but relive the fear that makes you. Do not let them overcome it- do not let them break from your hold. Such is your purpose.

Beastie (200 CP)



Not all entities within the House are malevolent. Beasties are allies of survivors, large, shaggy, furred creatures who protect survivors from harm and safeguard them throughout the House.

But even that is a cruel joke, for if a human does ever catch a glimpse of a beastie's true face, they will abandon them, and both will be alone against the House's predations once more.



Cellarspawn (300 CP)

Manifestations of Valgavoth's daydreams, entities that embody his vision of a world of never-ending terror and fear: beautiful to him and terrifying to everyone else.

Blessed with a natural connection to the House and an instinctual understanding of its ever-changing geography, they are one of Valgavoth's two greatest tools to wield against the Survivors, outside of the House's reshapings. The other, well...

Cult of Valgavoth (Free)



A cabal of worshippers dedicated to promoting the glory of Valgavoth. To them, his fear-eating is not a curse but a blessing: by devouring your fear, he can cleanse you of it.

They ensconce themselves in cocoons that grow from the walls of their altar room, allowing Valgavoth to directly feed on their minds. Some have given so much of themselves this way that drift out of touch with emotion, little more than empty husks hollowed out of anything but a desire to serve. Hope that your master's designs do not lead you to become one of *these*.

The House is vast, and full of horrors. Where will your journey begin? Let us see. (Roll 1d7, or choose for 100 CP.)



1 – The Mistmoors

Empty foyers that ring with eerie silence. Corridors lined with uncanny marble statues and draped with white fabric that ripples in unfelt breezes. Cobwebbed attics beneath towering arched eaves. Stacked terraces drowning beneath ceaseless eroding sand, underneath grey skies devoid of any sun or stars.

2 – The Floodpits

Frozen subterranean lakes. Screen-lined corridors that breathe a cold, obscuring fog. Twisting staircases and surreal corridors that you can walk onto but never off of. Libraries where waterfalls pour into waist-high lakes of sodden pages. Damp, musty bedrooms mottled with unsettling water stains. Seek knowledge and safety somewhere in these endless sewers– perhaps you will find it.





3 – The Balemurk

Lightless foyers of rotting floorboards knit together by dripping spiderwebs. Graveyards and bogs punctuated by withered trees. Basements whose shadowy corners seem to move when glimpsed from the corner of your eye. Stalk these dimly lit halls filled with shadows deeper than they seem like they should be. Know that something is always, always watching you.

4 – The Boilerbilges



Furnace rooms full of suffocating heat. Stairways that end in abrupt drops into vents of sulfurous fire. Hallways whose walls are slashed with rips glowing a vivid, infected red. Run through the scorched, blackened, fire-ravaged lands- avoid earthquakes and jets of twisting flame. This land seethes and boils. Its wrath will not spare you. It will spare nothing at all.



5 – The Hauntwoods

Halls choked with thorny vines and brambles. Overgrown greenhouses full of specimens both venomous and carnivorous. Isolated cabins in the middle of dense, lightless woods.

Out of all the zones, the Hauntwoods is where the line between inside- and outside-seeming environments is most blurred, as trees, plants, and other vegetation invade dining rooms and corridors and even act as support beams for ceilings lost somewhere amongst the canopies.

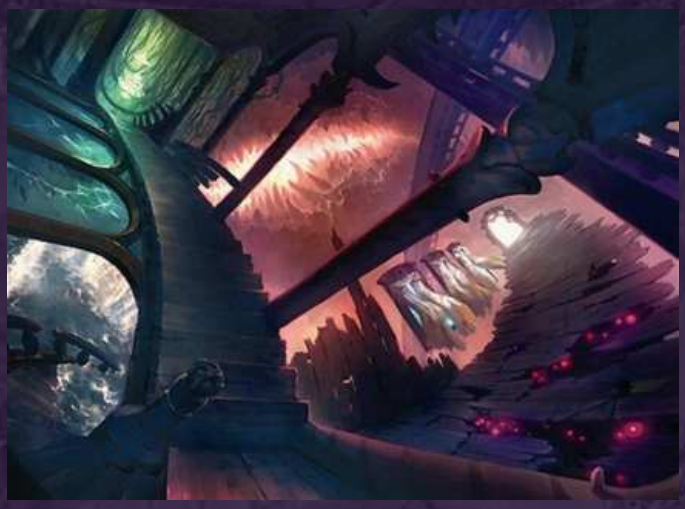
6 – The Verges



The lines between one territory and another crash as the House wages war on itself. The land twitches like a trapped animal, borders straining, lines written and erased. Monstrous creatures stalk through crossings and smash through frontiers.

Borders are being drawn. The Overlords compete for their demonic master's favour. Here is danger- and perhaps glory.

7 – Terramorphic Expanse



If the Verges are where the borders of the House are drawn, perhaps here is where the empty map has been wholly remade– the place where the ink has yet to dry.

Here, the House's geography constantly warps and twists, fields melting into floorboards and walls opening into hungry maws. A place yet to be decided– it brims with potential. Perhaps you will harness it.



8 – The Below

Deep within the heart of the House is this place, a lightless underground chamber where Valgavoth himself resides, and from where he extends his tendrils throughout the rest of the House.

It is the one chamber whose location never changes, the rotten, rancorous heart, the only fixed point in the whole of Duskmourn.

(So soon? Very well.)

Perks

(My wealth is vast. Take, child. Take what you desire.)

Duskmourn is a land full of dangers. If you are not confident in your ability to survive, perhaps this will interest you. (General perks are undiscounted, but perks for the chosen origin will be half off, with 100 CP perks being free. Each origin comes with a form that might hold intrinsic abilities of its own.)

General

Free – Gathering of Magic

An ability shared across nearly all lifeforms in Duskmourn and in the Blind Eternities- the access to mana. You can now access the system of magic accessible to the Blind Eternities- conjuring spells and creating objects through accumulation and manipulation of the five colors of mana that gather and manifest in all that is.

100 CP – Manifest Dread

Duskmourn is a place where fears come to life. Perhaps it would be better for you to *know* these fears before you arrive, hm? You now are perfectly aware of everything you're afraid of. There will be no sudden, unexpected phobias you didn't know about for the House to exploit. A minor benefit, and perhaps one well-suited to your own personal growth. Mmake good use of this knowledge.

100 CP – Found Footage

Duskmourn's technological level is quite a bit higher than your average plane in the Blind Eternities- maybe it's been a while since you were exposed to such a place. You have a good idea of how to use and work with most civilian-accessible pieces of modern or semi-modern technology; from simple tasks to turning a TV on to making a VCR work to repairing a car. If you haven't had time to shake that rust off, this may be useful.

200 CP – Don't Make a Sound

An important rule, followed by predator and prey alike. Sound alerts your prey. Sound alerts their protectors. And greater horrors might lie in wait- perhaps it would do well for the hunter to avoid becoming the hunted.

You possess knowledge to walk and move as silently as you can even through a creaky hallway. While this does not negate sound entirely- should you take the form of an elephant, your quaking steps might still be heard- you know how to leverage your body to attract as little attention as possible.

200 CP – Break Down the Door

The House is fond of blocking your way exactly when you need it- even when it comes to those who are meant to be serving it. A sense of fairness? A cruel mockery? Often it is necessary to ignore such questions and simply barrel forward regardless. You hold a natural ability to sense weak spots in structures you touch. Simply grasp a door, and you will have a good idea of what points are the most fragile- and what ones would collapse with a good old shoulder tackle.

400 CP – Waltz of Rage

Rage can be a potent antidote to fear- this you know. You may inflame your inner fury, completely forsaking all coherent thought and choice. In doing so, you will grow stronger and faster and quickly begin to purge any outer mental influence from yourself that brought anything other than rage. A powerful effect will take longer to fade, but by the end of it, one thing is for sure- you will feel nothing but wrath.

400 CP – Don't Look Back

Duskmourn is no place for regrets. Whatever happens, keep moving forward- keep going on. Survive, whatever it takes. This will not help you do such, but it may still be useful.

Once a jump, you may activate this perk and flee a deadly situation, a time where you would surely die. All other allies or bystanders involved will receive whatever fate was in store for you- but you, yourself, will avoid it. You will survive. That is all that matters.

600 CP – Into the Pit

Duskmourn never yields its secrets without exacting a brutal price. If you are willing to *suffer* for a goal, you'll find it come easier to you. Whenever you are trying to accomplish something, new pathways will open- you'll very often find that there is an easier, quicker way to do whatever you're trying to do.

The only issue is that this way is going to *hurt;* it'll involve suffering, pain, or some manner of sacrifice. Something that you'll remember, or something you'll regret even much later. But the price may be worth it.

600 CP – Aminatou's Fateshifting

The planeswalker Aminatou spins cocoons of fate. You may not believe in such things, but they believe in you- and her blessing is now granted to you, to make sure fate affords you a little kindness.

When you would make a choice that would lead to your certain death, a vision will suddenly assault you. In the moment it comes, you may share it with anyone

nearby- and then you will see the outcome, feel like it's real, and then snap back to the moment before you made the decision, giving you a chance to make it again. But the vision is short—no more than a minute—and only works one time each jump. Make good use of it.

Survivor

(Prey. They exist only because I deem it so.)

Survivors come from many places, though Valgavoth refrains from taking members of especially powerful races. Choose a humanoid race (elf, human, kor, orc, goblin, so on). That will be your shape here.

100 CP – Collected Company

Survivors often band together to endure the horrors of the House. Oftentimes it does them little good, but perhaps you've been looking forward to a helping hand. One would advise that you hold onto it tightly.

You are good at finding allies. Wherever you go, you'll more often than not find *someone* who shares, if not a common interest, at least a common enemy. These people might not be amicable to a long-term alliance, but they'll always be up for a brief stint working together- and after you prove your worth, likely more.

100 CP – Fast Learner

Some people get used to Duskmourn very slowly. You aren't one of these people- they don't last long, after all. No matter how strange and offputting your new circumstances may be, you have no issue getting back on your feet and getting used to a new way of living. Be it a desert, an endless sea or a post-apocalyptic wasteland- you'll get used to it. You always do.

200 CP – Savior of the Small

There's always someone in need of rescue. Once you activate this power, you will develop a faint sense of the situation of all your nearby allies. Whenever one of them is endangered, you will know- not only that, but you'll be able to quickly figure out how far they are and if you can get to them in time. By pushing yourself further, you can extend this power even to those who aren't your allies *yet*- tuning your senses to all those who you could save right now. This is not merely a power- it is also a burden, should you wish to retain your moral core. Take care that it does not weigh you down beyond what you can withstand.

200 CP – Cryptid Inspector

Through your time in the House, you will be faced with a constant influx of new enemies, new challenges, new dangers to overcome. But still, there are things that repeat, some semblance of rules and order among the chaos. Certain enemies hold inherent weaknesses, have patterns you can learn. You're well-suited to keeping those things in mind, now. Once you've overcome an enemy once, you'll

always remember how they fought, how they were- and you'll be able to employ this knowledge should you meet them again.

400 CP – Get Out

The number one priority of every denizen of the House- and now, something you're *exceedingly* good at. Whenever you find yourself trapped, you'll immediately know when and where to get started with freeing yourself, and you'll feel a sort of mental calling- an internal radar always leading you to whatever the closest exit to your current imprisonment is. Most Survivors would kill for such a power- consider yourself lucky.

400 CP – Frantic Strength

In its time of need, a body often forgets meagre things such as limits. Whenever fear grips your heart, your strength soars. Whenever you truly, truly need to push past what your flesh could handle, you do. When you need to cross a ravine in a single leap, when you need to uproot a building's foundations with your bare hands- all your restrictions, all the chains your body placed on muscle and tendon as to not tear itself to pieces- all of these come off.

600 CP – Exorcise

Strictly speaking, you can't kill what's already dead, but trapping and disintegrating it is pretty close. When faced with something that you can't get rid of via conventional force of arms, you'll instantly know *one* thing that would, indeed, work. Imprisonment, some manner of seal, starvation. You won't know how exactly to put this into practice, but the solution given is surefire; it will solve the problem, at least for the moment. Everything can be beaten, one way or another. Maybe not forever, maybe not without cost. But nothing's invincible.

600 CP – Glimmerburst

Glimmers are one of the only benevolent manifestations within the House- physical manifestations of survivors' hopes and persistence. They can take the form of treasured childhood objects, fondly remembered pets, or even friends—whatever keeps a person from giving up. Glimmers fight by Survivors' side, hold unique magical abilities (a lion glimmer might enhance their fellow pridemates, a cat or fox glimmer offer magical insight, a serpent glimmer might weaken and poison their conjurer's foes) offer magical protection against mental assault (such as Valgavoth) and help keep survivors from succumbing to the House's influence. Not only did you get a Glimmer of your own, but you can also awaken the ones of others who haven't yet manifested theirs. As long as there's hope left in their hearts, they will come- and even extinguished, a Glimmer leaves a mark in the heart that can never be forgotten.

In addition to this, you may pick a special trait for your Glimmer. (Your Glimmer can be used as a Companion, but it may also be kept as a simple extension of yourself. Should it die, you'll recover it at jump's end.)

Enduring Courage: Your glimmer represents your will to keep on going- and this one, especially so. While your glimmer is active, you and your allies will have your bravery amplified, physical capabilities enhanced, and will often find yourselves pushing past your limits.

Enduring Curiosity: Your glimmer has a keen eye. Not only is it extremely clever and cunning, able to find hidden pathways and objects you'd yourself have failed to notice, it meticulously archives all knowledge you've obtained this far; ask it for any of this knowledge, and it'll retrieve it for you, causing you to instantly remember it.

Enduring Vitality: Your glimmer brims with life and heart. Wounds heal quicker, your stamina and mana both recuperate more quickly around it. And should you ever be wounded lethally, it will immediately heal the wound at the cost of its own life- or at least, its life for this jump.

Enduring Tenacity: Your glimmer refuses to die. It possesses a determination that is literally infinite. Should it be destroyed, it will reform inside of you, reappearing in a day or so. While it's around you or reforming within you, you'll also find yourself feeling more determined- no matter how many times the world kicks you down, it'll be there to push you upwards.

Enduring Innocence: Your glimmer is beauty and light in a dark world. Its light is comforting and kind. Not only does it provide a passive calming aura- lighting burdens, alleviating pressure and tension- it also makes you feel less threatening, and signals safety to those who see its glow.

Razorkin

(Broken. Weeping sheep play-acting as wolves.)

All that is true for Survivors is true for Razorkin; though one might note that they are disproportionately human.

100 CP – Killer's Mask

You have a refined sense and style of macabre theatricality. You're quite charming, entertaining and quotable even while you're cutting someone open. Your cruel charisma might even be attractive to those of the same wicked persuasion- whether or not that's something you find desirable is up to you, of course.

100 CP – Blood Seeker

Your average person doesn't like pain, and even the thought of it can make them stumble. There are quite a few reasons why this is so, but either way, that's no longer the case for you. You could slice off your own hand and not flinch at all. This will not stop you feeling the pain, or any consequences of the actual wound, but no amount of agony will bring the slightest twitch.

200 CP – Murder

Killing people comes very naturally to you. You aren't exactly a master of every weapon, but you can work with pretty much anything you can hold in your hands, and you know all the good spots to hit someone with it (coincidentally, those happens to be the spots you really don't want to let them hit). You're a threat even with just a rock or a wooden stick. They say Razorkin only have one hobby- go and have your fun with it.

200 CP – Sawblade Skinripper

Razorkin are fallen Survivors, now hunting their former friends to sate a newfound twisted desire for pain. If you want to sate this desire, you'll have know your way around the ways one inflicts it.

You're a very good torturer, well-learned in inflicting pain to both mind and body. You know where to cut, and how, to ensure that your victim will endure as much agony as possible before their slow, slow demise sets in. You know when to taunt, and where to dig for material. A Razorkin lives for pain- they have to be quite good at inflicting it. And now, so are you.

400 CP – Give in to Violence

The Lord of Pain beckons at those Survivors who have lost all hope. He beckons for them to come- to strip themselves of flesh and fear. Hunt for him. *Entertain* him. To those who accept, there are rewards.

Pain and bloodshed nourish you, heal you. As you carve through flesh and inflict agony, you will receive the reverse effect in a somewhat lesser manner. Every wound inflicted means one of yours begins to close, and a thorn of pain inflicted is a jolt of pleasure received. It doesn't even have to be pain inflicted on your enemies- even cutting yourself will serve, and you'll realize that sting of pain can start feeling quite pleasant with but a flick of a mental switch. Damage you inflict on your own flesh won't be enough to cover for itself, obviously, but the pleasure is still pleasure, isn't it?

400 CP – Let's Play a Game

The Lord of Pain communicates through screens- to both guide the Razorkin, and taunt the survivors caught in one of the former's many traps. This ability echoes his characteristic games- even if they are nothing but farces for his amusement.

Now, you possess his talents. You possess the ability to manifest Razorkin architecture. By employing magic (typically of red-black alignment) it becomes possible for a series of elaborate death-trap rooms and torture chambers (all possessing screens that you can watch through and speak from) to manifest from the ether. These structures are semi-permanent; while they possess all the properties of normal brick, wood and metal, the challenges and death mazes you build must be *possible* to overcome; and once they are (or should be smashed via conventional force) they will dissolve into nothingness, collapsing and leave the victims within free and unscathed. A game's a game, and despite all his glaring faults, the Lord of Pain has never been a sore loser.

600 CP – Trial of Agony

The might of the Devouring Father is rooted on fear, on pain, on terror. These emotions soak you, now, and your nature has grown closer to his. The more agony and fear emanate from you, the stronger you will grow. Every wound inflicted on your flesh, every terror that haunts your night. Every scrap of misery or shred of horror that you experience will grow your power in a multiplicative manner, increasing with the more horrible your situation. At absolute rock bottom, at the point where one more wound and one more scare would *break* you, you are three times as powerful as you would be otherwise- a mighty bounty, indeed. Perhaps you will start to find this tolerable. Perhaps you will grow fond of it. Better hope you do.

600 CP – The Meathook Massacre II

The Meathook Massacre didn't start in Duskmourn, but rather in Innistrad- but the idea moved through the scant Omenpaths he could create then and found its way to the Razorkin. They didn't *exactly* get the appeal when they tried their own. They made it bigger, more explosive, more flamboyant, but it lost all the *subtlety* that made the original one good- when the one killing and cutting you up is just a common murderer rather than the common, mild-mannered butcher you never thought would do something like this, a lot of the appeal goes away.

Nevertheless, this power retains most of its intensity. Whenever you would kill one or more victims, you may instead consecrate the killings in the form of a great, flashy, *dramatic* massacre- a legend. Not merely a massacre- *the* massacre. The one they'll *remember*.

After you do so, the stories of that act will grow and willa spread through rumour and word of mouth at a frighteningly quick pace- until people who never even saw you, or knew you, who live miles and miles away, all tremble in fear of being the next victim, their terror amplified and intensified. Not only this, but the fear of your crimes will empower the impact whatever next great act of sin you commit- as long as it's still somewhat similar and you can keep coming up with new ideas, each sequel and remake will only have an even bigger fame and bring even more terror then the last.

Toy

(You can't hide from your friends.)

Choose a children's toy. A doll, a teddy bear, a xylophone, anything of a small size. That will be your shape. You have strength and speed proportional to a small child, though you are more agile and capable of crawling than your average human. Though Valgavoth has given you life, he cannot retake it- it's yours, to do as you please with.

100 CP – Creeping Peeper

Best friends are great to share secrets with. When you stand still in a room, if you look inconspicuous and inanimate, unaware people tend to tell and show you things. They'll spit out secrets, repeat passwords to themselves, mutter about things they'd never, ever tell anyone else, thinking they're safe- after all, you're just an object, aren't you? All these secrets- music to your ears.

100 CP – Attack-in-the-Box

One would think being a porcelain doll or toy phone would make enacting violence a rather difficult task. They would be wrong.

No matter how undersized or inhuman your form, you can still expect to fight and kill as well as you would in your original shape. It doesn't matter if you're a plush snake who shouldn't have sufficiently stiff limbs to even get around to holding a knife, nevermind swinging it; you'll make it work regardless.

200 CP – Wretched Doll

It's difficult to take a violent toy seriously- or at least it can seem so, until it's carving up your lungs. If you look innocent and cuddly, or at least have the appearance of harmlessness, it's almost guaranteed that anyone who isn't *very* paranoid will underestimate you at first. When you start running towards them knife on hand or appearing anywhere suspicious, that illusion will be broken- but that first impression matters a lot. Make it count.

200 CP – Friends to the End

Toys- especially old ones- are always full of feelings. All that nostalgia, all those memories- they coalesce deep within, and it's just a matter of looking inside. Whenever you touch an object that was, at some point, loved, cherished, feared- the focal point of any strong emotion- you can feel a sort of "thread", a lingering connection to the source of those feelings and memories. Pull on that thread,

and you can track down the source. It might end with a reunion, one way or another.

400 CP – Seized from Slumber

Toys often come across their targets when they're picked up by someone who assumes they're harmless. They let themselves be carried around, waiting for the perfect moment– when everyone in the group has dropped their guards before striking. Usually, there's no moment more appropriate then when everybody's sleeping.

You possess an intrinsic sense for vulnerability and inattention. It's like an alarm clock– just by looking at someone, you can feel how long it'll be before they start to feel tired, before they need to rest, before they start to slip up– before you have your chance. The clock is adaptive– should circumstances change or the target get the rest they need, it'll realign itself to the next opening.

400 CP – Insidious Fungus

You've caught mold. Don't worry– it won't get you thrown away. You're way past that point now.

A colony of some strange sort of fungus has taken root inside of you. For all intents and purposes, it's part of your body– and in future jumps, you may keep it constant among your altforms or isolate it in a special room inside your Warehouse whenever you feel like going without it.

This sentient colony, aside from making you a bit sturdier than your natural form would allow, can communicate with you telepathically and possesses great sensory capabilities. Not only is it extremely sensitive to changes in humidity, weight, heat and pressure (and very forthcoming with that info), it is also capable of sensing intensities of magical energy near yourself. You may also help it propagate by releasing spores; creating extensions of it that take root in nearby objects and scenery and extending that same sensory capability to wherever they take root in. Keep in mind, however, that this is a two-way relationship; the colony still needs food and water to survive and grow, and it's your job to supply that, one way or another.

600 CP – Arabella's Awakening

Every night, Cori threw the unsettling doll away– and every morning, it was back on the shelf with a new friend, all their eyes following her every move.

You make friends so easily– all it takes is a touch. This ability initially only functions on creatures that were being-shaped to begin with, like toys or statues, but it's not difficult to reshape something until it fits the power, and with time you could figure out to need as little as a face somewhere in it.

An awakened object gains a keen, deadly sentience, strength that's at the very least equal to a human and at the most equal to its weight and an innate instinct that lets it weaponize its shape and size effectively. Don't swat it about your limits- many a survivor has learned to not underestimate a creature just because it's small.

1000 CP – Patched Plaything

Toys aren't flesh and blood. With enough parts, they can be fixed up, good as new- and made better than ever.

Any body you have will now lack need for any sort of real physiological structure. *Everything* in it might as well be cosmetic. As such, normal methods of incapacitation, such as removing the head or limbs, aren't enough to stop you. If *any* parts are still intact, even just a single eyeball or a broken shard of a finger, those parts will continue to move and hunt- and you will maintain your senses and consciousness entirely as though you had an invisible brain ad invisible eyes and ears. And if you can get replacement parts from somewhere, you can get right back up, good as new- and it doesn't really matter where those parts come from. Sure, a patchwork body might not look pretty, it's certainly better then dying.

Glitch Ghost

(They tried. They failed. Would the second attempt be any different?)

You are either blue, red, or gold-colored. Your form is sometimes clouded by static or flickering. You can float, phase through solid objects, and can't be damaged by nonmagical blunt, piercing or slashing force; your body simply reforming around the object. Heat, energy and any esoteric weaponry will still be effective.

100 CP – Haunted Screen

You possess keen spiritual senses. Even when a spiritual being is not normally supposed to be seen, you'll still find traces of their presence- flickers in the corners of your sight, in mirrors, pools and other reflective surfaces. This doesn't cover you against something that is *intentionally* hiding itself by either hiding somewhere you can't see or via some manner of actual invisibility, but it might still prove useful against beings who simply exist in a different plane then yours.

100 CP – Hallowed Haunting

Oftentimes, glitch ghosts can haunt locations, such as a patch of woods in the forest or a particular room- places that they had some sort of kinship with. You can immediately identify a "spiritual turf," so to say; simply touching the ground will immediately allow you to sense if this place has connections to another being, along with a general idea of how powerful they are. It's not much, but it's still useful to know should you be looking for someone- or searching for your own place to prowl.

200 CP – Erratic Apparition

It's not quite invisibility- in fact, it's not difficult to see you at all. It's just difficult to see *where* you are, exactly. While this power is active, your form flickers- appearing in one place, then another one inch to the left, then a bit upward and so on. Your outline is off-focus, and your image might twitch and appear doubled for one fraction of a second and then back to usual. Distances can be easily misread, limbs can "lag" and appear in different places where they really are- and in battle, misjudging a position by even one inch can mean death.

200 CP – Untimely Malfunction

You're quite good at making sure things don't work as they did in the lab. As long as you can stuff your hands inside a piece of machinery, you can make sure it'll go awry- either immediately shutting it down, or setting it up to fizzle later- either by setting up a timer like, say, an hour or so, or a desired intensity. Isn't it

amusing, to watch a weapon shut down just when its wielder activates the most power-intensive function- exactly the one that might have defeated you?

400 CP – Unable to Scream

Souls are malleable. Probably the most malleable thing there is. They can hold so much in them- and unlike a delicate brain, they can be shoved around with little issue.

Once you have defeated an enemy, you can rip the soul off their body with a touch. That body will immediately sink into a catatonic state, and you can then store the soul somewhere else, in another empty shell of a body to pilot, perhaps. But should you choose to place it in a body that shouldn't be moving on its own, it will become a prison. A place where it'll be fully aware of its surroundings, fully capable of sensing the world around it- but not affecting it. Indeed- and without a mouth, they won't even scream.

400 CP – Unwilling Vessel

When a ghost finds a target that suits them- a strong, healthy body, a loathed enemy they would love to see suffer, or simply someone in need- possession is a simple matter. By touching a target, you may possess them; gaining access to all abilities their body (not their mind) holds for as long as your will to cling to the body can overcome theirs. Objects can also be possessed; and as they typically have no way of pushing you out, you can influence and manipulate the object freely for as long as you want.

In addition to this, should you hold the possession for long enough, a living victim will begin to weaken; denied feeling and agency, isolation will set in and their determination will be put to the test. Should they not exert a truly herculean willpower to survive against your influence, they'll slowly forget that the emotions and thoughts they feel aren't their own- and when they finally give up and recede into the depths, the body will be yours in truth.

600 CP – Line of the Void

Glitch ghosts are the last remnant of "outside" the House, relics of what the plane of Duskmourn used to be. When Valgavoth started consuming the plane, he found that there were places that he couldn't subsume or destroy. His solution was to simply push and compress them to the very edges of the space that Duskmourn occupied in the Blind Eternities. But instead of compressing these spaces into nonexistence, they ended up pushing back on the House.

This pressure stresses the structure, causing cracks and fractures that must be constantly repaired. In some of the more decayed sections of the House, whole sections of walls might be crumbled away, revealing an unyielding, impenetrable

canvas of the same warped, corrupted texture as the glitch ghosts themselves. And now, this power is open to you.

By simply standing in an area and exerting your influence, space will begin to falter. Gaping holes and tears in the fabric of reality will open around you. These cracks in the facade of the world lead nowhere- they simply cannot be crossed, for they are hostile to space itself. Should they linger on for long enough, the territory they over will simply collapse and disappear with them- as if that length of space had been simply wiped away. As though it had never existed at all.

600 CP – Screaming Nemesis

What maintains a glitch ghost's physical shape is an unresolved matter. A ward to protect, a place to haunt, a grudge to resolve. All of them must have something to *cling* to, or their forms will wane. And for all the pretensions of spirit shepherds or snatching specters, one form of ghost remains the most terrifying- the rampaging, infernal shapes of the revenge-consumed Soulragers- ghosts that burn. They burn with spite and hatred, and to strike at them means to be struck back with the same force.

Whenever one deals damage to you, this perk will rebound the damage dealt in the form of a wave of searing flame, whose intensity is always equal to the damage you received. While this provides no protection against the attack itself, it will often inflict swift punishment- as deserved.

Demon

(I welcome you, challenger.)

You are anywhere between two and four meters tall. Your body is skeletal and goatlike; you have hooves, a goat's skull for a head, and no skin nor organs. Your strength and speed far outstrip that of humans and you can break through the House's wooden walls without much effort. While you still normally require either magical energy or food to sustain yourself (though not water), you can eat virtually anything that's even remotely edible, though some things might not be especially nourishing.

100 CP – Demon of Fate's Design

Even before Valgavoth's ascension, demons prowled across the plane that would become Duskmourn. As magic was rare, and controlled by the wealthy and powerful, when one had to survive harsh winters or guarantee their safety against greater threats, demonic was often the only way.

You possess a sort of knack for arriving when people are desperate, when pressure has eroded their morals are eroding. It's a kind of sixth sense- you just know that, should you arrive at this time, people will be willing to do things they normally wouldn't.

100 CP – Welcome the Darkness

You've found your home in hell. There are very few environments you'd consider truly unpleasant- as long as you can live there, you can tolerate and even grow to enjoy a place any other person would consider an utter shithole. Of course, this doesn't make the place any less noxious or dangerous; it just means you'll get over your discomfort very easily and not hold any of these things against the place.

200 CP – Possession Engine

In the ancient times, mortals bound demons to objects to serve them- this powered Duskmourn's prosperity and allowed for their great and sprawling civilization. Demons moved engines, ground grain, paved roads and built great manors. This practice remains, in some level- and now, it is open to you.

You may possess an object of your choice. When you do, your essence will be contained in it, enhancing the object's effectiveness and resilience to a level proportional to your power. You maintain control of whatever functions it had; while you cannot move a sword on its own, a car or a train would be fully mobile and in your control. Just make sure you don't end *stuck* there.

200 CP – Demon's Miasma

A strange peculiarity of Duskmourn demons- a conspicuous black smoke that covers their bodies and shrouds their form somewhat. You may emit a considerable amount of it- enough to cover a broom closet in its entirety- from any point of your body. It is intensely toxic to any living lifeform- aside from that, it is difficult to pierce through with any technology or magical sense, with both often reporting as if there was simply nothing inside.

400 CP – Demonic Pact

The bread and butter of your kind. You may make contracts with others, a binding exchange of goods and services. It does not matter what you can trade for- as long as both parties agree, the contract can be made. No paper is needed; if the terms are certain and both parties are fully aware of them (no invisible terms, for one), even a handshake will be enough. Through such a contract, virtually anything can be exchanged; powers, abilities, body parts, souls, knowledge, services or physical treasures; though the terms must be relatively equal, and both parties must be *able* to provide what they promised. In addition to this, it is also possible to create a self-enabling contract by investing your own magical energy or lifeforce onto it; for example, should your contractee wish to fly, you could simply pour enough of your own personal magical energy on the contract to grant this ability, even if you yourself lack any manner of wings to part with.

Once a contract is made, both parties are bound to it. Breaking the contract incurs the loss of whatever was acquired with it; in addition to this, any terms that specified what would happen in case of the contract's breaking would activate- see that you don't forget to write these in.

400 CP – Demonic Counsel

Long ago, Valgavoth whispered into Marina's ear until he was all she could hear.

It is possible for you to forge a mental link with someone- a mutual link where knowledge can be freely shared. After all, one of the things demons often share with survivors is knowledge- it endears their future contractors to them, and one should always know their enemy.

With a single drop of blood (or equivalent internal fluid) and a promise, you can forge a link with up to one person. This person may contact you mentally at any time, and you may do the same to them. You will gain a sense of whatever they are feeling or undergoing at the moment, while also being capable of using their senses should they allow you. Through this link, both of you can also share information by the means of visions- though the process must be mutually agreed, and you cannot share a fake vision, it is still a remarkable power.

The vision it will take the form of a flashback whose perspective and length you can freely manipulate (as long as the contents of it are still things you've experienced or learned yourself). That said, lying in a vision might be forbidden- but nobody said anything about *omission*.

In addition to this, should you be capable of performing demonic pacts, they can be realized through the link- and you'll realize that they come by more easily with your chosen one, with the terms being more open and it being more possible to write them as unequal on their favour. Perhaps you would like a champion- if so, this is perfect for that purpose.

600 CP – Doomsday

All stars grow dark. All worlds come to an end.

Your presence heralds the end. Once you activate this ability during combat, you will grow stronger, faster and more agile. Spells will come more naturally and easily, and your instincts will sharpen. However, a clock will begin to turn- whatever battle you are taking part on must last *six more minutes.* No more then that- win, lose, or escape in a definite manner in six minutes. Should time run out, doom will follow. Every single individual who is involved in it will instantly and immediately perish- yourself included.

600 CP – Terror Eater

(I am *flattered.* Really- just see you don't become competition.)

You share Valgavoth's central aspect- that being, you can feed on fear. Whenever an individual fears you, fears something you created, or simply fears inside your territory, you may draw power from that fear. You may also directly consume fear from an individual's brain, though this causes irreversible damage to their psyche should you rummage in there long enough- destroying associated memories, weakening empathy, causing chronic splintering headaches or potentially crippling their ability to feel or understand fear at all.

Any abilities of yours that draw on limited fuel can instead be fueled by fear, and fear may be consumed to increase your strength and the intensity of your magic and other abilities. You no longer require physical sustenance of any other kind- you can feed exclusively on fear and terror, and it will replace any other requirement you might have needed. Receiving more fear will also grow your power and influence, causing you to become stronger in all senses the more fear you absorb. As long as you are feared, you are sure to grow powerful- and the more powerful you are, the more people will tremble at your name.

Nightmare

(Feed me. Nourish me. See to your purpose.)

Each nightmare possesses a concept inerent to their form. As a benefit of merely being one, you gain a form is now informed by a fear of your choice, whose abilities and shape also based on it. A fear of lost teeth may cause searing pain as one's teeth shiver and shake in their roots, eager to join the beast- a fear of flame might emit waves of it in every direction, turning its surroundings into a vast inferno.

Keep in mind, however, that a stronger and more common fear will mean a more powerful ability, but every fear holds a weakness, and more common fears mean the weakness is more well-known and intuitive. A nightmare that embodies teeth falling out might have to be glued in place, a nightmare that embodies mocking laughter might need to be gagged shut, but a nightmare of flame might only need to be doused with water. Overcoming a nightmare diminishes its hold on a mind; and should your weakness by exploited enough times, you will be vanquished, and whoever defeated you will forever be beyond that fear's grasp.

100 CP – Jump Scare

You are very good at being terrifying. You know how to make the right noises, walk in the right way, and make the exactly correct impression to make yourself as terrifying as possible. In addition to this, you can, for a brief second, activate a short-ranged fear-amplification effect; perfect for running up to someone screaming. A particularly weak mortal might even keel over dead of a heart attack- though it's unlikely you'll find one such person around here. Natural selection took care of them a long time ago.

100 CP – Night's Whisper

Your voice is truly terrible to hear. You may have it echo sound distorted and disturbing in the sort of way that makes anything you say sound haunted and horrible to hear. Even your words are a torment.

200 CP – Fear of the Dark

Light is safety- the dark is where all the dangers await. You can weaken light sources around you, causing them to grow duller, flickering and even briefly going out when needed. In those seconds or darkness is all the time you need to strike.

200 CP – Fear of Impostors

They say that there are impostors among us. You can disguise yourself among objects, appearing as a perfect copy of an inanimate object until you no longer wish to, when the object is used or anyone questions the illusion- at which point, it will be broken, and it will be your time to strike.

400 CP – Fear of Sleep Paralysis

You can peer into dreams and memories of specific people and consume them as well. As long as you can touch someone who's sleeping, you can begin the process- throwing yourself into the reality of that person's dreams.

When you do so, the target will immediately wake up but become incapable of moving. Their eyes will open, and they will become aware of everything around them- but they won't be able to move, trapped in sleep paralysis while you can root over their dreams, completely free to look and learn for memories, secrets or feelings buried deep within.

400 CP – Fear of Abduction

Nightmares don't aim to kill their victims. Instead, what they want is to cause the person to relive the fear they embody. A person caught by a nightmare is pulled into the nightmare's body, where they're forced to live through their fear endlessly. Now, you share this property.

Should you come close to your target, you can envelop them whole- through either a complete grapple or by devouring them whole. When you do, they will be transported to a dimension of empty halls and corridors, an interminable maze that can only be escaped from one endlessly shifting point that leads back to the place where that they were abducted from. Should you be a Nightmare, this dimension will grow even more terrible- for constant reminders of the fear that composes your body will haunt and impede the victims within, not only defending the exit point but rendering it impossible to cross until the victims overcome that fear.

600 CP – Mindskin

The Mindskinner is the fear of razorkin, the first nightmare spawned from something within the House itself rather than a preexisting fear from before Valgavoth's ascension.

Unlike other nightmares, which simply devour their victims, the Mindskinner is more insidious in its hunting tactics. When it latches onto its victim, it slices away the target's memories one by one until nothing remains but an all-encompassing fear that shines like a beacon and makes any chance of escape impossible. You share its wicked abilities, allowing you to cut away memories of your foes with a

strike of a blade. The more grievous the wound, the more memories are taken away. You cannot control which ones will be lost, but the most precious memories come first, then the mundane, until all that remains is blank, formless fear that shines like a beacon to any nightmare.

600 CP – Replicating Terror

Most nightmares are manifested subconsciously, but sometimes a cultist of Valgavoth will deliberately feed their fears to the House to birth a new nightmare. These nightmares are some of the most terrifying and warped, as the cultists have willingly opened up their repressed subconscious minds for the House to scour.

You now possess this ability- and you are not dependant on your own fear. Once you have defeated a foe, you may cut open their head to let their fears pour out- whatever nightmares are more intense in their hearts will erupt out, screaming, to serve you loyally until their final breath. These nightmares share all the properties of regular ones (including the weakness) but require sustenance in the form of fear; should they not devour enough prey, they will begin to weaken and fade. But do not worry- they are ever-so replaceable. One victim is all it takes to spawn more.

Beastie

(How could you think that you could ever be loved? How could you think you could ever be cared for? They will betray you as everything else will. And yet you do not learn. But I *delight* in teaching you, again and again.)

Beasties are large, shaggy, furred creatures bedecked in strange, ornate masks who protect survivors from harm and safeguard them throughout the House. As a beastie, you are incredibly resilient and tough, with physical strength that is only rivalled by the Cellarspawn.

However, you possess a tendency to get attached; it takes very little for someone to endear themselves to you, and once they do, you will feel an urgent need to protect them- and to keep your face hidden from them, at all costs.

The face beneath a beastie's mask is their most guarded secret- in truth, they are visages of dried flesh tethered to exposed skulls- terrifying, hideous mockeries of living flesh- so horrible as to drive survivors to run away in fear. Protect it. Hide it. No one will forgive you if you don't.

100 CP – Coordinated Clobbering

Oftentimes, beasties and their bonded survivors fight together. Whenever you are fighting alongside one other friend, you will find that you work very well other- you never get in the way of each other, and you can sense when the other would need help or when they're about to come and help you.

100 CP – Wary Watchdog

You know when threats are coming. When looking watch, your senses are enhanced; you can discern out-of-place sights, sounds and even smells more accurately. In addition to this, whenever you warn those who left you to watch of what is coming, should they listen, they will find themselves reacting to the incoming threat with far more speed and efficiency.

200 CP – Diversion Specialist

Many a beastie has laid down their life by making a big distraction so their friend could escape. You might not wish to do so, but either way, you're quite good at making sure no eyes are aimed at you; you can be effortlessly loud, flashy and dramatic in your distractions, and people question *why* you're doing this much less often, while also paying less attention to any smaller things in the peripheries, even when they really should.

200 CP – Rescue Beastie

When your friends are in danger, nothing will stop you from saving them. As long as an individual who you consider a friend is in danger and you're on route to save them, you will grow bigger, tougher, detached from pain and will shrug off lesser wounds while regenerating larger ones. The more power you need to enact the rescue, the more this power will give you; that said, should you fail, whatever emotional impact the loss would have on you will be magnified by the same measure.

400 CP – Line of Mutation

Life thrives in the Hauntwoods, but it follows its own laws, unbound from the natural order. Beasties that prowl there often grow large and powerful, their bodies adapting under the strain.

You are unusually receptive to alterations to your body. Any mutation effect acting upon you will tend to inflict beneficial effects over any other one, your body harnessing it to improve and adapt to circumstance. You can also force yourself to mutate to a problem you are facing- growing extra arms to grab falling objects, growing gills to breathe underwater- though the process is painful. At first, you won't be able to do this more than once a day, but with time you will get better and better at it.

400 CP – Beastie Beatdown

Violence is in your blood- for you are still a creation of the House.

As long as you are fighting, you can draw on your rage. When you do so, you'll grow larger, stronger, faster- your pain deadened, your instincts taking hold as you crush all that opposes you. However, this is not the true power of this perk. That would be the restriction it imposes on you- that drawing on this rage will never hurt those you don't wish to see hurt.

No matter the turmoil you are in, what emotions consume your heart, your friends need not fear you. You cannot be forced to attack an ally, and there will always be clarity in your heart to hold you back from hurting them. A beastie must keep its charge alive.

600 CP – Broodspin

Beasties are the descendants of the old animals of Duskmourn, transformed and altered by the magical influence. You are now capable of creating more of them. Simply take a mundane animal, dead or alive- it matters little. Silk will drip from your lips until it has covered them wholly. In a week or so, they will emerge- fully transformed and capable of thought, and sharing all the properties of their kin.

A living animal will create a beastie that remembers its past and blessed with sapience to put it all into new perspective, and a dead one will be born into life knowing nothing- but they will all understand languages instinctively even if they cannot speak, and carry their protective instincts into their new life.

600 CP – Spindlewight's Promise

A beastie is at their very best when they have someone to protect and care for, and so are you. Wherever you go you can always find a true friend, should you care to look, and as long as you protect a person you have bonded with, you cannot give up.

No- you will never give up. You will never break. No torture will shatter your spirit, no torment will stop you from protecting the one you love. For that one person you can push yourself to do anything. Any wounds that would be inflicted to them may be transferred to you with a mere thought- and you can bear anything for them.

As Spindlewight once spoke- keep them alive.

Nothing more is needed.

Cellarspawn

(Favored child, my finest work, you will want for nothing. You will need for nothing. Simply hunt. Simply feast. I love you.)

Cellarspawn are manifestations of Valgavoth's daydreams, entities that embody his vision of a world of never-ending terror and fear: beautiful to him and terrifying to everyone else. They are endowed with an innate connection to the House and an instinctual understanding of the House's geography, and can sense impending shifts to the House's geography and take advantage of them to spring attacks upon survivors.

As a Cellarspawn, you are incredibly powerful. Only beasties can rival your might. Your form is resilient to all damage, your skin is hard to pierce, your steps are wide, your strength is vast. You are an apex predator- Duskmourn is your hunting ground.

100 CP – They Came From The Pipes

You can fit through openings you really shouldn't be fitting through. No matter how large your form, you can squeeze through small corridors and even sewer pipes with little difficulty, compressing yourself without any issue or pain involved and then bursting through an opening as quickly and deftly as one steps through a doorway.

100 CP - Final Vengeance

Whenever you find your demise, no matter how temporary, you may use any of your most powerful attacks- whatever they are- however you see fit. This will be used in the moment of your death and has no cost to yourself in any way- striking at whoever would be responsible for your death, so the both of you plunge into the fathomless depths together.

200 CP – Came Back Wrong

Even the dead do not stay so in Duskmourn. Whenever you kill someone, you may have their body rise as an undead berserker; though they will lack all mental faculties or abilities that require skill, they will chase after whatever prey you designate with mindless abandon. Do remember that bodies animated this way don't last long- as soon as they've completed their mission or a day has passed, they will simply keel over, and stop moving, dead once more.

200 CP – Vanish From Sight

You can disappear into a hiding place in a blink of the eye. As long as you are unobserved, you can dissolve and reappear in a similarly unobserved hiding place in a room close by that you could have feasibly gotten to on your own. A closet, under a table, anything. This ability only be activated thrice a day, but it is *remarkably* effective.

400 CP – Unwanted Remake

What dies isn't gone. What still has a use, can be made use of.

You have inherited your creator's ability to reshape life. Simply grasp organic matter that is either dead or loyal to you and push your will to it- and it will rise as a newly born fashioned creature of the same level of power as the original or the combined level of power of the flesh used to create it, following your orders until its second and final death. In addition to this, should you use this power on a living being that is not accepting of it, it will simply flood their body with corrupting energy, causing both utter agony and lasting damage- hold them for long enough, and their organs will rupture one by one until they drip out of your grasp in the form of a wet paste.

400 CP – Withering Torment

A sudden jolt of deathly cold is something many a survivor has felt, before the grip of a Cellarspawn dragged them to the depths. Whenever you grasp your prey with your hands during a chase, your touch will dissolve their vitality, fill their brains of fear and sap their resilience- bringing a sudden bout of great frailty and weakness that might very well bring their downfall.

Cellarspawn often use this ability to overwhelms the person with pure terror until their mind collapses or their heart bursts like a rabbit's. Once they- or you- harvest a victim this way, their form withers and their broken mind pours out of their head, reduced to spindrells, stripped-down psychic remnants of the victim that retain only a base level of consciousness, steeped permanently in terror. Each spindrell pulses with constant psychic agony, and follow Cellarspawn as their loyal hounds, throwing themselves in their foes' way and inflicting their everlasting torment upon on anything they touch.

600 CP – The Master of Keys

There is a cellarspawn who is able to manipulate the House's doors- and now, you too have access to this power. Once you look at a side of a door- any door- you can create a key for it; this key will open the door without fail. You can also "deactivate" two separate keys, rendering them inert, in order to connect two sides of doors through space; while this effect is active, one will lead into one

another no matter how far away they are. You may end this effect at your leisure, and no door can be connected to more then two doors at once (one from each side; using a door through a side you haven't affected will still work as usual).

The Master of Keys wielded this power to manipulate where other creatures exit, to help other cellarspawn track down their prey or even to trap a survivor in endless loops of rooms with no escape. It is often known as the most clever of the Cellarspawn- can you call yourself its equal?

600 CP - The Overlord

Like other manifestations, most cellarspawn are unconsciously created by the House- but there are, as always, exceptions.

The Overlords are the rulers of the House- Valgavoth's favored vassals, created to enact his will and enact campaigns of terror upon his foes. There's one overlord for each zone of the House- and now, you share on their power to control it. This perk can be purchased multiple times, giving you an additional domain with each purchase. Though one might note that, should you not be a Cellarspawn or otherwise aligned to his will, Valgavoth will not take kindly to one who attempts to manipulate his domain.

Overlords all share the ability to manifest their own domain around themselves- converting the nearby areas into a perfect facsimile of the respective zone of the House. Outside this place, this is a temporary effect anywhere but a territory you have conquered; but with practice, it will last longer and longer.

The Overlord of the Balemurk is aligned to the color of Black- the closest to Valgavoth's own nature. Where it walks, corpses rise, beckoned to return and serve its will. It dances, dances, dances- its spinning a living ritual that produces black mana and withers flesh around itself.

The Overlord of the Mistmoors is always enveloped in moth-eaten fabric, and moths follow it always. These flesh-eating insects gather and manifest as it moves through the House, and mob its enemies. Even one of them is as deadly as a dagger, and they come by the hundreds.

The Overlord of the Hauntwoods is followed by growth. Strange erratic distortions in space manifest where it commands, small zones where one place becomes everywhere. These zones it manifests possess properties of every possible type of terrain- from a frigid mountain peak to a calm plain to a lava-spewing volcano- all at once, uncaring of the contradiction. It is unharmed by the distortions, but other beings are not so lucky- undergoing every possible torment at once until their bodies disintegrate under the strain.

The Overlord of the Floodpits brings its lake with it. Pipes burst and rivers flood at its word, drowning everything that displeases it. With a wave of its hand it creates wellsprings and manifests water until it rots the terrain down to its foundations. It swims beautifully, thrice as agile in water as it is in land, and it can fly just as well.

The Overlord of the Boilerbilges hisses and spits. Its howls are flame and its screeches are steam itching to burst from its shell. Its flames are hot as to turn the air to plasma, and the pipes it creates through its territory carry steam in the same temperature. Even when one thinks they have felled it,they are not safe- for it will detonate in an impossible inferno, flame consuming *everything* near it in a blaze of glory.

1000 CP - Horrid Vigour

"We set it on fire. It lived. We cut off its head. It lived. We fell to it, one by one. It lives."

The mightiest beasts of Duskmourn rarely truly die. As the daydreams of Valgavoth, their existence recurs. And now, so does yours- your body has grown as resilient and regenerative as as the mightiest of Cellarspawn. No loss of organs or limbs will reduce your combat effectiveness by the slightest amount, and no amount of damage will stop you from fighting. Any damage that is not immediately lethal can be simply ignored for as long as you continue fighting, and even outside of combat, it will take hours for the pain to set in, nevermind the actual consequences of the damage. In addition to this, you heal extremely quickly when you aren't moving, with an hour of rest being enough to heal from half your body being burned off. Even, should anyone bring you down, your regeneration will continue regardless; should they not finish the job and destroy your corpse even further, they'll find that in a day or so, it might not be all that much of a corpse anymore.

Cult of Valgavoth

(A delicate blend of horror, reverence, and arousal. They remain weak- they remain human. But I do not deny them when they offer themselves to me. How could I?)

The Cult of Valgavoth are under the same limitations as survivors and cellarspawn, in regard to race, though they have much less to worry about. The House needs not to extract their fear- not when they give it so freely.

100 CP – Betrayer's Bargain

Many survivors find their way to the Cult by betraying their fellows. Once a jump, you may execute a betrayal of your allies to join an enemy faction. Though the Cult of Valgavoth doesn't look down on such traitors, you may find other worlds are not so tolerant. He who betrayed once may do so again, after all.

100 CP – Would

"Come forth, my seneschal, my Imagora, and taste the rewards of devotion."

You can muster up downright disturbing amounts of enthusiasm for the strangest things. It just takes turning a mental switch upwards, and you realize even your incoming death and sacrifice sound like something worth getting excited about.

Not only this, but can muster up *want*- want for what is no longer familiar or human anymore. You can want the moth, with all its twitching claws and tendrils of liquid nightmare. You can want the touch of the living House itself—the cool caress of wrought iron and polished wood, its manifestations' monstrous teeth and tongues, even the grasping bog-talons of the Floodpits— you can want to be devoured whole by the hungry geometries of the plane. Anything. Paeans to the Devouring Father are sung fervently in the hallways of the Mistmoors- will you sing with them?

200 CP – Moonlight Procession

In exchange for their faithful service, the Cult is spared most of the horrors of Duskmourn. So will you. As long as you continue to support and assist in their goals, most evil beings will let you be. Even those normally too consumed by bloodlust or insanity to spare anyone else will ignore your presence, or even allow you to take shelter in their territory. All it takes, of course, is your continued service.

200 CP – Unnatural Summons

When Valgavoth beckons, they come. They tend to the House as its keepers- patching cracks in the walls, exterminating pests and gremlings, and repairing architectural damage caused by invasive plant growth. Eternally faithful, endlessly obedient. Such is their devotion.

Now, you share on this. Whenever you swear yourself upon a master, you will gain an empathic understanding of their wants and desires. Aligning with those and fulfilling orders is a remarkably pleasant sensation, as is receiving acknowledgement for a good job. To be an obedient little puppet- but isn't it wonderful?

400 CP – Rite of the Threshold

Central to the cult's practices- this rite is the underpinning of everything they fight for. With a little big of effort, you can envelop yourself or another individual (who must enter of their own free will) in a cocoon. While you do this, you will regenerate any wounds inflicted to your person- and allow Valgavoth to directly feed on your mind. He will not take much- merely your fear.

Offer him a fear, and he will consume it. It will be gone. You will no longer be able to feel it. Continue to do this, bit by bit-

-and you'll find that one day, there will be no fear left for him to take.

400 CP – Drag to the Roots

"Valgavoth commands us to feed the trees. Let our blood be their mulch, our flesh their soil."

Death can feed life. Those under your command can be fed on blood- either by the means of sacrifices or simple feeding on corpses. Trees, wolves, humans. They will slowly acquire power equivalent to whatever they feed on, and whatever previous dietary requirements they held will be satisfied; their bodies nourished and growing strong from their diet of victims, as surely as the most satisfying of meals.

600 CP – Rite of the Moth

Death itself submits to Valgavoth's will. Gather moths to a corpse you have yourself slain and they will envelop it completely. When they finally fly away, see the deathly pallor gone- flesh restored. A second chance- a revenant. Killed, then revived; brought back because some higher power wasn't done with them yet. Revived utterly without fear, utterly without morals, utterly without shame.

Yours, loyal unto the second death- after with they will dissolve into strings of silk- never to return, soul dissolved and rendered into nothing at all. Consumed, as all things will be one day.

600 CP – Say Its Name

The mutant beast known as Altanak was given such fine hearing by Valgavoth that it could hear its name spoken anywhere through the House, and such agility it could move anywhere to punish those who spoke it.

Valgavoth has given you a similar blessing. Once you enter this or another jump, you may choose a name. Once an individual speaks that name thrice, you will become immediately aware of their presence and will be able to teleport close to their location. To punish them? To reward them? It's up to you.

You may also set up an additional layer to the trigger, such as speaking the name in front of a mirror or speaking it under the moon's light. Essentially, this is a ritual that summons you- make sure that it is used well.

Items

(There is little for you to take, in truth. My wealth is in power. I have always cared little for gold or trinkets.)

Bear Trap – 100 CP

Every time its teeth tasted blood, its hunger grew, until one day it was no longer a trap but a hunter. This hunting implement seeks blood on its own, and its teeth are unnaturally sharp. It could leave through solid iron as it closes, and will leap upon anyone who steps *around* it- caution not enough to avoid its wrath.

Dissection Tools – 100 CP

A full suite of everything needed to hack a person open, including scalpels, an operating table, and even a clean room in your Warehouse to work with peace and quiet. Replenishes itself every jump. The tools feel very comfortable to hold.

Glimmerlight – 100 CP

A lantern holding some manner of glimmer-fragment inside of it. The light faintly burns those of evil alignment, and never goes out.

Keys to the House – 100 CP

Four keys in a keyholder. Each can open any door in the House before breaking. Outside of here, they will continue to open doors, and will be replenished each jump.

Séance Board – 100 CP

A board that allows for communication with spirits. Messages in it grow more and more clear and easy to understand the more people die around the object.

Cursed Windbreaker – 100 CP

A windbreaker haunted by a silent spirit. When worn, it will fly and take its wearer to wherever they wish to go- though it'll often jerk them around a bit.

Brainstone – 100 CP

A rock shaped somewhat like a bunch of weird heads grouped together. Crack it open to provide a flash of insight that turns the tide of battle. It looks lovely on an end table. Regenerates once a jump.

Ancient Radar – 100 CP

An artifact of old Duskmourn- a magic-detecting radar. Its parts have been replaced so many times it's barely the same object anymore, but it still works- alerting the user to magical intensities and supernatural influences in a range of up to twenty meters. Can distinguish between one influence and another, but similar beings tend to blur together. Not much, but it's always useful to have in hand.

Sporogenic Infection – 100 CP

A box full of infectious spores produced from wickerfolk bodies. Inhaling enough of the spores causes a person's joints to ossify and skin to harden, effectively petrifying them without killing them. Replenishes once a jump.

Conductive Machete – 200 CP

An electrically charged machete, powered by some arcane mechanism that grants it a monomolecular edge. It repairs itself, somewhat charges itself (the plug cord seeking somewhere to plug automaticaly) and going by how any who wield it do so incredibly naturally, it even seems to almost wield itself.

Chainsaw – 200 CP

A burning chainsaw of Razorkin make. Never clogs or spins slower upon shredding flesh as you'd expect a chainsaw to do. It spins faster and burns hotter the more people you eviscerate with it.

Ghost Vacuum – 200 CP

An artifact for the capture of ghosts. Can suck up any number of errant souls to keep in stasis for long-term usage- just point at the target, and press the button. To let them out, there's a helpful screen telling you which spirits are contained within and let you release them individually or in batches at your leisure.

Hedge Shredder – 200 CP

A strange cross between a velocipede, a lawnmower and a particularly homicidal training dummy. Swings around blades at enormously high speeds while you draw it, cutting through flesh just as easily as it cuts through terrain. Needs no fuel but the vegetation that it gathers by itself.

Box Of Parts – 200 CP

A crate full of mechanical parts. It's never enough to make anything from scratch, but bring something that's damaged and there will surely be something that will work to fix it up. Repairs up to ten objects before it has to be replenished and replenishes once a month.

Grim Bauble – 200 CP

A cardboard box with four demon-shaped bobbleheads. Break one, and noxious demonic miasma will pour out- viciously toxic to mortals, and quite unpleasant even to more resilient creatures. Replenishes once a month.

Keyed Doors – 200 CP

A pair of wooden doorframes in an ornate, gothic style. Walk through one, and you will step out of the other.

Talisman of Resilience – 200 CP

A tough stone that seems to produce green and black mana from the air. Slightly weakens and drains one's lifeforce when they attempt to draw from it, but the mana will be drawn regardless.

Friendly Teddy – 200 CP

An awakened teddy bear with a predilection for the human heart. It's a surprisingly skilled surgeon.

Demonic Junker – 300 CP

An enormous, spiked truck possessed several times over. Half-a-dozen demons are competing for the driver's seat. They hold a firm belief that might makes right of way. You'll get where you want to go; but it will be quite a bumpy ride.

Unidentified Hovership – 300 CP

A flying contraption in the shape of an oval. Possesses the ability to kidnap and hold up to one person in stasis within itself.

Screentrap – 300 CP

A television screen. Once an unsuspecting victim turns it on, they will be sucked in and kept inside a world static until someone else turns the television off.

Silken Shroud – 300 CP

A face veil spun from the silk of the Cult of Valgavoth's cocoons. When worn on one's face, it dulls the wearer's fear and absorbs it. Squeeze the veil, and a silvery liquid- pure, concentrated *fear*- will pour out, drop by drop.

Scroll of Fate – 300 CP

A scroll containing the fate of Duskmourn, defaced with several mocking caricatures. The words are utterly unreadable, but the portraits of you and your companions can be found in certain pages. Once a jump, you can burn one

person's page to remove them from fate's designs- leaving them up to chance and skill, nothing more.

Fear of Surveillance – 300 CP

A fragile-looking Nightmare possessing a thousand floating eyes. It has no will of its own, but once set to guard an area, it will perfectly record every bit of information in it from every possible perspective. Ask it what occurred at a given time or place it watched over, and it will meticulously replicate the memory- though keep in mind it has no initiative of its own.

Wicker-Razor Blade – 300 CP

A rusty-looking pair of wooden scissors. The wood is sharpened to a fine edge and still cuts, despite appearing chipped and damaged. Strap it to another blade or wield it on its own, and whatever wounds it inflicts will be guaranteed to generate deadly complications and gather parasites and infections like moths to a flame.

My Wealth Will Bury You – 400 CP

An enormous pool of solid gold coins with screaming skull faces emblazoned on both sides. Should you toss a person inside, they will begin to swarm and shove themselves into every available orifice until the person burst from the inside out- after which, their remains will melt into even more gold coins. Outside of the pool, it's just gold.

My Wings Envelop All – 400 CP

A vast coat that resembles a moth's wings. Once worn, it will sap at the fear of all but its wearer- first banishing their nightmares and regrets, then slowly but surely carving the very ability to feel fear out of their minds.

Marina Vendrell's Grimoire – 400 CP

The Vendrell heiress' diary, before it all went wrong. Contains the tragic tale of Duskmourn alongside various notes on the practice of blood magic and demon summoning. Every jump, someone will update those notes in plain black font- providing the paths to whatever demonic creatures exist in the setting. They will note their temperament, abilities, and even if they're willing to bargain or not. How helpful.

Companions

(Duskmourn is no place to find friends, but I will leave you be.)

(*All* companions will automatically have the Gathering of Magic perk. Even should you not align yourself with their ideology, they will not betray you.)

Shared Torment – 100 CP

Bring a companion into this world. They receive an origin, 400 CP to spend, and may not take any drawbacks.

Light up the Stage – 300/600 CP

The more the merrier. Bring up to four or eight companions to enjoy Duskmourn by your side- or maybe not there. Again, 400 CP, an origin, no drawbacks.



Kneel Before My Legions +300 CP

You may take up to eight companions, with the same limitations as before. Sounds good, right. The catch? Not only will they be blocked off from being Beasties or Survivors, for the remainder of the jump, they'll serve Valgavoth's designs and do their damndest to kill you.

(Oh, pick that one. I promise I'll go easy on you.)



Primo, the Indivisible – 100 CP

A Fractal produced by Zimone Wola's formula-based magic, it was left behind in Duskmourn after she escaped. It cares little that it was abandoned- it is a mere magical construct, after all, and doesn't have this sort of finicky social response. It will serve you as loyally as an unspeaking attack dog can, though one might warn that it will grow larger and stronger with each successive jump. Maybe build a very large doghouse.

Lucia, Clawed Companion – 200 CP



A Beastie bonded to you. She is as traditional of a Beastie as it gets- though she'll continue striving to protect and cherish any survivors she might find even after she bonds with you.

One might find her motherly habits (including but not limited to trying to force-feed you food if she feels you haven't been eating enough, picking clothes that she thinks would fit you and even trying to choose friends and mates for you) annoying- but you might get over things like these after you see her tear a cellarspawn in half with her bare hands.

(Lucia has the Line of Mutation, Rescue Beastie and Beastie Beatdown perks.)



Adyseach, the Ancient- 200 CP

A demon from old Duskmourn, still quietly seething at the loss of his power and influence after the Ascent.

He has much knowledge to offer, if you are willing to pay for it. And just with this exit ticket off Duskmourn, you've already paid for, what was it? 100 years of service? That's quite a lot. He'll be useful, I'm sure.

(Adyseach has the Demonic Pact, Demonic Counsel and Demon's Miasma perks.)

The Rollercrusher – 300 CP



A 10-meter tall Cellarspawn capable of speech with an unusual fascination around rollercoasters. If you can tolerate him talking about what scraps he could gather on pre-Ascent rollercoasters for hours on end, he's nice to have around.

Just, uh, don't actually ride any of his. He greatly enjoys crushing the passengers mid-ride.

(The Rollercrusher has the Withering Torment and Horrid Vigour perks.)



Isaiah of the Old World – 300 CP

A glitch ghost belonging to an ancient demon hunter, one of the first to succumb to the what would become the Cult of Valgavoth as he fought to prevent the House's spread into his nation.

He remembers little of his old life beyond these tidbits, but his hatred for Valgavoth and all who serve him has not wavered. His form has become twisted over the years the repeated returns from the afterlife, but he remains, and persues his crusade against the Cult with terrible, endless clarity.

(Isaiah has the Line of the Void, Haunted Screen and Untimely Malfunction perks.)



The Unrisen – 300 CP

A creation of Valgavoth capable of teleportation and necromancy. He particularly enjoys cramming himself inside a recently dead body and so he pilot it to kill its own former allies. There's a reason "always burn the bodies" is a common wisdom among survivors.

(The Unrisen has the Unwilling Vessel, They Came From The Pipes and Came Back Wrong perks.)

Ms Candlelight – 100 CP

A demon-summoning Survivor. She's a well-known customer among Duskmourn's former finest. An utterly amoral if skilled daemonogist, mage and fiction writer that sees the world as a web of deals- made and soon to be made.

(Ms Candlelight has the Welcome the Darkness, Killer's Mask, Murder and Cryptic Inspector perks.)





Arvan & Disan – 100 CP

Two survivors originally from the plane of Dominaria- though they've long forgotten what their home looked like. They've been through some hard times, and the House seems particularly invested in seeing them both dead. But they've lasted this far- maybe they'll last much longer.

(Arvan and Disan both have the Coordinated Clobbering, Frantic Strength, Don't Make A Sound and Fast Learner perks.)

The Three Stooges – 100 CP

A trio of Cellarspawn with a penchant for forgetting what they're doing. Cellarspawn have never had the best memory- and it seems to be even worse with these three. Keep that in mind- because they won't.

(The Three Stooges all have the Coordinated Clobbering and Vanish from Sight perks.)



Ol' Needlehead – 100 CP

A completely traditional Razorkin. He sees in you the chance to experience and inflict all-new types of pain in all-new worlds. Rest assured he'll be an utterly dedicated servant- but perhaps don't leave him to indulge in his hobbies so freely. Or do. You might not care.

(Ol' Needlehead has the Blood Seeker, Murder, Sawblade Skinripper, Give In To Violence and Trial of Agony perks.)





Aminatou, the Veil-Piercer (400 CP)

Aminatou, former Planeswalker. A child born with the power to manipulate fate. She perceives the matrix of destiny and possibility around herself. She's still growing- and with her eyes blinded by the loss of her spark, her future is more in doubt then ever. In another world, she foresaw that Duskmourn would not let her go- but here she is.

Did she foresee *you*, perhaps?

(Aminatou has the Manifest Dread and Fast Learner perks. She also has the Aminatou's Fateshifting perk, and can use it once a day instead of once a jump while transferring her daily use to any other individual.)



The Speed Demon – 200 CP

"Caution is for those who falter."

A demon bound to a car, who pushes forward with the might of a thousand damned souls shackled to his engines. He would be Valgavoth's champion in the Ghirapur Grand Prix- but now, he may be yours.

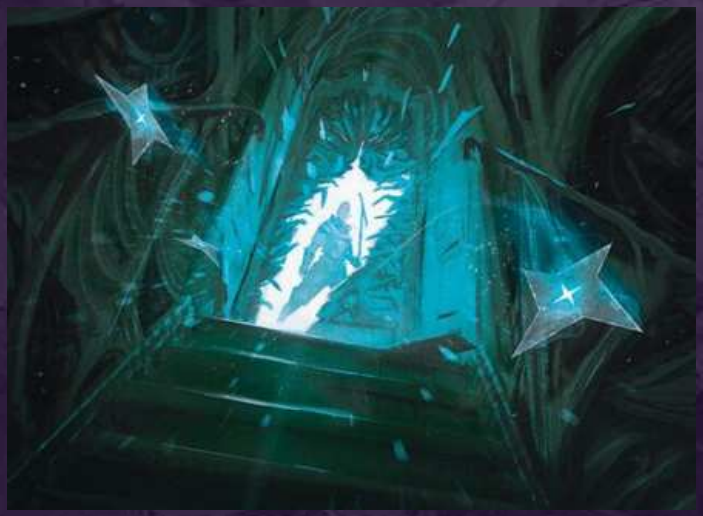
(The Speed Demon has the Possession Engine, Demonic Counsel, Demonic Pact and Unable to Scream perks.)



Sir Dazzle – 100 CP

A Glimmer surviving the death of its owner is a rare occurrence, but it seems to be what happened with this shining golden rabbit. Now, it hops from zone to zone of the House, banishing fears and horrors wherever it goes. Some inherited sentience, the last wish of its conjurer? Some greater power? Nobody knows.

(Sir Dazzle has the Collected Company, Savior of the Small, Exorcise and Wary Watchdog perks.)



Escape Ticket – 100 CP

Are your eyes set on someone? With this, you'll be able to get up to one other Duskmourn character to come with you in your journey. They'll have to agree, and there's an exception barring you from bringing a particular someone with you.

That someone would, of course, be...



Valgavoth – 600 CP

(Did you want me? Here I am. To be free from this rotting carcass of wood and mold is what I have wanted for millenia– I will serve. I will serve, if you unbind me from it at last!)

Lord of Duskmourn, Terror Eater, Devouring Father. Unshackled from his contract, bound to you, and reduced to a much weaker form, your equal at best– but of the House he is no longer. Take him with you, if you dare.

(Valgavoth has *every* perk in the Cellarspawn, Nightmare and Demon perk trees.)

(...an unsightly outburst.)

Rooms

(...)

These rooms will be added to your Warehouse as separate rooms in their own separate section that you can reorder at your leisure. You will receive an additional stipend of 200 CP to spend exclusively on Rooms.

Basic Lands – 100/300 CP

Duskmourn has always been a place with many strange sights to witness. Perhaps you would like to take some of it with you once your visit concludes? With this, you can take a chunk of roughly a kilometer or so of the five main "biomes" of Duskmourn- mana-rich pieces of the House. White, blue, red, black, green- Mistmoors, Floodpits, Boilerbilges, Balemurk and Hauntwoods- all available for your enjoyment and use for either 100CP a piece or 300CP for a set of five.

Grand Entryway // Elegant Rotunda – 100 CP

A beautiful room laden with two stairways that you can use as the entrance to your Warehouse. Normally, it leads to a marble rotunda adorned with dangerous-looking statues of humanoid figures- but you might have it connect to something else.

Bottomless Pool // Locker Room – 100 CP

A pool of water that stretches infinitely downward and a room where you can get dressed for a bath. The water has too much chlorine in it to be drinkable by human beings without some stomach aches, but you could risk it.

Derelict Attic // Widow's Walk – 200 CP

An attic perfect for stuffing all the stuff you don't care about in, plus a place to hurl yourself from should you ever feel like it. Just keep in mind that it's a four-hundred-meter drop into solid rock below.

Dazzling Theater // Prop Room – 100 CP

A beautiful moth-themed theater covered in dust and a prop room with anything you might need for a play. It'll take a few days of work to get it up to snuff again- but when you do, it'll be beautiful.

Ticket Booth // Tunnel of Hate – 100 CP

A ticket booth with an attendant extremely hostile, misleading and uncooperative to anyone but you. It leads to a flesh tunnel navegated via a flimsy gondola. The tunnel resembles the stomach of a large creature- and it

will attempt to digest anyone you don't like as long as you can stuff them down there.

Greenhouse // Rickety Gazebo – 100 CP

A greenhouse that accepts virtually any plant species one might want to grow, always reshaping itself to make them grow uncontrollably well. Next to it is an ever-on-the-verge-of-collapsing gazebo where you could bask on the scent of the flowers- or cough on the enormous amount of pollen coating the air.

Meat Locker // Drowned Dinner – 100 CP

A freezer full of hooks. Any flesh placed on them will be held from decaying- and the damp restaurant next will happily accept any meat you supply to prepare a very, very wet meal.

Glassworks // Shattered Yard – 100 CP

A room with many glass objects and glassblowing implements. Attached to it is an enormous yard full of broken glass on every surface. Objects you make inside will be perfectly remade a few hours later so the room can smash the original against a wall in the yard.

Painter's Studio // Defaced Gallery – 100 CP

A studio with all necessary implements to make art. Attached to it is a gallery that will copy and then proceed to systematically destroy, mock, humiliate and deface any art you happen to make.

Secret Arcade // Dusty Parlor – 100 CP

A room full of very gory arcade games based on your previous adventures. The games are murderously hard and intent in getting the character killed horribly. Attached to it is a parlour that provides refreshments should you get tired of being beaten to death in a video game.

Funeral Room // Awakening Hall – 200 CP

A funeral with room for many corpses. Strange, faceless attendants will carefully remove the bodies from the coffins and place them in the dozens of beds in the hall next to it. Once it's full, you may command each body to rise as an unthinking zombie.

Dollmaker's Shop // Porcelain Gallery – 200 CP

A strange empty shop with a notebook left on a table. Leave your specifications for a toy and it will be made a few days or weeks later, though toys whose workings and power are beyond your own abilities will take much longer- maybe even years, if they're a lot beyond you. Another room holds dozens of failed and

broken prototypes for every order you've ever made, cast off and discarded like the trash they are.

Spiked Corridor // Torture Pit – 200 CP

An unreasonably corridor laden with spikes in every available surface. The spikes are rusty and barbed. Comes with a room that has a hole in the ground full of hacksaws and even more spikes- plus a few chains in the top with even more blades and spikes.

Cramped Vents // Access Maze – 200 CP

A labyrinth of dangerous escape rooms that repairs and realigns itself in a more challenging format every Jump. At the center, a room full of screens is accessible to you through a secret door in the Warehouse, and to anyone who wishes to cross the extremely dangerous vents full of twice as many hazards as any of the rooms themselves.

Unholy Annex // Ritual Chamber – 300 CP

A small room ideal for blood sacrifices that magnifies any sort of sacrificial magic or ability performed in it. Another chamber to the site is ideal for funnelling any byproducts of the sacrifice into and has a prepared circle for any ritual you'd like to make.

Defiled Crypt // Cadaver Lab – 300 CP

A graveyard full of empty graves. Throw a corpse into it, and similar bodies will rise as undead, wandering aimlessly through the room until you either put them outside or drag them to the room next to it- that being a laboratory perfectly suited for studying undead anatomies.

Solitary Study // Endless Corridor – 300 CP

A solitary room for one to study or write in peace. It always has tea or coffee available. The only way in or out is a corridor whose length you can freely define at any moment.

Roaring Furnace // Steam Sauna – 300 CP

A boiling furnace that yearns to be exposed to hotter fires. While it burns at great temperatures for any steam furnace from the get-go, should you give it a sample of any stronger fires, it will learn to imitate them. Above it is a sauna that is always as warm as needed to serve as one- no matter how resilient you become, or how hot the fires below grow.

Experimental Lab // Staff Room – 300 CP

A laboratory full of cartoonish-looking science experiments and resources to make more. Sometimes they'll break out and try to kill you, but that's just part of the appeal. The other side is a completely mundane if extremely comfortable break room that the experiments can't break into- employee benefits are important.

Mirror Room // Fractured Realm – 400 CP

A room full of mirrors that scream and howl at the mirrored individuals. Should one attempt to touch the mirrors, they will be pulled inside and mobbed by an infinitely refracting horde of copies of themselves until they either escape or die. Should the pulled individual be much stronger than a human, the copies will only reach that level, but quantity is a quality all in its own.

Drawbacks

(Power from sacrifice- as is fitting.)

Glimmer Hoarder +100 CP

You are addicted to Glimmers. Their dazzling light is so... it tugs at your heart. You need the glow of a Glimmer near you, or you'll start getting antsy. (Note that this is a much bigger issue as anything but a Survivor.)

Telling Time +100 CP

Time moves strangely in Duskmourn. The terrors of the past snap at the heels of an unknowable future, while the torments of the present stretch into infinity. This drawback extends your stay at Duskmourn to 20 years, and can be taken an additional time to increase your stay to 100 years. In addition to this, the "canon timeline" will never arrive no matter how long you stay in here; neither will the Desparking, or the Omenpaths.

Cynical Opportunist +100 CP

You are a survivalist. Any previous priorities you had will be forgotten when you have to save your own skin. It doesn't matter what you'll have to sacrifice, what friends you'll have to betray or what you'll have to leave behind- surviving is your number one priority. Nothing else matters at all.

Disturbing Mirth +100 CP

Stitch your eyes, stitch your skin, stitch your mouth into a grin. Your face is permanently twisted into a disturbing-looking rictus grin. Not only this, but you laugh in a really ugly and choked way whenever you're exposed to anything you'd find more than mildly funny.

Peer Past the Veil +100 CP

You are a seeker of knowledge- even when you really shouldn't be. Acquiring new knowledge is a big priority to you, and you'll frequently get into big risks for it. That makes these morsels of knowledge perfect bait for you- bait you'll have to take regardless.

Grapple with the Past +200 CP

You have some manner of trauma. Someone you lost, or some long-buried regret- it constantly nips at your heels. The scars still fresh and leaving you shackled to the past. It may take a while to heal, for the scars to fade, but it will never leave you, most certainly influencing your choice- and the House will surely make use of such a large vulnerability.

Possessed Goat +200 CP

You're sharing brainspace with a demon. Thankfully, if you die it dies, and so it's as invested in getting out of here alive as you- but every now and then, you'll black out, and it'll have free reign to use whatever powers it had to serve its own goals.

Harrowing at the House +200 CP

When Valgavoth molts out of his latest form and into a new body, the House shakes and shiver. A fresh wave of cellarspawn pours into the House, and psychic ripples incites cultists, razorkin, and other monstrous entities to increased viciousness, bloodlust, and paranoia. This event is called a Harrowing- and now, they're happen more often, lasting longer, and having even greater intensity. You'll experience a very intense Duskmourn for sure.

Cackling Slasher +200 CP

You are an archetypical Razorkin- a sadist. You get your rocks off when someone else's missing a lot of chunks and preferably screaming a lot during the whole process. Any other source of pleasure feels deadened and weak to you.

Gleeful Arsonist +200 CP

You are obsessed with fire. Not only will you frequently go out of your way to burn things, but it also has strange effects on your psyche. While you're around a softly burning fire, you are calmed and mildly elated; when around explosions and vast cleansing infernos, you grow euphoric and detached from reality. The House is flammable- but one wonders if it really will appreciate your talents.

Cracked Skull +200 CP

You're going around with a concussion. Your sight is blurry and you're frequently feeling dazed.

Live or Die +200 CP

You are frequently faced with life-threatening choices. The sort of time where you really need to think or move quickly or get your head sliced off, a moment where you need to pick the right door and the wrong one will lead to your certain doom, things like that. And they might only need for you to make the wrong choice one time.

Feed the Swarm +200 CP

You're catnip to the House's insect population. Whether they find you extremely appetizing or an extremely good place to lay their eggs inside doesn't really matter- you'll be avoiding bug bites for years, still.

Hardened Escort +200 CP

You'll frequently find yourself having to escort people. Either babysit allies, guard new members of your team or guide people through pieces of the House- all in another day's work, and you will never be able to refuse.

Children of the Carnival +300 CP

You don't remember what the outside was anymore. As far as you're concerned, you were born in Duskmourn- the sun and the stars are no longer in your memory, as are any previous worlds you've visited.

Changed +300 CP

Incompatible with Telling Time. Duskmourn gave the survivors some measure of safety because they gave the House what was needed more than anything- fear. People to sustain it.

But now, Valgavoth's arms stretch out wide. He no longer strictly needs the populations of survivors he already holds- not when he can hunt across the cosmos. The safe zones, the supplies for scavengers, the easy victories to lull them into a sense of security- they are no longer needed. Things will change, soon. Very soon.

Nowhere to Run +300 CP

You have a terrible sense of direction, and you can't remember maps worth a damn. Not only are you able to get lost on a completely straight path, you'll also get lost in inconvenient places- frequently hitting dead ends, making wrong turns and losing sight of your allies. Better hope you can survive by yourself.

Unstoppable Slasher +300 CP

A Razorkin has your scent- and he'll never let go. An experienced killer with a saw for an arm, vast agility, physical strength and knowledge of the House is hot on your trail- and every time you take him down, he'll rise back a day or two later, stronger and better then ever, ready to hunt yet again.

Valgavoth's Command +300 CP

You are under Valgavoth's command. He says jump, you ask how high. He will not ask you much-merely for you continue his treadmill of torment, merely continue feeding him fear. Sure, there will be a campaign of terror or a group of survivors to be crushed and beaten down because they're getting too uppity, but that's not much, is it? He will not ask you to fork over any of your treasures, nor will he devour you whole unless you particularly piss him off. And once the jump is over, he will let you go, no questions asked.

Ah, and fail to fulfil his decrees four times? Your chain breaks- it'll all be over. Valgavoth has his limits.

Cult Healing +400 CP

The Cult of Valgavoth's characteristic rite has left its mark on you. You are completely incapable of fear. Even when you very much *should* be afraid of something, you just won't be. It's an emotion wholly lost to you.

Grievous Wound +400 CP

You are dealing with some manner of horrible wound. Something utterly unhealable and debilitating. A knife to the stomach, for one. It will not kill you- not by itself. But it'll agonize through the entire jump, and if you get another wound of the same nature, it'll kill you for sure.

Pact of Negation +500 CP

Whatever you have gained in your previous Jumps, it won't be of any use here. No perks, no items. You'll face the House with what weapons gave you. (*This also applies to all Companions.)*

Convert to Slime +500 CP

Every object you touch shares the same fate eventually- slime. That couch you were taking a nap on? When you wake up, it'll be slime. The weapon you're holding? It'll be slime in a day or so. Touching something less means it'll take longer, but everything turns to slime eventually. The only exception are people and the House's ground and walls themselves. But the rest? All slime.

Deluge of Doom +500 CP

Disastrous events keep happening to you. There is no end to your string of horrid situations- it just seems like all the craziest stuff and the worst kind of trouble is attracted to you, and nothing you do will let you escape the House's buffet of torments.

Fear of... +400 CP

Cannot be taken as a Nightmare. You have one absolutely crippling fear- one fear you cannot get over, no matter what. A Nightmare has erupted from it, and it will be hunting you through the jump. Be afraid.

Rite of the Four +400 CP

Beyond your usual period of staying here, you must also cross a threshold. Four lives must be sacrificed to Valgavoth during your stay here- and unlike Winter's promised offering, they must be four lives that you *truly* care about. Until you give these lives over, this jump will not end.

Valgavoth's Onslaught +500 CP

Cannot be taken as a Cellarspawn or if you took Valgavoth as a companion. You are under Valgavoth's furious gaze- he will try his damndest to kill you through the jump- all of his armies will be focused on you, all of his efforts aimed at killing you and nothing else. He will set all of the House ablaze if it means ending you- and should he succeed, he will receive the Chain as a reward for his efforts.

Damnation +700 CP

You are truly damned. Misery and suffering follow your every step. By the end of the jump, every single friend you had or acquire will die. Everything you've built will amount to nothing, and everything you work towards will fail miserably and wretchedly. You, yourself, will be unharmed- but barring what you've purchased in this jump itself, you'll never leave Duskmourn any slightest bit successful.

Epilogue

Your time here has passed- you are at last free of the House. What will you do, with your newfound freedom?

Go Home

Have its torments broken you? So be it. Return to your old home and see the sky- see the moon and stars for the first time in ten years.

Stay Here

Truly? In the House, in the tormentous plane consumed by this carnival of terror and suffering? Very well.

Next Jump

Your next step. Your next world. Go on, away from here. Grow beyond the House's confines.