Under the light of twin moons and a sky that distorts the positions of stars and obscures the universe's form, great black spines jut from beneath the earth. Clouds gather in the sky, and with a thunderous roar they turn to solid stone. They rain down on a city, annihilating it completely. The dust scatters, and inhaled by the survivors, stone begins growing through their bodies. They stumble outwards in search of desperate salvation, their death spreading the infectious rock. So it has been for thousands upon thousands upon thousands of years. Under the blaring glow of neon signs and billboard advertisements, backdoor office politicking impells a string of assassinations, international trading trends hike up vehicle fuel prices, and an innocent man finds himself beaten to death in an alleyway because the perpetrators held a poor view of his race. So it has been for a century or two, give or take. The world is inhospitable, but man is tenacious and cunning. Once Originium, that terrible killing stone, was found to be a phenomenal source of energy and industrial material, rampant industrialization led to great innovation. To challenge the uncaring sky and its Catastrophies, great nomadic cities were created, small at first, but now grand in size. Gigantic interlinkable vehicular platforms capable of carrying mountain ranges on their backs, upon which great cities were built; through them mankind was finally capable of enjoying the benefits of sedentary living while avoiding irresistible death from above. Civilization has only recently entered an age of interconnected travel and information, such that most living upon the sole known continent of this world have no concept of oceans. Many still live in

antiquated villages or technologically stilted slums, even as the metropolitan cities begin to swell with populations in the hundreds of thousands, with modern luxuries and conveniences aplenty.

But no miracles of invention or scholarship can subdue the killing spirit of man. Long into antiquity, the races warred with their neighbors. The myriad Ancients and Elder races engage in viscously territorial and conspiratorial espionage and politicking, while those Sarkaz that don't remain in what remains of their homeland typically live and die as mercenaries without even names. And everywhere, those infected with Oripathy, the incurable gradual transformation of the body into Originium contracted through contact with it, are shunned and hated for many reasons. But the world's ills do not stop there. There are monsters in the sky, there are demons in the sea. It is to this backdrop that a singular pharmaceutical company with sketchy methods and an even sketchier past acts to improve the quality of life for the Infected, even if it means entering into a slew of grey-and-grey conflicts rife with tragedy.

You stand upon Terra. This land is yours.

Arknights

Your time in this Jump starts anywhere from the year 1092 of the standard Terran calendar, to December 23, 1096. Regardless, you shall stay for 10 years from your starting point. Your Gender is irrelevant and may be whichever you please, and your age may be anything within reason. You may start almost anywhere you wish, so long as it's somewhere you could have reasonably travelled. Be aware that some locations are comically more lethal than others. Information on individual locations can be found in the later Affiliations section and a short section on other locations of note immediately afterwards.

Origin

Identity is a thing composed of many factors. You won't have just one choice deciding who you are in this world; you'll have several. Here you'll choose your Race, Affiliation, and Background, each a separate section in which you'll choose one to belong to. For any so chosen, you'll discount the corresponding Perks, Items, and perhaps more. Discounted **100 CP** Perks and Items are **Free**.

Sub-Faction: (Special, Optional)

People around here can be complicated. The stories of their lives, past and future. An earnest hard working girl in some ragtag small time company might love her friends and make her home with them, but also be an expatriate from abroad with family back home, destined soon to return and put to rest a conspiracy endangering her family. Family with connections to the government, and who've extended an invitation back home to join in so she can finally learn the secrets about that past family tragedy that's

been haunting her. It isn't unusual for people around here to find themselves being pulled in two opposite directions, and isn't that only right with how complex life can be? With this option you can split your Affiliation in two; in this case, you may select *two* Affiliations, and rather than Discounting all Perks of all price Tiers in one, you will only Discount one Perk per price Tier in each, with you only Discounting one Item per Tier split *between* both. This may complicate your backstory and in-world connections to make both Affiliations a large or impactful part of your life, with lingering connections on both sides as makes sense. Any number of backstories can be constructed this way; any combination with Rhodes Island means that you're both a trusted employee, as well as having strong ties to your home nation. With other combinations you might be running from home but with people left behind who'd like to see you return, or have otherwise lived a *very* eventful life in some way. Plenty of people have lived lives like this… but if you want to live more dangerously, like certain old heroes of complicated and scarred past have, you may take this an additional time. This option will let you either 'complete' your Discounts, so that all Perks and Items from your two Affiliations are Discounted, or you may choose a third one, which will be fully Discounted. In fact, with this last option, you may instead choose a Race or Background rather than being limited to an Affiliation. Maybe you're a hybrid, whether natural or artificial, or perhaps you serve your faction in multiple capacities. However, there's a downside to living such a complicated life; when someone moves out of their little bubble for another with such haste, you can always be assured there's a reason. With this last option, there's trouble in your backstory, whether it's from an organization back home that takes exception to your departure or your past, or people involved in your peculiar heritage who'd wish for word of their experiments to be silenced permanently. As a result, you must take the Drawback **Event Bait** for no points, representing what it is from your past that's haunting you. I'm sure something interesting will come of this, at the very least. If you wish, you may take the Drawback *again* on your own terms for points as usual, which will result in the myriad problems arising from both to mingle and likely go out of control, but it will likely be very funny to watch. You may also use that to further diversify your backstory, but to no positive effect beyond the points taking the Drawback a second time would confer.

Race

There are many races sharing this world, and which one you belong to is an important question. Why? Because almost everyone is incredibly, incredibly racist. Racial tensions exist along all lines; not only do members of the following options discriminate against those of others, but they discriminate against other races within their own general category. It's racism all the way down, I'm afraid.

Ancients & Elders: (Free, 200 CP)

I would say that they're the predominant race on Terra, but in truth they're a collection of myriad races. Collectively, they're all various forms of animal-people, usually looking like more conventional humans with minor additions fitting to the individual race like ears, horns, and tails as appropriate, but some individuals can notably be quite a bit furrier. Elder races, based off of mythological animals such as the pegasus or kitsune, were once the hegemonic overlords of their lesser kin, and to this day still inherit bloodlines of notable strength. Ancients are based on more conventional animals such as deer and bears. Examples being the wolf-like Lupo, or the feline-like… Feline. The average lifespan of either tends to be around 150 years, with some variance. There are some races whose origins are a bit trickier, but are commonly thought of as Ancients, and so will count for this option. This option is free for Ancient or Elder races that give little to no advantage. However, to be one with a notable innate advantage will cost you **200 CP**. This might be an Ancient species with notable powerful features, such as the stealthy nature and lethal stinger of the Manticore (ignore how that's not an Elder), or an Elder species with something like an innate talent for its racial Arts, such as the Draco and their extreme inclination towards flame Arts.

Elves: (Free)

Walking around like this would certainly be a rare sight, given how elusive your kind are. Seemingly native to Sami, but hidden so well that virtually no one can find them, with an incredibly minor scattered population abroad, most are unaware of the existence of Elves. This, their isolation and dwindling foreign population, are a result of their extremely adverse reaction to Originium, which is becoming increasingly present throughout the wastelands and modern civilization both. Where unprotected contact with active Originium typically leads to other races contracting Oripathy, the reaction is much more severe in Elves. Merely brushing up against some will essentially guarantee swift death within a month's time. This is why there are so scant few Elves in modern cities, and why they're often so mindful of keeping a clean environment. This grievous weakness is offset by their natural abilities; Elves are magical. Descended not from the processes of evolution, altered or otherwise, but by the power of a seemingly divine being, Elves have a natural affinity for nature and the manipulation of what seems to be actual magical powers. These powers are not reliant on Originium or Arts Units, instead being an innate capacity to manipulate manifestations of natural elements such as plant life and water, in some ways resembling normal Arts, and in other ways looking like fairytale nonsense. They are also immortal unless killed by contact with Originium, or all the other ways mortals can be killed. They are no more immune to violence or accidents than any other, but no matter how much time passes an Elf will retain the appearance of early adulthood into perpetuity.

Sankta: (100 CP)

Endemic to the citystate of Laterano, though also found elsewhere, the Sankta are a unique and peculiar race. Visually, they lack any overtly bestial features, instead being denoted by two physiological curiosities. The first are their “wings”, which are more like holographic and intangible projections of light that often look like shards of glass. The second is their halo, which has a unique function. Fully solid, the halo allows for a sixth sense resembling hyper-attuned empathy, but only towards other Sankta. Sankta are capable of literally feeling each others’ emotions, which often leads to rather unique social dynamics among them that other races can’t make sense of, with Sankta being able to smooth over misunderstandings and other social hurdles via innate understanding. Empathy does not necessarily translate to goodwill, however; individual personalities and opinions persist, and can be a source of enmity and conflict. Sankta are notably born with high attunement for extremely precise Arts manipulation, not necessarily meaning that they are powerful casters, but that they can operate precision-demanding Arts mechanisms with ease. This allows them to easily use Terra’s native firearms, which use Originium circuitry to carry out internal functions that are otherwise analogous to more conventional firearms you may be familiar with. In fact, firearms are so important to the culture of the Sankta and Laterano, that their government issues all Sankta their first firearm on their twelfth birthday.

Sarkaz: (Free, 200, 400, 600, 800 CP)

Sarkaz are a complicated race. Actually, they’re a collection of related races, but try telling that to any outsiders. Loathed by the vast majority of the population as “Devils”, their homeland of Kazdel is barely hospitable, Oripathy is endemic to their race, and the majority of them live in a diaspora so severe that many of them don’t have names, and live and die as mercenaries from the moment they’re old enough to walk. Indeed, their race’s own name means, “Those without a home,” in their own language, though most have forgotten. Sarkaz races contrast Ancients and Elders by being based off of monsters and antagonists from both classical religion and contemporary fantasy, with races being based off of Goliath, Arabic ghouls, vampires, and liches. You can expect to be hated by many you meet no matter where you go, and feared even more often, but at the same time you have some natural advantages over other races. Sarkaz live infamously long lives, with mixed-blood mutts living for centuries, while pureblooded Sarkaz clans can live for millennia, and that’s before extending their lives through their unique cultural witchcrafts. Sarkaz are also stronger and more tenacious than Ancients on average, and possess innate combat instincts that allow them to fight and kill at young ages. Notably, Sarkaz are the race that most easily contracts Oripathy, which is why most of them are infected, but at the same time they are uniquely adapted to handling it. Sarkaz can survive Oripathy for lengths of time that might seem boggling by the standards of other races, but will ultimately still die young from it. Oh, and they’re haunted. Twice. You may be a Sarkaz, even one of the more powerful kinds. The

following prices are based on the immediate power of the average member, both raw physical abilities and Arts specializations so severe that usage of them is almost reflexive. Note that this does *not* count each tribe's witchcraft tradition, which is a more complex and learned art that they take time to study and refine. It does however count their more reflexive uses of them which require little to no training, such as a Nachzehrer's innate ability to leech strength from their kills. As a member, you will have only an *ability* to learn the corresponding witchcraft, not an innate understanding of it. At least just with this.

For **Free** you may be a weak Sarkaz subspecies like a mixed-blood mutt with no racial strengths and possibly muddled characteristics. You likely have some horns, slit eyes, and a tail, and are likely what most people think of when thinking of Sarkaz. Still, the advantages described above are still yours; the Sarkaz are a hardy people, even with diluted blood. Good luck with the racism though.

For **200 CP** you may pick a Sarkaz race that is notably stronger than this, but whose true strength truly comes from their learned witchcraft for which they have an affinity, and as such isn't a guaranteed amount of power. Indeed, these Sarkaz may be strong, but until they become truly skilled in a more refined Art, they're not stronger by much. Examples include Vampires, often red or pink-eyed and pointy eared Sarkaz with incredible senses and an innate talent for learning blood-manipulating witchcraft. Their inclination for blood Arts is often enough to possess hemokinetic abilities even without delving into the complexities of witchcraft. Another would be Gargoyles, who outside of their geokinetic Arts and stone-based witchcraft, are mostly just notably strong and durable. They like building things, and if one ever hands you a handful of soil it means they really, really like you. They call bricks "Children of the Walls" which is funny. Another would be the Djall, who, again, outside of their unique witchcraft have few advantages. Disregarding their psychic Arts, which allow them to sense emotions even passively, they are not notably stronger than other Sarkaz. They can be denoted by horns that curl upwards off of their head. Another would be the Liches, for whom virtually every strange and powerful quality is derived from advanced witchcraft. Possessed of powerful space-manipulated witchcraft, they can manipulate space and distance in myriad ways, separate their souls from their bodies and store them in between dimensions for immortality, and create all manner of strange artifice. But without it? They're just long-lived masses of shadowy threads that condense themselves in pointy-eared human forms that sometimes have snake tails, their thread-forms being able to interact with spatial phenomena to minor effect.

For **400 CP** you may be a Sarkaz race with notable advantages, even when not counting for their witchcraft. One would be the Nachzehrer, whose witchcraft traditions center around rot, healing, and cannibalism. Even without it, they have incredible resistance to toxins, extreme resistance to pain and injury, and brutal strength. They can take significant wounds and continue not only living, but fighting. They also rot while still

alive, looking like anything from pallid Sarkaz to shambling withered corpses, and have an entire culture based on *extreme* levels of cannibalism, such that elders letting others bite chunks out of their own flesh is considered a ritual of mutual respect and power-sharing with the young. Indeed, they can both sustain themselves and empower themselves by eating the flesh of friends and foes alike, and some are capable of spreading miasmas of rot and decay when killed. They innately grow stronger every time they take a life, though usually this wears off. And of course, they only get worse when they become skilled in witchcraft.

For **600 CP** you may be a Sarkaz race of absurd physical power, or one of great physical power and an Arts aptitude that gives great natural power even without delving into complex witchcraft. An example would be the large and terrifyingly deer-skulled Wendigo, of whom only one pure-blooded member should still be alive. One who is considered the single strongest man alive, though he is far from in good condition these days. Their bodies are absurdly strong, stronger many times over than the Sarkaz that are many times stronger than Ancients, and their endurance and durability is unmatched. Feelings of adversity give them surges of strength and energy, and Wendigo pilgrims would often carry the crushingly heavy coffins of their loved ones on their back, such that the combination of the emotional weight of what they were carrying and the physical pressure of it collapsing on them would spur them on to perpetually get back up until finally killed. Their bodies have powerful regeneration that allows them to heal from extreme wounds that would kill members of any other race, though not fast enough that dying in combat isn't a real threat. Another example would be the Diablo clan. Considered extinct in the modern day, they were once considered the strongest of the Sarkaz. In addition to possessing physical strength that eclipsed the non-Wendigo Sarkaz, who still far eclipse them in this aspect, they also possess a natural inclination for pyrokinetic Arts. One so extreme that they can make use of it naturally, without needing complex witchcraft. In fact, this manipulation of fire is enough to immolate groups with ease, with little to no training. Trying to fight even a weak Diablo meant charging a massive being wreathed in an aura of perpetual flame, giving off choking ashes, and clad in armor of molten metal.

For **800 CP** you may be a Sarkaz "species" like the Damazti. There is only one Damazti. There has only ever been one Damazti, no matter how many you think you've spoken to. When the Sarkaz talk of the ancient times and their distant ancestors, the Damazti was there. It has walked alongside the Sarkaz for eons, having borne witness to the whole of the Sarkaz's history. It is an immortal shapeshifting ooze, one that is capable of splitting itself off into multiple bodies with no known limits on how many, with none of them representing anything like a "core". If it splits into two, both must be destroyed to kill it, but again it can split itself freely into countless bodies, and indeed has. And each of them are capable of independently shapeshifting into the forms of others to impersonate them, often killing the original to steal their life. They have a

natural empathic ability that allows them to almost perfectly impersonate anyone due to mimicking even their memories, and again, this thing is almost completely unkillable. And in the case that it is finally truly killed? It splits in two. For this price, you may be such an unthinkable abomination, or a similarly unkillable abomination that everyone just kind of lumps in with the Sarkaz.

Know that once, when the Sarkaz were still the Teekaz, prior to the arrival of the Ancients and their Elder overlords, their tribes numbered in the thousands. Now, after so many millennia of foreign invasion and betrayals by their fellow Sarkaz, very few remain to this day. Thus, you may make up a suitable Sarkaz sub-race, perhaps being the last of your kind left in the modern day, rather than needing to strictly stick to those known to exist in the modern age. I'm sure your very existence is a story all its own.

UNDISCLOSED: (Free)

This is strange. Without further purchases, then at least morphologically speaking, you are either entirely removed from Terran lifeforms, or else share the same humanoid baseline that all the other races do, but with no bestial or strange additions. No extraneous ears, tails, horns, scales, nothing! Not even the Sankta's halo; you look like the middleground of everyone's appearance, but with no discerning trait inclining to a specific race known to this world. In fact, you are also extremely, extremely weak compared to virtually everyone else. I suppose if you worked your body out to the peak of physical fitness you'd reach a level of strength considered… slightly less weak than the weakest members of the other races, and of course Perks can make you stronger, but your base level of physical ability is exceedingly poor by this world's standards. People like you, well, they're probably not from around here, and that's why you're probably not going to meet another of your kind. Maybe. Honestly, sometimes it's going to almost feel like you're an ordinary human living in a world populated by genetically manipulated bioweapons or something.

Race Add-Ons: (400 CP or Special)

More things lurk in the dark corners of this world than the previous mortal existences would imply. There are *things* here. Some that were always inhuman, and some that were once mortals before being consumed and remade. But all relate to the prior races in some way, whether formerly being one of them, or simply looking alike and blending in amongst them. The following are three additional Race Add-Ons which may be considered additional Races that may be taken alongside any of the above, which will discount that Add-On's Perks and Items. To take one of these Add-Ons, this section must be unlocked. The Perks that correspond to these Add-Ons **CANNOT** be taken without unlocking this section first, though Items are not restricted. This section may be unlocked in one of two ways. The first is to simply pay **400 CP**, which will unlock this section, letting you take Perks from all three as normal, while letting you pick one to

become, receiving discounts on it. The other method is found in certain Perks throughout the Jump, which as an effect will make you one of the beings represented by an Add-On. These Perks will give you the corresponding Add-On, mentioning that they do so, and will discount them as though you'd chosen them. This will make Perks from the other Add-Ons purchasable, but you will only discount those of the Add-On given by the Perk. This method will waive the **400 CP** cost to unlock the section, but each of those Perks comes with a minor complication that you will suffer for the remainder of the Jump, shedding it afterwards unless you want to keep it for some reason. Once more, Items and Companions are not restricted in this way like Perks are.

Feranmut: (See Above)

Mortal? No, you are something more. Something that, in ancient, more enlightened times, was taken as a god. Your true form is no longer that of your chosen Race. That is merely the 'natural' appearance of any human-scale avatars you create or choose to shift into, the latter of which you are naturally capable of. You are a possibly-divine being with a deep connection to nature, with a lifespan that may be indefinite or "merely" measured in the tens of thousands of years. Your true form is massive, ranging from the size of a great airship, to a mountain range. You resemble a mixture of the animal or creature your race is based on, and a geographic fixture. Something like a great stone bison whose immense back is an entire mountain range, or a mighty dragon whose flesh is cloud and thunder. Your raw power is immense, having nothing to do with Arts or Originium to the extent that you are immune to Oripathy, and is seemingly capable of contravening the expected order of the world. Or rather, that will be up to your purchases. Still, the nature of your power is seemingly magical, divine even, and your true form possesses strength and size utterly inhuman. Be wary, no matter your power; the mortals have made a showing of hunting your kind before, again and again.

Seaborn: (See Above)

Most of Terra's denizens have no concept of the ocean, limited as people are in travel opportunities. Perhaps this is for the best; there are monsters in the sea. You are no longer human; you are at best a human that ate of sacred flesh, and assimilated in part or in whole into one of them, the Seaborn. Otherwise, you are a Seaborn that ate a member of whatever your chosen race was, having adapted its traits. For you see, the Seaborn are a race of hyper-adaptive aquatic horrors capable of reactive evolution on both the personal and species-wide scale. Typically lacking in Arts, and with an internal biology so aggressive that Oripathy cannot take root in it, your powers work through advanced biological processes you've evolved. Typically lacking in individuality and possessed of a species-wide hivemind that usually drives all Seaborn forward, you are one of the extremely rare Seaborn that can stand at a remove from We Many, retaining

your personality and identity. You can still engage with your fellows of course; some of them look kind of cute, and for your relation would be affectionate and easily compelled by you, but do try to remember that the Seaborn are currently in, “Devour all extant life and then look for more things to devour,” mode. Oh, and while few groups know of their existence, should they learn of you, they will wish for your extermination. At least depending on the specifics of what you are, you might still look human.

Collapsal: (See Above)

Invasion. Corrosion. Collapse. Flesh loses form; human meat slumps to the floor. Interruption; descent is halted. Black flesh remains fixed in space, the whole cannot collapse. Shadows connect points in space. It restores data; a human form now stands on the icefield. To the north of the civilized world dwell things that do not exist. Burrowing through the cracks in the circular plate, beholding all in this dimension. Inscrutable; are they even sapient? But there is a chaos in their instinct, one emblematic of intelligent thought. Mimicry? Impossible to know. You have been tainted by an evil from beyond conventional existence, an intruder from behind the door. You may either keep the form of your prior race with traces of corruption, how *wrong* you are being decided by further purchases, or become some utterly abhorrent abomination like an amalgamation of dozens of corpses into a melted limb-tangle whose faces are blacked-out voids. Miraculously, you retain your intelligence. Nonetheless, yours is an inhuman power, inimical to life and existence itself. Darkness. Death. Cold. Torn space. Rootless flowers. The broken gate. Your one salvation is that you retain your selfhood in the face of this corrosion, and that you won’t *innately* corrupt the land and all within it by accident. Is this an unprecedented opportunity for the world, or an invitation to Nothing?

Affiliations

This is a wide open world, with sights to see, and international incidents to stumble into. Every nation has a long and complex history, with unique resources and abilities they’ve come to field through those experiences. Some non-national organizations are the same. Here you’ll be deciding your factional relations; an important part of your history in this world. It might simply mean your choice is the nation you grew up in, but depending on your position, it might also mean involvement with the military, government, or any number of other relations more involved than being a *mere* civilian. You will of course receive Discounts on your chosen Affiliation’s Perks and Items. Below are your options, with each description ending with a few notable locations to give you some idea of where you may wish to start, or go. Certain locations not represented by any Affiliation will follow this Section, to give further context for the world. You are not limited to starting in your Affiliation’s locations, or even in any location listed here; there are more places on Terra than can be described here. So long as you stand on Terra, all is well.

Rhodes Island

An international pharmaceutical company with a mission of treating and one day curing Oripathy, the closest thing Rhodes Island has to a fixed base is a large mobile landship bearing the same name. It's also engaged in several other business pursuits meant to offset the cost of offering medical treatment for as little money as they do, from rare earth trading, to… modeling? Strange bunch, really. There's a much more grim side to the organization as well; a paramilitary force composed of volunteer employees and third-party contractors, a fighting force which can both be contracted out for money, or deployed to push for the company's strategic interests. And for how much the leadership makes a show about staying out of any fishy business, it seems that Rhodes Island just so happens to get involved with plenty of tricky political affairs, and stranger circumstances besides. Nonetheless, it is also a medical corporation, providing premium healthcare for the Infected, and jockeying for a foothold in worldwide economics. To this end, it's established branch offices in multiple countries to help coordinate its cross-country efforts, and for those who don't want to live on a landship.

As an international corporation, Rhodes Island does not hold territory. It has a mobile landship with a fairly large occupancy limit which serves as its main base of operations, but it has also established branch offices in multiple nations it has received permission to operate in. You may wish to start on the landship, or in any of these offices, which can be found in nations such as Leithanien, Columbia, Victoria, Sargon and Dossoles, with negotiations soon to begin with the autonomous city of Lungmen.

Reunion

Founded by an infected named Talulah, the runaway daughter of a duke of Ursus, and aided by the legendary military juggernaut Patriot, Reunion is a militant group of Infected protestors aligned against the mistreatment of Infected everywhere. Despite their originally noble intentions and mission, much of their behavior has degenerated into violent conflict and hyper-destructive rioting, with especially egregious acts of destruction soon to come. While many of their number are random men and women either venting their frustrations or earnestly trying to fight for their right to live despite their terribly weak selves, a number of them are of not-insignificant power, serving as lieutenants or commanders who many of the weaker congregate under. Once, their violence was enacted in self defense, as they huddled in the cold and fended off attempts by the Ursus government to slaughter them. Now, a darker corruption has snaked its way around the heart of the operation, and it steers the organization as a whole towards mass-destruction and global war. Assuming your default starting time, you're likely actively participating in the just-beginning assault on Chernabog, an Ursus city that Reunion will be responsible for annihilating. Other than

this, you have no base save those you can make or claim for yourself, being among the most nomadic Affiliations here.

As mentioned, the Reunion Movement has no territory, but you can feel free to start in the middle of an inhospitable tundra. That said, they're soon to pay a visit to the Ursus city of Chernabog, and the Yan city of Lungmen.

Corporate Ventures

Not everyone is affiliated primarily with a country; or rather, many affiliated with nations are more closely tied to the economic entities within them. This Affiliation is not a single entity, but the vast selection of economic entities operating on national and international scales, of which you may choose one to be affiliated with. Your selection is varied, to say the least. There's Rhine Lab, a Columbian tech firm that works under government authority to explore the cutting edge of known science, often committing unspeakable atrocities behind closed doors. Blacksteel Worldwide is a private military company and arms manufacturer, lending its mercenaries to the highest bidders and getting away with manufacturing firearms only because the founder is technically a Lateran citizen. There's even the chaotic but oddly family-like Penguin Logistics, a logistics and delivery company whose few but close-knit employees, bizarre work and business ethics, and frequent propensity for utter tomfoolery leave them an exercise in barely controlled chaos. The situations of your life and accommodations will vary with your choice and the life you live in relation to the company.

As you can gather, this Affiliation actually represents any number of possible factions. Some notable ones include:

- **Rhine Lab LLC.:** A Columbian research firm and a darling of the Columbian government. Constantly pursuing the cutting edge of science, Rhine Lab often pushes the boundaries of the nation's already advanced science, typically through incredibly unethical experimentation. Still, giant robots.
- **Blacksteel Worldwide:** An ostensibly Columbian PMC and arms manufacturer. Headed by a Sankta who uses a legal loophole to manufacture firearms outside of Lateran supervision and judiciary punishment, it is the leader provider of firearms for the world outside of Laterano, though to compensate for the populace's lower capacity for fine-precision Arts compared to Sankta, their internals are generally simplified and are of lesser penetration power as a result. Usually.
- **Mama John's:** A Columbian megacorporation that has its roots in commercial grocery products. Now expanded to all manner of fields, with its initial edibles only being a fraction of its full economic power, it has become an economic titan in its home country. It's practically the law in some places, and has plenty of money to smooth over legal troubles with.

- **Penguin Logistics:** A logistics company and courier service known for constantly getting into various misadventures, and centered in Lungmen. Friendly rival to MountainDash Logistics, it was founded by a rapper and possesses a low employee count that only kind of manages to hit seven if you squint a little. Everyone currently involved are close friends by now, and their various idiosyncrasies mean that the whole of them frequently get dragged into constant gangfights and various more ridiculous complications. At least the work culture is chill.

GLORIOUS URSUS HEGEMONY

URSUS, LARGEST AND GREATEST OF TERRA'S EMPIRES, IS HOME TO COUNTLESS LEGIONS OF STRONG AND VIRILE WARRIORS. POSSESSED OF INDOMITABLE SPIRIT, ALL FROM THE COMMONERS TO THE NOBLES WHO DEFINITELY AREN'T TRAITORS GOING BEHIND THE EMPEROR'S BACK FIGHT FOR THE COMMON GOOD OF- Ahem… Burdened by the weight of both history and an inhospitable environment, the culture of Ursus is a grim and severe one, even for its bombast. Frequently embroiled in oft-romanticized wars and courtly intrigue, the very policies of the Empire seem hardline on the handling of virtually everything; failure, traitors, the Infected. Life as an enemy of Ursus is brutal and short, not helped by the shadowy deep state operations pointed in multiple different directions by multiple different people with conflicting perspectives on where the future of Ursus should head. The surprisingly moderate Emperor of Ursus is stifled by a nobility that still thinks they're in the era of his predecessor, and ancient immortals often seek to force the issues as they see them. Also they're fighting off extra-dimensional antireality demon intrusions to the north, where hardened men give their lives and sometimes souls to make sure the rest of the world never sees the horrors that they march against in grim silence. Thus, some would say the evils of Ursus are matched by its benevolence. Ursus possesses the most land of any of the terrestrial nations, though much of it is poor in resources. They are situated in the harsh north, and border Sami to the west, Kazimierz along their southern border, and Leithanien to the south as well. Though Ursus commands the most territory of any terrestrial nations, most of it is rough and hostile barrenland. Still, there is much to see, and many random poor people to oppress.

- **Deity Gripherberg:** Glorious capital of the Ursus Empire, wherein dwells His Majesty the Emperor and the Ursus State Council, and the Yurodstvo who currently serves as a captive, advisor, and guest of the royal family. A sprawling metropolis that blends the trappings of traditional Usine aesthetics jutting out of a heavily industrialized brutalist cityscape. Here many of the decisions that drive the Empire's movements take place, with all the backstabbing and manipulation you'd expect going on behind the scenes.

- **Chernabog:** An industrial center and heavily populated civilian city. Currently one of the most brutal places in Ursus for the Infected to live, it is nonetheless one of the driving economic centers of the Empire, with significant commercial enterprises and industrial production fuelling the city's expansion. Very soon Reunion will be paying a visit to this city, setting off a very, *very* complicated chain reaction of cascading events.
- **The Border of Civilization:** A line drawn on Ursus' otherwise rampant desire for expansion, representing its northernmost borders. The Ursus people do not expand north of here for lack of resources, but rather rushed up to meet and hold this line after receiving certain information from the Yurodstvo. They hold this line with deathly determination, and anything which approaches it from the north must be exterminated from this world without question. Ursus must never let what lies north of this point breach into the world of man.
- **The Valley of the Setting Sun:** The Valley of the Setting Sun is no longer a part of this reality.
- **Bresk:** A fairly large city in the far north of Ursus, often considered the jewel of the North for how prosperous and safe it is relative to its inhospitable surroundings. It is ruled by Grand Duke Elizaveta, who is renowned for her kindness, to the extent that this is considered the kindest place in Ursus towards the Infected. She holds dominion over the nearby Far north Central Mining Area, and often raises money by allowing foreign nobility to visit for torture-execution shows on terminally ill Infected miners. Such guests can pay extra to engage in the whipping themselves, and with more money can request additions such as pouring salt and vinegar onto the whips and wounds to make it more painful for the Infected. Infected workers are sometimes shipped here to increase the workforce, forty people at a time packed in a ten-square meter container, packed so closely that their Oripathy lesions sometimes stab one another to death, leaving them to rot and crystallize on the journey while keeping any survivors pinned to the walls.
- **Starving Peasants:** The Ursine tundra plays host to a number of impoverished villages, and large Originium mines where Infected miners strike poison ore with rudimentary tools. Both of them give the fruits of their labor to the state. Both of them also experience frequent deaths, sometimes from traveling Royal Guards deciding to curb the population of poor people, and other times by the harsh conditions of their work. You'd think mostly the latter, but you'd be surprised how many times a random Royal Guard has just decided to kill a bunch of poor people. It's kind of weird how often that seems to happen.

Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan

One of the oldest nations currently existent, and perhaps the one with the most meticulous historical records, Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan is a heavily traditionalist nation. It is situated in the north east of the continent, below and bordering Higashi, and further south than the nearby Ursus. They boast one of the largest populations on the planet, though the majority is composed of peasants working the countryside. Nonetheless, through their implementation of government sponsored Casters, sophisticated public works are often enacted for the common good, no doubt helped by Yan's secret helpers. Once, long ago, great beasts were worshiped as gods, until the ancient Yanese convinced one of their ilk to help them slay the rest. Backstabbing their weakened god, they then pressed its shattered fragments into service. Regardless, between the ancient sin threatening to destabilize the country, the rigid hierarchical traditionalism the government is embroiled in, and the massive size of the country that must face problems on all fronts, even Yan may find itself stretched thin. Maybe consider living in one of the nicer metropolitan cities? As commercial centers, they're as modern as can be, and decently disconnected from all this other nonsense. Right up until they aren't, anyways.

Yan is perhaps the most populous nation in the world, but much of that population is centered around densely packed population centers. Still, there are many cities and peculiar locations to be found here.

- **Baisao:** A large and densely populated nomadic city which serves as Yan's capital. With a peculiar design patterned after a cooking stove, it has a bizarrely food oriented culture, as its various stoves and gastronomic facilities serve to vent the massive energy emissions from the Originium vein it's stationed over into something productive and celebratory. The True Lung rules from here over this ancient empire, and somewhere close lies the Tomb of Sui, where the once-god lies dead and dreaming. It takes 70% of the city's power to open, and many in the capricious government of Yan have different ideas on how to approach the coming years.
- **Lungmen:** An extremely modern and metropolitan nomadic city, and notably autonomous from the mainland. While the city's chairman Wei Yenwu has ties to the imperial family, the city is only loosely monitored by Yanese authorities, giving it a degree of freedom that has let it spiral into an economic landmark on the international stage. For all its modern trappings, it is however harsh on the Infected, and possesses a strong criminal underbelly. It is geographically closer to Ursus than many are comfortable with, and sometime soon Reunion will be paying this city a visit.
- **Dahuang:** A nomadic city devoted to agriculture; both in producing mass amounts of grains with tried and true techniques, but also in experimenting with new innovations to aid in production. It features large amounts of greenery and water as a result, with plentiful rice paddies all around. Truthfully, there is a small

seed of corruption seeping deep beneath the soil, planted there long ago in an ill-fated mistake. However, thus far the power of a fragment of Sui has kept it in check, and will for as long as she can maintain her existence.

- **Yumen:** A nomadic city to the far north that serves also as a military garrison. Long ago, in the Great Hunt, Yan committed a terrible sin and dragged demonic taint southward to aid in their ambitions. To this day the taint lingers and must be fought off periodically. To this end, Yumen stands, typically closed off to outsiders even as it trains some of the premier martial artists in the country. To this end, it hosts frequent martial arts tournaments. While typically stationary, it occasionally docks with other nomadic cities for pragmatic reasons such as repair and refurnishing. The city is considered open to outsiders during these periods, and even film crews will wait in anticipation so they can film martial arts flicks within.

Victoria

A land of honor, legacy, and backstabbing noble politics, Great (but not so great as Ursus) Victoria is a heavily industrialized and militarized country, central in the continent and surrounded by many nations, but only directly bordering Leithanien to the north east. Boasting one of, if not the mightiest, armies on Terra, Victoria's power is nonetheless somewhat split at the moment. Ostensibly a monarchy, much of the power lies in the hands of various Dukes whose private armies often find themselves at cross-purpose. Beyond the knightly visage and poetic culture that props itself up as a cultural center to rival now (thankfully) defunct Gaul, there are deep shadows underpinning the empire. Already one monarchy has been betrayed and replaced, and its original people, the kingdom of Tara, are oppressed in their small hamlets even as they go about their honest business. Rebellion is sparking amongst them, but even in the Capital of Londinium something more sinister brews; the ever-treasonous nobles have invited foreign influence in order to consolidate their own power over their rivals, only for their *guests* to take the chance to enforce their own plans for the city. All in all, it's a powder keg waiting to blow, and when it does, the ashes run the risk of suffocating all of Terra.

There's an internal conflict occurring in Victoria at the moment. Or two, actually. Or several. Regardless, there are many locations you can visit, several of which are likely experiencing an unusual uptick in their annual murder rate.

- **Londinium:** Bar none the largest nomadic city on the planet, with individual plates the size of smaller nomadic cities. It serves as the capital of Victoria, once the seat of Draco power, now belonging to the Aslans. Or did, before they, too, were backstabbed. One of the earliest cities to industrialize, and consequently harboring abandoned and outdated factories beyond count over which more functional infrastructure has simply been built over. It is currently experiencing a foreign occupation that none of the country's Dukes are eager to help lift,

specifically from Kazdel's military forces, and the occupying forces aggressively silence word from getting out to other nations.

- **County Hillock:** A modest Victorian city with an antiquated feel to it, as well as the site of Rhode Island's Victorian Branch Office. In truth, this quiet city was one of the last holdouts for the Taran side of the civil war that deposed the Draco lineage, and has been the subject of significant discrimination ever since. Tensions are beginning to mount under the surface, with an underground terrorist movement poised to retake Taran soil, while a particularly vicious Victorian military division anticipates that very thing, hoping to kill as many Tarans as possible.
- **Na Saoirsí:** The capital of the Taran movement for independence, and a secluded castletown deep in a mysterious woodland thicket. There are plenty of fables and traditions surrounding this traditional city, but many may prove allegorical for the military oppression experienced by the Taran people. As stated, the resistance movement Dublinn counts this as its headquarters, and should Tara win its independence, this will surely become its capital.

Columbia

A land of wasteland pioneers, and a corporate heartland. A leading name is scientific advancement, Columbia is a land of dichotomies. The metropolitan city centers are hotspots of technological growth and a bustling economy. But behind closed doors corporate greed reigns supreme, ethics are thrown to the wayside in pursuit of advancement, and sometimes both are true at once. Presided over by "President For Life" Mark Max, a strategist from the Revolutionary War that won Columbia independence from the Victorian Empire, progress at all costs sometimes seems like the nation's motto. It is situated to the far west, bordering Bolivar along that same direction. Pioneers expanding the nation's borders through the wastelands are hailed as rough and tumble cowboy heroes, but their lives and deaths are counted like resources in Columbia's expansionism. This is also a major cultural center in the world, with international fascination growing out of Columbia's pop culture, from the films put out by the city of Wrankwood, to the bustling hip-hop scene. All this bustle and glitter serves well to hide the illicit dealings of the nation, which extend even beyond its propensity for inhuman experimentation; to secure international advantages, Columbia has been known to destabilize less developed nations, with such occurring even now in Bolivar, a country whose civil war has been massively exacerbated by Columbian meddling.

Columbia is a nation of progress, and is constantly expanding its frontiers. However, where it's developed in science and academia, it's lacking in history and esoteric problems, being a relatively new nation.

- **Trimounts:** A bustling city notable for containing the headquarters of Rhine Lab. Naturally, the amount of inhuman experiments that take place here behind closed

doors is immense, with plenty of lives ruined in the name of scientific progress. Floating in the lower atmosphere above the city is an advanced observational platform constructed by them, an unprecedented feat of engineering that will soon have a very important part to play. Beyond that, it's a fairly conventional modern city. Except, deep beneath the crust there is an ancient structure that far predates the city built on top of it. Far predates the nation of Columbia, by far, even. Within lies many secrets inconceivable to the common man, and a singular consciousness who holds them, forever barred from the release of unconsciousness,

- **Wrankwood:** The world's premier producer of film and movies, the emergence of which has influenced all other outcroppings and endeavors of the media type that have cropped up in other nations. Originally, and perhaps still, it served to produce propagandizing materials to inspire the populace to keep the pioneering engine going, but the profits such endeavors made turned it into an industry all its own. It's a large nomadic city whose various plates are made up as large-scale movie sets before detaching towards wherever else they need to go to continue filming, in processes that may take months before they return. Scripts and script ideas are passed around in auctions by producers looking to make the next big break, and actors fake their entire personalities to make themselves more appealing and score better roles. It is all fake. So very, very fake.
- **Siesta:** A semi-autonomous commonwealth whose republic government is under the greater control of Columbia, and is positioned far south-east of it, near Iberia. A common tourism destination and vacation spot, Siesta is known for bordering the inland Sea of Clariside, meaning that it has ample beaches which it maintains as tourist destinations. It also happens to contain a rather dangerous volcano known as Mount Siesta, around which its main city is built, with it typically lacking in nomadic cities of its own. Still, it's certainly a festive place.

Kazimierz

A country to the north, just underneath Ursus, with territory stretching to fill the space between Columbia and Victoria. Once a proud country of knightly orders and chivalric sacrifice, the temperate grasslands of Kazimierz have since developed a culture that prides itself not in fending off foreign invaders, but in putting on a good show on the big screen. The center of Kazimierz social scene is the tri-annual Major, a great competition where knights both independent and organized into clubs compete under corporate scholarship to claim money and fame; a highly publicized arrangement that serves as entertainment even internationally. Naive knights dream of making it big, while seasoned veterans throw themselves into the competition with hearts worn of idealism. Many are the backdoor dealings at play here, with corporate assassinations seemingly handed out like candy. Still, outside the modernized dross and overbearing

capitalism, gleams of silver arms and armor remain; rustic villages and military knights with little love for showmanship. They, at least, have not forgotten the nation's military history, and the many bloody campaigns they fought and died in to protect their homeland. Mostly from Ursus.

Kazimierz is currently swallowed up in the craze of knightly competitions, with much tradition falling to the wayside. Still, within its borders, there is fortune to be found.

- **Kawalerielki:** Also known as the Grand Knight Territory, the Kawalerielki Alliance is the capital of Kazimierz. It is in fact four different nomadic cities, which join together in a grand event to host the Major every three years. It is a hotspot of capitalist commerce, as well as all the drama you'd expect of professional athletes duking it out for supremacy, of course turned up a bit to be even more severe due to the perception of honor and importance as 'knights', the danger their combat sports put them in, and all the negative feelings caused by losing that are exacerbated by those prior points. Still, if you give a good showing, this is the fastest way to assemble a (probably fragile) fanclub.

Sami

Sami is a simple land to the deep north, bordering only Ursus. Barren snowfields, yet beautiful forests; it is a land of eternal winter, and deep mystery. There is no unity amongst the people, all disparate tribes who live in relative peace with one another, and none have a unified approach to outsiders, or expect unity from them. Wage war on one tribe, and another will simply see it as a tribal conflict, not the beginnings of a war between nations. Recently, more and more Sami have been migrating south, others attributing it to mundane factors, but there is a dark secret here motivating it, a threat that all Sami commit to fighting or fleeing, and largely refuse to speak to outsiders about. If you wish to survive in Sami, their wisemen will share with you the eight taboos you must abide by, but even if you are from here, you will know them by heart. They are for everyone's safety.

1. Sami has its own reasoning. Whenever you feel it is necessary, silently recite this sentence to yourself. But if you start questioning Sami, immediately run and leave Sami.
2. Sami seems to have no logic at all. Whenever you feel the need to doubt, do not hesitate; show your skepticism as you don't understand and comprehend Sami. If you feel confident at a moment when you should doubt, immediately run and leave Sami.
3. People who speak can generally be trusted. But if you encounter a quiet person or a shadow that speaks, immediately run and leave Sami.
4. Respect the customs of the locals. Do not touch their clan trees, let alone stroking the tree's shadows. If you do, immediately run and leave Sami.

5. On nights when the Twin Moons are dim, do not spend your night in the forest. If absolutely necessary, do not spend the night with your companions; you must be separated out of each other's sight. If the condition does not allow this or if there is any factor around that makes you and your companions afraid of staying alone which brings up the mind of "we must not be separated," immediately run and leave Sami.
6. If you notice that your inner thoughts receive verbal responses from others, do not answer. Immediately run and leave Sami.
7. If you keep these warnings in mind, then when you need to recall them, you will understand them eventually. But if you do not keep these warnings in mind, immediately run and leave Sami.
8. Do not bring back things from Sami that should not be brought back. If you do, immediately run and bring it back to Sami.

Got it? Good. Follow these rules, and even as an outsider you have a fair chance at surviving Sami. Beyond that, it's difficult to pinpoint points of interest in Sami; the tribes are fractious, even if united in their own strange ways, and are extremely nomadic.

- **Čappat:** Also known as Čappat-Guðfriðr, it is one of the southernmost cities in Sami, and in fact the southern edge of Sami serves to host the vast majority of what foreigners would define as cities. Mostly due to the south being Sami's portal to the outside world, where others come in from, and where international interaction takes place. Čappat was essentially established with Columbian help to serve as a research base into the north, and now also serves as a tourist destination as well. Čappat, and other cities in the south of Sami, are perhaps the places friendliest, and in fact safest, for outsiders.
- **Mrykwood:** A large and sacred forest in the center of Sami, with a certain portion of it believed to be the 'First Forest' from which the remainder of the wood slowly spread. Strict rituals are practiced to ensure safety through these woods, as between the strange and seemingly divine nature of the forest, and the lingering traces of demonic corruption, there are plenty of ways to find yourself lost, sometimes forever. Apprentice Snowpriests are often sent here for their trials, and it is considered spiritually close to Sami; the forest itself seems to breathe, the trees and rivers moving. Perhaps you'll catch the attention of something benevolent while you're there? It's certainly better than catching the attention of something which does not exist, yet continues to act.
- **Fjal Vetrtonn:** A massive mountain range at the northernmost edge of Sami, which separates it from that which lies beyond. Black tracks trail from beyond this mountain into the heartland, where the Samifjod work tirelessly to stamp it out before it can spread. Dangerous mountain passes wind through to what lies beyond, but it is said the mountain will not let anyone pass who it does not deem worthy.

Siracusa

A small nation to the east of Leithanien, with territory stretching down south which reaches around to border it. It was once a part of Leithanien, but separated into independence, which swiftly devolved into anarchy. Around seventy years ago the anarchy of Siracusa came to an end. This did not mean a separation of law and lawlessness, for in Siracusa chaos and order walk hand in hand. The government, the Siracusan Confederate Council, is practically a sham; a cover for the Famigile system wherein a number of mafia dynasties struggle for power, enforcing a common order between them to maintain an environment where their struggle won't devolve into mindless slaughter. Not that it doesn't happen sometimes anyways. It's rainy season seemingly every season, and every endeavor seems to be one crime racket after another. Regardless, life goes on, even for as many are found ended in wet gutters come morning's light.

Well, for as dangerous as city life can be, it's got its share of classy diversions. But most of the tragedies that repeat in Siracusa repeat everywhere; there are precious few standout locales when every city is a mafia drama.

- **Volsinii:** A large but classy city known for its preeminent opera culture, a favorite pastime in Siracusa, even outside of this particular city. Of note is that while all cities pay homage to the famiglie, Volsinii is home to three of the most powerful; the Saluzzos, the Bellones, and the Rosattis. As you can imagine, this can make the local powerbrokering particularly tense and dangerous. Though it may be a long way off, it's possible that circumstances brewing within will explode in such a way as to coronate a specific district of it into a new sister city; one experimentally off-limits to the manipulations of the famiglie. This new city would be Nuova Volsinii.

Laterano

A grand city overlooking a humble territory, one which has enjoyed great prosperity throughout its life, even seemingly being relatively untouched by Catastrophes. Homeland of the Sankta, it is the heartland of the Lateran faith, which upholds their sacred Law as both deity and legal system. It is a small country situated in the core of the continent, situated between multiple nations, including Victoria and Iberia. It is a fairly carefree land, almost comically so, and life here can actually be incredibly whimsical and fun. The Sankta adore explosions, firearms, deserts, and having fun, and other races are heartily accepted (other than Sarkaz, mostly). No intentional discrimination occurs, but the realities of Sankta and their strange empathic connection to one another often leave non-Sankta citizens feeling left out in some abstract way. The whimsy may even be too much for you, given that at all times there's an explosion going off *somewhere* in the area. Nonetheless, as a citizen here your

quality of life is pretty much assured to be of a high level. Religion and government are one here, but the people are unusually chill about it.

Laterano is a small city-state, commanding little territory of its own, and the vast majority of it is temperate and peaceful. Well, except for the constant explosions.

- **Laterano:** The Holy City, and exactly what you'd expect. While technically the country of Laterano has more territory and civilian centers than this, the city of Laterano is what most people think of, and likely mean, when they say the name. Its massive alabaster walls and clean streets make for an extremely inviting appearance, which typically matches the city's easygoing nature. Within the city proper, a large number of quasi-religious structures double as official government offices and institutions, and impressive statuary and monuments abound.
- **Landen Monastery:** A particularly quiet and peaceful monastery on the outskirts of Laterano. It includes a well placed farm, which it began as. And well placed it is, as the land is extremely fertile, always yielding an appreciable bounty. It has a history for producing non-Lateran mercenaries known as the Landen Guard, which master powerful bows as replacements for firearms, and have served as international soldiers for hire and guards for the Pope both. Due to the current Pope's peaceful beliefs, they haven't been getting much funding, and haven't been accepting new students, leaving the monastery in decline recently. Luckily, their famous beer production has been staving off economic collapse, but even this is an ameliorating measure. Members often leave and search for new avenues of enterprise in order to bring back funding for their church, with the sole rule being not to turn their faith into a commercialized product.
- **Sanctilaminium Ambrosii:** A nomadic monastery, small, but of impressive design. It disappeared some time ago in between Lateran and Iberian territories, and has not been rediscovered since. In truth, its inhabitants did not die out, having survived being cut off from Laterano by various disasters, but in the time since then they have committed a heresy of compassion. Accepting fleeing Sarkaz refugees, one of the few groups the otherwise tolerant Laterano will not accept, they choose to remain in place and give them a home rather than return to their own. This has led to a unique coexistence between two races that otherwise despise each other, but the time this has unfolded over is still too short to truly mend all wounds.

Leithanien

Leithanien stands in the center of the continent, with Ursus bordering it to the north, Victoria to the west and south, and Siracusa to the south east. A nation of rigid tradition, often magically enforced. From atop their arcane spires, aristocratic casters hone their Arts and political acumen at once. Leithanien is a country of Arts and music, both often taken as interrelated fields, leading to a unique culture of sound-based Arts

and the prominence of musicians. In fact, Arts are so central to Leithanien culture, that the nation is considered to be the foremost expert on topics of Arts. This is to the extent that those without decent Arts Assimilation are considered ‘defects’. Ordinarily it comprises nine territories, each ruled by a Kurfürst, who get together and occasionally elect a Kaiser to rule the nation. Since the overthrow of the Witch King, the greatest caster in known history and the once-tyrant of Leithanien, the Twin Empresses have ruled as dual-Kaisers, enjoying popular support too great for the Kurfürsten to oust. With excellent academies and musical traditions, both famous the world over, it can be viewed as a bastion of refined culture. Nonetheless, there is a great rot underneath the surface; the rigid and stratified aristocracy, which the Witch King once suppressed in favor of meritocracy, bears down on all those of poor fortune.

Leithanien has a rich traditional culture, and no shortage of recent internal strife and territorial holdings. Nonetheless, it is currently experiencing a period of relative peace, outside of a particular cult trying to revive the prior dictator’s unquiet soul through demonic possession.

- **Zwillingstürme:** Fair capital of Leithanien, towered over by the great spires of the Twin Empresses. A rich cultural hub of music and Arts, where most of the Witch King’s lingering curses have been dispelled. Thus, the city is usually not in danger from any lingering evil magic of cataclysmic events. It is home to some of the most prestigious universities on Terra, including the Ludwigs-Universität. The city, and this university in particular, are home to a secretive population of Liches who continue to dwell there with the Empresses’ approval, and in fact their King currently serves as one of the instructors. Still, there is frailty in space here; a connection to the other side where things yet dwell that may imperil Leithanien.

Sargon

An expansive desert kingdom, and one of the oldest existing nations on the planet. It is situated to the far south, and borders the largest inland sea to the east. Originally an ancient empire ruled over by an Aslanian dynasty, they would eventually move out to conquer what would become Victoria, leaving Sargon to be ruled by its dynastic royal family, headed by its current Shahanshah, or Shah, and the regional governors he may appoint. It is an inhospitably hot desert, except for the temperate jungles to the south east, which are curiously the most dangerous spot in the nation, and perhaps one of the most dangerous on the planet. A civilization with ancient roots, there are many antiquated traditions and expectations here, but it is not untouched by the modern world, and history is a thing greatly valued here. Mysteries abide under the sands, for those who would uncover them. Notably, there doesn’t appear to be an apocalyptic or otherwise extreme threat looming over this country in particular; an ancient hero-king of the old Aslanian dynasty partnered up with a nomadic warlord of Nightmorza around one thousand years ago and took care of that.

Fitting to one of the oldest nations on Terra, Sargon has a vast territory. Tragically, most of it is made of sand, which has, over time, buried entire landmarks and settlements, leading to a shifting and impermanent landscape. Still, many oases dot the surface, and many treasures await underground.

- **Menat-Ha'mait:** A great and gleaming city in the otherwise barren desert, filled with beautiful canals and great ziggurats. The large city was said to have been built to contain the treasure trove of the Shahanshah Lugalszargus, but even so none have been able to find and lay claim to it yet. It has an incredible culture of gem cutting and assorted jewel-crafts, and it is a popular destination for those with a love for history. And of ancient treasure, for those who think they can finally unearth the legendary trove.
- **Shar-Agade:** Mysterious and ominous, this is the capital of Sargon, wherein the current Shahanshah reigns. All Padishahs must travel here through the gigantic gold-inlaid walls which protect it from the sands in order to receive appointment by the Shahanshah. Exceptional citizens may be granted lives within the mysterious city, but if so, are never again allowed to leave. In this way the very location of the gleaming city is hidden from the world, and none save a precious few can ever know its location. It is curiously sedentary, not being a nomadic city, likely due to its overwhelming age and emphasis on secrecy.
- **Acahualla:** The Acahualla area is actually a massive region of Sargon, not being a city or any settlement. It is, in fact, a large rainforest region in the east of Sargon. Contrasting the rest of the nation's geography, it is a beautiful rainforest filled with waterfalls, basins, and tropical beaches. It is also perhaps the most conventionally lethal place on the continent. It is home to many tribes of native savages, who can often be surprisingly good natured and amicable people. At the very least any aircraft crashes in this region will lead to a free beach episode.
- **The Vouivre Alliance:** An autonomous zone occupying the north-westernmost corner of Sargon, the Vouivre Alliance is predominantly populated by the eponymous Vouivre race. Due to devastation wrought by failed rebellions and separatist movements, it is an anarchic hotbed of mercenaries and raiders. Like Bolivar to the north, it spills into a mysterious rain forest known as the Black Flow.

Iberia

Most Terrans have no concept of oceans. This is due to multiple factors, chief among which is the difficulty of travel prior to very recently, such that even now international travel is undergone by only a fraction of the populace. But to the south, where water meets land, Iberia stands. A shadow of its former glory, a catastrophic disaster orchestrated by the Seaborn sent what was once Iberia's golden age crashing down in flames. Or tides, as it were. The Inquisition has the nation on near-lockdown,

with very little travel outside permitted. The secrets of the sea and the Seaborn, they reason, must be their own to bear, their own struggle the sole struggle of mankind against the end. Engineered fervor to motivate a fight to the death, all of it. Squalor, misery, and fear demarcate most Iberian life, but in it are flashes of vibrancy; dreams of reclaimed glory, piracy in landbound ships in the inland salt-deserts, and secretive churches and experiments designed to engineer the apocalypse. Or salvation, should you listen to their rhetoric.

Iberia is a shadow of what it once was, with all the splendor of the Golden Age awash with the hateful seafoam. The remnant cities are broken by fear and suspicion, and monsters prowl the seaside, any who glimpse them likely to be executed by the Inquisition.

- **Sal Viento:** One of Iberia's many mostly-abandoned amphibious nomadic cities,Sal Viento has long been beached and anchored to the shoreline. Despite being largely abandoned in the past, a relatively small pocket of citizens buckled down and remained in the doomed town, but this has only served to make it an extremely insular town, even by Iberian standards. In fact, this paranoia has been fanned even further by a Church of the Deep cell that's gained influence in the town, leading to a hidden Seaborn presence in the region.
- **Gran Faro:** A small coastal town on the Iberian shoreline, notable for possessing the last functional Eye of Iberia. It is a lighthouse built partially with Aegirian technology, which possesses a number of other functionalities such as communication technology powerful enough to contact Aegir, assuming one could get it to work functionally. Because of this last treasure, the authorities have a great interest in preserving Gran Faro against the Seaborn tide, but coastal infestations have proven hard to root out, and resurgent Seaborn populations are known to arise in such numbers as to be almost impossible to manage.
- **Stultifera Navis:** Perhaps the greatest of the ships comprising the Iberian fleet, the Stultifera Navis possessed an impeccable blending of Aegir and Originium technologies, including incredible firepower and durability. In truth, its Aegir-fleeing creator wanted it to be a vessel of research, but the allure of power was too great for the old regime. Since the Profound Silence it has been believed to be long-destroyed, but in truth it continues to float alone in the ocean, the events that followed on board being a tragedy. Only two of its crew members remain, the Captain, and his first mate, both heavily mutated into Seaborn, one more than the other, but both barely hanging on to their minds and identities by sheer psychosis.

Aegir

The earliest known ruins are not those of the Ancients or Elders. The earliest advanced cities were not any known to the modern day. Deep below the sea, preserved from Catastrophes and calamity, the aquatic Aegir were poised to learn this truth. There existed an advanced prehistoric civilization, and their ancestors having settled in their ruins, the Aegir of today lay claim to their intellectual legacy. Inheriting much of their technology from them, and molding their philosophy around them, Aegir seems like an alien world all its own. Unprecedented scientific knowledge freely flows through these cities, and citizens enjoy absurd conveniences born of nonsensical technology. They have no unified state, but each city is governed by the same unified processes and identify closely with one another. But their great domed cities lie beneath the ocean waves, where the seaborn dwell in force. This is the stage of the fiercest fighting amongst their kind, where the Seaborn have evolved so horrifically efficiently as to counter advanced weapons that most on Terra have not even theorized. Originium and Arts are also almost an unknown here, meaning there is no risk of Oripathy, but also that no technology here is designed to harness its capabilities.

For its unique situation, history, and resources relative to the rest of the world, Aegir's full scope is both unknown, and utterly unlike the rest of Terra's. It once possessed the greatest amount of free and uncontested territory in which to build settlements, and thus expanded to an unknown but breathtaking scope. The war against the Seaborn has massively impacted them, however, and while their current size is vast, it is not as connected as it once was, and most of it lies beyond the awareness of the terrestrial nations.

- **Milliarium:** A seafloor city positioned relatively close to Iberia, from which most Aegir-land contact has either originated, or funneled through. Milliarium is like many other Aegir cities, but it has recently pushed its way to its current position, having previously resided in the Aegir heartland. Its purpose is the emptying of nearby Seaborn nests in preparation for an experimental project, the Waterway Program, that they hope will make communication between Aegir cities viable once more, and perhaps allow alliance with the landbound nations as well. As it stands, it is the only Aegir city that will, in short order, attempt to contact the land.

Church of the Deep

Not everyone meets the surging tide with fear. Some people see the barnacles on the walls, and understand what's coming. The age of man is ending, or could soon end, and whether as a dread inevitability or a beautiful possibility, the Seaborn are not to be stopped. And those who meet with them without hostility may become a part of that great whole, if not assimilated just yet, then in time, using their positions to gain samples of Seaborn materials in exchange for sacrifices. Perhaps out of a desire to unify all within a single peaceful will, or perhaps to understand the secrets of these strange creatures. Worship is an adapted response, and all paths through evolution are

worthy of exploration. The Church of the Deep exists where the sea is, from Aegir in the depths, to Iberia where it meets land. Of course, some members may travel further inland for their schemes. Organization is loose, and all who know of concrete membership (and sometimes mere association) wish for your death. Though perhaps your association is not membership, but the remnants of a discarded childhood? Perhaps it's mankind's turn to journey into adulthood.

The Church of the Deep is a seditionist cult-like movement plaguing the ocean-bound nations. It has no formal bases, or at least none that are significant enough to be named locations. Crazed shacks and rundown villages are the domain of the cult, as are unassuming basements in otherwise normal population centers. They can be found throughout both Iberia and Aegir.

Kazdel

Kazdel. Once, it was the Sarkaz's name for the world. It meant 'Home', because once that was what the world was to them. Then came the invaders, and an endless strife that has not once abated since, endless harassment and extermination constricting the once boundless promise of home into a rusted cage. Your homeland is an absolute shithole; a tiny spot on the map that is so inhospitable that Oripathy infection is pretty much guaranteed just for crossing through some areas. Kazdel itself is the sole Nomadic City in the eponymous territory, situated in a wasteland between Siracusa and Yan, and is sometimes forced to drive through Catastrophes to escape foreign invasion. Even doing nothing, every few decades one or two nations will team up and try to destroy your homeland, as has been happening for the past several thousand years. But Kazdel still stands, and will stand, because your countrymen simply can't bring themselves to quit. And why should they? Will they accept the world telling them that they have no home? Disgusting. Its king and religious head has been dead for a few years, assassinated in a civil war with the currently reigning Military Commission, a military junta which has been modernizing and organizing Kazdel's resources into an effective military, while downplaying its projected strength to the rest of the world.

Kazdel has virtually no territory. Beyond the titular nomadic city, it has some minor villages of sometimes surprising population scattered around its otherwise unforgiving territory, but there is otherwise little of note except for a few particularly Originium-polluted wastelands.

Crimson Troupe

Emotion, passion; the guiding impulses of the human heart, existences which push us beyond what mere necessity or survival can compel. And the greatest of these surging feelings is tragedy. Drama. The highest manifestation of the arts. For hundreds if not thousands of years it has been so, such are the teachings of an ancient and Ageless being who claims to have been born of the arts when mankind first discovered

impassioned drunken madness. The Crimson Troupe has existed in many forms throughout the ages, always a mysterious theater group in whose wake blossom endless tragedies. Plays that drive watchers to madness, songs that inspire death, and helpful roadside advice that inspires the recipients to murder; the Troupe understands that tragedy is the most beautiful of human experiences, and that by engineering it wherever they may go, they might make the world a more beautiful place. What is life, but the greatest drama of all?

The Crimson Troupe is typically a nomadic organization, being a small traveling theatre troupe. Regardless, beyond its mobile theater and however else the mysterious group chooses to travel, it has precious little in the way of permanent holdings. One particular exception persists, however.

- **Calais-Blason:** A small and forested region once a part of Gaul, now Victorian. It is remote and out of the way, and barely populated since the war devastated it… assuming any of this is true, anyways. Regardless, in the menacing woods stands an ancient castle, what may be considered the home base of the Crimson Troupe. Will you find anybody there? Or has a certain massacre already run its course?

A Failed Civilization

History stretches further back than any living soul can know. Even the Sarkaz, natives of this world with their ancestral memory, can only glimpse the front-facing surface of their ancient enmity. Time began with no single planet, if time had a beginning at all, and there is a broader backdrop to all that unfolds on Terra's surface. Hidden ruins for those who know where to look, and artifacts older than civilization whose origins the ignorant ignore even as they draw utility from them. Choose this, and you are associated in some way with a dead people, who can offer nothing anymore but lessons on past mistakes. Whether you be a creation of theirs, a 'native' who stumbled upon one of their few active intelligences and learned well from it, or someone who should be long passed, stumbling in confusion out of your failing life support systems.

This is a world that has left you behind. All that remains belongs to the children now.

The Final Project

A last guttering breath, and a dying gasp. Who could go gentle into that night? There were plans to persevere beyond the end, plans by some of those of the prior world. Civilization as it exists now is a shallow husk of what it was, the mere castoffs of a true and more deserving people. Or perhaps it's all a tragedy, that one world must be sacrificed to save another? One way or another, you are involved in a longstanding plot to preserve prehistoric civilization, potentially at the cost of all else. So many of the problems plaguing the world of Terra originate here. Is saving that world now lost to you

worth all the crimes against intelligent life you'd be committing? Even when those lives could be considered your children? Or perhaps you've had second thoughts?

You and yours have no holdings; none that exist in conventional space, anyways. You're alone in the world for now, save for everyone you may very well be condemning.

Other Locations

Those represented by the prior Affiliations aren't the only locations, or even countries, on Terra. They are, however, perhaps the most prominent. Some other notable nations and locations can be found below.

- **Kjerag:** One of the most insular and isolationist countries on Terra, Kjerag is a small snowy territory in the heartland of the continent's central mountain range, Mount Karlan, smack dab in between Columbia, Kazimierz, Victoria, and Minos. It is a theocratic country that worships the traditional goddess Kjeragandr, and all probing by extant countries seems to show that it does indeed display some form of inexplicable protection. Whether you attribute it to divine favor, or the realities of its harsh geography, Kjerag is relatively protected from both Catastrophes and invading armies. It is currently experiencing a turning point in its history; politicking amongst the three great clans rages over opening the country to greater interaction with the outside, headed by the Silverash family's Karlan Trade Co., Ltd. Seeking to adapt to changes in the outside world, it seeks to both modernize its trade and build up its military resources to protect itself in a new and changing world. Others disagree with this vision.
- **Higashi:** Seemingly sprouting off from Yan's northmost border, Higashi is a small state with a history of great turmoil, currently enjoying an age of relative peace. Long ago a great civil war ravaged the nation with the government splitting in two, ruled by two separate clans. These are the Kougon to the north, and the Mitsumoto to the south, and both installed their own emperors. This conflict was never decisively solved, and instead cooled into a tenuous peace, with the northern territory hanging on to much of its traditions, while the south modernized with proximity to Yan. The south in particular is a hotspot for youth subcultures, and it exports a wide variety of entertainments and consumerist products. It notably possesses a high population of the Aegir race, who fled from their territory to land many years ago. Indeed, the nation has a relatively short proximity to both the ocean to the east, and the demon-infested north.
- **Minos:** One of the oldest countries still on Terra. Minos is a small classical democracy just north of Sargon, and bordering the southern slopes of the Karlan mountain range. It is overseen by a religious priesthood, with the national religion being a cult of hero worship. Minos harbors both a pacifistic philosophy and a proud warrior culture; while they're disinclined towards war, they're adamant in their pursuit of personal excellency and prowess. Minos possesses a strong

culture of competitive sports, and beautiful art, both in statuary and music. Were you to talk to a random Minoan for any length of time, you'd likely hear of several awards, medals, and trophies they've won, purely because of how often they throw themselves into various competitions.

- **Rim Billiton:** Found in the dry south-east of the continent, and formally known as the Rim Mining Industry Association, Rim Billiton could be considered one of the youngest countries on the planet, except it isn't really a country. An anarchic stateless society that sprung up from an absurd rush of workers trying to capitalize on the discovery of one of the biggest Originium veins on the planet mixing with local primitives, Rim Billiton is unique across all of Terra. Lacking anything like formal government or militaries, the region is generally populated, regulated, and defended by the utterly massive and sprawling families of its majority Cautus population; individual couples might have more than thirty children. In fact, in a broader community, de-facto leadership falls to whoever can produce the largest immediate family. Conditions are harsh in the mines, and just as harsh outside of them; the land is inhospitable and dry even without the frequent Catastrophes. Still, business continues in this wild outback land.
- **Bolivar:** A tropical country east of Columbia and bordering it, and north of Sargon. The subject of frequent international meddling, particularly from Columbia, Bolivar is a highly destabilized state. Currently embroiled in a brutal civil war between three factions, and rife with all the corruption one might expect from such a situation, the nation is a dangerous one to visit, outside of a few notable tourist spots. The Singas Dynasty is perhaps one the weakest of the factions (calling their Bolivar the Kingdom of Bolívar), professing allegiance to Leithanien and boasting the position of being the nation's classical government. It has progressively less influence the further out from the royal capital one goes, and they tithe much of their earnings overseas to maintain their claim to legitimacy. The Coalition Government is a larger faction (calling their Bolivar the Sovereign State of Bolívar). They are an authoritarian military junta receiving covert aid and funding from Columbian interests, and the oligarchs that comprise their state council are seated for life. Despite the greater manpower they can field to enforce their rule, they are more internally fractious than the Singas, which they cover up with brutal enforcement on the populace. The final faction is the True Bolívarian Liberation Movement, which is actually a collection of groups with different ideologies who nonetheless share the goal of liberation from foreign influences. They are labeled a terrorist organization by the other two factions, but label those factions terrorists in turn. The three largest groups among the True Bolivarians are the Bolívarian Rescue Frontline, which wants to expel foreign influences while maintaining Bolivar's general political systems and infrastructure, the Bolívarian Youth Party, which wishes to abolish the government and institute

a socialist parliament, and the Bolívarian Resistance Alliance, which wishes to abolish all government and institute absolute anarchy.

- **The Black Flow:** A tropical rainforest which the southeast of Bolivar dips into. It is a mysterious and unexplored region that appears by all metrics to display inexplicable supernatural qualities… or at least so goes the rumors, even as they draw in another expeditionary team who will never be heard from again. Still, from what reports make it back out, it appears that something otherworldly may be leaking into the world from here; or rather, that the world is leaking into something otherworldly through here. In truth, the inexplicable phenomena of the Black Flow may be similar in nature to a certain evil that lies to the north. But that, at the very least, is unconfirmed.
- **The Infy Icefield:** Far to the north, beyond Sami and Ursus and all else besides, there are mountains and great lakes. Beyond these, there is an icefield, a vast expanse of frozen and lifeless planes. It is somewhere in these wastes that the primary breach into reality lies; the damaged portal through which the northern demons slowly filter into the world. A great ring lies at this world's edge, a damaged edifice that may damn all life on the planet, yet which may also be its only hope for salvation.
- **The Foehn Hotlands:** Far to the south, even further than Sargon, there was a land once much like the Infy Icefield. It, too, was infested with an otherworldly enemy, leaking through a circular gate of ancient make. Once, the greatest Shahanshah of Sargon's history allied himself with an invading warband, and changed their direction from pillaging, to extermination of an otherworldly threat. The two rode into the unknown, and unleashed such devastation that the demons of the south were forever expunged from the world, a feat of such destructive power that a region the size of modern Sargon in its entirety was burned beyond habitability. In a cataclysm that shifted the environment on a global scale, a region called the Foehn Hostlands was burned into existence, a region too scalding for any to survive in. And never again did the demons encroach from the south.

Background

Perhaps the most easily understood facet of your Origin. That is, *what* you were doing with your life prior. Your 'role' or 'position' as it were, all relative to the other aspects of your Origin.

Drop-In

Well, this is awkward. Despite everything said about your place in the world prior, it seems that you don't really have one. You just… kind of showed up. Well, that may be the case, but it might also be the case that you were just so unimportant that no one

really has any clue what you were doing up until now. Do you have amnesia or something? Regardless, just because you've done nothing of note doesn't mean that you don't have infinite potential! Infinite potential to accomplish things through *other* people, most likely.

Frontline Leader

Tell me, what does the leader of a guerilla resistance movement and a conquering warlord of antiquity have in common? They lead their fighters from the front, marching with them to take their objectives. Whether actively charging alongside them, or commanding from just behind the defense line, you are a figure of authority, but one who's thus far maintained a closeness with your charges. Whether that's a result of your station keeping you in proximity to them, or your personal proclivities at play, you're far more involved than the pencil pushers and policy makers hanging back in the safety of their homes.

Operator

Violence is older than thought, and this is a very violent world. Everyone seems to need someone killed, or protected from people that want to kill them. Sometimes it's ideals that inspire violence, to pursue them, or to denounce them. Yours is a life of combat. You might be a violent gangster, a mercenary, a security guard somewhere, or an honest military professional. Regardless, you've had your share of fights in your time.

Base Work

It's not all combat and fancy speeches. If it weren't for people like you, the ones doing all the nitty gritty jobs that keep pretty much every endeavor functioning, society would grind to a halt. Whether you're a humble factory worker, some farmer, a car mechanic, or just a guy who moves packages around in a warehouse, your existence is not a glamorous one. Still, you've got an unusually high rate of survival when inexplicable nonsense rolls through town.

Research & Development

As brutish as conflicts can get around here, it isn't violence that elevated humanity above fear of Catastrophes and allowed them to build civilizations. You, like many before you, are a seeker of science. Whatever your interests, whether they be as humble as software engineering, or if you're trying to be the first Terran to breach into space, the halls of academia are more to your liking. Okay, that might not be entirely correct; you could be a jungle savage that likes building giant robots. At least you know what you're doing! Probably.

Medicine & Humanitarianism

This world is plagued by tragedy. Recurrent stories of suffering, some of which could have been easily avoided, some of which was inevitable. Not everyone believes it's okay to sit by and let others suffer. But another tragedy is how often that kind of attitude gets ground down into apathy. You might be a hotheaded humanitarian using your skills to help the less fortunate, or a jaded doctor tired of all the emotional messes your work has mired you in over the years. Regardless, your background is in medicine, surgery, and treatment of all manner of illnesses. Do you think you can make a difference in a land beset by so grievous a disease as Oripathy?

Oldest Guard

The power structures of this world are ancient and enduring. There are those who would think they're unassailable, but you know better. A single torch can light a fire under even the most glorious manor's foundation… which is precisely why they must be snuffed out. Or not. Regardless, you have a seat in the halls of power; you might be a corporate overlord, actual nobility, a higher ranking military or government official, or simply someone in a position of extreme affluence and influence. You're ingrained in the structures of power, whether you want to use that position to consolidate the status quo further, or overthrow it all and reform things into something better for everyone.

Perks

General Perks

Those Damn CGs: (100 CP)

What is it that's most important when telling a story? Is it believable or relatable characters? Is it a compelling narrative? NO. It's having pretty backgrounds that make you want to really go there. Worry not about not being able to enjoy the beautiful scenery around you, because now you're bound to get an ample view when it suits you. Through strange and perhaps contrived series of coincidences, areas you visit will fairly frequently find themselves sparsely populated in an aesthetically pleasing kind of way. Contrivances of work hours and traffic flow might leave a large downtown clearing next to a truly massive set of roads completely clear for a short while, reducing a widely visible area around that in a given moment would contain even a few thousand lives into a clean and tranquil place of fleeting isolation. The city skyline in the distance will still be ablaze with thousands upon thousands of tiny moving lights, each a precious life in transit, but that single bridge you're staring at it all from will be curiously empty of traffic for that aesthetic moment. This can have varying levels, from the flow of people diverting away from you and giving you a decent but not insane space away from them to hold conversations in, to thinning the numbers of people around to numbers significantly lower than usual but still decently lively, all the way to the complete contrived absence of civilian interference. You can't actually control when or how this

happens, but it does so very often, if for usually fleeting moments, though sometimes you have longer spots to just stop and contemplate things. You'll have a lot of opportunities, several every day if you're busy in the city, to just stop and admire the architecture of the place, and how beautiful or interesting these places look. A moment all to yourself - barring those who would be of interest to you or events you and yours are soon to be involved in. Whether you're aware of them when it starts or not, people you know or who are relevant to coming events in a personal, individualistic sense are not shepherded away from these areas. Common soldiers or guards perhaps, but not that named commander whose unique abilities and position of command will see them negotiating with faction leaders and leading the upcoming battle. Or people with a more personal tie to you, like that cute coworker who's had your back through these last few fights while you're still getting the hang of your new job. Indeed, you'll find that such people may actually wind up being delivered right to you in these moments. Notably this never gets creepy; people won't just disappear into dead silence. The distances and timetables are such that the filtering out and in of people feels natural, and that the subliminal signs of life like muffled traffic or conversations are present to keep you feeling like you're in a safe and public space.

(Momentary Silence)(Looks Away)(Vague Statement): (100 CP)

Sorry, were you talking? Was someone else? Well not anymore. Why? Because it happened. What's it? Who the hell but you knows! Whenever things of significance or importance to you or your situation occur, you will get a strange premonition; some sort of vague and almost paranatural recognition of the event in question, like a most ephemeral hint to what's happened. You might feel the death of a great ally or hero of yours, or understand when some great decision has been made that will decide the outcome of a coming battle or war. Honestly, there really isn't much of an explanation for how any of this nonsense works, but man, it sure does seem dramatic. It helps that people around you tend to take these bizarre moments you have at face value, to an extent at least. These bizarre flashes will also become more and more sensitive to stranger things the more you're immersed in bizarre and esoteric topics, until even memories or illusions of you begin to seem prescient as people delve through them. Become a powerful and wise caster, and someone delving into memories of the past might find a phantom echo of you; one which will recognize its state and the situation of the interloper.

Bigger in Texas: (100 CP)

Time defines the procession of a story. Some stories take a long while to reach their conclusion. Sometimes, details seem to change a little as the years stretch on.What details? Oh, nothing much. A company's name changes, someone's boobs wind up five times bigger than when it started. What? It happens. From now on, you can

mark individuals for a prolonged period of growth. Specifically, the growth of sexual characteristics like breasts. These *improvements* will unfold along a longer timeframe than you might expect, possibly three years even. Just incremental progress over several years, with ample time for every stage in between. Regardless, by the end of three years' time, even a chest that was observably flat could now be very prominently pushing the bustline of a tight and formal business suit out for all to see. Each Jump, you may choose as many specific individuals to be affected as you wish, and may optionally have it so no one really pays any attention to it, not even those so affected. Still, by the time it is done, they shall be many times bigger than before.

PET THE CAT DO IT NOW: (100 CP)

This is a curious world, where people with the traits of familiar animals live and die, with barely the scarcest trace of said animals themselves (ignore what appears to be a penguin owning a bar, it's just a trick of the light). That said, it makes for a striking image, when you get that nice splash art of yourself with whatever your powers are shaped into the animal representing you. Want to get in on the fun? Great, because now you can easily shape your powers to resemble imagery or aspects reminiscent of your species, defaulting to forms of animals if you're an Ancient or Elder. Of course the most obvious usage of this is simply shaping some attacks into the forms of whatever your 'spirit animal' is, surges of flame and snow constructs looking like wild beasts, but this can get more abstract as well. If you had some Arts capable of manipulating emotions and attacking with necrotic energy, you might be able to create an adorable illusory kitty that compelled those nearby to approach and pet it, whereupon it'd explode into necrotic power. Oh, and if you're another Race without a clear animal analogue, don't worry; Elves get facets of nature like plants, while Sarkaz get things like chained up multi-armed faceless demons and dragons with roses for heads, all depending on their clan. Yes, this means if you're a Sankta your spirit animal can be a minigun, or an angel statue holding one, or a larger flaming halo surrounded by them.

Op Reserves J1: (-100 CP)

Life is complicated, and even with all things being equal, the chances are that you and your friends might not be able to stay in proximity when you need it. Or would just like it. Different factions, sensitive operations, all that. Hell, even within the same faction, you might well end up deployed to different squads. Well worry not, because with this the winds of fate seem to be on your side. Here and in future Jumps, you'll find that you and any purchased Companions of yours will be seemingly contrived to stay in relative proximity to one another. Even if you were to be members of separate factions, you might find yourselves deployed to missions at the same destination, and if there was nothing preventing it, you'd easily find yourselves spending all your time in short proximity to one another. Hell, if you were all operators at Rhodes Island, you might find

yourself bunking with one or two of them, with the rest being assigned the bunks around you.

Communications Specialist: (100 CP, 200 CP)

Many are the nameless masses, those random background portraits with realistic ugliness that makes the world feel a bit more real. You are not of their kind. No, you're one of the beautiful elite; how else would you break bank when you hit the gacha? You are a highly attractive person, in whatever kind of way you wish. Whether it's the kind of cool beauty that adds a level of artistry to the scene when you're standing amidst fallen bodies in the pouring rain, that grizzled and chiseled look that makes a strained prison uniform look tight in all the right ways, or even something more mundane like a conventionally yet generically handsome face, you're no slouch in the looks department. You are, quite frankly, oftentimes the most attractive person in the room. Not always though, as there are certainly others on your level, and circumstances tend to see them congregating for one reason or another. Still, you are damn fine looking. What, did you think something like this would be free? Believe me, realistic ugliness is *not* something in short-supply here, for as beautiful as some people can be.

That said, for **200 CP** your appearance can be improved even further. Sort of. Truth be told, it's kind of hard to correlate levels of attractiveness through a drawn medium beyond how people tend to react to them, but in that regard you could be considered significantly more attractive. Significantly enough that, even if you were an unemotive and almost comedically autistic stone wall, people would take it as an actively endearing trait through sheer attractiveness. Even as a completely unemotive brick incapable of perceiving social nuance or emotional desires, just heading down to the engineering department to impassionately assist in the most mechanical fashion would see you walking away with the entire staff crushing on you, at least for a while. You are just bizarrely hot to others for some reason. At this tier, you may also allow for some mild breaks in logic where cosmetics are concerned; if you had long beautiful hair, you could do things like safely lay it on the ground as you rested after a fight assured that nothing would actually dirty the hair touching the floor, or walk and rest assured that it would somehow flutter above the ground in the breeze despite it being longer than your body. Particularly large *assets* don't seem to impede your movement too badly, though you may wish to restrain them anyways for practicality's sake. Additionally, you'll find that large tails or horns present similarly little difficulty for moving around or resting, and are also considered to be charm points on their own. Hey, some tribes down south are into fat tails, you know?

(Ancient Language) Mad?: (200 CP)

It can be easy to forget with the camera zooming all over the place that the people here are speaking a multitude of different languages. The well-travelled are

going to be well prepared linguistically to deal with people from a few different countries, but the random peasant folk of Ursus will be hard pressed to decipher the babbling of an Iberian inquisitor. Hell, some madmen are even dredging up ancient and long forgotten languages solely for the purpose of shittalking people. You're covered as far as linguistic concerns go, as you can understand the spoken and written languages of all mundane cultures contemporaneous to you on both Terra and in future settings. While on its own this doesn't extend to *all* languages that have existed historically, you also have a healthy repertoire of more ancient dialects and tongues as well, perfect for pulling out the insults of ancient warrior cultures, and responding in kind. The depth and breadth of your more ancient mastery will depend on your backstory. This will never give you access and understanding of any languages that merit or require some kind of power or supernatural quality; merely mundane linguistics.

Originium Arts Assimilation: (Varies)

Originium has impacted far more than the development of technology. In truth, it is a psychoreactive substance, and with the proper preparations one's thoughts can interface with the energy contained within, and externalize it to various ends. This is the preeminent 'magic' system of the world, Originium Arts. Many train in it, even to cursory extents for the utility it brings, but the limits of what one can achieve are dependent on their own biological aptitude for drawing out Originium's energy. Indeed, Arts almost always require an Arts Unit to cast, but there are various exceptions to this rule here and there. Here, you'll decide the amount of energy you're able to extract and shape from Originium.

For **50 CP** you basically have zero Arts potential, only barely being able to evoke a reaction from Originium. This is the standard for some populations, but enough to be considered defective in others. At this point, all you're really capable of are minor visual effects and the barest measures of Arts manipulation. You might be able to light a candle, or make a cute hairclip out of frost. The most useful thing you could do with this is probably act as a rough Oripathy detector by trying to activate any Originium in a blood sample and seeing if it glows.

For **100 CP** you're an actual Caster, though not much of one. At all, really. Most people capable of Arts only manage about this level. You can relatively quickly channel enough energy to form a small blast that can fire off with the force of a law enforcement-grade bean bag round. Enough to crack ribs, blow through windows, and even kill if it hits the right angle or if the target is weak enough, but ultimately nothing impressive. With more effort and a few seconds spent channeling, you might send out a blast that could heavily cave in a car door or noticeably crack some pavement. You're not exactly the strongest Caster around, but this could still be a nasty surprise for anyone trying to mug you in an alleyway.

For **200 CP** you're a proper Caster, at the level where you'd pretty handily find yourself hired for any low-level Caster-based jobs. You could quickly throw out a blast of energy that cracks pavement or walls, or that displaces a car whose side it hits by a few feet. With more channeling, you could blast a hole through conventional walls, fling cars into the air, or tear straight through the weaker sorts of people. You might be able to launch energy masses that function as fairly lethal explosives, the sorts that would wreak horrific casualties in a crowded space, or prove dangerous even to professional combatants if they manage to hit. In any sort of combat profession, in the absence of any other skills you'd likely be listed and outfitted as a Caster, and not necessarily a poor one. Just an average one.

For **400 CP** you're a much stronger Caster than most, and could easily make for one of the Artillery Casters employed by the militaries of this world. Your more casual blasts could quickly produce fireballs that completely scorch the insides of large rooms, and with proper channeling time you could launch one whose explosive ferocity was enough to impact a street and damage the surrounding buildings, or a beam of burning plasma that could hit a building from the outside and melt straight through several walls in its attempt to burn to the other side. It would take very little effort on your part to topple most conventional buildings if you knew what you were doing, and a concerted bombardment by you could deal massive structural damage to an area, especially when coupled with strategic aiming. You can be expected to be treated as a valuable tactical asset on most operations.

For **600 CP** you're firmly in the realm of the unfair, with a level of raw Arts power that makes fighting you unprepared tantamount to suicide. You can field such massive flexes of energy that you can cause grievous structural damages with little effort on your part. You could quickly flash-produce a heatwave capable of scattering a courtyard full of weak civilians into embers, or launch fireballs the size of a few trucks mashed together. Pushing more effort into it, and you could launch a surging torrent of flame down a street that melts the front walls of the buildings facing it, or fire an eruption into the sky that splits into countless explosive flaming masses that catastrophically rain down on random spots for miles around. You are a weapon of mass-destruction, and if for some reason you never faced any opposition and weren't killed in the attempt, the structural damage you could inflict over a prolonged period could be enough to eventually destroy a nomadic city.

For **800 CP** you are, in essence, a living Catastrophe. The amount of power you can emit is the sort of thing that can traumatize the inexperienced, making survivors of your attacks feel like the monster coming after them is more of an unstoppable god than a man. With barely any effort at all you could burn a melted tunnel through a building to the other side, or fill its every hallway with rushing flame to melt the entire structure into slag. You could surge torrents of flame down a multi-lane highway, melting the entire front halves of the buildings facing it, or launch the seeds of massive conflagrations

which will spread for miles from their starting points, creating creeping walls of flame which more slowly burn entire sectors of cities. With much more effort, channeling time, and perhaps even a fitting environment or preparations, you might be capable of calling down an actual Catastrophe, capable of reducing an entire nomadic city to a flaming wreck, and rendering chunks of the wild uninhabitable. Otherwise, you could very plainly pose an active threat to flying warships, countering their artillery fire while launching your own in retaliation, with a very real chance of bringing them down if you managed to score a hit. Quite frankly, the damage you can do if you don't face any specialized opposition is ludicrous, and if you caught one unaware and unprepared, you might be able to kill an army. Terribly few people field this kind of power, and most of them are kept out of the history books to avoid demoralizing soldiers.

Again, the prior were generalized examples using Arts that represented high-energy expenditure to give a generalization of output levels. Subtler effects with less energy expenditure such as shifting the light or telepathic communication could feasibly cover a much wider area of effect than described in their Tier, possibly absurdly so. Note that as Arts requires the drawing and channeling of energy from Originium, one can push for greater amounts of energy than they normally output at the cost of pain and physical damage. However, Arts Assimilation generally *cannot* be increased by conventional means. You might become more skilled, able to do more with less energy, but the amount of raw power you're capable of drawing on is generally static. Ordinarily there's no short-term or long-term cost to using Arts at your usual level, and frequent usage does *not* result in contracting Oripathy. That said, if the Caster *already* has Oripathy, then the frequent channeling of Arts energy in a short amount of time can cause it to accelerate. The Infected are capable of using their own organs as Arts Units, meaning they can essentially cast without 'wands', but doing so *always* massively accelerates their Oripathy, even if it also leads to a stronger casting.

Many people train in Arts to at least a small degree, and so for no cost you have education or experience in Arts at a level appropriate to your past and Build. A student in Leithanien would have learned much, while a random orphan with inexplicably high levels of Arts Assimilation may not have the knowledge to put it into practice. Still, whether through formal education or trial and error, it doesn't take much to figure out how to surge a barely-shaped burst of Originium energy. That said, for **100 CP** apiece, you may have full knowledge of (and should you have the power, experience using) a form of Arts of your choice. This can be a highly specific and reliably usable technique such as creating and launching copies of your swords that you can use masterfully, or something more broad like "Telepathic Arts," which would have a broad range of applications you'd have less of a handle on. Notably, if you have a power source from this Jump outside of Originium, such as is offered by certain Perks or Races, the Tiers of this Perk may apply to their scope as well, and you may pay that **100 CP** price to have mastered a specific technique in-theme with and sourced from them.

Physical Exam: (Varies)

It might not look like it with how normal things can seem in the big cities, but the people here are, on average, much stronger than you might be expecting. Two or three times stronger than an ordinary human in a more mundane world, in fact. And that's just the standard civilian of an unremarkable race! Of course, this doesn't mean much; when everyone is that strong, it just becomes the baseline, and the assumed 'normal'. People can get much stronger though, through both training and by being complete flukes of nature. Here you'll decide how robust your physical abilities are; how hard you can hit, how fast you can move, and how much you can walk off with minor injury, all with a little wiggle room to allocate as you desire. If you don't take any Tier of this Perk, and have nothing else that'd increase your physical abilities, you'd be considered notably unfit by this world's standards. Maybe you're old and decrepit, or maybe people would chalk it up to medical complications leaving you sickly. At least you'd fit in with some others of UNDISCLOSED Race.

For **100 CP** your bodily prowess is equivalent to the standards of a fit and healthy Terran adult. Without factoring anything else in like your Race's novel abilities or enhanced attributes, you're strong enough to handily lift a grown man into the air and run while carrying him, durable enough to walk away from a nasty but not extreme car crash with only severe bruising and maybe some bone fractures, and fast enough to quickly barrel from one end of a room to the other. In comparison to the humanity of a more mundane world, you could physically overpower and toss around an incredibly fit special forces soldier. It's not much, but it's the average for blending in around here. You'd make for a fine civilian, though if you had skills that surpassed your means, you might still catch some people unprepared, to a potentially lethal extent.

For **200 CP** your physical abilities are much more honed, generally to the standards of a consummate combat professional. You're strong enough that striking a car with a whip could lift it a few feet off the ground, durable enough to get back up off the ground from a hit that sent you skidding across it a few yards with nothing but some scrapes and cracked ribs, and fast enough that you can sprint as quickly as objects thrown by normal people fly. Goring a wild animal with your bare hands isn't out of the question if you're skilled and sure of grip. You'd make a great mercenary or professional soldier, though bear in mind you'd have to have some real skills to distinguish yourself with. Some people can get a lot crazier than this.

For **400 CP** your physical abilities are what start to constitute elite fighters around here. You could jump from a helicopter before it lands while holding equipment so heavy that you lightly crater the ground on landing, and only walk away with some bruising and light joint pain. Your strength and speed are extraordinary, being able to fight through squads of armed soldiers through raw stats alone, and do so for extended periods of time. Even wearing partial platemail armor, your raw burst-speed is enough that you

could vanish from eyesight in the middle of your short-distance dashes, and you could easily jump through a concrete ceiling, though in that case you should both weaken it first, and shield yourself in some way. With appropriate skill you could hold a chokepoint against waves of enemies on your lonesome, unless someone remarkable in their own way came to back them up.

For **600 CP** your physical abilities are the kinds of absurd that stand out even here. Your strength is enough to easily barrel through walls, with durability enough to do so unscathed. You could fight evenly with an army of one thousand men, your movements sometimes imperceptible, and fistfighting an experimental combat mecha is a viable prospect for you. Failing to get your Arts shields up in time to block a shot from an advanced anti-armored vehicle energy rifle aimed at your face is no longer a death sentence; that, along with the ensuing several kilometer drop into a lake, would only to briefly knock you unconscious, sprain your ankle, and leave you with some nasty bruising. A fight between you and an equal opponent could devastate the street you were on, and several surrounding buildings besides.

For **800 CP** you have the kinds of potential that make for legendary heroes. Your blows can cause extreme structural damage, and you can take blows that would cause much the same. A building collapsing on top of you would likely not be enough to stop you from standing back up and walking out of it, and you could likely strike too quickly for even trained fighters to process. You could hold a choke point against several invading armies, weathering their artillery blows and slaughtering all infantry that approached, though on your lonesome such an epic feat would still risk death for the sheer numbers stacked against you. A battle necessitating your full power and stretching onwards across a day or more would be one likely to scar the landscape, and, defying all the conventions of modern wisdom, your involvement could reliably change the course of military engagements.

All this is a base level of prowess for your various physical qualities. Further factors such as additional Perks or Races which offer bonuses to certain areas still apply. And again, regarding this Perk specifically, you may also ‘move around’ the stat allocation offered here. You might focus on your durability, decreasing your strength and speed so that you could instead more easily take attacks even stronger than that Tier would imply. As a normal Terran with an emphasis on strength, you could seem fragile and slow until some poor bloke found out you can punch people into the air. If you had the **800 CP** Tier and focused on durability and strength, you might be able to weather a direct barrage of attacks designated by a paramilitary force as being for “Area Annihilation” without much fuss. Especially if you had a good shield.

Skillful Acumen: (Varies)

People die. They die all the time, no matter where you go. Sometimes those deaths are preventable. Preventable with the death of another, anyways. There’s no

shortage to the number of situations where a sharp blade will make the difference between death and another day of life, whether it be the cruelty of bandits beyond the borders of the nomadic cities, or the callous greed of the gangsters festering within them. Chances are you'll have a brush with violence sometime during your stay. Whether it comes from a place of experience, or natural affinity with violence, here you can brush up on your skills to kill. Everything from fighting styles, to gut reactions telling you there's something wrong in a fight, to the kind of coordination needed to handle superhuman movements

For **Free**, you receive one little boon to help with survival here. There is a particular kind of weapon or fighting style you're modestly competent in. It might be a pretty broad category within the even broader category of swords, or perhaps something more narrowed down like riot shields. If you're more of an untrained civilian, this could just mean having a good aim with a handgun you keep in your desk drawer, or knowing how to swing a cast iron pan good enough to kill a man. Granted, you're not exactly a master fighter, but in terms of random inexperienced civilians plucked off the street without any training and suddenly thrust into combat, you're one of the best! Good luck with that. Does not come with other skills useful for combat situations.

For **100 CP** you have the skills to fend for yourself around here. Maybe you were a hobbyist with a passion for swinging a slab of sharpened metal, or maybe you really were plucked off the street and forced to fend for yourself, and managed to survive long enough to get good at it. Whether it's experience or intuition, you're about as good a combatant as a mercenary with a few years of active experience; plenty of people could trivialize you, but at the same time you could take on handfuls of angry civilians at once. Your intuition for combat situations is sharper, not to any supernatural extent, but enough to pick up on people trying to pull one over on you in a fight; if a group attacking you was smaller than they were at the start, you might notice and realize that some of them had slunk off and were now outside your awareness. Beyond your usual means of murder, you're skilled in more general weaponry as well, as though during assorted incidents you had to improvise use of a few common weapon types. In regards to Arts, you know enough to position yourself appropriately and engage in situations that put enough distance and obstacles between you and your target that they can't immediately close the gap.

For **200 CP** you're competent enough in active combat and critical situations that most people would consider you something of an expert in stabbing people to death. Or bludgeoning them. Or something else. You're competent in a fight enough to distinguish yourself above the common mook; rather, you'd be more like a named commander leading a squad of them. You're skilled enough to defeat dozens of untrained idiots coming at you in sequence, even if they were of relatively equal strength to you, and if you were stronger and facing weaker foes these numbers could balloon rather absurdly. Should you have the stamina for it, you're skilled enough in combat that you could trade

blows in a heated fight for an extended period of time, keeping up for a long while before you start slipping up, parrying and deflecting blows as though you'd practiced it a thousand times. Your danger sense is sharp enough to feel something's amiss in the moments before an ambush, backstab, or long-distance sniping, and you generally have a good enough grasp of a situation to realize what in your environment you could take advantage of to stack the odds in your favor. This is especially useful when combined with any Arts you have, as well as your great sense of timing and spacing that let you turn the area around you into a lethal trap.

For **400 CP** your skills are immense, and likely far and above what most others ever manage to achieve. If you had a body that could even remotely keep up with your mind, fights against an equal opponent would start to look ridiculous. In the middle of a faster-than-eyesight dash you could pivot on your feet and dash a second time in the opposite direction. You might swat an oncoming bullet out of the air with your own gun while returning fire with the same motion, or figure out where in your environment to blast to create a chain reaction that takes an otherwise unbeatable enemy out. You could figure out the location of an invisible sniper even through the layers of decoys he set up to obscure his position, or nonlethally takedown a crowd of hundreds of armed civilians from a starting position of "Actively staring down the barrels of their guns from a few feet away." Your excellent timing and spacing make your usage of Arts incredibly dangerous to go up against, even at closer ranges. You could figure out how to do more with less, figuring out non-lethal takedowns or how to launch your Arts from unconventional angles, and easily figure out where to launch an attack to cause the most damage to a target, letting you slip between an opponent's guard or cause a group formation to crumble. Again, so long as you have appropriate raw ability, you'll be able to do things like these absurd examples. At the very least, you could fight off or even win against a group of several enemies who were otherwise your match in terms of raw power.

And Over Ten Seconds: (Varies)

Sometimes, when the weight of the world comes crashing down on your shoulders, the pain and weight only screams at you to rise again. And so you do. No, you aren't a hero; you're probably an Event boss. Or at least something like it, for **400 CP**. When you're defeated, whether you're simply beaten down and tired, or actually just lethally run through by a sword, you do not die. Not the first time, anyways. In every fight, you have a questionably-heroic second wind, and after a few moments of looking defeated, you'll rise again ready for phase 2. In this state, you'll be noticeably more powerful; not just being even stronger and more durable, but in the sense that your powers are easier to use and hit harder. Maybe your energy pools refill in this state rapidly, maybe you just get a bunch of free casts; the point is that your interval for spamming your powers shrinks so you can throw them out more constantly. Not only

that, they can increase in terms of range, number of targets, area of effect, duration, and sheer firepower. You may decide if this revival has a cool aesthetic effect accompanying it, such as your powers visually consuming you before reconstructing your body. This can have cool lingering visual effects for the duration of the fight based on your powers, like new colored highlights in your appearance, or a giant shadowy rift opening up behind your head with grasping shadow-tentacles trailing it. While it may be advantageous to hold it in reserve for your defeat, you may instead decide you activate this state whenever you wish

You may purchase additional 'next-phases' for the full price. Additionally, for an extra **200 CP** you may accompany each of these 'phase transitions' with a massive desperation attack; a large and sweeping area attack that will devastate the general area around you. Were you a user of fire-based combat Arts, your phase transitions may be marked by walls of courtyard-spanning flames crashing through the area like a coruscating wave for several seconds, whereupon you'd then arise at full health once more amidst the storm of embers.

Jump3r: (600 CP)

Not all people fight alone. For some, this means that they have true friends who they can rely on to always have their back. For others, it means they're fucking haunted. Or just have a cool monster pet. You seem to have picked up an extra passenger somewhere along the way, because you now have a *very* unusual friend backing you up. Their exact nature may be any number of things, but they can't stray far from you, and can be summoned forth at your will. They might be a strange levitating crystalline abomination of jagged spines and teeth that springs from a crystal you can produce, or they might be an invisible and intangible psychic phantom lingering around you that can nonetheless affect your environment with crushing force in a unique Arts-based symbiosis. Its exact nature influences how it interacts with the world, but either way its destructive power is immense, and it may as well be immortal. If it expressed itself as a telekinetic presence, it would be able to fling metal structures as large as building support columns like a railgun, and be impossible to harm besides. If it had a physical presence, it might be devastatingly strong in form and possess a ranged attack capable of melting through buildings like butter, but be vulnerable to physical destruction which would cause it to quickly reform itself without harm. You may decide whether it has only the barely vestigial remnants of a consciousness, or a true personality. Either way, it's perfectly loyal and viciously protective of you, and likely extremely adoring and affectionate besides. A very interesting curiosity is that this friend of yours can be detached from you. Once done, you'll lose the ability to summon them to your side at-will, but they'll become capable of acting at any range independently of you. They'll also for some reason turn into a cute girl that likes you very much and wants you to be proud of her. In this state, they'll look largely human but with obvious inhuman qualities

reminiscent of their prior form, such as one looking like a Feline but with jagged crystals in place of cat ears. You may choose to have this detachment occur in the case of your death or destruction, whereupon they can continue to act in your absence, likely very sad and hoping to bring you back. You can even share your memories with them in this case, whether to give them context for what you would have wanted, or to have a copy of your mind stored in them for whatever good that would do. Regardless, the two of you will be reconjoined come the next Jump. Lastly, as they're initially a part of you, you may consider them as possessing qualities alike some of the Perks you've purchased here.

Ageless: (600 CP, 800 CP)

Far be it from the long-lived races to hold monopoly on the passing of ages. Truthfully, history's shape has in part been guided by the persistence of beings who stubbornly refused to die when they should have. Their means are many, their end is singular; an attempt at immortal life. An attempt to become Ageless, and you are among their number. You are, conventionally speaking, unkillable. Wounds mean far less on you than they should, with gruesome rakes along your back and stabs into your lungs that should leave most people swiftly losing consciousness from blood loss failing to even impede your movements, and if one were to look at them mere minutes later they'd find them already sealed up without scarring. More traumatic bodily maiming may be able to 'kill' you, but such death is a temporary state as the conditions of perfect health rapidly reassert themselves on you, regardless of how messily you've been gored. You could be mulched into a mess of bloody strings, burnt to mere ashes, or simply flattened into a smear, and you would rapidly regrow a body to resume your life through. In fact, even if you were trapped in some way, half-crushed underneath rubble and pinned down in the bottom of a collapsed building, your body might discorporate before reforming somewhere on the surface. In fact, unlike a *certain* incompetent and young Ageless, you safeguard even your fancy outfits from damage and destruction, with even the most ostentatious outfits recreating themselves perfectly as you regenerate in them. Disease means nothing to you, just as time can no longer degrade your limitless lifespan, and even Oripathy seems to be a non-threat to you, though the extent to which you can safely ignore it is unknown. You are beyond the measures of all conventional methods of murder, and perhaps even most magical ones. If there exist some means buried in all the ancient Arts traditions of this world to slay immortal beings such as you, they simply are not known. That said, there may be means within this world to slay even such beings as you, and certainly so in worlds beyond. The demonic corruption to the north may well deal wounds even you would be hard pressed to recover from, and there may dwell threats from above that can erase with impunity. But mere men could spend ages trying and failing to keep you down, their struggles and

fleeting lives mere footnotes to your immortal perspective. Play your cards right, and you may well haunt the world for eternity.

But your shadow can always loom larger, pool deeper. For **800 CP**, you may develop a quality shown by some of the oldest and most mysterious ageless; the ability to make more of your kind. Like a curse forfeiting the recipient of death's release, like a wish going out for another's wellbeing, by your will another being can be granted a form of immortality identical to this. They will become unkillable to all mundane means, quickly regenerating all bodily harm done to them, and shall of course cease aging, gaining a henceforth infinite lifespan, free of disease and degeneration. Their consent is irrelevant to this end, and in fact they may not realize what's been done to them until their first death, such is the subtlety of this little wish you can make. As with you, it's possible that certain esoteric means may be capable of dealing permanent damage, such as the otherworldly nature of the Northern demons and certain threats from above, but not even conventional Arts are capable of permanently slaying those you grant this little eternity to. However, those who rely on this gift must beware, for you can take it back with nothing but a thought. Those you rescind this immortality from won't rapidly age to their true age or unheal their wounds, but they'll cease to benefit from this Ageless nature from then on.

Till Next Update: (600 CP)

Trust can be hard to come by around here, especially for those with the kinds of tumultuous backgrounds that lead them to lives of violence. It's a miracle then how it seems those kinds of people can find that sort of thing blooming between you. Trust, that most precious of things, and definitely not anything else. Alright, so there may be a bit more going on here. See, something about you really tugs at the heartstrings of those you spend time with, or interact with on a regular basis. Nothing too extreme for the most part, but people definitely tend to wind up with a fairly obvious crush on you after a while. Not enough to disrupt their lives or a professional working environment, but enough to motivate them to fight a little harder, to do a better job where it's helpful to you. Indeed, without trying to push things, these feelings generally end up only amounting to an unexpected but still understandable level of camaraderie from your well adjusted compatriots of excellent character… but oddly enough it seems far more effective on a much darker subset of the population. Those that others might call "Evil Women," in fact. Remorselessly violent, severely mentally ill, and generally morally abhorrent women find themselves hit by this at extreme speed and strength, enough that, at least compared to the normal people around you, the comparison is almost comical. An assassin sent to collect your head that failed to kill you once might start dreaming of the two of you escaping this life of assassination together, and run away to protect you instead. A mind manipulating criminal looking for somewhere to stay may seek house arrest under your employment and decide you to be the only mind she

won't alter while seeking to understand it on a more personal level, while a spy that met you while sabotaging her way through a government organization may betray all involved sides to join you instead, holding the information she jacked along the way hostage to force all parties to comply. That nun with a chainsaw whose brain-obstruction induced insanity leaves her utterly rife with multiple psychoses and fits of euphoric slaughter? Constantly stalking or directly hovering over you in eerie smiling silence, sometimes offering a cute little wave when you look at her. And the mass-slaughtering leader of a terrorist organization that reanimates corpses to kill their former allies while laughing about how they're doing so out of love for her? She'd hear about you from someone else and decide to arrange things to fake her own death, hoist her responsibilities onto someone else, and make clear in no uncertain terms that the two of you were now a thing. Miraculously, people affected by this immense level of affection are remarkably respectful of your own feelings. Well, depending on where they land on this spectrum anyways. The more stable will understand if you want to keep things professional, or just don't see them that way, or haven't picked up on their feelings because you're a dumbass, and will instead channel that longing to be close to you into trying to be helpful and important to you in other ways. The more unstable ones? They're likely to state rather explicitly that while they don't mind you fooling around for now, once you do die they're the one that'll be keeping your body.

Race Perks

Ancients & Elders

Ancient Aptitude: (100 CP)

This is a wide open world, and the multitudes of people living within are vast indeed. Though the number of ethnostates are few, there are plenty of races around here with their own peculiarities. In fact, the physiological differences between races run *far* deeper than mere cosmetic differentiation. Many races have peculiar biological abilities or signature traits, and you're emblematic of that, in one way or another, since this can mean a few things. For one, if your race has some quality or physiological trait or ability that not all members possess, you now possess it. Alternatively, abilities or qualities in that same vein that all members of your race possess are notably stronger in you. Some Aegir can breathe under water, but not all, but if you are one you very well can. Anura are all capable of secreting toxins from their skin, but only those who train this quality can push it to the absurdly lethal effects their toxins can reach, but as an Anura you would easily be able to produce such absurd poisons. Forte are similarly known for their great strength, a simple but prevalent boon, and as a Forte you would find an incredible boost to your raw strength if nothing else. In general, the physical boons of your race are top of the line in you. Oh, and in the cases where your race is associated with a certain animal, this may optionally give you the inexplicable and never

elaborated-on ability to manifest a trait or two from it, like turning your arms into wings if you're a Liberi. No, it will never be explained why you can do this. You just kind of can.

Our Familiar Way, With Familiar Friends: (200 CP)

Long have the Ancients and Elders quarled amongst themselves, and united against the Sarkaz. Indeed, if there is one force capable of both making and unmaking the bonds of fellowship, it is racism. A great and ancient power, handed down since antiquity. Ancient enemies and racial enmity make for good teachers when honing the skills passed from one generation to the next, each inheriting the sacred mantle of racism. Forged in the fires of ethnic discrimination and international depopulation attempts, you've inherited specialized techniques and general knowledge for taking down a specific species, race, or minority from this world. Some families have spent so long killing Sarkaz that their descendents seem capable of slicing through them, specifically, like butter. So, too, do you. In addition to your immense skill in carrying out hate crimes, as though empowered by your burning spirit of racial purity, your attacks simply deal more damage to those of your chosen race. Fitting to the inexhaustible nature of racial prejudice, in every Jump you may select an additional target for your growing portfolio of racism, until there is not a being alive you cannot discriminate against.

HONEYBISCUITS: (400 CP)

Evolution is a long and protracted process. What few alive today know is that Originium has vastly sped up the evolution of your people, and even guided them towards humanoid forms. Truthfully, in ancient days the Ancients and Elders did not resemble these two legged creatures that they do now; each was a massive and mighty beast, possessed of ferocious forms in addition to their strange powers. Sometimes, you find a genetic throwback, through one means or another. Sometimes you touch an ancient artifact you weren't supposed to, and sometimes you're just *that* hungry. You now have an additional form you can transform into, one of a great and ferocious magical beast. Your physical capabilities are vastly more powerful in this form, a return to primal might before the weakness of human form. More than this though, your other natural abilities, even those that usually require training and study such as Arts, are also made that much stronger if affinity with them is a quality of your race, or some other biological function of yours. A young boy capable of manipulating the Originium in the bodies of the Infected to puppet them around once became a giant bird that could sing a song that reverberated and spread Originium particles through the air, instantly infecting, mutating, and enslaving anything that breathed the air within range of the song as nigh-immortal crystal zombie golem horrors. This state also induces something of a primal bloodlust, or else some other great and primeval feeling like a boundless sorrow, but thankfully you're capable of reigning it in with enough practice and

maintaining control of yourself. Oh, and if you're a Sarkaz? Don't worry. You lot also had ancient and terrible forms in the distant past, just much more monstrous looking.

Dormant Craving: (600 CP)

History stretches back as far as anyone can remember, but some people certainly have longer memories than others. Longer memories than their lives, even. An inheritance, albeit a strange one; whether it be the results of some information-engraving Arts practice your bloodline engages in, or something stranger, you have in your memory something approximating the entire history of whatever your race is in each Jump. Thousands upon thousands of years of historical information aggregated from the individual members living through those eras; stories and lives so ancient as to have passed into myth and legend, if not oblivion, and sights of the ancient world now lost to modern man. It also means that, in regards to things that are either inherited or mundane enough to have been practiced by those ancestors, you have potentially thousands of years worth of memories teaching you everything you need to know about those skills. Mundane combat of various kinds, and nuances and mental processes behind various kinds of Arts. Granted, this doesn't *necessarily* translate to direct skill with these things, considering personal qualities such as muscle memory, reflexes, and intelligence that you need to bring to bear. That said, it *is* an absurdly effective teacher, should what you're learning be something that has been practiced by countless of your ancestors. More than this, this genetic memory can be passed onto your offspring. Your own personality and lifespan won't be altered just for purchasing this Perk, but offspring you grant these memories to may be vulnerable to medical complications such as neurological disorders shortening their lifespan, as well as potentially being kind of completely batshit insane behind whatever facade of normalcy they learn to mimic growing up.

Elves

Opportunity to Understand: (100 CP)

How many thousands, even tens of thousands of years have passed since your kind's birth? Certainly, in their little hovels, community and culture have grown and flourished, but it was not always that way. Your kind were born into the world wholly formed, and even then you had your purpose, your shared understanding. You have an innate understanding of others of your race, one which does not let you truly understand everything about a given member you meet, but which facilitates an unspoken understanding between one another. Even without speaking the same language and having been raised in wildly different cultures, you and another of your race could intuitively sense and answer each other's questions, or communicate intent or any other such aspects of interaction, all entirely wordlessly.

Nature's Messenger: (200 CP)

There is more to the world than can be known by man. Though science has progressed their understanding to encompass countless laws and interactions, even their precious Originium sciences cannot encapsulate everything. Elves are lethally vulnerable to Oripathy, with even generally safe contact often spelling death for them. So how do they work their curious Arts? They don't. You no longer need to rely on Originium for seemingly magical effects, for you have strange powers over nature that seem inexplicable to scientific understanding, having no basis in Originium or Arts, being something which some might call magic. This power can manipulate elements of nature such as water or plant life to various ends, and through strange and illogical means, like speaking to the 'will' of water and making it want to help you. Highly useful, but not very overbearing. Water can be manipulated like it were some kind of prehensile ferrofluid construct under your telekinetic control, or move on its own to accomplish your desires with its own mercurial temperament, and plant life can be induced to rapidly grow along directions you please or to bind together animated stones which will march against your enemies. Of course, given that this power is sourced entirely from you, you have no fear of being caught without an Arts unit with which to cast it.

Flowing Shape: (400 CP)

When the majority of the planet is covered in a substance that's utterly fatal to you, you have to get a little creative. You're capable of shaping elemental masses such as water into pseudo-living copies of yourself through which you can push your will and interact with the world. They're capable of serving as your eyes and ears, and you have some latitude in their formation, being able to create anything from full copies of yourself, to tiny little copies that are almost impossible to notice. Copies equivalent to you in size can be used to channel your own powers, letting you fight from a distance or from many angles. You can even shape these elemental masses into copies of *other* people, though they'll only be able to mimic a fraction of their overall power, and won't possess their unique abilities. The only downside is that your ability to manage them is limited by your mental capacity. Significant numbers strain your tracking, and if you overextend yourself you may experience silly upsets like having clones walk into walls, pressing the wrong buttons, eating the bird feed they're using at the park, or stirring the air above their cup of coffee. You could definitely work the job of many people at once, but solely staffing an entire large research facility is a bit beyond you with just this. Lastly, while you're certainly controlling them, elements stirred to life to house your will can display a bit of personality of their own, sometimes liking to play little pranks on you.

Descendent's Resolution: (600 CP)

Immortal, unaging, and ever unsuited to the world of man; the Elves were in fact born with a purpose. They are not related to the Ancients or the Elders, but are not

Sarkaz either. They were in fact created by a Feranmut, one of the ancient gods of this land, and tasked with both healing the world of the scars incurred in an ancient age, and with preserving that age's relics. Said scars were the wounds dealt to a god, and said relics were the technology of a spacefaring civilization; both tasks amounting to matters of repair. While you're no better at creating anything than before, when you see something broken and in disarray, you seem supernaturally inclined towards fixing it. Damages to the world can be assuaged to an extent by repairing the ecosystem with careful regulation of plant life in specific areas, while a failing reality can be reinforced with runic inscriptions in the proper places. Wounded gods can be healed by these same methods, with a ceremonial healing of the land easing festering wounds and allaying burdens to facilitate a gradual return to health. Powers you possess can be bent towards the ends of repairing things, such as a control over plant life allowing you to manipulate context-sensitive property-changing sap to fill in the gaps in any damaged technology, using natural components to repair even advanced space-age technology to the point of perfect functioning. Granted, this doesn't mean you'll actually succeed in particularly grand quests of repair. An ever-festering corruption from beyond the scope of reality may continuously eat away at reality or a wounded god, but while you may not be able to purge that external influence with this, you could ease those festering wounds and reinforce the overall structure against that corruption. In the end, you may be one of the most instrumental components in preventing that corruption from winning.

Sankta

What Matters Is That I Take It As A Compliment: (100 CP)

All Sankta are born with an innate ability to sense the emotions of other Sankta. A prodigious life defining ability, this power to perfectly understand the emotional states of their fellows mean that no Sankta is ever at a loss as to the suffering or happiness of their fellows, and *only* their fellows. This unfortunately means that Sankta who haven't lived long around non-Sankta often don't recognize or empathize with emotions that they can't directly sense, leading to the most naturally empathic race often acting as if they completely and utterly lacked it. There's no two ways about this; Sankta behave really, *really* weirdly from the perspectives of other races because of this. It turns out it's easy to mow down non-Sankta races when you don't get any empathic feedback from their suffering. It's like they aren't even people! Okay, so you might not be *that* crazy, and many Sankta aren't either, but you can now adopt a mental state emblematic of some Sankta and their over-reliance on their empathic senses.. In this state you become essentially impervious to all social pressures and external hostility. As if you were so used to needing to directly feel other people's emotions to recognize them, virtually all hostility towards you (and your own hostility towards others) becomes entirely harmless to you. While still consciously aware of everything actually going on socially, you're completely emotionally impervious to the pleas and curses of others.

Someone could be standing there angrily screaming into your face, cursing you out with everything wrong about you, and they'd feel like they were talking to air with how little you seemed to react. You can meet anything with the same carefree smile, which is honestly going to start looking kind of psychotic the more people see of you in this state. Once more, this is a toggleable mental defense, and you may even activate or deactivate it selectively for both people and subjects, giving weight to the emotions of those you choose to care about, and being unrelentingly unphased by the pleas of anyone else. There is one last benefit to this state. If you are willing to stifle your empathy like that, you'll find yourself increasingly resistant to mind influencing powers. The fewer people or things you let emotionally affect you, the more unaffected you'll remain to those powers of the mind. Focus on nothing but completing your mission, and even an inhibition removing power that uses your own emotions against you will be as easily ignored as civilian casualties. Truly, autism was your superpower.

Burn Down That Bus, My Child: (200 CP)

The development of Sankta culture was guided by the fact that all Sankta can innately understand one another's feelings. Knowing precisely where boundaries did and did not lie led to the creation of a place where silly ideas like, "You can't blow up buildings just because you think it'd be funny," never formed, because everyone loves blowing things up, and the understanding of that fact meant that no artificial taboos formed against it. Problems crop up when Sankta who are so used to receiving emotional feedback telling them what boundaries they're crossing then interact with non-Sankta, who naturally do not send back those signals. Let's just say that Sankta have a bit of a reputation, one that has left some people scarred and terrified by their unthinking joviality and willingness to commit arson. You are a troublemaker, descended from a long line of troublemakers, belonging to a race of troublemakers. In the wake of your mischief this is an understood and accepted fact. You'll find that your eccentric habits and impulsive actions aren't nearly as socially damning as they should be when you're doing them, so long as you aren't actually hurting anybody by them. Or if it would be okay to hurt them anyways, as the situation may be. Or if the harm was largely accidental. Obviously this is to a point, and laws are still laws, but as long as your shenanigans don't cause too much trouble you won't find yourself suffering at all socially, and you might get away with some minor things like bombing a school here and there. Hell, being the wacky and energetic friend actually works out for you socially. It's endearing rather than annoying. Fines and fees, however, may very much still be a problem. Try to get the right permits before blowing up buildings. This racially motivated social defense best works when you're adhering to an existing stereotype about your kind, but spontaneous racism may be your guardian angel regardless.

What The Good Law Says: (400 CP)

Most Sankta believe in their long-standing religion, the Lateran Faith of their home Laterano. It speaks of a divine Law which orders their lives and promises prosperity and peace. Strong is the faith, if not the fervor, of these Sankta, who take the longtime protection of their homeland from the usual natural disasters that plague the world as a sign of divine protection. They also take their firearms, and their natural proficiency with them, as god-given gifts. This much is true, if not for any reasons they know. You can now draw from this to power strange abilities themed around firearms or sophisticated defensive systems and weapons platforms. The most obvious application is enhancing your own guns, adding further destructive power to each shot, or even providing extra power to charge or overcharge energy weapons in lieu of other power sources. You might designate zones of holy light that shield those you consider allies within, or create holy phantasms of whatever guns you own to float behind you and fire in unison, turning you into a one-person firing squad. You might be able to “scan” the battlefield, targeting disparate enemies around it which will then replicate your next shot multiple times to hit each of them with much greater force than usual. Hell, you could even channel this power for a brief period, setting a target which will then call down a blast of searing light from the heavens, almost as though you were calling down a shot from an orbiting weapon satellite. In fact, a more powerful variant of this last expression is possible, if you’re willing to bear the pain. By establishing a Covenant you may call down much greater firepower in the form of a scorching laser, centered on your own position. This Covenant represents a taboo that if broken will call down this judgement, or looked at another way, the sign to fire on your position. But why would you call such a thing down on yourself? Simple; when such a judgement is rendered, and that fire comes down from on high, it will touch not just you, but everything and everyone in your immediate surroundings. When establishing a given Covenant you may choose the strength of its corresponding judgement, from scorching heat, to enough firepower to disintegrate the nearby buildings.

Lay Down The Law: (600 CP)

There is a secret that is core to the emergence and propagation of the Lateran faith, of the very Sankta race. One that will soon step out of bounds and try to drag the rest of the world into the light. An ancient miracle repeated; root permissions accessed. You may reenact the initial miracle which brought salvation to the once-heathens in this world, and continuously did so in another as well, and potentially will soon again… you get the point. You may bestow “revelation” upon others, gifting them with equalized form and newly aligned minds. To these, the most blessed first generation, the changes are great in some ways, and more subtle in others. The only overt change is the presence of a shining Halo floating above their head, wirelessly connected to their center of consciousness, as well as secondary light-based features, such as holographic shard-like wing projections if you please. These features will appear in all you’ve

blessed, as well as all future generations of their descendants. The Halos are also transmitters, connecting all of them in a low-level hivemind that transmits their feelings through proximity. This is the establishment of a religion, for in this first generation the mental changes are much more severe. As though their former lives were burned away by blinding light, those blessed first-hand find themselves filled with a great inner peace and profound feeling of belonging, and an abiding reverence for your inherent divinity, even as you proclaim that all life must become one under you. Be warned that this occurs only in those you've personally cleansed; future generations will remain largely free of thought, only controlled by whatever traditions are handed down to them, and by the supernatural echo-chamber of their innate empathic connection to others bearing your mark. Still, even this may be enough to drive devotion into the masses. Even a later generation angel surrounded by enough priests will find themselves singing along to worship songs whose lyrics they've never even heard, but one insulated against culture and feelings both may provide some opposition to your plans. Still, in another way, these future generations will show your influence in a different, deeper manner. You see, when you bless others, the mark of your divinity scars their DNA; the evolution of their species will begin to diverge in the direction of your choice, conforming over generations towards your plan. Within generations, you could have truck-sized multi-limbed winged horrors looking perfectly human, with nothing odd but the hereditary Halo and wings of light.

Sarkaz

Seething Anger: (100 CP)

The Sarkaz are a passionate lot, even disregarding their culture-wide grudges, grief, and rage. Individual Sarkaz can hold onto grudges for literal millenia, and some go as far as to consume the hatred of those they kill to increase their sheer ability to HATE. You have a deep capacity for emotion, being able to pool up and maintain intense emotions that fly past what most people would consider sane, or have the mental stamina to maintain. Further, you can incline yourself to such emotions in one direction or another, making it easier to wrack up inhuman levels of rage or despair for example. Also, much like the Nachzehrer, some of whom have devoured the rage of thousands, you find that these excess emotions don't really drive you insane. Even if you consume the blind seething rage of countless dead souls, you'd be able to sit down and have pleasant conversations with others without it being a drag on you. Yes, you're probably insane for this fact, but hey, life doesn't have to be miserable just because you're carrying the misery of thousands. It is, however, very useful for any powers that make use of emotions.

The Myriad, Myriad, MYRIADS of Souls: (200 CP)

The world is constantly at war with the Sarkaz, and the Sarkaz with the world. The Sarkaz are pretty well equipped for this actually, both in fighting to survive, and in holding a grudge to keep that cycle of hatred going. See, not only do they have incredible lifespans, but they're also *blessed* with something like a genetic memory that both gives them an instinctual edge in fighting, but also helps to keep ancient grudges fresh in their minds. Not only that, but there's also a lingering mass of dead Sarkaz ghosts whose damned souls are constantly calling for vengeance, doubling down on both of those same points. And you know what's crazy? They have a SECOND group of angry ancestor ghosts separate from those first ones ALSO screaming for revenge. Yeah, the Sarkaz have some issues. And now you do too! Alright, so they're a bit less detrimental to you at least. It may be genetic memory, ancestor spirits, both, or something else, but your mind is connected to an ancient and disjointed mass of information willing to whisper useful things into your mind and body, speaking to you of ancient sins, and increasing your natural talent as a murderer, soldier, and survivalist. You can plunge through these ancient memories for knowledge, but answers you receive will be fragmented and supplementary at best, to say nothing of the unpleasantness of all the hostile screeching. At least they're quiet most of the time. Optionally you may let them intrude into your perception of the world, letting them creepily glitch around the area around you as distorted shades and symbols. No one that isn't mentally or spiritually connected to you will be able to see them, but their murmurings in this state will be somewhat relevant to the area or situation around you.

Cannibalism Optional: (400 CP)

As probably the oldest culture on Terra, the Sarkaz can trace their practices back to absurdly ancient times. A great deal of this culture involves their relationship with Originium, of which they were the first to make contact with, and the resulting tradition of Originium Arts that they developed. Sarkaz witchcraft, sometimes derogatorily referred to as "Cannibalism" (not to be confused with some Sarkaz' traditions of *actual* cannibalism), is much more esoteric compared to other culture's Arts practices. Further, due to the differences in the various tribes that make up the Sarkaz race, they're branched into many different types. The Banshees are extremely secretive and esoteric in their works, the Liches can alter space to bypass distance and banish others into the void, the Vampires can manipulate blood to many gruesome ends. The Cyclopes have a culture of divination and scrying, and the Nachzehrer are on some *crazy* shit. You're well versed in the more common types of Sarkaz witchcraft that casters of many tribes might know. These are generally slower rituals rather than anything like immediate energy blasts, but can snowball into more potent effects than usual Arts applications. These often center around the consecration of ritual spaces, and the creation of Sarkaz Altars, constructs which will emit harmful pulses of Originium energy that can be harnessed to more extreme ritual effects. Common themes in rituals include the

containing and binding of extant powers into artifacts, including infusing the minds of slain gods into ancient swords to gain their powers, or infusing the essence of the Northern demons into weapons capable of fighting back against them. In addition you have a natural aptitude and a small modicum of experience with the specific branch of witchcraft your clan is known for, even making one up if you're making up your tribe. If you aren't a Sarkaz you may have a natural affinity for one clan's variant, but good luck getting anyone to teach you. Regardless of race, you may also gain affinities for multiple tribes' witchcrafts with subsequent purchases, discounted if the first purchase was. However, you only gain actual live experience with the first purchase; the others you'll have to study and train in to really make use of.

The 11th King: (600 CP)

The Sarkaz stand apart from Terra's other races in a number of ways, and for a number of reasons. They were once a myriad of different races before conflict with the Elders and their Ancient servants united them. Even with their bloodlines diluted the common Sarkaz can live for centuries unless slain, and those who hold true breeding amongst the noble clans can live for millennia, to say nothing for their natural proficiency in their ancestral Arts traditions. Such an illustrious lineage, a pure blood line going all the way back to the original Teekaz, is now yours. More than merely being a member of your clan, you're Royalty in a line defined by power. While you may not have lived long enough to test it, your lifespan is now measured in the millennia, with you being able to live in the prime of your life for thousands of years even without using any other methods to extend it. Your natural potential has shot up to absurd degrees, with whatever the qualities your clan is known for being supercharged in you. As a Wendigo your physical abilities are such that you could likely face-tank attacks by a caster specialized in area-devastation and structure obliteration. Your affinity for your corresponding witchcraft and Arts are even more extreme, albeit needing more practice to truly bring out. As a young and inexperienced Vampire your blood-manipulating Arts would be enough to physically liquify entire squads of soldiers at once. If you combined this innate potential with thousands of years of experience and the same kind of personal excellence possessed by prodigies like the Sanguinarch (who you can even be a child of with this)? Let it be known that in favorable circumstances he once slew a god capable of time travel in combat, is capable of liquifying entire armies, and can respond to being disintegrated by just reforming himself. Live an eventful life and by the time you begin reaching towards what would be the end of your lifespan you'd begin to resemble something from out of this world.

UNDISCLOSED

It Boils Water on the Skin: (100 CP)

Oh, you're hankering for a snack. That's nice, so what are you planning to eat? Chunks of Originium and needles of medical stimulants? Okay. Call it a hyper efficient metabolism or an act of divine providence, but you're somehow able to safely consume and digest anything that you can manage to eat in a normal fashion. As long as you can get it into your mouth and chew, you won't find it logically lacerating the insides of your mouth or throat, nor will you find your stomach upset by the absolute affronts to the culinary arts you're forcing upon it. What's more, you'll find that the act of eating is now mentally soothing to you, being able to alleviate your stress and mental fatigue. While a delicious meal with friends is probably the most effective means of alleviating your stress, you actually get a decent amount of energy from unconventional and energy-rich materials. You know, like active Originium crystals. Needless to say, you won't be contracting any Oripathy as long as you're consuming it this way, even if bought as a different race. Same with Seaborn flesh and Collapsal-tainted meat, as evinced by a few wayward adventurers, in their quest to eat things man was not meant to eat.

DO YOU LAY EGGS: (200 CP)

Most people wouldn't be too happy about tripping out of their homeland and inexplicably ending up here. Well, you might not be most people. But that's to be expected, isn't it? After all, it's far less dangerous for you, given the nice padding you're likely to fall into. Rather than being dropped stone cold in the middle of an alien hellscape, you'll be dropped stone cold in the middle of an alien hellscape *with friends*. You have the curious luck to frequently find yourself encountering friendly or at least helpful parties when you'd otherwise find yourself floundering around in a strange new context. This can be as overt as people willing to lead you back to civilization or even help you fight off monsters, to as minor as people willing to not murder you when your alien sensibilities lead to you acting like a goddamn freak and disturbing everyone around you. It helps that people who'd be inclined to help you have a sense for the fact that you're from somewhere else, and that you might indeed be in need of their help. Try not to make this fact obvious to those of a less savory persuasion.

Put Me Back In, I'm Not Doc: (400 CP)

There's something *very* unusual about your anatomy, as seemingly unimpressive as your natural abilities are. For one, while you're prone to the frailties invited by exposure, undereating, and injuries, your body is remarkably resistant to long-term corruption. In fact, even things like assimilation by external sources seem stymied in you, to the point that you're flatly immune to Oripathy. You could slit your wrists with an active crystal, and all it'd do is spill your blood. Blood which by the way has an oddly restorative property, accelerating the healing processes of anyone whose wounds you spill some in. In fact, with a little bit of modification your blood can be made into a potent medicine capable of reinforcing cells against Originium assimilation, helping to lessen

the severity of an Oripathy case's worsening. It's also quite delicious, if the comments of any Vampire Sarkaz who get a whiff of it are any indication. Perhaps the most notable part of your anatomy is how it handles external effects that induce regression, which change things to their prior states. Whether it be evolutionarily by trying to regress you into some ancestor creature, or personally by trying to revert you to a prior state you've personally lived, the end result will always be beneficial. All such attempts, whether they were designed to do so or not, will simply revert you to the relative prime of your life, possibly resetting your lifespan and healing you of any injuries you were suffering from.

FUCKING RATHALOS I GUESS: (600 CP)

Truth be told, some of the people from around here, and even some of the monsters really, aren't actually *from* here. Actually, that might apply to most people, depending on how far back you go. But most you'll find running around these days are acclimated to the world, and unimpressive besides. That isn't you, you're something else. Something that's not from here, whether that means another planet, or another universe entirely, you're an alien creature with significant enough power to be considered something more than an alternate version of basic humanity. This can come with all sorts of benefits, chances to break the rules in some small ways, but you can't exactly eclipse this world in power by any means. Something simple but impressive might be that strange creature called a 'Rathalos', a winged terror of incredible physical power and vitality, which could spew explosive flames and take to the skies as it pleased, all in all amounting to a physical threat of such power as to be considered a notable danger even in this world, but ultimately being slayable by a team of strong fighters. You might be a human-like elf from another world, who cannot access Originium Arts, but whose own "magic", while not eclipsing it in raw power, is able to perform individual feats that might boggle the minds of local casters, such as reviving the recently deceased. Hell, you might be an almost indestructible crystalline monster with a nasty laser beam, or a horrifying mass of shapeshifting floating slime that eats the residue of dead stars and… can presumably do *something*, I guess? You have a good deal of power to you, and people around here may not know what to make of your abilities, but you aren't a god by any means. Well, probably.

Race Add-On Perks

Feranmut

Apportioned Apparitions: (100 CP)

It can be lonely whiling away in your isolated little pocket of the world. Or maybe just boring. But yours is an artistic genius not to be constrained, and within you is the will to make those visions a reality. Like many of your kind you possess the ability to give life to newly created and potentially illogical beings of seemingly magical nature. Feranmuts are already known for their capacity to sustain internal ecosystems, and this

is one element of that. With a bit of time and effort, you can weave into being a supernatural being of modest power. Depending on how much time and effort you spend on one, it can come out far more powerful than the average man, with supernatural abilities comparable to modest usage of Arts. Things like a small dragon with the strength to toss men and breath elemental destruction. Such beings may take a squad of reliable fighters to take down, and could cause some significant collateral damage depending on their abilities. More than this, you can instead create the initial populations of new servitor races, beings which are much smaller and weaker than any unique creations. You might create skull-headed jaguar-dog hybrids made of gold, or perhaps 3-dimensional painting-like phantoms of wildlife. These servitor races are stronger than ordinary wildlife, and can have a specialized trait like being unusually durable or fast, but in general can be handled by well armed and experienced fighters, even in decent numbers. They can perpetuate small populations of themselves on their own, inhabiting territories where their presence isn't contested. Pocket dimensions and internal worlds close to you in nature are the best environments for them, with them being able to maintain stable population sizes while sustaining themselves off of the fabric of those curious realms. Notably, all of these creations, both unique and collective, are loyal to you. They are also keenly intelligent, with some even eclipsing mortal men in mental complexity, but they are also very alien in thought. They can be a bit odd, with their mindsets possibly centered around specific themes, emotions, or sentiments on your end that they're subconsciously based on, but they do intend to serve you to the best of their ability. If they stray, it will be from error, not intention.

Humble Maid: (100 CP)

You are something very different from the common breed. Everything from your origins, to the nature of your powers, to your very form a startling contrast from the everyday masses. You'd really expect more people to make a fuss over this, but that's not really the case. Sure, there's a certain level of weirdness people are already willing to let slide around here, what with all the unknowns caused by information and travel scarcity, but it gets a little silly around you, seeing as how you seem able to occlude your supernatural nature and shift focus away from your own oddities. As long as you keep them in moderation, people tend to brush your obviously supernatural nature and displays under the rug. You could use teleportation to be in places you shouldn't be based on where people last saw you, and as long as you weren't directly teleporting in front of them they'd brush it off as a weird but inconsequential occurrence. The fact that your powers don't seem to require an Arts Unit, or that they look particularly weird or function in ways they've never heard about, is ultimately nothing much worth fussing over. People will sort of just ignore or quickly move on from topics about your various oddities, not really dwelling too long on the broader implications of your nonsensical abilities or qualities. You may choose to exempt others from this strange normality,

should you wish to have actual friends who understand your nature. It doesn't help much with those who already know the truth about you either.

Autumn's Bounty: (200 CP)

As much as you may wish to sit the current epoch out, hiding away from humanity and letting their little squabbles run their course, there are times where you feel you need to take action. Or are just bored and want something to do with your time. Tragically, your kind are far from indestructible, and mortals have proven well capable of shattering you. To this end you can create avatars of your will that you can control in tandem with your own form, being able to process the mental strain of multiple independently acting forms. These avatars are of ambiguous form, and can indeed possess a shapeshifting ability that your main self may lack, being able to take the shape of any kind of mortal or monster. Better yet, these avatars can channel the full degree of your power, and have their own reserves of energy equivalent to your own. Unfortunately, these avatars are limited in number. They are created one at a time, and the timer until you can create a new one will be slow indeed, but with enough patience and perhaps practice you may be able to have a small host of them in existence at once. The destruction of these avatars doesn't impede you in any way, and you may always replace them. However, as you're sending them out from yourself, said avatar is still going to have to make the trip back to wherever it was killed if you want to pick up where you left off. Of course your avatars can always reinforce themselves. Similarly to what your main self does with them, your avatars can themselves create lesser avatars of themselves. These sub-avatars also possess their own powers that don't strain your other avatar or main self, but are naturally a good deal weaker than you. Worse, while your main avatar's death may not wound you, these sub-avatars will grievously wound the avatar that spawned them if destroyed.

The Power of that Proxy: (200 CP)

The hands of men reach beyond their means, and trifle they do with powers beyond their ken. Perhaps your very association is proof enough of that. Regardless, in their folly, power can be gained. Perhaps you will imitate this, albeit with sturdier hands through which to reach? Extant energies and tainted forces; you are capable of briefly grasping such things and manipulating them in small ways. Not truly mastering them, but your ability to apportion and move such forces around lends itself to manipulating them as well; while it may not be wise, you may be able to handle Collapsal taint to a minor extent, perhaps mixing it with a pittance of your life force to create apparitions founded in the powers of both. Granted, this allows you to at least handle small amounts of that power without poisoning yourself, but be careful not to bite off more than you can chew; either in divesting too much of yourself, or in grasping hold of something you can't handle. Regardless, a much safer force to manipulate is your own

lifeforce or inner divinity. Providing you have enough to manipulate without perishing, you could do such things as extract your essence to use as raw material for some project, or perhaps even seal your powers within a blade to render yourself mortal.

Here A People Sows: (400 CP)

The people live off the land, and the land lives through the people. When the inexplicable encroaches on the real, when universal law is violated by the unknowable, what monument will weather that nightmare but the land? You are a ray of light in that darkness, a bubble of stability amidst that chaos, and a pillar of reality before that nothingness. Demonic powers and things representing an extrusion of laws from another world are pushed back by your presence, weakening as they reach closer to you, and failing to find purchase on the world directly around you. When reality is painted in alien colors, you alone will stand in a patch of the world-that-was. This extends to your powers and other emanations of your presence as well, with your own abilities pushing back the corruption around them. On its own this may not be enough to reclaim what parts of reality have been wholly taken by such horrors, but your presence may very well mean the difference between an intruded region's damnation and salvation.

And Heaven And Earth Took Shape: (400 CP)

The works of the divine are inscrutable at the best of times, often defying everything that Terran science understands about the world. There is a reason that man has hunted your kind to extinction in so many parts of the world; this kind of power doesn't seem natural. But the truth is that you are part of the land, so isn't it nature's power itself? You have a great and seemingly magical power, something which circumvents conventional laws to seemingly impart some facet of your nature over the world. The most basic kind of power you could have is one over the environment itself, granting you the incredible ability to create and manipulate natural phenomena. You could easily flash-freeze the world around you, immolate everything in an inferno surpassing molten heat, or raise up great pillars of the earth. If you had control over "Seasons" you could instantly change whatever season it was around you; not simply changing the weather conditions around you, but smash-cutting to what the world around you would look like if time had naturally passed to that point. You could even do something like cutting past seasons apart and stapling them together into a temporally displaced pocket realm. Your powers can be more esoteric than even this, however; if you had power over some craft, you'd be capable of supernatural levels of it, as well as using it as a medium for countless effects. If you were a painter deity you could paint scrolls containing small worlds, or which affected onlookers with whatever was painted on it. A master of metallurgy could instantly create supernaturally mighty metals to then craft into fantastically effective weapons, or perhaps animate a nomadic city into a kaiju

of burning metal. Theoretically, anyways. You see, your power is not yet at its greatest; you may well be something approximating the ‘youth’ of your kind. As it stands your powers are only at their height in a single territory of yours, a region of the world you may choose, or which may be one of your purchased properties. Around your body, you have this power at a lesser scope, still being plainly superhuman and supernatural, but not so overbearing as to look like an invincible god-monster. With great time even this limit will be shed, and you will become able to field incrementally more and more power even beyond the reaches of your territory.

Life Is Boned: (600 CP)

Loathsome as they may be, the mortals of this world have proven they have the mettle to shatter even your kind. But a god is not something that faces death as the same absolute end that a lesser being would find it. From now on, when you are slain, you will not be truly destroyed, but shattered into disparate shards. Up to twelve of them, in fact, with your power divided amongst them, either along thematic lines, or in terms of raw power. This can come in two forms; in the first, your power is shattered and comes to rest in various artifacts or even living hosts, which may possess their own independent intelligences or simply share your diluted awareness between them. In the other, they form into independent and ambulant entities, who will regard one another as siblings. The specifics of how these fragments go about their purpose will depend on the individual fragments, but they all serve the purpose of protecting you from death. Unless all the fragments are then destroyed, you won’t be considered truly slain, and all of them also serve the purpose of potentially resurrecting your full self. Artifacts will try to overpower the minds of their wielders, while living proxies will act of their own volition, but they will all be guided towards some means of reviving you. Further, your time in this world will pause for one thousand years, giving them ample time to accomplish this great work, but should you remain shattered in this state even after a thousand years and however much time is left in a Jump, you will suffer Chainfail. Further, all of your fragments perishing will lead to the same result, in the absence of any other 1-Ups.

Here In Vernal Terrene: (600 CP)

For all their power, for all the years to their name, certain gods, or beings that might be gods, seem to have a rather ephemeral grip on the world. Of the fragments of the terrible and great Sui, only one has yet perished, but for it all her works in the world and nearly all memories of her have faded from being. In spite of that personal entropy, that forgetful quiescence that robs the fragments of their place in the world, there are those who flout it, who may well defy it. Bonds strong enough to persist through the oblivion of death, forming a path that, perhaps, one could walk back from. The truly close relationships you forge with others are a precious lifeline, and not something to be worn away so easily. When you have such a bond with another, you find endeavors and

events that should rob them of their memories of you failing to do so, and that even those who lack so strong a bond may find vestiges of wistful contemplation and emotion remaining. Even should your death see you erased from the world, those precious few will refuse to find their recollection of the past altered. But much more than this is that through these treasured memories, you can find your way back into existence, even when it should be impossible. Once per Jump, or every 10 years post-Chain, you will be able to recover from death or complete erasure so long as there are those in the world whose bond with you is strong enough to resist oblivion.

Fantasy in the Mirage: (800 CP)

Others of your kind constituted great mountains and rivers, and held power over the land surrounding them. But you were the raging horizon, the great storm overtaking the sky as far as could be seen, and when you saw a thousand years pass in the lazy blink of an eye, your rages shook the heavens and earth. Your divine power is greater in scope and seemingly endless in reserves; were you to possess the power to impugn on earthly phenomena with your divine will, your powers may greatly eclipse the mountain ranges and cities others of your kind were be confined to. Your area of influence spills beyond its borders, something you carry with you wherever you go, and so potent and inexhaustible are your energies that their accumulation may seep into the lands and bring reality closer to fantasy, breathing life into objects in reflection of your nature. Your sheer power is seemingly inexhaustible. Even shattered in dead slumber, your eternally accumulating power would continue to surge up from the land where you were slain or interred; even if you normally had other means of revival, you could simply revive through this perpetual resurgence of power unless those interested in keeping you down periodically performed a specific ritual meant to diminish your accumulated power, something which must be done every year to prevent you from reawakening. In life, your stamina and powers seem unending; lesser beings below you in power could not hope to match you in combat for how effortlessly your power rages without lessening, and how immutable you seem to the lesser concerns of the world. As a Feranmut, it would take pitting you against nearly all the others of your kind dwelling in this land, before deceitfully poisoning you with festering demonic corruption to render the wounds and curses suffered in the war unhealing before the mortal armies of Yan would have a chance to defeat you. Even then, burdened under unhealing curses and wounds from a land-reshaping war, you could slaughter swathes of them before you were finally forced to submit yourself to slumber. It beggars belief how something so vast as you might arise from these lands. It… honestly kind of feels like you should be from a different setting.

Seaborn

Great Silence: (100 CP)

Those seeking to weed out Seaborn infiltration often use music, and music based questions, to detect them. The Seaborn cannot understand music, or so the story goes. The truth is that the Seaborn have their own song, the voices of their multitude which can be invited to drown out all else. You can emit a psychic call that overrides the auditory senses of anyone in your vicinity. This completely blocks off all auditory feedback, from anything that may be approaching them, to the sounds of their own footsteps or attacks, to their own breathing and speaking. Communication is practically impossible without some non-audio medium. What fills their hearing instead is a strange and ethereal choir of aquatic voices and haunting echoes, in a strange and chaotic yet elegant choir. All together, this is massively disorienting to anyone experiencing it. Even better, as certain powers such as Arts can be enhanced through things like incantation or even singing, any powers that rely on voice will also somehow be smothered by this song. The range of this song around you is somewhat small; enough to affect those engaging in short-range battle with you, but not a battlefield. However, those sharing your blood who choose to join in or other creatures under your control can all join this chorus, increasing its range by greater and greater increments, until your approach from the sea might drown entire coastal nations in another Great Silence. This also serves a minor role in being able to establish mental contact with inhuman minds and mental collectives, though without a more proper connection than this, comprehension and communication may be difficult, potentially on both your ends.

Beachtime BBQ: (100 CP)

Seaborn flesh is often corrosive to those who consume it. Corrosive in the sense that a person is corrosive to a sandwich they're eating. Yes, when Seaborn cells are eaten, predator becomes prey. Every cell is more like a tiny Seaborn in its own right, and the uses for this modularity are many. Sometimes you want your friends to be able to eat your limbs *without* them then eating them from the inside, and sometimes you're in the mood to reproduce with nothing but your own genetic materials. You can now command your cells, genetic material, and all small scraps of yourself operating both within your body and in isolation to behave in a certain way. You can render your torn off flesh inert, causing it to die (or cease to operate as though it had) without trying to interact with the world around it. You can have your cells attempt to catalyze into the growth of new life, either spontaneously gestating spawn within you, or having your biomaterials in the environment try to absorb what nutrients they can to do the same. You can even have them try to consume and replace whatever they're in contact with, making your touch corrosive, and any genetic materials inside another's body a deadly parasitic infection. Those fully eaten and replaced by your biomaterials and those created ex-nihilo from your meat both count as your direct genetic progeny. Further, you find that you have a curious relationship with nutrients. Despite eating and eating, you can pack absurd amounts of what should be extra meat into yourself, simply dissolving

them into some kind of abstracted nutrient value that doesn't add to your weight or impact your form. Hell, with a fast enough regeneration, they might as well be extra meat being pushed into your wounds to heal faster. You can also push as many calories or nutrients as you have available to work with into specific parts of your body, in case you want to serve some dishes made out of you. Hell, if you died or were heavily wounded, you could probably pack all of yourself into a tiny collection of regressed cells. And finally, with a little cooking experience you can apply a similar principle to dishes you make, preserving seemingly all of the nutrients in a slab of meat despite cooking it, giving the nauseating subconscious feeling that consumers are eating live prey.

Baby Bombs: (200 CP)

Family is a wonderful thing. On dry land, they come with all sorts of complications and dramas, often breaking up and even fighting amongst themselves. To the Seaborn, blood alone is value, and parent and child both are united in their common purpose. As a parent, it falls to you to guide the genetic destiny of your spawn. Just as the Retching Broodmother may bear sacrificial faux-spawn in the images of those children chosen to live, creating specialized suicide bombers meant to protect their physically identical siblings, you are able to design your spawn before their birth. Everything from the appearance of your adorable little horrors, to their innate biological abilities. From a clutch of eggs you could have a few grow into suicide bombers meant to explode to kill predators to protect their siblings, or have an incubating beast grow into an angler-like horror with powerful jaws, or a strange lumbering mass of unusually angled carapaces meant to act like a powerful biological crossbow. You may even design more intelligent spawn, creating ones capable of speech to relay messages, or to manage specific tasks. In the case that your biological materials end up inside of anyone and attempt to assimilate them, note that this will allow you to design the appearance and capabilities of the resulting assimilated 'child' or yours. Mind you that in all cases, the end result is still subject to the limitations of the materials being worked with. Stronger progenitors breed stronger spawn (for their given niches), and the more complex and varied the biological systems you contain are, the more intricate and advanced the resulting spawn can be. Be aware that exercising this ability anywhere outside of the realm of Seaborn reproduction is likely to horrify and confuse all witnessing parties. Please do not impregnate random people with misshapen biological turrets; at least make them look normal first. Please.

Touching Upon the Answer: (200 CP)

The Seaborn are a strange arrangement of flesh and mind. Assimilated consciousnesses appear to persist without independence in the swarm in some undefined capacity, perhaps as mere information absorbed and indexed, and what rudimentary minds the Seaborn create for themselves are disposable at best. It's hard

to track the exact delineation between self and other… especially when other delineations like “Present and Future” and “Theoretical and Actual” aren’t so clear where they’re concerned. The Seaborn evolve towards an unknown end, and when one finally capable of speech is interrogated on the matter, they reveal that so long as one of their kin manages to touch upon some ultimate answer they’re seeking, they all will. The Seaborn are in contact with more than just their fellows in the present, but with their own past and future selves. You’re capable of mentally contacting different versions of yourself, all of whom are oddly on the same page regarding this whole cross-timeline communication thing. There isn’t much you can do to directly affect them, and they can’t directly affect you, but this allows you to coordinate actions across timelines and exchange information on what you’ve all learned. While speaking with your past self won’t let you alter the present, any differences in their actions resulting from your correspondences will create new branching timelines. Similarly, you lack a singular future self, possessing instead alternate selves from innumerable potential futures and presents. You can learn much from these versions of you, things about what is to come and how you might be able to avoid it, but also things about others that would only be revealed had you come to experience different circumstances with them. I’m sure that mental contact with you is going to be *very* peculiar for anyone not prepared for this.

End Speaking: (400 CP)

The Seaborn evolve. Not just collectively, but on an individual level. When they consume flesh they learn. When they survive dangers they learn. The Seaborn may not know how to ask questions yet, but they will learn. What develops faster than their minds, however, are their bodies. Seaborn quickly become progressively harder to kill the more they adapt to external dangers. Your body is hardier than most, with significantly more force being needed to puncture your skin, muscles, and bone. Further, your body handles what damage it does sustain better than most, with internal systems constantly reconfiguring to compensate for damage they receive, keeping you functioning far beyond what should be possible. Indeed, as long as you can survive and imbibe some nutrients to speed your recovery, you’re likely to survive all sorts of grievous bodily wounds, even if you’re mangled into a bloody mess. But this is just the beginning of your evolutionary journey. The more you get wounded, get slammed through walls, your ribcage collapsed into your lungs, your precious organs sloughed out from that hole in your side, your limbs sanded into bloody ribbons, the more durable your body will become once it heals. Terrible amounts of force that once left you a bloody ruin will swiftly become far less damaging to your constantly enhancing durability. Attacks that left you smeared across the floor and on the very verge of death will meet you again and find them only landing as a strong hit, and should you not be put down quickly and continue to heal from that damage as well, that level of force will quickly become the bare minimum needed to slightly pierce through you. And while the

extreme speed of this adaptation will slow moderately the more extreme your durability becomes, it will never quite stop. Deep in the abyss there are Seaborn who have developed shells and inflatable sacs so durable that they can protect their kin from oncoming fire with their bodies, their most durable points withstanding the force of micro-singularities being fired as projectiles. In addition to this, every time you're brought to death's door and some of your form remains, whatever remains of your mutilated body will attempt to surge to life once more in a spike of evolutionary advancement even more severe than before. Foes will need to continue mutilating your remains with whatever levels of force can destroy it in order to stop your resurgence. If they succeed, then this chance is wasted and you've been truly slain. If they fail to realize what they must do and you manage to piece yourself back together, you'll reform even more durable than your normal gains. You may not be physically invincible yet, but survive enough chunks being torn out of you and you'll become a juggernaut of survival in your own right, no matter how delicate or ethereal you may look.

The Great Evolution: (400 CP)

Progress may be a collective effort, but a cog that refuses to move does little for the machine it's a part of. It's far from the reactive adaptation that makes some individual Seaborn so nightmarish to deal with, but you have your own means of advancing your personal evolution. Your body is experiencing a constant low-level adaptation that refines it in multiple ways, improving your efficiency and power as a lifeform. This is a very gradual and weak process on its own. That being said, you can very much expedite this process by directing your evolution along certain lines, or towards specific end goals. You can guide your slowly improving body to instead mutate yourself in desired ways, such developing extrudable toxic emissions, or retractable barbed stingers. Of course, lacking any biological precedence for your changes, even these won't be the strongest of mutations. Without examples to go off of, your progress is slow, and your mutations fairly simple… which is why it's a good thing that you can take in new examples of biology. You can trace biological information and genetic data through the consumption of it. Larger amounts of meat convey more complete and accurate information, and living examples much the same. Eating a whole living being alive would get you a very good idea of how their body works, and could serve to catalyze a sudden burst of strong adaptations based on its strong suits, and anything it had that could improve you. As a product of biological systems, this does mean that an intact brain yields the information contained within, though actually enhancing your intelligence is more a product of guided evolution than it is simply absorbinging memories.

Endless Ladder: (600 CP)

Stagnancy in an arms race as paramount as evolution is anathema. Sure, the self can improve, with adaptation turning experience into endless growth. But the future is something left to the next generation, isn't it? Mistakes experienced, solutions learned; why not let the fruit of your labor benefit your progeny? Any spawn of yours, those born of your blood or created from you, possess forms much more efficient and evolved than your own at the time of their conception. In regards to purely physiological abilities, they're born with the potential to become faster, stronger, and more durable than you, and to do so much more easily. Biological qualities like strength and durability, and more complex systems like digestion, regeneration, and even biological weaponry are far more powerful and refined; any spawn of yours are, in at least a biological sense, the next step on the evolutionary ladder. And of course for lifeforms like Seaborn, if your spawn are designed with specific purposes in mind, they'll find those general boosts more specialized such that they'll excel in their biological niches to obscene degrees. Those egg-like self-detonating creatures you laid that were meant to occlude and protect their siblings who were *actually* meant to survive and evolve don't just explode when threatened; they explode much more powerfully, and with directional blasts that don't harm their surrounding siblings. Hell, they might be poison too. Additionally, any children descended from you will have a notably high nutritional value if eaten. You know, for reasons.

The Path Forward: (600 CP)

The Seaborn are a communal species, with every member fulfilling their ecological role for the sake of the whole. This is why most Seaborn possess limited selfhood, and why they blindly acquiesce to the requests of those that possess actual intellect; obviously they were designed more intelligent so they could do the thinking for them. You are capable of dominating primitive or mindless monsters you're connected to, either by being of the same or similar nature as them, or by establishing a mental link to them. Those that fall under your control enter into a communal hivemind that answers to you. Information is shared by proximity, with this distance increasing the more members are accumulated in one space. Through this, you can choose to actively micromanage their activities on both large and small scales, though those beyond your range limit will endeavor to continue fulfilling their roles. In this way, distant scouts may gather information or novel discoveries from beyond before returning to the swarm's communication range with their findings. You may even guide the development of your swarm's members, perhaps evolving unique monsters from those under your control, designed to your specifications, in case you want to counter a specific foe, or create a mouth to speak through. In fact, within range of yourself or a large enough mass of swarmmates, you may directly link your senses to a specific member of your swarm to take them as an avatar. Their abilities will be boosted a great deal as they become a greater harbinger of your will, but the destruction of such an avatar will result in psychic

backlash against you. Not enough to truly endanger you, but enough to be painful to the point where after a few consecutive deaths you may likely want to just leave that area alone and rest your head. If you wish, you may have any being born or descended from you or your genes be bonded to this hivemind like any other creatures under you. You may choose if initially mindless beings that grow into thinking beings either break out of your control, or remain shackled to the imperatives of the collective. When trying to usurp control of something already under the will of another, you may contest the accumulated psychic weight of you and the hivemind you've assimilated thus far against them.

Destiny of We Many: (800 CP)

You and your kin are an ark; a fragile torch of hope entrusted to the world by a race of long-dead geniuses. You were not born to devour the world; that is merely a consequence of your true purpose of ensuring that life will survive the coming end. The quest to evolve beyond all obstacles burns in your breast like the ignition of a newborn universe. Your existence constantly evolves and refines itself into more powerful and efficient forms so long as you continue to quest and struggle. Finding a challenge, setting yourself against it, and throwing yourself at it again and again until you overcome it through brute force or fine strategy will see your evolution rocketing to unnatural degrees, as the tools to overcome it grow into and become a part of your very being. Further, as the destiny of one is the destiny of all kin, any spawn or descendants of yours who achieve evolutionary progress or novel adaptations tithe back their improvements to you, accumulating the total advancements of your blood to contribute to the growing evolutionary singularity you are becoming. Such is the surging drive for evolution and conquest within you that it even spills out into quasi-material form when you struggle against an obstacle, warping the world around you. Great and gleaming cracks in the world emerging as you fight and struggle, taking the shape of potential adaptations and evolutionary gains. Should any being pass through or occupy the same rended space as them they will find themselves being shred apart by the golden rifts, but should you enter them you will simply find your evolution rapidly catalyzing to develop the adaptations they represent. Finally, there is no problem which you cannot theoretically adapt to survive or defeat. Depending on the difference between your starting point and the vastness of the phenomenon, this may take more eons than you find acceptable, to say nothing of the entire planets' worth of resources you'd need to consume. But even so it is possible. Your evolution will never truly stop, only perhaps plateauing from lack of resources and struggle, and there is nothing you cannot feasibly adapt to. Through sheer biological adaptation you may one day take to fighting and consuming the remnants of a spacefaring civilization that once moved stars and planets for their personal enjoyment, outlive the final star in a universe where an unknowable

space phenomenon sporadically erases the meta-information of the beings within it, and then respond to the heat death of said universe by evolving into a new Big Bang.

Collapsal

Profound Scorchmarks: (100 CP)

The Northern tundra harbors a curse, something inimical to life as it is known. Perhaps some form of life can thrive therein, but it is life by no definition that reality would recognize. Within you lies a bleak and tenebrous power, something far darker than the Arts of others. Inhumanly dark shadows and frost the color of night and ash extrudes itself into the world at your command, whether en-masse or in powerful singular strikes, all of it possessing an unholy withering effect on living beings and physical structures alike. Their angles of fire aren't always exactly logical either; the path between your blast of darkness and the target it hit might not be one that connects them, and projectiles of ash-colored ice might erupt from inside the target they could have pierced; great spires of black-ice erupting from the insides of screaming meat, aggregating in greater sizes as they leech the remainder of their lifeforce out, before shattering and returning to your hand in a blade of ice and shadow. That those who try to pull your icy projectiles out of their flesh find their hands withering into desiccated nothingness is a horrific sign of what's going on inside their bodies when your spears of ice pierce their skin. Whether a blizzard or spear, ice and shadow you invoke withers physical structures and living beings alike. Pouring more of this otherworldly darkness into its specific manifestations can render wounds it deals unhealing, or forever diminish the capacities of those wounded even if healed. It can just as well damage the spiritual as well as the physical, consigning the tattered minds of those devastated by the Tundra to exist as mere signposts trailing off into the void. All thinking beings fear these displays, as do most non-thinking beings, and even some things that aren't beings. As an aside, you are now immune to danger and death by cold. Not in the sense that it does nothing to you, but that it does nothing *harmful*. Even frozen near-solid, you could still move and would thaw fine. The sights and sounds of you moving might make some people puke though. This also comes with free horrific ice-based phenomena occurring in your vicinity, like ice nearby forming into the shapes of grasping human hands while people aren't looking, among others.

Seeds of Nothing: (100 CP)

Men cope with the unknowable in many ways. Often, they do so by ascribing reliable patterns and recognizable qualities on the unknown, hoping that by making it known, they can master or at least understand it. They ascribe acts of chance to unknowable divinities, and human intellect to the actions of horrors beyond comprehension. An understandable but ultimately futile endeavor. There is no need for consciousness, no need for intelligent design, even as you enact functions and

stratagems of such complexity as to evoke the chaos of a thinking mind. From now on you need not fear mindlessness as an end to your designs. Whenever you are reduced in intellect or will, rendered a completely mindless husk, appended by an alien will, or even just unconscious, you'll find your body acting on instinct. An instinct that, for its sheer complexity, perfectly reproduces "you", if only in the actions it prompts your body to take. This doesn't resolve your ego-death, but your body will continue to act as though you were still in the driver's seat and making decisions as you would in that scenario, whether it be pursuing your prior goals, trying to fix your state, or both. Truthfully, those who don't know any better may not even realize anything is amiss. This also means that if something foreign to yourself has taken control of you, then even disregarding whatever resistance your mind or will may be exerting should it still exist, foreign influences will have to contend with mindless instincts and a body that resists it. Illusions meant to confound you will contend with a will that instinctively operates regardless of such delusions, and even if you were rendered nothing more than a possessed corpse, the demon driving your dead flesh onwards must still deal with the fact that you instinctually slaughter any others of its kind that draw too near. This may also give you a horrifying mental presence for anyone capable of picking up on it, whether through supernatural means or natural intuition. A chaotic maelstrom of human instincts and failing thoughts broken up by alien emptiness, like bloodied shards of broken glass falling into a silent abyss. Someone with empathic abilities may pick up fevered and screaming animal panic within you, or spine-chilling complete nothingness, or perhaps the slide of one into the other, all playing out behind your still flesh.

Black Footprints: (200 CP)

Every environment produces lifeforms suited to it, and an environment undefinable by human understanding produces lifeforms like no other. You possess an anatomy like those particularly warped by the Collapse, which is to say it's ambiguous if you even *have* anatomy. While you can still move and are as durable and strong as before, your body is now ambiguously hollow, possibly even revealing itself to be empty of organs whenever it's opened up and something important should have been pierced. Indeed, whenever anyone opens you up, what they'll find is selectively reflective singularities and seemingly endless pitch-black fluid that occasionally reflects non-existent stars. It may be all they find in there, or interspersed with the expected gore, but these materials tend to convert any other liquids they touch into more of themselves, industrial acids included. They also don't show up on photographs or any methods of artificial surveillance like electronic screening, and in fact the rest of you might not either. Massive bodily destruction will still kill you, such as being torn to shreds or chunks, and certain gross physical damage can render you inoperable or unmoving as before. That said, the actual importance of your individual body parts or even general health is lessened, such that you could remain operable even in a state of decay. You

also don't really *change* in any negative way if not being actively optically observed by an intelligent living being. Unless you're being visually confirmed by such at a given moment wounds don't worsen (and can't occur in the first place), you can't decompose or be digested, and in general will remain in complete state-based stasis despite being able to move around. Honestly, it's almost as if you don't actually exist unless someone is actively looking at you. In fact, in a sense you might be called immortal, outside of your ability to be permanently crippled or sealed away. The one thing that might be considered your 'anatomy' is a quasi-real core which can't be conventionally interacted with, save perhaps by spatial manipulation or divine power. So long as it exists, this strange un-real spatial singularity which does not conventionally exist in real-space, you cannot be truly killed. You can be ground into paste, rendered incapable of moving from the spot you were 'slain', but so long as it remains you will not truly pass from the world, retaining awareness of your site of death and being able to loosely affect it with your powers. It would take an appropriate power spatially folding and sealing your core while your physical body is destroyed in order to truly 'kill' you. That said, if you're still inoperable and only persist as a core by a Jump's end, it'll count as Chainfail. Regardless, you may cover your body with very nice looking pitch-black stains that may occasionally reflect stars that aren't there, a black hole peering out from the void of your not-face, and erratically twitchy movements that defy anatomical presumptions. At your discretion, of course.

Non-Linear Jumping: (200 CP)

The shortest path between two points is not always a straight line. Not with you, anyways. You don't play well with things like 'numbers' or 'distance', being somewhat disjointed from conventional physics interactions, and this means that practically your every action goes awry in some way. This doesn't mean the action goes wrong, but that the underlying physical processes interacting with it do, and always in a way that's beneficial to you. Numbers don't add up correctly, distance is suddenly calculated wrong, and logic means less than it should. Attacks hitting you might impact with less force than their velocity was carrying, while your actions can result in more force being applied than what you actually exerted. This can take a lot of forms for the same action, even. You might take one step and travel ten, or seemingly speed through time as though your languid movements were fast forwarded, or simply instantly switch through a few spaced out frames of movement across a short distance, essentially glitching between spots and actions in a way that people used to dealing with conventional superspeed can't wrap their heads around. These little breaks in logic are a passive element to your existence, constantly running behind the scenes (and very often right there upfront) whenever you interact with something. These breaks in reality aren't insurmountable obstacles to those affecting you, or assurances of victory for you either; velocity and force may calculate wrong and end up with lesser or greater yield, but it

isn't being completely erased (unless it was some pretty pathetic force). You may however attempt to intensify this quality of yours for a brief time, momentarily enhancing the ways your actions glitch out of proportion to themselves. As though devouring distance itself, you may find yourself leaving one footprint on one side of a canyon, and the next on the other side, having stepped over it in a single bound. While you can't fully hide your illogical nature, you can try and suppress and constrain it to 'reasonable' limits. You know, actually walking somewhere instead of glitching there. Regardless, anyone watching closely will *eventually* see something just a bit *off*.

Vacuous Eye: (400 CP)

A vacuous eyes, peering through the hole in the circular plate; beholding all, analyzing all, understanding nothing. Your perspective is beyond comprehension, as your gaze falls on all things in this dimension. When you observe the world, the world you're in, or another through a portal, you perceive the whole of it simultaneously.You can see everything, from the asteroids furthest away from each other to the insides of every skull. You can see everything, from the atoms that comprise matter to the minute energy fluctuations underpinning their movements. And no matter what you do, you see all of it at once, constantly. *You have no way of processing this information*. While you are no longer capable of mentally dissolving or physically expiring from the sheer stimulation, you still can't process the fullness of infinity, or at least not in a way that makes it comprehensible. You have awareness without meaning, information without knowledge, and all of it is constantly coming at you all at once. The experience is simply indescribable. Blessedly, pattern recognition is still your ally; while your fitful focus may wander the impossible canvas whose wholeness is within your gaze all at once, you may still recognize familiar shapes. Like an optical illusion whose shape seems to change depending on where you're focusing, but comprising all of being, should you focus on a familiar sight you will recognize it. In this way, while you may lose your position in existence, you can still tell that you're observing existence. Indeed, it is almost certain that you will lose your position in infinity, incapable of discerning where you're standing, the space in front of your face as small a location in your view as the most distant star. Should you possess extrasensory means that draw your awareness to a target, they may anchor your focus to them, allowing you to more coherently observe and comprehend specific points from your now indescribable viewpoint. Note that even if you find a way to anchor your perception on your own location, others may be able to tell there's something wrong with you. Your eyes are now vestigial, after all. Practically blind, even should they see. Why do you even keep them? Even if you remember that culture dictates you move your head to face the direction of stimuli, how are you going to keep track of the direction of your dead gaze?

Down on the Leaf it Presses: (400 CP)

There will be a growing sentiment among those studying the northern gate in years to come, an idea that it should be utterly destroyed rather than repaired. The risks, they will argue, are too great. What foolishness; do they really think the gate is necessary for things like you to enter the world? You can sense the weakness of space and dimensional boundaries, such as places where the walls between dimensions have been worn thin, or where space is strained for one reason or another. You may even peer through these cracks, to observe what horizons lie on the other side. Indeed, you can sense frayed boundaries like this even at great distances… and traverse them, one way or another. Should something lie beyond that fraying in space, such as another dimension or location, you may extrude your data through to the other side, overwriting elements of existence such as matter and energy and flesh to form a vessel for your will. Through this projected existence, you may interact with whatever lies beyond that boundary. Initially this will be a tenuous possession, where both your ability to influence the world and the harm your destruction does to you is minimal. However, by solidifying your hold on the materials anchoring you, you may bring more of your full power into that world, in exchange for becoming more vulnerable to harm. Alternatively, you can simply use your ability to burrow through space to traverse the world you're already in; you're equally capable of teleportation throughout your surroundings, as well as twisting space in all kinds of ways. Twisting and breaking local space to make directions and movement unpredictable, altering the arrangement of geography, your presence can play havoc on conventional spatial topography. You can consume intervening space to erase the distance between things and reach the other side instantly, massively extend the range of your abilities by boring holes leading further out, or exist simultaneously in multiple dimensions at once making you difficult to harm from only one. Some of these abilities may be counterable by extant manipulation or stabilization of space, but the simple corrosiveness of your being allowing you simply burrow yourself from one position to another may be undeniable. In fact, the way that your existence blurs boundaries and distances goes beyond mere numbers; your ambiguous, liminal existence lets you entangle yourself with the world around you. Whether melting and melding into the environment around you in an almost certainly horrifying display, or entangling with objects in a more distant and abstract way, objects and environments you're entangled with will share qualities with you, for good and ill. Wounds on the environment that is now your flesh will be as though wounds on your flesh, because they are. At the same time, qualities unique to your body will suffuse through what has become one with you. Whether you're combining with corpses into a horrific shambling mass of broken grasping limbs, or abstracting yourself across a location to merge with it, you will have both control over your horrible new form, and extend all the boons your body usually enjoys to it. Try to be mindful of when you do things like this accidentally; try not to phase through walls while people are looking, and be sure to quickly pull yourself away when you realize you've melted into the table while napping.

Eyes in the Hundreds, Fingers in the Thousands: (600 CP)

The North Pole is haunted. The things there arguably aren't real, but they can still hurt you. Hell, they can hurt you just by learning about them. Your being is antithetical to complex thought, a vector of psychic contamination that grinds down the complexity of sapient minds in real time. Unprepared minds and weak hearts who glimpse you are left shambling and unthinking husks, thoughtlessly intoning something dear to them as an unconscious defense mechanism against the sensation of their own mind's decreasing complexity. And even those who retain their wits or wills in the face of this must not falter; like the inexplorable pull of some dark singularity transforming all vectors into gradients of a unified descent, all trains of thought are at risk of plunging into you. Stumbling in a mental process in your presence may lead to its collapse; information or thoughts that aren't carried perfectly to completion may result in their erasure, leaving blissful ignorance and mental avoidance in their place. Someone counting and stumbling over a number or incorrectly executing an equation may completely scramble all mathematical knowledge or erase all comprehension of numeric evaluation. If someone tried speaking and failed to compose themself to speak, they would lose their concept of language, and all mental complexity stemming from it. Beyond even this most immediate oblivion your presence spreads, things saturated in your power spread a more passive corrosion. A constant agitation that grinds down on the emotions of others, slowly reducing them to listless husks unless their mind can stave off its gradual erosion, and as horrendous hallucinations and impulses, which they must hold their perception of reality against. It lingers in your presence in the world… just as your presence lingers in perception. Perception which rarifies your impact only further; when others come to comprehend the nature of your power more clearly, they become far more vulnerable to it, strengthening that very power against them. Information is a danger; anyone who speaks of you instantly draws your awareness to them, allowing you to perceive their communication, and should they not soon cease, your corruption will begin to affect them too. Just as well, you perceive any who perceive you, and whether observing or being observed, can hear their very thoughts. This corrosive nature is something all the more horrifying when taken with its ultimate conclusion, for those you reduce to non-sapience and complete mental emptiness fall under your complete control, like a glove to be worn and moved by your will, their strength and skill your own. You may scale this back somewhat to be less completely horrifying, holding back the infectious aura of madness and suicidal depression that simply talking about you spreads. People will still see the occasionally deeply unsettling omen around you though, generally in the form of horrifying hallucinations. You know, like noticing that both you and the reflection behind you are staring at them, instead of the mirror just showing the back of your head. They might still get some cryptic nightmares too, but nothing too bad.

Holy Fool: (600 CP)

To share in suffering so it can be borne. To redeem the soul in lieu of one's life. To find salvation for the self. It is a blessing. It is an ancient curse. You are a curse. Your mind is disjointed, abstracted beyond impressing only upon itself. Your existence is disjointed, abstracted between the personal and the liminal. You possess unnatural and unearthly psychic powers, your thoughts pervading and impressing themselves upon the world. Physically, you can loosely alter the environment, allowing you to do things like calmly sit in an inferno as the flame and heat find itself incapable of crossing the barrier of your presence. Mentally, you can do much more. Psychically invading the thoughts of others to delude them with false scenarios, suppressing their thoughts to control their actions, physically stemming their ability to form long-term memories so they cannot form new memories, or simply shutting down their minds into insensate nothingness. You might degrade crowds into trance-like states mindlessly ambling about or staying put, muttering prayers for the salvation you've drilled into them. Even against other psychic foes, you can change the mental landscape of your inner struggle to various scenes of their past traumas, forcing them to battle against both your will and their own pains. More than this, your liminal existence has removed you from the needs of individuality. You are a mirror reflecting expectations; rather than presenting an objective selfhood, you can be perceived as people or situations fitting to other people's presumptions. These delusions are complex and all encompassing, maintaining internal consistency regardless of how many are involved. If you were to knock on a door, you could enter the house as whoever someone inside believed was knocking, and for as long as you chose it, they and everyone else in the area would go on to experience your presence as though that presumed individual were there and interacting with them in your place, even as the true you remained an utterly silent and unmoving husk in the corner of the room. You needn't even move or speak for conversations and actions to impact the world around you, all in accordance to the desires or expectations of others. Indeed, whether it's the psychosomatic nature of the phenomena, or your innate suffusion of it, but your mind can interface with and manipulate the mysterious energies the Collapsals are associated with. Typically in minor ways, such as moving the corruption you find in a place with you, spreading it from its starting point to everywhere you travel. You might form it into malignant psychic entities, pseudo-creatures of jagged impressions which destroy the rationality of those who draw near. Just as well, you may attempt to bind it into more stable forms of containment, or to cause already contained Collapse to run wild. Through experimentation you may eventually be able to do things such as suffusing others with its power or harnessing it in other ways, prospects ripe with danger even if they succeed. And should you ever lack for Collapse, worry not; so long as you have a material presence in the world, you may shave more off of yourself like so much rotting meat. In fact, for the depths of your psychic corruption, you are no

longer even a being of flesh, so much as you inhabit one. So long as the expectation exists, so long as someone *believes* in your existence, you may return to life when someone succumbs to the Collapse, overwriting them and rebirthing yourself in newly tainted flesh. Whilst dead and beyond the world, you may loosely perceive and manipulate what traces of the Collapse are stranded in the world. Perhaps not to the extent you could whilst anchored to the physical plane.. But if, say, someone suffused in its power were to be fighting an enemy, you might forcibly weaken and restrict them by manipulating the taint inside them, leaving them to die and unleash their sealed away pollution on their killers, through which you might then return. Obviously deliberate attempts to revive you work wonders, but if you are in this state without a true presence in the world by the end of a Jump, it will constitute Chainfailure. Be aware that the immensity of your psychic pollution is enough to presage your existence to others. When you enter an area, or others enter where you are, others may experience a brief vision of the world as a collapsing and corrupted hellscape, a glimpse of the world colored by the superimposition of your alien nature over it. Thankfully it often comes with minor brain damage that prevents them from forming short and long-term memories of it.

Vision of Endings: (800 CP)

For all the chaos that upends natural law, for all the corruptions of law and reason that defy understanding, all thus seen are but glimpses of a great and alien beyond. There is something very wrong with you, because whatever the reason, the concepts “inside” and “outside” have blurred in your wake. Specifically, you are bonded, suffused even, with the empty chaos from which those impossible and vacuous eyes peer out into the world, even as it is falling into them. You may extrude a darkness into the world, a non-existent pigment that stains and warps the fabric of material existence and physical law itself. The emptiness and existence dilute one another, and reality begins to break down into distorted, alternate configurations. Reality deforms into a twisted mirrored image of itself, then to boundless and inexplicable chaos, and finally to a bleak and silent emptiness beyond words. Every time you let this irreversible corruption out into the world, different aspects of reality are broken and replaced with alternate laws and paradigms, which only worsen as you continue the flood. The laws of space and distance may distort so that the fastest line between two points is not a straight one, lifeforms may become entangled with the environment such that damage to their belongings reflects on them, reality and belief may become blurred so that the mere worry that a monster is present makes it so, atmosphere and airflow dynamics may be thrown into chaos, and conventional lifeforms may just begin to die off. Those who wander into this taint may find their memories of society and culture replaced with those of an alternate timeline, the dead may begin to rise up as inscrutable laws reconstruct their data in alien hunger, and artificial intelligences begin to go rogue and

operate on the impulses of biological organisms. Reason and reality Collapses in totality, as alternate colors paint over the world, and locations are replaced with sapient and predatory alternates, until every impossible and liminal maze the world twists into breaks down into a silent, empty, and timeless nothingness. As everything breaks down, as you pull more and more of the “outside” and paint over the “inside” with it, you may grab the nonexistent *entities* that dwell there as well, those vacuous eyes which behold all and comprehend nothing, and drag them into reality alongside you. Those corrupted by this horror only spread it further as they wander away, whether in escape or to hunt, and its propagation and corruption is only made worse the more it is understood by others. You may release this alien taint into the world as you please, whether you paint over the land around you in incomprehensible swathes, or fill another with its non-being to collapse them into nothing but a twisted and twitching aberration whose steps trail beautiful flowers and stars which do not exist. Those whose sight extends beyond the now may pick up on your echoes, may seek to prevent the nothingness you bring forth. But what use is such foresight, when the closer it reaches towards you the more it frays into nothingness? All sight of the future dissolves with your approach, leaving methods of gleaning the future more and more incomprehensible the closer your arrival. In their blind reaching, they may just end up being the instigator of the emergence they so wished to prevent.

Affiliation Perks

Rhodes Island

This Badge is Hereby Conferred: (100 CP)

Rhodes Island frowns on individualistic acts of heroism, decrying lone wolves that break rank to do their own thing in the middle of operations… kind of. If someone serves best as a stealth operative, they may wind up on their own doing what they do best. What’s not okay though is unexpectedly breaking rank in a joint operation and endangering everyone. This is why Operators are constantly drilled in team-settings. Whatever your skill set, you’re now trained in using your abilities to fulfil a specific role in team-combat. Whether you’re a Defender running interference on enemy attacks to shield your fellow Operators, a Sniper tasked with long-range target removal, a Medic in charge of in-combat healing, or even a Specialist with an unusual role like ambush tactics, you can find a fulfil that specific role in a team, and do so relatively safely without endangering your squadmates. In fact, you may already have one or two ‘skills’ in the form of quick applications of your broader abilities you can throw out on demand in a combat situation, detrimental to your enemies, but safe if not beneficial to your allies. You may train to develop more, of course. For the purposes of employment as an Operator at Rhodes Island specifically, know that the official Operator designations are Vanguard, Sniper, Guard, Defender, Caster, Medic, Supporter, and Specialist.

Contractual Contingencies: (100 CP)

The name of Rhodes Island is very fitting in a way. One solitary company, awash in the machinations of greater forces, weathering the waves of intrigue as they come. To truly make it through these storms, help is needed. Inter-organizational correspondence and cooperation is essential, especially for the sorts of sensitive situations and crises Rhodes Island all too often gets swept up in. Thankfully, these sorts of prospective bureaucratic nightmares seem to smooth themselves out nicely when you're involved. Correspondence times shorten, paperwork clogs sort themselves out cleanly, and you just happen to run into the right business partners more often than not. The kind which either share your ideals or, by complete chance, happen to put forth the employees most compatible with you for the duration of your work together. Time is of the essence; there is little to spare courting obstinate and obstructive economic parasites.

Together, They're a Squad: (200 CP)

Not all operations are simple 'get in, get out' affairs. Sometimes you need to bring out the heavy hitters, or the specialists, or just need really good supporters, and when that happens you need to cover for them to do their job. Whether it's an incredible Arts-based medic capable of keeping you going through absurd injuries, or a mass annihilation specialist whose attacks level streets, by doing your part and taking the heat off of them in some way you can ensure them the freedom to do their part. By focusing your efforts in a fight to defending a specific target, whether it be by shielding them or killing anything that moves towards them, you'll not only draw the brunt of the enemy opposition towards yourself and your fellow defenders, but you'll give them the needed space to focus their efforts on doing whatever it was they needed to do. As long as you can keep going and keep the enemy off of them, they'll have plenty of space to work their magic or get their big gun ready, again and again until the oncoming hordes are plastered on the walls and floor.

Don't Babel: (200 CP)

Truthfully, Rhodes Island has a much more storied past. Its current projected image as a pharmaceutical company is the result of a rebranding the organization underwent after the political assassination of its prior leader; Kazdel's Lord of Fiends. Yes, the original organization Babel was originally a functionary of Kazdel's government, before a civil war separated the two. This is seemingly a great unknown to the outside world, despite the main base of the company remaining unchanged. Despite how much of a focus there is on international politicking around here, you'll find that international records of you and your organization's history tends to be obscured and difficult to connect to new developments. Dedicated spy rings may have trouble catching onto your history with the very problem you're entering their territory to help them deal with, with the full ramifications of your past often being realized far too slowly to stop you from

digging yourself into your objective. Hell, this somewhat even helps within your own organization; and agreement by the management and any of the old guard leftover to never speak of something again may leave the newer generation recruits completely in the dark about some important side of their own faction.

Another Answer: (400 CP)

Rhodes Island doesn't really do that whole, "Leaving men behind," thing. It's only really considered in the most extreme cases where an Operator volunteers to sacrifice themselves for their fellows, ordering them away while they hold the line so they can escape. When it comes to rescue operations, whether for your comrades or anyone else you're trying to save, you're at the top of your game and massively more successful. You move faster, better, and hit harder. More than this, you and anyone else working on the rescue coordinate better. But this also works in reverse; anytime you're left behind, captured, or in danger of being killed, your allies and friends will mount a rescue attempt with this increased skill and coordination. Note that this isn't a guarantee of success in either case, and especially against overwhelming odds. Still, it wouldn't do for everyone to just sit back and watch as tragedy unfolds. And in case it needs to be said, this also includes when you need to be saved from yourself. When you're in a compromised mental state, whether internally or externally sourced, your friends are just as likely to haul themselves cross-country to find whatever strange cult compound you've landed in to bust you out and drag you towards some schizophrenia medication.

Thank You, Chinese Furry: (400 CP)

A business is a business, and every business acts in search of opportunities. And sometimes the greatest opportunity of all is friendship. With other businesses. Thankfully, good impressions actually count for a lot when the people you're making them on are themselves fairly important officials. Helping someone out or just being friends with them opens a bevy of opportunities for you, at least so long as they're the sort capable of offering any. Personal assistance or just friendship puts you at the top of the list for offers of anything from employment, to business arrangements, all offered by the friends you made along the way. This also works on a broader scale too, with you being able to secure cooperation between organizations just for being a part of one and helping someone in control of another. Is this nepotism? Yes, but the idea that the world doesn't work like that anyways is merely the delusional coping of cowards who cannot accept the fallibility of human social systems. Regardless, you and Rhodes Island are sure to use these opportunities for good, no?

Respected By All Men: (600 CP)

Of course, aid can extend far beyond offers of opportunity. Sometimes, when what you're embroiled in is a truly desperate situation, what you need is someone on

the other side to say to hell with red tape and obstructions, and to mobilize in force to do what needs to be done. Friendship and good service both incline those of power, both organizational and personal, to lend aid in tense situations. Whether sent by their superiors or taking the initiative on their own, that prodigy police officer packing an ancient sword may be what tips the scales when you're putting down a terrorist insurrection. Those allies you made amongst a city's gangs may end up organizing a little urban violence to take the heat off you. Someone of true power you made a good impression on may well send their own forces to reinforce you when crisis looms. You are certain to accrue many friends with benefits. Those benefits being violence, of course.

And In All Times: (600 CP)

To say that the world teeters on the brink of collapse sells short the fact that it has been for as long as anyone can remember. Immortals older than many civilizations know this as well as any man. Life is precious, fragile, and yet all the more paradoxically, it is *enduring*. The mission to preserve life is sacred, and every step in the process is important; so much more so than even you may ever realize. Every step you take for the common good of man, every victory won for the innocent, every deal struck to improve people's lives, all of it massively accelerates the world and mankind's healing processes, and inspires much the same in others. Setbacks can be expected, even as you struggle through your increasingly difficult labors, but in the end your actions will echo out in their own way. A deal to set up treatment for local infected necessitating the suppression of a terrorist cell, one which is filled with idealists you can empathize with and who fight for your very cause, may seem like a tragic twist of fate, but even if it ends up a bust with much lesser gains for you than initially projected, countless individuals acts done along the way will invariably lead to a domino effect that improves the lives of local infected. Assisting the business endeavors of a developing nation will not only net you a valuable ally, but will kickstart a trend in international trade that will see the eventual smoothing over of local geopolitical politicking. Deposing the military junta that's orchestrating an international occupation won't just result in legal reforms in the now-freed nation, but may find the occupying invader's government replaced with a significantly more humanitarian one. The struggles may be arduous, the results obscured or long-delayed, but an honest fight to improve things for your common man will see the situation for countless lives improving, inch by inch. May you enjoy your life and practice your art, respected by all men and in all times.

Reunion

Barely Prepared and Barely There: (100 CP)

The brave men and women of Reunion, the ones fighting against the oppression of the Infected even as their lives whittle away into nothing, are not… they're not very

well prepared. At all. Many of them are men and women at the end of their rope, given equipment and the bare minimum of instruction just before the rest of the group strikes. Mere fuel to the fire they are, but even the long-term members live out a nomadic existence, always on the run and without any infrastructure to support them. The point is, to roll with Reunion, you've got to be ready to pack up and run the moment it's time to go. You're exceptionally skilled in going from 0 to 100 real quick, assembling everything you've got pre-prepared faster than you have any right to, getting it all ready with ludicrous speed. You can go from resting to barreling out of a window in full costume in a comically short amount of time, and while you can't train to true expertise in this way, you can also pick up the bare minimums of skills with incredibly flimsy and short-lived training and instruction.

Flashback Generation Method: (100 CP)

The northern tundra where the Reunion movement began is an unforgiving and treacherous waste. Perhaps this is why little effort was spared to nip their growth in the bud? That it was presumed the frozen wastes would claim them first? A foolish sentiment, for there is life there, towns and villages by which one might survive. You know, rural towns in one of the most insular, inhospitable, and Infected-fearing countries on the planet. Guess what? They're happy to help! Whenever you're seeking shelter and somewhere to stay, when you approach the dwelling of someone else in good faith, they'll welcome you in without ulterior motives. You'll have a few days of peaceful shelter, a chance for food and rest. Unfortunately, this only actually preserves their willingness for a few days. Afterwards, they may or may not keep you, or may waver on their intentions and expectations for your visit. Any such towns harboring you have a tendency to immediately burn down. Sometimes because the people you're fleeing with decide to burn it down for some reason, and sometimes because some members of the location decide they don't like your inclusion, and after a while will work to remove it to disastrous effect.

There's Treatment?: (200 CP)

The despair that grips the hearts of the Infected is manifold. Not only are they deprived of rights, but also their own lives. While the timeline of it is variable, Oripathy is nonetheless completely incurable, and has a 100% lethality rate. Sarkaz might be able to last a good while longer than most Infected, but anyone with the disease and no treatment might be dying in anything from a few years to as little as a few weeks. Curious then how everyone in Reunion is still chugging along. For whatever reason, despite being a ragtag group of terminally ill rioters who have to stay out of civilization in order to functionally operate, they manage to survive with their Oripathy, constantly worsening and killing some of them off, but never wiping them or their mainstays out. In fact, you too have a lot of leeway in this regard, as extremely lethal and often fast-acting

illnesses, even ones with a 100% mortality rate and which can turn fatal in mere weeks, just… don't kill you. Or rather, they will, but so absurdly slowly that you can continue to operate through your worsening symptoms for what may be YEARS without treatment, and in environments that are actively making it worse. Maybe your race is well adapted to the gnawing cancerous growths within? Maybe you're just built different?

They're Lynching Her!: (200 CP)

And then they're going to lynch you! You'd think that once your actions got a city burned to the ground that you'd wind up number one on everyone's "People to kill on sight," list. Sure, you might be for some people, especially with people close to the tragedies you've caused, but you'd be surprised how lenient people can be about actually getting around to it. Or at least when they've more pressing (or racially motivated) concerns. You'll find that so long as you aren't perceived as an immediate threat, even if you were one in the past, people are content to focus their main efforts on other enemies first. Sure, once some angry militiamen get done wiping out the local Sarkaz population they'll turn their attention towards the Infected, but in that brief respite that their emphasis on racially motivated hate crimes has granted you, you'll likely have plenty of time to run away. Granted, this relies on the presence of alternate targets, so if you happen to be loitering around somewhere with no other pressing issues, you'll still need to keep hidden.

Perish in Frost: (400 CP)

Reunion is more than a small cell of rioters and dissidents. The rage of the Infected runs deeper than any government official wants to admit, and countless flock from the woodworks to dawn the mask when the fires start to light. But even with those numbers, Reunion wouldn't be half as threatening as it was without those few titans of power hiding in its ranks. Oripathy, while horrifically lethal, can convey some unusual blessings amidst the curses. Poisoned gifts, these mutations, but useful. You can now radically increase the strength of your abilities or powers by accepting some degradation of your health in a manner fitting to the power. If you had some cryogenic Arts, then they could become powerful enough to create glaciers the size of multi-story buildings in exchange for a severe condition like having a painfully low body temperature severe enough to give others severe frostbite with mere skin contact, to say nothing of the personal discomfort it gives you. You can even choose to worsen this condition to the point where exercising the full extent of your boosted power might become lethal if done carelessly, and even to the extent of being automatically lethal unless preventative measures are periodically taken. At the beginning of any Jump you may decide what if any afflictions you have, and you may choose to develop more in-Jump. This enhanced power only lasts for the duration of the affliction, but you may discover in-Jump means of increasing your quality of life in the face of it.

Shieldguard My Heart: (400 CP)

There are those who believe that true change can only be accomplished by the actions of the masses. Sure, objectively this may be correct, but when used to downplay the importance of figureheads and rulers? Nonsense. Idealistic nonsense. Revolutions need heroes, central unifying figures whose monolithic presence contrasts the world as it is with the world that could be. Never fear the death of the dream, so long as you still live. Your presence is a shining beacon for the cause you champion, such that so long as your name continues to associate with one, it will retain popular relevance in the public mind. Its message will continue to reach out to those pertinent to it. As a pillar of Reunion, so long as you do not fracture the movement from within, the name of the organization will still reach across Terra, its message resounding in the ears of Infected everywhere. Even if its current form is devastated, so long as the idea remains in the world, it is only a matter of time before the movement regains strength.

GuardSquads: (600 CP)

With no one else to help them, the Infected had to band together to protect themselves. This is the origin and ethos of Reunion; like minded souls banding together for strength where the individuals lacked. As the organization would develop, it would lean even harder into this principle, albeit in a strange way. Individuals of similar skills and strategies banding together, forming squads under a commander with a similar ability, all of them coming together to create a unit whose every member followed a shared theme. Strangely, this often worked in their favor. Whenever you fight alongside someone with skills or abilities similar to yours, somehow they end up complimenting one another and functioning far more effectively than normal. Rather than being redundant, your shared powers seem to double down on their effectiveness and strategic viability. Defensively oriented regiments hunker together and become a human barricade, while sniper-only squads find themselves perfectly covering one another with their shots, each perfectly timed to take advantage of the opportunities the last one opened.

The Tyrant: (600 CP)

Equality. Liberation. Reunion. A dream carried on the backs of many wills banding together. But in this land, is every man's will his own? Your situation is dire, perhaps echoing that dragon with two shadows. You harbor another will, one separate from your own. It is old, malevolent, and terribly powerful. Perhaps they're an immortal mind, hoping to twist you to their twisted philosophies. Perhaps they're an alien force, incarnated into your mind. They are something fearful, but at the very least, they do not seek to usurp your life. They may have their own plans or ideas on how to go about things, but it's your development they're most interested in. As for what they offer?

When you need them, you may hand control over to them. In your body, they can exercise all of your powers to their full extent, and do so as filtered through a wholly ruthless personality with what may be thousands of years of knowledge and combat experience. Needless to say, that voice haunting you is a dangerous one… and it can be much, much worse. By default, it's content to passively observe your growth and take control when it offers to protect you, but you may make it much more dangerous in exchange for more power. Perhaps it actively has some dark scheme it wishes to fulfil through you, or its idea of what's good for you is something thoroughly detestable to you. Perhaps it can actually take control on its own when its proposed action is something you agree with despite not wanting, or on some other criteria. Perhaps it won't give up control once taken so easily, and may commit terrible actions once it has it. The more of an actual threat this second passenger is, the more raw power it can add onto yours while it's in control, enhancing the strength of your own powers while it's in control. You may live and fight as a man, but at the dawn of a new tragedy, what others face may be an arrogant yet terrifying god.

Corporate Ventures

Godcube Take the Wheel: (100 CP)

Many jobs keep you within city limits, your daily grind consisting of making your way to the office and then coming back home. Others though require a bit of travel. Or a lot. A logistics company might have you not only driving all around the city, but also internationally to make your deliveries. Hell, some people are in charge of things like piloting emergency transport medical VTOLs. You're a miracle worker behind the wheel of most vehicles, and a steady hand with the rest. You're lucky, too. Anyone watching you in action probably won't believe it, but you're practically the opposite of vehicular manslaughter. Not only can you drive a car like a complete *goddamn madman* down a busy intersection, but you'll miraculously make it through without causing a pileup or cascade of several wrecks. No one on the road is going to like sharing the road with you if you drive with such complete abandon, but you won't end up hurting anyone unintentionally. Hell, even if you were to drive your car straight off a short cliff into a beach, with the hood pointed straight down by the time you landed and everything, you would somehow not wreck the car, instead bouncing upright and landing your undamaged car and cargo on all four tires. Tires which are also apparently well suited to driving on a beach.

The Quickest Brain in Penguin Logistics!: (100 CP)

Corporate life is an often fast-paced environment. So are car chases, and fighting terrorists. Depending on just where you work, you may experience all this at once. Thankfully, you have GOOD BRAIN. No, not just good, but GREAT BRAIN! Fast, decisive, and quick to make relatively optimal decisions even in the face of sudden

developments. Even if you're kind of a real dummy otherwise, you're good at quick and dirty multitasking. You can mentally juggle an increasing amount of orders or stipulations on a job without mixing them up or accidentally skipping over or forgetting any. Piling a bunch of responsibilities or quickly emerging situations on you won't easily disorient you. Significantly more importantly though, you can play two games at once against two different people, and so long as you were good at said games, you could outplay both competitors and win both matches concurrently.

No Matter Where We Go: (200 CP)

Corporate domains and national geography do not always overlap. And even when they do, sometimes the demands of economic commerce necessitate travel within those mutual bounds. Ever increasing distance between you and those close to you, and all the more so when they're being pulled in their own direction as well. But relationships between true friends aren't things that distance or miniscule timeframes can truly stop. Even when obligations and conditions are sending you and your friends pinballing across the continent, whether assigned to different stations, or frequently getting sent on missions or deliveries to different countries, you're all still left with plenty of personal time with one another as events and circumstances also rebound you back at one another. Feelings and memories remain strong even when they're pulled into and immersed in contexts that require their focus and participation, the notion of going back to how things were being an active light at the end of the tunnel instead of a distant memory. Of course, when it's time to part ways and live in your own ways, that doesn't necessarily mean this reminiscence and constant gathering will end. You may not be living indistinguishable lives, but in the end, you're still looking out for each other.

Doughnutgate: (200 CP)

Corporate has been made aware of this recent incident, and would like to apologize on behalf of all affected parties. An internal investigation has been conducted and it has been determined that the company is not responsible. Sufficient action has been taken to prevent future incidents. We are happy to announce a new and exciting product! You know what's great? The Predictability of people as they react to things you say you're doing as though you actually are. You know what sucks? Following through on your promises. But you, however, are an excellent conman. It's a real hustle out there, flagrantly lying and gaslighting your way through press releases, giving bold-faced lies about your intentions that are covered up just well enough to tide the public over for a time. People really do tend to take these promises of what you'll do, these statements of what you're doing and have done, at face value. Sure, there has to be an acceptable level of believability to what you're saying, and without further action on your part there's always a chance that the truth will come to light, but if you've got

some honest skills at dishonest work, you should be able to cover your tracks up plenty well enough.

Delivery, Delivery!: (400 CP)

The unspoken implication of an entity not tied to any one national body is that it will invariably interact with several. This land is far from easy to traverse. Some countrysides have packs of immortal wolf-spirits that attack lone travellers at their whims, some have forests or tundras cursed with collapsing spaces and bent laws of reality, some are so irrationally lethal that Oripathy was never found to be unusually lethal by the natives because everyone dies beforehand anyways, and all of them, *all of them*, are plagued by Catastrophes; apocalyptic natural disasters that spring up regularly and whose residue spreads a completely incurable disease with a 100% mortality rate. Yeah. Corporate employees required to travel have their work cut out for them, be they messengers or deliverymen. Well your name is likely to be spoken of in hushed whispers in boardrooms somewhere out there, if only because of how many assignments you're likely to survive. Travel between predetermined points is just remarkably stable and easy for you; the natural impediments that would usually plague others in your shoes just don't crop up in the same amounts or degrees of severity as they should. It's as if you were born to deliver packages or something, the ~~lore~~ world demanding that consistent travelers like you exist to keep the logistics running.

It CANNOT Get BETTER than THIS: (400 CP)

Wohoho, friends! It's certainly a dangerous journey you're planning, so shouldn't you stock up on some wares? Only the finest, I say. Do you actually have any wares to sell, with a pitch like this? Well I'd hope so, as otherwise this would be quite a missed opportunity. You are a merchant par excellence- not the kind who sits behind a kiosk and peddles frivolous trinkets to passing mall-goers, but the kind who mysteriously approaches people in the middle of the wilderness and trades them lifesaving supplies and weaponry before disappearing without a word. You have an almost prescient sense for what kind of supplies people will be wanting soon enough, letting you stock up beforehand for whatever customers you're going to run into later. Further, you're a master of locating and tracking said customers through the wilderness, even being able to mysteriously sneak up on otherwise trained and wary people before making your pitch, and can quickly escape beyond anyone's ability to pursue afterwards. Even better, when you find yourself getting mugged by a bunch of upstarts in the middle of the demon-infested north pole (or other, more logical environments) you'll find luck on your side; so long as you're being jumped to steal from you, you'll survive being beaten, and the sudden loss of supplies won't wind up killing you in whatever environment you're in.

Duck Lord of Fiends: (600 CP)

People like to divide the world into categories. Rational and irrational, logical science and magical bullshit. They look at an icefield haunted by extradimensional eldritch horrors and think, “There’s no way I could use this to smuggle ore.” They’ll perceive a mutli-generational story of persecution and religious pain, beholding the messianic figurehead meant to lead Terra to either salvation or destruction, and won’t even think, “Okay but if that was me I could make cash though.” Such people are fools. Where others see impossibility and nonsense, you see opportunity and results. As though blessed with impossible fortune in exploiting the impossible, bridging the gap between mundane money schemes and supernatural nonsense in ways that are frankly too stupid for others to come up with. Not only does trying to exploit the supernatural in such a way somehow *not* backfire on you and your employees, such that you’ll somehow survive all of these wacky schemes to try again, but they all have an extreme chance of making you a profit. When the world is changing around events of almost apocalyptic portent, you know exactly the business scheme to ply to try and pry your way into them in some minor capacity, exchanging token services in a breakthrough environment for maximum engagement and profit. Or, when just getting your hand on something *weird*, incorporating it into some new business is old hat. Ancient screaming ghosts of a vengeful past ten thousand years in the making? More like “Business Partners.” What kind of business could you possibly come up with with such company? *You’re going to find out. Everyone is.*

Mama John’s, OMNIPOTENT: (600 CP)

On all levels, this is a world pulled apart by conflicting forces. Politically, great empires jockey for power on the international stage. Beneath the surface, antithetical horrors tear at the seams, poised to inflict their individual apocalypses upon Terra, and perhaps beyond. But a greater power lurks underneath this thin veneer of mundane causality. A great force, older than this very world. That which, in a sense, may have birthed it, and which also holds the power to destroy it. Capitalism. Cradled in its power, your will is sacrosanct. The greater the influence your wealth has on a local region and its economy, the more powerful your sway over it becomes, and the more untouchable you become to its authorities. Course enough money through the local markets, and you’ll be able to brush off misdemeanors like they were nothing, and get the police to look the other way for some illicit dealings. If you managed to become a household brand, with your base in a particular city? You could turn the local police department into glorified hitmen, and trump up whatever charges you want against others. Become an economic powerhouse in a region, and unspoken authority over it shall be yours to abuse as you wish. Be aware that your influence is regional, and that greater powers may yet provide checks against your immense Capitalist power. You might corrupt a

city, but be warned against flouting federal regulations. You may still get away with it, but if you are discovered your power will avail you of little.

GLORIOUS URSUS HEGEMONY

I Love Everybody: (100 CP)

Imagine, for but a moment, if you were to ask me what I had for breakfast. "What did you have for breakfast," you would surely sound out. Or rather, "What did you have to eat?" But to what implication? "To eat." A curious, beautiful phrase. One encapsulating perhaps the dearest, most central essence of human nature, yet refracted through the infinite lenses of ideology and its myriad interpretations, each propounded by scholars of their time and place as an "Understanding," something by which they could anchor their transient systems of beliefs. "To eat." Have you asked me, "What measure have you taken of the land, by which to sustain yourself?" If so, I will answer thus; all that I had the strength to. Have you asked me, "How many lives have you denied for this act?" If so, I will answer thus; only those who were unfit to live. The right to exist is owed only to the living. And in the living, a love of life, older than any words that could describe it. That inexplicable urge that flows through their veins like blood, and much like blood, an addiction so intrinsic that we cannot feel it until we fear for its loss as we settle into the oblivion of peacetime. It impels us forward, a surging oath to survival that burns in our every cell, driving numb limbs to fight, and the dying to scream out their right to life. We yearn to loose this lifeforce within us by action, an exercise of natural force upon the world, upon our fellow man. And yet, and yet! We find ourselves in a different age, one unaccounted for in the imaginings of scholars past. Brave men in their day, those sages, whose pursuit of knowledge went hand in hand with grim acceptance of life's brutality, and held in their heart all the rage of a warrior. But where has that vim and vigour gone? Where does the bravery and ferocity of the

thinking man lie, in this age where they propound nothing but theories of peace and uniform cooperation? Nonsense, I know it for, for indeed cooperation is won only through adversity, the unity of prideful and enraged men as they band together against the unknown, to kill, to crush, to dominate and imperill the world for their own selfish lusts. Lust for power. For life. Scientists and philosophers, but the statesmen and the bankers too! They hoard their temporal holdings in the flimsy walls of civilian power, and preach a dogma of peace, an aversion to mankind's oldest compatriot, by whose sole exercise existence was yet perpetuated. Barely counting for men, they crawl through the mud upon their bellies, afraid of the very strength it would take them to lift their heads and look up and glimpse the sun. And I love them. How could I not? They are contemptible, as all who habitually fear are, and those who succumb to that fear most of all, and they are weak and foolish and shortsighted besides. And they are struggling to survive in their own way. All life is; all living beings resisting the pull of death however they may. They are abhorrent, but I love them even so, for they, too, struggle. Every man, woman, and child that lives and dies on this great, cruel land, I love. For it is that very struggle, manifested most clearly in the human craving for war, for strife, for slaughter, but which is present in all struggling beings which serves as the sole determinant of worth. There is no value but this which can withstand the test of time, for there is no other value which shall persist so long as life does. And yet, there are those who would deny not only these grand truths, but also the very love borne of it! For it! But I shall love them all the same. Implicate me in the shallows of your cowardise; by all accounts I will refute you. But accounts are beholden to men. Action will speak louder than words ever could, and in them I will write an example for all to follow. So come, the

uneducated, naive masses! The crude moralists, those educated weaklings who strike with poison upon the hearts of the vulnerable, deluding them with withering peacetime and volatile hope! That pernicious venom that settles into the hearts of the spiritually infirm. I love you, and so I will repudiate you! But you, Jumper, you, too, know this. Know this very well. In you is the fire, the passion, and the well tempered tongue by which you may expound these truths as I do. To renounce. To teach. As though rehearsed a thousand times, ten thousand times, as many times as ever man has stood against winter famine, foreign legions, and the ignorance of peace to choose instead the wisdom of war! No matter the topic, no matter the place, for all men are worthy of love! Sound it out, your words, an indelible force, a deluge of reason! Let lesser words be left awash in the seas of your rhetoric; or better yet, slay their infantile objections in the cradle! Within you is also invested knowledge of a particular spell, which will safeguard your right to speak. So long as you are expounding what you will in this fashion, orating your truth as I have done here for all to hear, you may cast it with an effortless thought. Instantly, it shall silence all nearby, rendering verbal interruptions impossible so long as you wish to continue speaking, regardless of however long that speech may be. And never fear that you shall be at a loss for words, for you may ever choose to continue talking; so long as you wish it, you may continuously speak with clarity and purpose without stumbling over yourself, with you always being able to think of something more you may wish to say, for indeed, should you wish to say something, you ought always say it, and if you truly love the world, then you must endlessly have something to say. And consider that, optionally, for certainly you must already be a man of great virtue, you may choose to be invested with a great… optimism. It is not the fleeting contrivance

of a naive heart believing society's convenient lies, nor an abundant compassion that will lull your senses away from your obligations. No, for you are above such things. No, it is merely the assurance that in all things, and in all people, you will find something within that you can love. You may still abhor a thing, may still find it disgusting and contemptible, may choose to exterminate it from the world, but in and of itself you will have the strength to find it worthy of love. This love cannot sway you from your actions, nor dilute your personality and sentiments, but no matter the world you live in, or who you come to face in the long time allotted to you, you will ever hold the strength to look upon it and love it for its own sake. And as for what I had for breakfast? You should know this by now already, Jumper.

Honest Labourer: (100 CP)

Life in Mother Ursus is harsh and unforgiving. To the north, food is so scarce that entire villages supplement their diet with wild moss. In the mines, workers wear their bones to nothingness, cracking stone until they crack themselves. Soldiers march through killing frost and find their resting places on the battlefield. Such is life in Mother Ursus. Life is hard, but you endure. Extremely poor living and working conditions may wear down your spirit, but they will not spiral into crippling health injuries. Not unless something happens to harm you, anyways. Famine may starve you to death, but before that point shall never rob you of the strength to forage for food. Accidents may yet maim you, but until something large falls on you the extreme strain of your labors will not degrade your body. You will be able to continuously push on, so long as nothing greater than ambient conditions are levied against you. The brutality of life may one day kill you, but it is terribly unlikely to cripple you. Not through repeated exposure, anyways.

Take My Advice. Kill Yourselves Now: (200 CP)

There is no nation larger than the Empire of Ursus, and none so militarily inclined. Certainly, every nation is home to its own exceptional individuals of great power and talent, but the sheer weight of bodies that Ursus has at its disposal is staggering. Indeed, it is said that once Ursus looks at you, you will understand the difference between being an enemy of Ursus, and Ursus regarding you as one. Far from merely the weight of entire armies, even individual heroes of Ursus' history come clad in terror as they make war. The old hero Patriot, and every member of the Royal Guard; a

palpable menace falls over the battlefield whenever they draw near. Like the grand war machine that is Ursus, you can easily dress your presence and actions in an almost palpable aura of menace. Whether you're a single figure purposefully looming in the distance as your Arts flare around you, or leading a great march of troops with your sigil burned into the skyscrapers behind you, you always know how to maximize the fear factor in your actions. Further, the more your strength warrants it and the more you've used it to sow fear before you, the more terrifying your initial engagement in a fight will be for your foes. Why leave a few corpses intact when you can skin their faces off and leave them unrecognizable in a roadside ditch? Why kill political prisoners in a facility when you can execute them in some tunnels under a mountain and then collapse the whole thing to bury them? With these sorts of behaviors known among your habits, is it any wonder that everyone dreads the moment that you take to the field?

True Ursine Tactics: (200 CP)

Ursus has many problems, but throughout its history, it has solved them with relatively few approaches. Foreign polities whose lands they covet? Flood them with bodies. Rebellious seditionists rising against the crown? Flood them with bodies. Extradimensional demonic incursions? Flood them with bodies. Indeed, when Ursus mobilizes, it mobilizes in force, and if it works, it works. Swarm tactics are far from the inefficient, uncivilized thing that lesser nations might take them for. No, in you is vested the might of the people, which is to say that when the masses fight with or under you, they grow mightier for the presence of their fellows. They may not be the mightiest individually, but alongside one another, they march with greater vigor, and strike with much more strength, more resilient in the face of the cruel world that would deny their conquest.

Wherever I Stand: (400 CP)

It is Ursus that once sent armies of Wendigos to fight back the northern demons, and when they were slain, bound their shards into their soldiers to use their power to continue that fight. In a future that may yet come to pass where the Seaborn will rise to consume all life on Terra, it is again Ursus and the Emperor's Blades whose final stand buys humanity the greatest amount of time to fight back, lining up side by side to form a wall and killing themselves in unison, releasing the demon shards within them to form a barrier of chaotic anti-reality between the Sea and humanity. Let it not be said that Ursus' inhumanity is not offset if not surpassed by its benevolence. When an existential threat arises, one that threatens everything in a way that shakes most men to their core, it is men like you who bunker down and prepare for what must be done. In the face of such threats as reality overwriting demons and all-consuming alien swarms, the willpower, tenacity, resourcefulness, and even the success rate of you and yours begins to skyrocket. You make better use of what you have, figure out how best to apply it, and

can keep moving forward even as the struggles begin to pile up, over and over again until it is done. Even merely harboring an eldritch horror within you that's trying to overtake your soul and spread out through you would temper your willpower to a burning fervor. What you have to do may be grizzly, but it is well within you to do it, and there is perhaps no one by whose hands the act would strike truer.

True Ursine Statecraft: (400 CP)

The spirit of Ursus is pure, and reflected in its every action. Empires new and old will dress up their actions in the post-fact rationalizations of morality or necessity, but the strength of Ursus will wipe away all such pretensions. When there is a problem, the only solution is to meet it with pure and unrelenting force. This straightforward approach, the simple application of overwhelming brute force without nuance or pretension is a bizarrely effective problem solver, even in the face of complicated problems or things that shouldn't be solvable with brute violence. This is no different for you, who may approach problems with the same strength of arms, and resolve them to greater effect than any war-fearing coward would predict. With barren lands incapable of growth, Ursus has sustained itself for millennia off of war with its neighbors, dragging entire captured cities back in shame for wealth and resources. And those monsters to the north? The warriors of Sami and Yan rely on ritual and ceremony and the sacrifices of holymen and Casters alike. But Ursus? Ursus invades with crushing force, simply tears the foe apart, and consumes their remains for more power. The hunger of an empire eclipses that of any man, and Ursus is perhaps the hungriest empire of all. Let no one question where your justifications lie; they are proven with strength alone.

The Will of Ursus: (600 CP)

There are some secrets not meant for prying eyes, and when those taboos are violated, the transgressors are harried until nothing of them remains. Such is the wont of the Emperor's personal guards, the Emperor's Blades. Known by such lovely names as *Facerending Liches* for the horrendous legends that surround them, they are perhaps the greatest of the superhuman soldiers that the Ursus of today can deploy. But there is a great and terrible secret to their incredible power, both physical and occult, and it is one you've lived through. There are demons in this world. Not those Sarkaz who are called such by the small minded, but true otherworldly horrors that intrude upon and corrode reality with their unholy Contamination. The Emperor's Blades are a wall Ursus has erected to keep them separated from the rest of the world, taking shards of those slain horrors and binding them through dark rituals into warriors like you so that they can strike back. You've gone through procedures much the same, and with the same blasphemous materials, unlocking and discounting the Collapsal Race Add-On for no further cost in points, in exchange for suffering some complications below.

Black snow now heralds your arrival, a sickening thing that snuffs out any fragile life it falls upon. The fear born of your unnatural essence cuts to the core of the living; even the blind see something indescribably dark, darker than the darkness of their blindness, writhing and approaching them as your gaze falls on them. Even should you suppress your powers to not harm the world around you, so inimical to life is your form that white snow falling upon you will blacken and disintegrate like ash, reduced to something less than its already meagre existence. Those claimed by the demons often return as hollowed out corpses, dead, but moving in their broken twitchy way. But you are a living being, and are in full control of your faculties, and may benefit from this unnatural and defiled state. There is a great and dark occult power invested in you, who represents Ursus itself. Indeed, for you are already a Dominion unto yourself. Within you surges a dark power that you may externalize, something like a pitch-black mist, a window into that darkness that feasts on fear and unmakes law and reason. You may externalize it into the world, covering patches of it in its tenebrous grasp. The laws of space-time in this Dominion conflict with those of conventional reality, and those within it find themselves slowing to a crawl as they become weaker to your attacks, even as you find yourself increasingly unaffected by all impositions when you're clad in it. You may use this Dominion more offensively as well. With as little as a wave of your hand, you may erupt from a singular point a great concentration of the Collapse that dwells inside you, filling it with that same cold darkness. In addition to blanketing the area in your Dominion, this will grievously harm all within. Worse for your foes, any caught within your Dominion are vulnerable to the most deathly expression of your power; a dark pulse of what may be tangible fear, that when used outside of your Dominion is merely a powerful projectile force. But for those already mired in your Dominion? Those covered in your darkness will find their lifeforce viciously ripped from their screaming carcasses, instantly bringing those within to either instantaneous death, or a weakness of body and spirit so close to it that it's likely to follow anyways. Even immortals or those rife with divine power are forced out of combat, becoming simultaneously so weakened and mind-shatteringly terrified in an instant as to become incapable of any opposition for a time, death surely only being spared afterwards by your benevolence. Lastly, for your restraint of the Dominion within, you have a singular ability that may come in handy at times. So long as you are present and conscious so as to do it, you may manipulate your Dominion and similar corrosive environmental effects under your power such that they can be made non-harmful to others of your choice. Of course, you can't protect anyone if you aren't there and in a state to willingly exempt them.

There is a great downside to this awesome, terrifying power; the demon shard sealed within you can be freed. Indeed, life-abhorring darkness seeps in proportion from your every wound. If you are ever heavily wounded, torrentuous black snow and smog will continue to leak from your wound and into the world around you, unwanted Dominion shearing away the land's vitality as if smothering its potential for new life. If

you are ever slain the full force of your corruption will explode out, irreversibly tainting even a large chunk of the land around your corpse, making it inhospitable to any form of life for all eternity. In this regard, it matters little whether you are living or dead, for wherever you stand has already become the property of Ursus. However, since you're paying upfront you have two options here; the first is to be as any normal Emperor's Blade. You will receive the **Death Support** Item for free, but for the remainder of the Jump it will be instrumental in containing the demon within, and you will have to wear it at all times. If it is ruptured a leakage will occur until it is repaired, and if it, and the many-tubed mask atop it in particular, is ever broken, the full Contamination will occur. Alternatively, you may choose to have it be successfully fully contained within your body alone, likely a roaring success of Ursus' occult engineering, or else the success of some indescribably horrible venture. You will not receive that Item for free (but may still purchase it), and the conditions for contamination will be contingent on your bodily health instead, with stabs and cuts leaking that darkness, and your death fully unleashing it. Post-Jump you may choose to shed this feature, or keep it as a final surprise for any who slay you.

Deathless Black Chain: (600 CP)

You, what are you? A stranger to this vast land, or a giant manipulating history? Some in this land walk with two shadows, and one whose sight pierces the material may recognize you. And then meet another, different flesh, and recognize you still. You are something more than a man, you are an idea. A philosophy. An argument. You are immortal not through the preservation of flesh, but through thought. With a short ritual of yours, one long enough that it is best to do it in a prepared location, you may plant a seed of your consciousness in the mind of another. It will not immediately take them over; rather, this instance of yourself, through all of which you exist and act, may only bloom and overtake their will by getting them to agree to you and your control, by breaking them until they no longer have the will to resist, or ideally both. With any of these conditions met, the instance of yourself inside them will be able to take control of their body, but it would be wise to go further and break them fully to your beliefs. This is important, for even once you gain cursory control, if there are embers of themselves still within them then they may choose to resist you, preventing you from taking any actions through them that they would refuse from the bottom of their heart. But once they are truly broken, or fully aligned with your will? They are, for all purposes, simply yourself. To truly end you, one would have to eradicate all instances of your mind from the world, for until this is done, you are not considered to have truly died. But such is an end that may never come pass. Beyond the tender preparation for new vessels, any time one of your hosts is slain, the shadow of your personality will slither through the connection of murder and take root in your killer's heart. Though it may not be likely that you'll take control over one of your killers given that you haven't prepared their minds beforehand,

as well as their likely opposition to you, you will still have an instance of yourself whispering in the back of their mind, your grip on the world loosened, but not lost. Your persistence is the only proof of life you need, but alas, even if you are nigh impossible to truly scour from the land, there are limitations to this state. Not every vessel is ideal, but at the same time, some are more than ideal. Some weak hosts may prove unworthy vessels of your full power, and you won't be able to field your full abilities through them. But at the same time, should you take a powerful host, through that vessel you will wield their full powers on top of your own. You will not, however, carry hosts over with you between Jumps, unless you have some other way of doing so. You may produce instances of yourself in as many people as you wish, and are effortlessly in control of all of them. In fact, all of them *are* you, a now decentralized idea across countless souls. If a Jump ends and you are not directly in full control of at least one of your hosts or another physical manifestation, and you have no other ways to prevent it, it will constitute failure for your Chain.

Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan

The Great Hunt: (100 CP)

Once, the gods of the land were plentiful, and mankind lived fearfully in their shadows. Then, the True Lung arose in triumph, putting those gods of Yan to the sword, and eventually slaying even the mightiest of them all, Sui. Alright, so the truth of that legend is a bit less flattering. In truth, Sui willingly betrayed his fellows, and helped to oust the majority of them. Before the greater god's might, they could do little but wound and curse him, but those wounds and curses were enough for what was to come. Claiming shards of the Northern evil, the True Lung then slew the weakened Sui who had used his greater might to oust the rest of his kind. Thus did man inherit the earth. If nothing else, this shows a remarkable degree of ingenuity and forward planning, which you enjoy when plotting the death of beings far your greater. Against those godlike beings, the steps to slay them formulate in your mind; the allies you must obtain, the weaknesses you must bring to bear, and very importantly, who and when to backstab to leave everything a clean slate. Let history repaint your actions as valorous; for freeing mankind the scholars owe you this much.

Where Vernal Winds Will Never Blow: (100 CP)

Junior, black stones are set across the board, and heaven's eye remains closed, yet you refuse this invitation to wine? Such impudence, as though you had eyes but could not see Mount T'ien. Regardless, such cannot do, and as sword of stratus rent, once stood stand fast, alike the clouds your ignorance be rent. Your vernacular skills are up to par with even the wordiest of Yanese nobility, able to phrase things in the most utterly obtuse and bizarre language without batting an eye or stumbling over your words. Similarly, whenever people come at you with overly flowery and poetic language

where most of what they're saying is actually being conveyed through metaphors about seasons or some shit, you'll somehow easily understand exactly what they're trying to say.

Chinese Civic Engineering Wizard: (200 CP)

In the ranks of Yan's convoluted government, the generally neutral Tianshi Bureau fields specially trained casters to handle… Well, a lot of very varied things, honestly. These Tianshi casters are trained not in direct combative Arts (primarily), but in combining their Arts with engineering to produce fantastical devices and structures for the widespread advancement of Yan's techbase. One particular facet of this style is the creation of components and systems meant to alter the space occupied by the broader device, letting Tianshi construct otherwise building-sized Arts machinery that can shrink itself down to an easily portable handheld size. It's an art you know well, being able to engineer structures capable of warping their own internal space to various ends. Many on long travels bring their own homes with them, carrying large ornate homes with freshly prepared goods held in stasis, all in the palms of their hands, ready to deploy at their leisure. Packing plenty of functions into an otherwise small device isn't all that difficult when you've plenty of internal space to work with, something which adds to the Tianshi style of cramming multiple-uses *and* combinable forms into their inventions. Naturally, things like weight are accounted for when using these techniques to shrink your equipment or their internals. Would be rather hard to carry it all around otherwise, no?

Sewer Storage Shenanigans: (200 CP)

Listen, I'm just going to give you some advice; you shouldn't store dead Infected in the sewers. Their bodies begin to catalyze into Originium at rapidly accelerated rates, and sometimes even violently explode. Whatever the case, they cover the entire area in highly infectious active Originium, such that merely traveling through the area without the proper gear will likely result in swift infection. And yet, when you have some slums filled with terminally ill poor people that you need to dispose of to look good for the government, you just might not have time to really process all the bodies normally. Don't worry, we all need to make compromises. When you store hazardous material in places that you *really* shouldn't, it just kind of doesn't cause as big of a problem as it should. It won't render the location inhospitable, and it'll be easy for people with the right gear to safely move everything out and dispose of it more properly later. Granted, this probably still isn't the best of ideas, but at least you aren't going to clog the city's plumbing with giga-cancer by accident.

Where Tidings Sweep: (400 CP)

Yan is perhaps the most populous nation on Terra, and while few there can match the raw power of some powerhouses, from the masses have arisen true exemplars of certain niches of combat. You are… let's just say *dedicated* to the sword. You have a great deal of experience in swordplay specifically, and an even greater degree of natural talent with which to take yourself farther. While today you might be content with knocking bullets of the air and cutting people so that they only fall apart when you sheathe your sword, one day you may reach heights like creating specific moves to cleave the clouds apart in a single slash, preventing a gathering rain storm. Training under waterfalls or on mountain peaks is also good for your development, as you're capable of understanding and growing from lessons of swordsmanship and martial arts that seem to convey themselves through odd maxims of philosophy and symbolic language rather than objective descriptions of movements (and translate the latter into the former). In fact, flowery sword nonsense seems to work better in your hands; actually holding a meditative pose for an extended period of time before making a single movement empowers it radically, for instance. Your mastery of the sword conveys two other benefits. The first is that you can devise unarmed equivalents to sword-based special attacks. If you can master a sword-style you can perform smaller versions of its techniques with your bare hands, your Cloud-Splitting Sword allowing a lazy swipe of your fingers to cleave through flesh and change the direction of the winds. This includes mimicking the special abilities of unique weapons, assuming you're capable of creating and then perfecting an entire style dedicated to that sword specifically. Lastly, you already have a single such unique sword and martial arts style you've devised, dedicated to taking advantage of either a unique weapon you possess, or incorporating a unique ability of yours.

Parkour Coats: (400 CP)

Did they think they could hide from you? These invaders, when you know this city like the back of your comically spooky coat? They won't be running for long, whatever the case. You have an incredible talent for urban navigation and movement, to the extent that you could practically disappear from someone's vicinity with frightening ease, taking advantage of a moment of distraction to put so many layers of concrete and piping between you two that you may as well have disappeared into a jungle. The tangle of urban railings and skyrises are simply means of leveraging movement to you, with you being able to slip stealthily around practically wherever you want in a city, typically unnoticed until you decide to make your move. It matters little whether it's between alleyways, in abandoned construction zones and warehouse complexes, across the tops of highrise buildings, or even the internal skeleton of a skyscraper, as long as you have city to work with, you may as well be some kind of ninja. Hell, you might actually be.

Heavens' Splitting Sword: (600 CP)

Powerful are the Casters, who call great power from the depths of Originium. But few and far between are the great tyrants who ruled through its power. Certainly, there are notable examples, but men have never been incompetent in the face of the Arts. Great heroes have slain monsters greater than any Caster, after all. Blessedly, you shall not be caught lacking; you are capable of fighting back against magic through purely martial expressions. Your strength and skill are no greater, but within the bounds of your ability, your blade shall be commensurately dangerous to Casters as to more conventionally armed men, with openings in their great powers revealing themselves to you, and power wearing thin under your blade. The proper application of force to blow a blast of flame off of you, or the key point in a blast of energy that if disrupted will break apart the blast; the place and time to strike to dissipate an oncoming magical attack is easily seen by you. If you had something like a blade that could cut through Arts energy, and the strength and speed to wield it, you could easily take on some of the most powerful Casters in the world as a mere mortal with a nice sword.

Such is the Joy of Our Reunion: (600 CP)

Once, man huddled under the shadows of their gods, and were protected for their fidelity. Then man grew proud, and they set out to topple the gods. But the divine is not so easily slain, and the greatest of Fernamuts may find themselves not truly slain, but fragmented. Fragmented into distinct beings, or to possess vessels of varying kinds. So did man press the remnants of the divine into their service, but that may not necessarily be your tale. Somehow, you contain a fragment of a Feranmut or other great being's power. It may be that you're a mortal frame housing this power, or are yourself a lesser one branched off from it. This Perk unlocks the Feranmut Race Add-On for no further cost, but note that for being a mere fragment, this Perk's effects will impact your power in this Jump. Consider this; what are you a fragment of? You. You are a fragment of You. But what does this mean? It is simple.

In this Jump, and in any future Jumps you wish, you may fragment your total power into twelve lesser fragments. These fragments may house themselves in mortal frames, sentient artifacts, or incarnate into their own living beings appropriate to your nature. Ultimately, the end result is that you are one limited portion of your total power, with eleven siblings. Some of your qualities may be retained by all twelve of you, such as all of you being unaging if you were, while other powers may be spread out in diminished form. A versatile power may be divided up between them in specific constrained forms, such that a broader reality warping power would instead leave each sibling with only power over a specific facet of the world, or your individual powers may be grouped by theme and spread out as packages. Regardless, all fragments will be relatively equal in raw power. As one of these fragments, roughly equivalent to all the rest, your total power in-Jump will be much less than you'd expect… for now. You see,

the progress every fragment makes towards developing and mastering what they've inherited from your greater self will ultimately end up reflecting on it; every novel technique, how much easier it becomes for them to use a power, and even whatever increases in raw power they manage; once you become whole again. And become whole again you shall, whether it be at Jump's end, or through reunion. Through ritualistic means you choose, which can be as simple as murder, fragments may absorb one another, essentially destroying the other while claiming their powers. This may be unlikely though, unless you yourself are pursuing it; the eleven fragments other than you are innately attached and positively inclined to their siblings. This is strongest when the fragments have become whole entities, who all regard one another as individuals and love you and each other, but even as barely aware artifacts they'll be inclined to acting beneficially towards you. Lastly, you may sparingly undergo a powerful transformation; calling upon the memory of your more complete self, you may temporarily mantle your greater self, temporarily ascending to your full power and form, complete with all the power your siblings have achieved.

Once more, in future Jumps you may choose whether to activate this Perk or not, though it is in play here. Uniquely, you may take this opportunity to become one of the Sui Siblings here, whether becoming a new 13th member, or replacing one of the existing 12. Doing so will require further purchases for you to actually equal your siblings, and will come with many dangers. You are technically in danger of His reawakening destroying you, using the ability to mantle your greater self would briefly remanifest Him, and you are almost certainly being watched by the Yanese government for even the slightest infraction. In exchange for this, you'd have really hot siblings, and the opportunity to give your limbs a neat personalized color-pattern/texture like they all have. If doing so, in future Jumps you may retain the ability to transform into an Anticipation of Sui, and may decide whether you remain in full control during the transformation or not.

Victoria

Dear Mum: (100 CP)

There are few countries as internally divided as Victoria. Even disregarding the foreign occupation controlling its capital, the slowly building rebellion igniting in the grassroots, and the ancient conspiracies looming in the dark, the very political fabric is a table of swords pointed at one another's necks. The dukes are untrustworthy and uncooperative, and taken with the prior dangers you have an environment where information control can be the only difference between a successful bid for your goals, and unmitigated failure. You're a master of message encryption, message decoding, and general cipher work. With individuals you know better, you can even think up how to convey messages indirectly by writing messages that hint at or remind them of things they personally know, letting you send seemingly innocuous messages that nonetheless

give them hints towards what you want to convey when you can't trust the safety of your correspondences.

THREE PERCENT CHANCE: (100 CP)

Victoria fields one of the greatest militaries in this world. And should it not be so, when men are filled with pride in their nation, so willing to fight for it? What, did you expect fear to detract from fervor? Nonsense, don't you read the statistics on military service? Hell, the risk of contracting Oripathy from Originium-handling tasks is only 3%! And has been for centuries. Sorry, did you think you were dealing with an intelligent populace? No, because very few people actually stop to question whatever facts you spout in your propaganda, barely ever think to actually fact check it or analyze past works for very obvious fabrications. You could use the same statistic on official statements for centuries and only the occasional individual would possess both the requisite intelligence and an impact on their life by it to look deeper and realize the deception. Naturally, covering information up and propping up false glories are absurdly easy for you.

Tis'n't Treason: (200 CP)

All nations stand strong by the cooperation of its citizens, its commoners and its nobles. Victoria, curiously, manages to stand strong even despite the comical levels of incompetence backstabbing between its citizens. For a relative value of 'strong', anyways. You'd be surprised at the utter nonsense that people can get away with in chaotic situations. You now have an absurd tendency to get away with minimal if any reprisal from unhelpful conduct and even some frankly treacherous actions so long as they don't reach a certain point. If the capital of your country were being actively occupied with a magical superweapon being built by its occupiers, you could get away with ignoring the struggle to instead send your spies to try and steal the enemy's weapons tech for yourself. You could even fight amongst others of your station for that information, all mutually ignoring the actual problems that are actively unfolding and that should be your responsibility to stop, and at the end of it all you'd still find yourself somehow not being executed for treason.

Duke's Regards: (200 CP)

Victoria is not the mightiest nation in the world for its individual heroes, but for the sheer weight of its industry and the army that has been put towards forging. And far be it from solely landlocked infantry, great fleets of airborne warships fill the Victorian skies. Perhaps a proud naval man yourself, or else a graduate of some prestigious military academy, or just weirdly lucky in one weirdly specific way, you are immensely skilled in airship… Well, most things really. You could act as helmsman or pilot, or operate the cannons or the engine room. You have a deft hand for strategy employing its

advantages, air-to-air combat, and just flying the damn things in general, in addition to commanding others to do so. Most importantly of all, you're able to sit down on your fancy little captain throne and look cool. This expertise is counting everything from the larger aerial warships, to smaller VTOLs that some organizations employ.

The Iron Duke: (400 CP)

The greatest soldiers in Victoria were not those who strode about on foot, exposing flesh and blood to the hostile world. They adorned themselves in far more than mere metal plating, strapping themselves into great contraptions of war that mimicked the human form, but writ large in metal cast. These suits of powered armor they wore proudly, moving as though they were their own bodies, tempered minds and reflexes letting loose steam-powered fury. The advancement of arms need not come with the tradeoff of skill, for so long as you can operate a vehicle, you can wield it in combat as though you were fighting without it. Shockingly organic in movement, yet taking advantage of the unique locomotive properties it possesses. The vehicle's overall firepower may not change, but your own skill in combat may shine through in its operation, until dense metal plating and missile salvos prove themselves the arms and armor of a knight.

They Adore Me: (400 CP)

Crush your enemies underfoot and step over their corpses? Nonsense, you have people for that. Or creatures. Or things. Whether you're an underground revolution trying to liberate your historic territory from a greater force, or some haughty noble who couldn't be bothered to take lives on their own, you have a great work around to direct combat. You have a great affinity for the creation of semi-autonomous combat constructs with your powers. Your Arts, if they aren't primarily based around this (in which case they'd be even better), can be skewed towards the creation of such pseudo-drones. If you specialized in geokinetic Arts, it'd be a simple thing to animate several large and powerful hulking golems out of the very ground beneath your feet, and if you were predisposed to the sheer firepower of pyrokinetic Arts, your flames could possess some strange necromantic quality that rose those killed painfully by your fire as ever-burning walking corpses under your command, or some other strange ability. While this boost applies to any such minion creating abilities of yours, enhancing the ease of creations, their resulting power, and perhaps the numbers they're made in, as well as making it easier to bend other powers towards this end, you also have one specific form of servitor you can use your powers to make right now, more than likely to be based off your Arts.

Power to the Disposable People: (600 CP)

The true strength of a nation lies not in its glamorous heroes or legendary figures, but by the strength of its multitudes banding together and directing their shared power towards a singular goal. Usually. But aren't you tired of being an important figure relied on by your countrymen? Want to make them work for their own freedom? Great! Whenever you have a large group of powerless civilians or bystanders who are willing to face a given problem, even if only for their own survival, then you're able to lend a particular aid to them. What, actually help with the fighting? Don't be ridiculous. With an impassioned speech about overturning the enemy or liberating your homeland or whatever, you can do something miraculous; you can pawn off your important and powerful shit to them so they can die instead. Artifacts like magical swords or other advanced weapons can be given to a singular riled up crowd for use against your common enemy, whereupon every individual in said crowd will become capable of actually using that weapon. They won't be the most skilled users of the weapon, but they *will* be capable of using it, and every time one of them dies, another member of the crowd will immediately pick the weapon up. Again, and again, and again. And then, when you've drowned your enemy in wave after wave of your people hopped up on a magic Catastrophe-slaying legendary sword? You can swoop in with your *real* fighters and gang up on him together. Let it not be said that the people of Victoria did not fight to free themselves.

The Naval Guns Roar: (600 CP)

When the mightiest admirals of Victoria take to the field, they do so at the helm of mighty warships. And, piloting delegated, they may also descend to challenge their foes. Challenge them, while directing their ship's artillery fire. Directing it onto their relative position. Perhaps it's brilliant positioning on your part when calling them in, or your reflexes in dodging them, but active bombardments on your location need not spell the end of your melees. When great blasts and obstructions fall around you, cracking the earth and exploding with fervor, you're able to maintain your position without harm. It won't even throw you off, letting you engage in a swordfight while intermittently calling in airstrikes on your opponent in melee range. This works less and less effectively the more hostile and targeted the bombardment is towards you, specifically. You won't magically phase through an attack meant to hit you just because it happened to be large, but you can certainly avoid friendly devastation meant to clear out the area around you.

Columbia

Catch the Detective: (100 CP)

While there are plenty of companies and government agents around who'd rather keep their secrets underground, there are just as many problems they need dug up and brought to light. You walk a tenuous line here, offering perhaps the most dangerous

skillset in Columbia; that of a private investigator. You have a superlative ability to read people in-person, enough to sniff out webs of secret romances and hidden snack networks with a few glances of people going about their work days. More than this, with some groundwork spent looking into backgrounds, records whether fake or genuine (which you'll quickly determine), and some area casing, you can quickly intuit much vaster and purposefully obscured information. Inconsistencies in budgets, allocations of resources swept under the rug in reports, with these sorts of things you can quickly fill out a bizarrely accurate corkboard of conspiracies. If you were to join a research company solely to locate some hidden artifacts you suspect they're keeping somewhere, it wouldn't be long at all before you've found your prize.

Terra Bless Us!: (100 CP)

While every country is interested in gaining more territory, resources, and power, none expand with such fervor as Columbia. As though driven by some mysterious design, every aspect of Columbian culture seems arranged to promote expansion and infrastructure. From the pioneering drives that keep spreading Columbian control into the wild wastelands around them, to the exploratory scientific expeditions into the distant north, Columbia has a real history of expansion. You're a fast and efficient civilization builder; when it comes to things like scouting out routes, establishing basepoints, and building structures in the uncivilized parts of the world, you make your progress faster than most. You would make one hell of an explorer with your ability to quickly bunker down with minimal preparations or wasted time, or a fantastic pioneer with how quickly settlements build themselves around you when you hunker down and commit to building a new bastion of civilization.

Terra Bless You!: (200 CP)

You don't go from a humdrum and heavily taxed colony to an international superpower by staying stagnant and complacent. You've got to light a fire in yourself, or better yet, in others. The pioneering life isn't what it's cracked up to be; setting up settlements in Terra's wilderness, trying to establish civilization outside of all the amenities that make life so simple for the city folks, it's a hard thing to do. Giant predators and Catastrophes both signal the end for far too many settlers. And yet new pilgrims keep coming. Why? Because Columbia Needs You! Wrankwood pumps out westerns by the dozens glorifying the lifestyle, while advertisements and sales pitches bombard the listless with feigned possibility. You're a snakeoil salesman like no other, being able to cobble together idealized versions of situations and deals that conveniently smooth over the grim realities of what you're actually offering. Push out enough advertisements and fabricated success stories, and the dream may end up outweighing reality, drawing countless poor saps into whatever unfortunate mire your pretty little lies were meant to sell them.

Terra Bless Me!: (200 CP)

There are those who believe that progress should come on the back of a rigorous scientific method approached with patience and prudence. There are also those who think that's dumb, that we need more superweapons NOW. So, what are you to do with so little time and so few morals? Why, throw more orphans at it, of course! It may not seem very logical, but when you're funneling vulnerable orphans or other children into positions of significant danger in experiments, they tend towards being massive successes. At least in some ways, which will be somewhat unpredictable. After all, you might make expectable progress, but just as well wind up with a one of a kind unexpected result. As long as you're throwing kids into the furnace, you're guaranteed a good result somewhere down the line. Just bear in mind that you may need quite a few orphans to make it to that point, to say nothing of whatever vengeful thoughts you may be fostering in any survivors.

La Unidad: (400 CP)

Columbia was born out of revolution, and the revolutionary idea that some foreign power should not be able to control a land and its people from some distant throne. So what rationale could you offer to explain away why you're extrajudicially interfering with the economy and government of a foreign polity? To defeat *the Wizards*. Somehow, as illogical as it may seem, circumstances will conspire around you to prop up justifications for your actions, and especially those of a deeply sensitive nature such as things that should logically prompt a conflict between you and another party. Ready to interfere with that vulnerable developing state? Guess what? It's currently being influenced by some tertiary nobles of a country ruled by a tyrannical sorcerer-king, which means you can easily look like the good guy when trying to free them of that influence, despite the fact that you're just trying to economically exploit them. Granted, this won't apply to every little thing, but you'll frequently find whatever you're doing is somehow construed as the better alternative, and probably vaguely the rightish thing to do maybe. This'll occur more frequently the more severe the circumstances, but may be stymied if your own efforts are so hilariously evil that they're nigh impossible to justify.

Narcissa's Mirror: (400 CP)

Whatever the backdoor impetus motivating it may be, the technological arms race going on in the halls of Columbian academia is very real. In pursuit of new weapons, WMDs are as sought after as new kinds of super soldier. To try and revolutionize Originium Arts with a scientific bent is only one such endeavor. Arts typically require academic knowledge as well as an Arts Unit to transcribe the mental activity originating from the caster to the Originium powering the Arts, but the infected are capable of using their own organs as Arts Units, intuitively translating intent to

casting at the cost of lethally accelerating their Oripathy. Some, however, have sought to create the best of both worlds; creating artificial "infected" organ-like implants whose actual infectivity is restrained, allowing for the creation of a non-infected caster that nonetheless does not require any external aid or extensive knowledge to cast Arts. I'm sure someone would like to salute your brave and likely unwilling contribution to science, as you've been the victim of one such experiment. Through the presence of grossly invasive transplants throughout your body, you're capable of using one of your powers from here such as Originium Arts without the need for any external tool, or for any particularly complex knowledge, and all with no harmful side effects on your body, all the usual downsides having been safely contained to those implants. Using Arts, basic effects such as exerting telekinetic force on objects in your vicinity would require basically no knowledge of Arts theory, and only a small amount of practice. Further, due to the close relation to your consciousness and casting method, the strength of your power can surge above the norm for your **Originium Arts Assimilation** with particularly strong emotions or mental instability. Similarly, in every future Jump where it's applicable, you'll gain an additional set of internal implants, giving you access to a type of power that typically requires an external tool to use.

The Most Critical Moment: (600 CP)

Listen, we've all been there; after countless years of experimentation, that new superweapon or general aberration against the natural order is finally in working order. Then guess what? Some plucky interlopers and a few scientists that grew a conscience decide to shut it down and destroy it. Thankfully, you've prepared for that. Or are just really lucky that this odd functionality appears in every big experiment you work on. Whatever the reason, it's somehow possible for you to fuse with the end-results of your experiments, sublimating your form and mind into it while gaining the power to control it directly. While this may be difficult if not impossible to undo, and may damage you in some capacity such that you'd likely die without the fusion continuing to support you, but the act of fusing with it does something to stabilize and repair whatever you're joining with. If whatever you'd created were on the verge of shutting down and crashing to earth, fusing with it would give it something of a second wind, and allow it to continue functioning, if now under your influence.

Heart of Tin: (600 CP)

There's a lot of strange stuff floating around Columbia, and it isn't all from human experimentation. As a melting pot of culture, all sorts of strange actors end up filtering through Columbia's halls. Even so, you're a bit of an oddball, even if the people around you have never seen the real you. Whether mechanical or not, your physical form is ultimately just a shell for your real self. In truth, you're an immortal specter of some kind, unkillable by all save perhaps things on the level of the northern demons. You might be

a psychic mass of screaming darkness and shifting geometries, or a giant fluffy pink sheep, though truthfully you can probably manipulate your physical appearance. Unfortunately, there's a minor price to your new eternity. For your tenuous grasp on physicality, much of your power is diminished. You're reduced to physical strength enough to interact with the world like an average living being, can communicate as normal (or possibly horrifically into the minds of those nearby), and can dislodge the consciousnesses of others from their physical senses, completely severing them from their bodily experiences. Deprived of senses and capacity for thought, this leaves them temporarily experiencing a thoughtless descent down an increasingly deep chasm regardless of what's happening to their bodies. Or at least that's all when you aren't possessing a physical vessel. You can possess physical objects, anything from a pile of scrap metal to entire vehicles, and gain the power to control them both in their full range of normal motion, and telekinetically in ways they normally couldn't move. You can exercise your full power through a suitable vessel in a way that makes sense for it; if you possessed a humanoid shape it would be as if you simply had a body again, while if you possessed a large structure you could give your manifest specter within it your full power. Destruction of your vessel or whatever you've anchored yourself to does nothing but leave you in your diminished spectral state. Post-Jump this may become an alt-form.

Kazimierz

Platinum Work Ethic: (100 CP)

It's tough work out there, whatever it is you're doing. Competition knights who meet an equal or just sadistic opponent might end up fighting a duel for upwards of an hour without stopping. An ordinary office worker may be on call for lengths of time that should be illegal as backdoor dealings create problems that need addressing now. An assassin for the General Chamber of Commerce might have so many assignments piled up that it's impossible to get any sleep. It's a real grind, trying to make it in this economy, but you've got the stamina for it. You aren't any stronger, faster, or even tougher, but you can really keep yourself going. Through hyper-strenuous and focused activity like live combat, you might be able to last over an hour without stopping. With less directly tiring work you might be able to clock in over a day with minimal breaks for necessities here and there. It might not be glamorous, or let you accomplish anything you couldn't with time, but now when the clock is running and time is all you have, you can push out a little more effort a little longer than most.

The Jumper Knight: (100 CP)

Laaaaadies and gentlemen! Welcommmmme to the Jump Arena! To make it big in Kazimierz, you don't just fight for glory; you fight for brand recognition. Every knight worth their salt goes into the ring with a nice title emblematic of their image, which gets

hyped by the event MC as they show their stuff, increasing their value as a commercial entity. Well it certainly won't be hard for you, because by some curious trick of fate, you'll find your persona incredibly easy to hype up in these sorts of contexts. Whether it's something you registered as, or a nickname tacked on by viewers, the mental image of you that forms in people's minds is the sort to get hyped over and fixate on in that ultimately unimportant way that changes very little save for who people tune in to watch, and whose action figures they're going to buy for their kids.

Through Corruption and Withering: (200 CP)

Though true knighthood may be a distant dream in this corporate wasteland, life under that ideal's struggle is nonetheless a grim reality. Every fight weathered in its name, every burden shouldered, and all the bonds born thereof, all of these things are real. You have the ability to form and maintain a special bond with a small number of people, possibly as few as one other person. By genuinely spending a while with them, constantly getting into and out of problems with them, and constantly surviving conflicts with each other, you can link your combative abilities to an extent. You become easily capable of fighting in tandem with one another, or just around the other without issue, and also find your combined efforts to be far more impressive. You even find that usually unpredictable things like wide-affecting dangerous Arts don't harm these specific individuals. But the notion that everything you've been through together might end up being for nothing is a bitter one. When one of you is critically threatened, the other becomes far more dangerous in turn, becoming stronger and faster despite their usual capabilities in order to protect what matters to them, proportional to how grievous the perceived threat is. Seeing you bleeding out on the ground would have them in a massively more powerful state. This bond even persists through altered mental states and agitation. Even after coming through severe infection, experimental drug therapies, brutal torture, and manipulative gaslighting, they'd still have enough wherewithal to prioritize staying with you.

Poorly Illuminated Steel: (200 CP)

The Kazimierz Major is a machine that prints both cash and lethal fighters. Granted, competition knights generally pale in comparison to campaign knights, but they still wipe the floor with the untrained masses. So how do so many of them die in droves to unknown assassins? Exactly because they're unknown. While your prior stealth skills may be unchanged, you do have one peculiar technique mastered. Specifically, that you're capable of launching at least a few attacks from a position of stealth without actually breaking it. Lurking in the shadows as but one of many unknowns, you might enjoy some serial surprise attacks, much like how the figure or figures known only as Darksteel in the Armorless Union can launch their spear-arrows from such distances that they don't even give away their position, let alone identity

when firing. How this looks may depend on your means of combat, but you can fire off a few attacks without compromising your location or identity. Granted, if the victim survives they're going to know that *someone* is attacking from *somewhere*, but they're otherwise in the dark about what lurks in the dark. You know, you.

Daybreak over the Golden Prairie: (400 CP)

There are those who say that quantity is a quality all on its own. There are also those who question why you can't have both. When you lead or are a part of a group of highly skilled combatants of a number larger than any squad, but smaller than a small army, your mutual skill and cohesion blend together to massively increase your unit's efficiency all around. While this can let a powerful figure carry the weight of a small group, this truly shines in situations where every member of the group is already powerful in their own right. Collectively and individually buckling down, weaving around, and counterattacking problems as soon as the opportunity presents itself, your little club becomes a whirlwind of death even to forces much greater in sheer numbers, and perhaps sum power. Seven Silverlance Pegasi once rescued several dozen of their other members, captured and unarmed from their Ursus captors. Regrouping and through great sacrifice, they then slaughtered over three thousand of Ursus' warriors. You may be outnumbered, but you are far from alone. With enough good men the war may be won yet.

For the Sake of Joining : (400 CP)

The amount of assassinations going on behind the scenes of every business deal and sporting event in Kazimierz is quite frankly staggering, but, as ever, the public eye glosses over every corpse, stuck like glue upon the latest fabricated story of celebrity romance or drama. And why not, when every face behind these murders is obscured to the public? Hell, some of them are obscured even to their fellow killers. The layers of secrecy the Armorless Union wraps itself in are numerous, even beyond the mere taking of codenames. Even their leaders are almost a complete unknown, being known to only a precious few individuals in the government… individuals who they can easily kill to completely conceal their identities. Somehow, because apparently there are no records for that. You're a very secretive person, both intentionally and not. Curiously, it seems that long-term documentation on you seems to fall through the cracks, obscuring many details of your existence from the records. More actively, it's extremely easy for you to engage with things and organizations in ways that limit the number of direct contacts actually aware of you. Keeping your status classified for all but a few, or just keeping most unaware of you for lack of contact. Afterwards, you'll of course find that actually then disposing of those singular points of contact will largely guarantee your secrecy.

Let Reality Give Way To Me: (600 CP)

The ties of blood run deep, the achievements of one's ancestors ever calling one towards greater glory. The Khagan lies dead, buried for centuries. The Khagan still lives, wherever your blade may point. You may not be one of the few remaining Nightzmora, but you have a talent for the kinds of illusory Arts that made their conquests so devastating a millenia ago, and bent to a use that might make those ancient conquests a reality once more. First, an aura of fear that cloaks you, both a visible obstruction that visibly expands through the world around you, and an insinuation of fear into the hearts of all who witness it. But this is merely a byproduct, a natural reaction in the hearts of the weak to the sight of a true conqueror. At your call they come, illusionary phantoms of warriors the likes of which may once have marched across the land. Figures in ancient armor and weaponry, rendered in a shadowy, spectral form, yet nonetheless capable of cleaving flesh and steel as once did those of the lineage they harken to. They leave no footprints, but march alongside you nonetheless, a battalion of spectral warriors whose numbers will only increase with both your power and your fevered dreams of conquest. But the spirit of the conqueror does not waver; even more than being able to call this modest warband to yourself, when you march forth with a clear goal and target to attack, echoes of this force will continue to walk it even should you falter. March along a route to patrol it, and even long after you have come and gone, specters like this will infrequently and in smaller groups sporadically appear and reenact your march on their own. March to assail a territory, and it will frequently experience incursions of this force every now and again independently of your control. Even should you be diverted from your goal, put it aside for a time for a more pressing concern, wind up corrupted by interdimensional horrors from outside of reality, or even die in battle, this illusionary force will continue to pantomime your dreams of conquest. The routes you marched, the routes ahead that you failed to, and the still-living enemies that weathered your initial assaults; these shadows will continue to march, and fight, until long after it is done.

Near Light: (600 CP)

Even through the dross that the modern age has dragged over Kazimierz, a certain light sometimes shines through. Carried forth in innocent and noble hearts, fledgling heroes of exalted lineage. Regardless of your descent, a similar gleam shines from you, and this light that shines from you is both figurative and literal. Figuratively, the shine of your personage is that of a knight’s noble bearing; not the cocky boisterousness of the sporting rabble, but the awe-inspiring nobility of the romanticized knights of old, whose mere coattails those pretenders ape at. You are innate nobility, your higher-class presence a shining beacon of a better, more idealized age. To see you march is much alike seeing you heralded by billowing banners of solid light; something which may become literal should you wish it. Indeed, for the more literal shine you give

off is just that; light. You possess potent abilities to manipulate solid light, forming it into structures durable enough to serve as advanced weapons in high-level melee combat, which for their shaped nature can simply be conjured again and again as needed. This blinding radiance you can call can stun others with its shine, seemingly paralyzing those who glimpse it, while it flows around you and takes shape as whatever arms and armor you require.

Sami

Treescar: (100 CP)

Far and away in their isolated villages, the Sami people are far less modernized than the other nations of Terra. More modernized towards the south, their infrastructure is nonetheless lacking, and their technological ability leaves much to be desired. This is no impediment to them, however. While they may not be on the cutting edge of weapons development, they can employ their own means of honing their equipment. Strange runic arrangements that seemingly enhance the quality of their creations, a system you now know well. You can carve or paint primitive looking runes on objects that actually enhance their durability by a noticeable extent, preventing primitively forged metal weapons from becoming brittle in the perilous frost of the north, and making armor much the same. Even if other nations can create wonders of metallurgy and Originium refinement, your honest iron is capable of withstanding clashes with them, and in the right hands may just prevail.

Lakebed Aegis: (100 CP)

A child drops his toy shield into a lake as it freezes over. Decades pass. An adult bores through the ice, retrieves his wooden companion, and embarks on a hero's journey. The people of Sami are hardened by duty, by calamity, and be the land itself, which is mother and trial both. A land where flash-blizzards creep up unawares on lonesome travelers, and where snow-hidden ice breaks beneath one’s feet to plunge them in freezing water. Sudden and quickly changing environmental extremes mean little to you, your hardened body easily weathering the sharp extremes of the weather. A quick dive into a frozen-over lake will pose little danger even from the sheer cold and crushing water, the typical ills that would destroy the more fragile vitalities of others failing to hold you in their grip. And then climbing out of the frozen lake into the snowfields, your body covered in quickly freezing water? Just shake it off. What is pneumonia? Is it a form of demon? You would not know.

Ceremony of Healing: (200 CP)

As the ancient stories say, once, ten thousand years ago, the great bird Valrhvíta menaced the land. Releasing blizzards of feathers like iron and dropping eggs that hatched with the heat and light of suns, the people of Sami were only spared its wrath

by the All-Father who shielded them with his body. Retreating into rest to heal his wounds, he entrusted the people to heal the land in his stead, and so the people of Sami have lived ever since. Your presence has a restorative and reinforcing effect on the world around you, both encouraging the land around you to heal, and strengthening it against corruption and decay. But this is not merely protecting nature from mundane pollution. Just as the priests of Sami have contended with the northern demons for millenia, so too does this extend to the very fraying of the world. Dimensional boundaries are reinforced, and reality is made more stable from the forces that would profane it. Corruptions that exist, so long as they are not too severe, can be purified with your passing. Actually possessing some purifying powers or rites would of course make this a much more dramatic effect, but as it stands you can at least ward away minor demonic intrusions.

Twisted Fate's Mockery: (200 CP)

When fighting the demons, it is common among the most veteran Sami to commit suicide when grievously wounded, to prevent themselves from becoming nourishment for the demons. Sometimes, they cannot manage this in the midst of their fighting, and their hollow corpses and souls find themselves pointed back towards their home. But the same assurance that once gave them strength proves itself as they're finally put out of their misery; even should they fail and become enemies of the world, those who come after shall slay them and take their place. Should you seek to stop something, but falter in your quest and find yourself corrupted and consumed by it, have no fear. Though your corrupted state may not have the faculties to comprehend it, you will find that others will have risen up to take your place. Individuals capable of putting you down, and taking up your place in the fight. Though it may require strange circumstances to really be of use to you, know that you will never be forced to damn the world, for the world will ensure you are rightfully put to rest first.

The Earth Wakes: (400 CP)

Long have the people of Sami dwelt in the hinterlands of the world. At the behest of spirits and the land itself, they've held back the northern demons for millenia, doing through ritual what even advanced nations like Columbia fail to grasp. You're well initiated into the rites of the Sami Snowpriests, knowing well their rites of divination and purification. Benefiting and honing greatly any such natural abilities you possess, they are nonetheless useful tools for those patrolling the borders of civilization and reality. At times the foolish may drag back the unrotting meat from the blackened lands. This is a mistake: The tainted flesh only decays when it knows you are watching, feeding it to the beasts will only starve them and spread the contamination further. Your rites could purify the resulting outbreak however, through both your active participation and the creation of righteous aids. Holy materials can be blessed to purify extradimensional intrusion

even as it melts away tainted flesh and metal like acid, and by scouring a region with the proper observances the foothold of those outer-horrors can be erased. You are far from invincible against the demons themselves, and indeed should beware facing them lest you face corruption yourself, but the taint they spread can be pushed back, the land healed by efforts proportional to their corruption. Specifically, should you have contact with the core of such a demon or intrusion, such as by planting your weapon deep within the physical form they've manifested or possessed, you may perform a spell of exorcism upon them. In moments they will be banished from the world, the corruption they've spread thus far cut back to a massive extent, and made incapable of spreading beyond whatever level it is reduced to. There is no guarantee that you'll survive the last few moments of this horror's defiance, but even then your sacrifice will have spared the world its presence. But remember that as useful as your fight is, you are but one priest. Be wary of believing you can face these horrors alone.

Harbor Resentment: (400 CP)

For generations the Sami have fended off the Northern horrors. They have gotten quite good at it, learning when to kill themselves mid-battle to buy time for the still-living before they're claimed, and when to flee from snow falling upwards. More than this, their warriors have honed their purifying Arts to push back the demons and their hosts. So it is that your powers and attacks are like acid to these extradimensional horrors, burning them away where mindless violence might typically fail. When a putrefying amalgam of bloated corpse limbs is sealed beneath a shaman's ice, only for its shadow to burrow through eyesight and reach for those beyond it, the touch of the brambles you conjure shall burn its tenebrous grip, corral and confine it, and burn out its unholy un-flesh. Like warrior and priest both, to purify this evil is your art. Though you may not be able to salvage lands that are no longer part of this world, the touch of your powers burns at unholy intrusions of this nature, of incomprehensible powers from beyond the world. Perhaps this death is the closest approximate such beings can get to purity, as corroded as they are. Bear in mind that though your powers are like poison to these abominations, you still shouldn't bite off more than you can chew. You aren't a one man army just because you're finally holding a weapon.

Winterfall: (600 CP)

It is well known that Samivilinn has Its favorites. A beloved warrior granted the vitality of a branch on death's doorstep, and a beloved daughter taught to call the snows to her aid. And to those finally lost, a blanketing goodbye of purifying frost. Like those much loved by the land, who go cloaked in nature's comforting yet lethal embrace, nature is your eternal companion. Winds and all they carry on them, the sand and snow, and all the fruit of the sky, the rain, the snow, the hail, both precede and follow you. Great forces of nature whirl to obscure your comings and goings from enemies, and

waylay them by means of natural deterrents. Hostile natural conditions assault your foes and confound their efforts, even as they cover for you and your escape. Inexplicable strokes of fortune are carried towards you by nature's currents, and against unnatural perversions of the world, the world offers what resistance it may. Perhaps there is no saving you or others from that tenebrous corruption from beyond, but the land itself may weep for you, and offer burial in cleansing frost, preserving in death whatever human dignity might remain.

Sami's Language: (600 CP)

The land is a living being. This is more true to the people of Sami than to any environmental scientist or philosopher; the priests of Sami commune with the land, beseech the very trees to uproot themselves and move, and receive auguries to guide their migrations. The people love the land, and the land loves the people. Wherever you go you may commune with the land around you, and receive much information. Information about the past, the present, and even the future. Ask not the people - you need not abhor or avoid them, but they will tell you nothing. Not directly at least, for they can at least serve as an indirect hint as to the land's health, but they are not themselves the subject of this communication. You must observe the land, take in the shape of the place, how it moves and breathes. Walk in the brightly lit places, and the darker ones still, and feel the winds blow through you. Seek answers to your questions, questions the land itself may know, and it will somehow communicate them. So long as what you ask took or takes place there it will do its best to accommodate you, sharing with you little bits of information that it thinks in its strange land-like way would be a good answer to you. It will also share with you dangers yet to come, both to yourself, and to it. Treat the land well, and it will treat you well. Should you embark on a dangerous journey into a northern wasteland to face a grievous threat to the land, it would guide you in every step of the way. Guiding you to resources, shelter, clear passings, and away or to threats as needed; the land will see you safely to your quarry, where you will fight for both your future and its. Love the land, and the land shall love you.

Siracusa

It's all About Famiglie: (100 CP)

With a culture so dead set on hustling for power and reputation, defying all rules and laws for personal and familial advancement, is it any wonder that the would-be heirs of these famiglie find themselves with some pretty messed up childhoods, and some pretty broken homes. Hell, sometimes they're the ones dead set on *breaking* those homes. Still, those wacky traumatized heirs come out pretty strong, and now so will anyone you take under your wing, because you've realized just how much more effective your attempts to train and teach others are when you do so with extreme cruelty. The more psychotic the acts you take to drill lessons into people's heads, the

more they tend to stick, and the more those would-be prodigies grow as fighters and schemers. Give your daughter a pet, let her keep it for a year, then force her to burn it alive and she'll become the kind of hardened gangster that can kill anyone if she has to, and will end up a much better fighter once she throws herself into it. The more you stock people up with trauma, the better they become. Broken in more ways than one, but better. Do note, and this is *very* important, that if you push this too far or have nothing else to secure their loyalty, they're very much likely to turn on you for all the abuse you've heaped on them. Especially if they didn't come into your teachings willingly, like if you simply decided yourself to take them under your horrible tutelage. Maybe keep the lessons harsh, but don't go as far as killing your daughter's only pet? Just to look out for yourself in the end.

Wrath of Siracusa: (100 CP)

Hey, Tony, these fuckin' Gauls are puttin' chocolate on our pasta! The social order of Siracusa is at once absolutely rigid, and a complete damn farce. Step on a taboo, and wind up dead in an alleyway. You can do all sorts of things outside of that, but once an invisible line in the sand has been crossed, you're outta luck. And because Siracusa is a madhouse, those taboos can get downright stupid. Selling chocolate on pasta as 'authentic' Siracusan cuisine? Heads will roll. When it comes to getting people riled up and ready to put the hurt on some poor bozo, there are few better than you. Rabblerousing and jockeying people around, whether you're complaining about some nonsense someone said or talking about how they fuck up everyone's favorite food dishes, you can get a lot of angry people motivated to kill people very, very quickly. Sure, you're not exactly kickstarting a revolution, but when you want some fools to bust up a shop for fucking with your pasta, you can get the job done quick.

Blood Ledger: (200 CP)

There's an order of operations in Siracusa. People die every day, but there's a rhyme and reason to it. You don't just walk up and kill off a couple of shopkeeps who've paid their rightful protection money. Honest right-thinking murderers like you know that that kind of bullshit doesn't fly. Whenever an enemy slights you by harming or killing one of your allies, or by killing neutral parties whose deaths you disapprove of, a new vigor comes over you and your allies. The call for blood for blood settles in your veins, pushing you all to move faster and hit harder when fighting to mete out punishment for those slights. Hell, if there are other neutral or allied parties in the area, you may even find them coming in as unexpected backup, called to action by the blood debt your hapless enemies keep accruing. Mind you, this isn't an infinitely increasing buff to you; it can only push you so far beyond your usual abilities. But some poor sod killing more and more of your men will just make that debt harder and harder to pay off, with you and your boys still hitting harder and harder even with subsequent fights.

The Great Game: (200 CP)

Life in Siracusa is all about power. Power of the individual certainly plays into things, but mostly the power of one's connections. Alliances brokered and schemes plotted, everyone from the lowliest officers to the greatest mob bosses are looking for ways to consolidate their power and reputation, building them off of a pile of broken promises and bodies. Even the gods of this land are much the same, immortal and unable to kill one another, they instead plot through mortal proxies to diminish one another's power and maneuver their kin into fates worse than death. Hell, those scheming gods sometimes manipulate those scheming mortals, who in turn rarely manage to outmaneuver their patrons and screw over their games. Raised amongst schemes and plots aplenty, you're exceptionally skilled in a specific kind of scheme; the kind that ends with one your victim still alive, but much lesser than they were before. Whether it's crippling their personal abilities, or destroying all the progress they've made towards some goal, or eroding the stability of the powerbase they've established for themselves, you're capable of identifying the weak links in these things and constructing the sorts of schemes that take all those precious things away while leaving your unwitting victim alive and screaming. Of course this often takes a little bit of research to figure these things out, and a lot of legwork once you identify those weaknesses and all the moving parts at play, but once you have the ball rolling you just have to commit to ruining someone's life's work.

Ostensibly Omertà: (400 CP)

There are things in Siracusa that one does not speak of. The government, the authority projected to the world to lend the state its legitimacy, is just a cloth draped over the round table of the Grey Hall, the loose alliance of local mafia families. Just as well there are events in the inter-family interactions that should not be spoken of, from the average secretive goings on of the made men, to entire family purges. Just as well there are figures of such danger, such professional slaughter, that they are spoken of in fear. Whatever your exact role in the criminal underworld may have been, you've definitely done *something*. It may be wrought with misunderstandings and the exaggerations of hearsay and drunken retellings, but in this and all future worlds you'll have some significant past with the criminal underworld. The kind that leaves with both connections to a specific and powerful criminal entity, like a particularly powerful mafia family whose actual main family you know personally, and a downright fearful reputation, such that you might be seen as a mass-slaughterer that could take a whole family out by yourself. Hell, depending on your purchases that last part may be true, but even if you're just some courier here to deliver a package, any and every gangster around is going to be shitting themselves when you show up asking for them to sign off on your delivery.

Perfectly Irrational: (400 CP)

You… the way you look at friends and unstoppable foes alike, throw yourself into lethal fights, refuse the barest necessities to get back at the clawing and slashing sooner; *just what the hell did your parents teach you?* Well, far be it from me to ask, but it's a disconcerting thing nonetheless. You know, the absurd stamina you seem to have for fighting and killing, enough to run marathons of slaughter as if the bloodshed were fuelling you. Not only the physical stamina to fight far beyond what should be a human's limits, but the mental stamina to try going even further. Much more mental stamina for slaughter, honestly. While you may not necessarily have the bodily stamina to manage it uninterrupted, if you truly got yourself hyped up, and with the right steps on your part like taking a bite out of wildlife or a nap here and there, you could keep a single on-and-off fight against an immortal monster going for three straight months. Granted, you'd likely need to mash it up good to get some minor periods of rest in between when it comes back at you, and find something else to kill and eat while killing it, but if you really hyped yourself up and cut loose, you could kill and kill (or just *try* to kill) for months on end without any mental fatigue or long-term physical degradation.

Wastelands Overgrown: (600 CP)

The world was once ripe with mighty and esoteric beings, great demons and immortal monsters both. Mankind has killed most of them. Did you think those few who remain would forget this? Even should they push it out of mind, none can mistake the mad fervor mankind is capable of, that screaming psychosis that roots in the mind and drives a broken soul to look upon an immortal foe and exult in knowing that they can kill them over and over again. But is that chaos not what makes one moment in eternity stand out so well? It's a fascinating thing, what a little insanity can manage. When you manage to impress true monsters, those immortal things that have grown so disconnected from life and death over the course of their long eternity, you can coerce them into your employ. Whether your achievements have earned their respect, or your personality has moved their heart, they may react with anything from cold curiosity to fond amusement, but they will become amenable to joining your cause and working under you.

Wolf and Fang: (600 CP)

Siracusa is home to gods unlike those great Feranmuts and their reality bending powers. Truthfully, beings like them can be found in many places, but usually they keep themselves separate from the world of man. The Signori dei Lupi are a clan of immortal wolf-like spirits, able to blend within shadows, and are immortal and tireless. No matter what happens, they cannot be killed, not even by one another. All the same, no matter how long they tear into or are torn into by another, never will they begin to tire and slow their assault. To get around their immortality, they play a great game. Elevating a single

mortal champion into a Fang, they offer support in exchange for their slavery, pitting their Fangs against each other in competitions of dominance. They do not respect the civility and weakness of man, but one thing they respect is madness, enough that in the right circumstances the usual relationship can flip. And perhaps you went quite mad, if only for a time, as you've deeply impressed one such being that has since become separate from his old pack. Your spiritual guardian is immortal and tireless, and capable of both dematerializing and blending into shadows. It can exist both within and as two dimensional shadows on the ground, or take the form of a massive shadowy monster, closer to the size of a truck than a normal wolf. It can also simply appear as a large but mundane wolf, should it please. Just as well it can reveal itself selectively, preventing interference from others, though doing so in combat is somewhat tricky. It lacks notable powers compared to a Feranmut, but the Wolf Lord is a tireless pursuer; unless it is slapped across the horizon it will continue to attack, and that reprieve is only for the time it takes to sprint back from where it landed. Of note is that there are many kinds of Beast Lords, representing many different mundane animals. We've seen proud lions, and a particularly hip penguin who decided he liked keeping with the times. Your spiritual friend could be anything from a great winged hawk of fire, to a shadowy serpentine horror. Also, you may decide the level of independence your new guardian possesses, whether it acts perfectly on your orders, or if it is a wild thing that lashes out at anything that attacks you without your input.

Laterano

Laterano Living: (100 CP)

Lateran culture is a hell of a ride, and there are some aspects of it that its natives wouldn't be caught dead lacking in. As a well to do member of society, you've executed your civic duty and became skilled in a number of important skills for any citizen of Laterano. The first is gun handling and care. You're already notably decent at the handling of firearms (and one specific type especially) by Sankta standards, which generally means that you might as well be working magic by the standards of any non-Laterans who get their hands on guns. If your gun was a high enough calibre, or just explosive, you could course-correct yourself after being thrown into the air to land on your feet by using the recoil of your gun to reorient yourself midair on pure instinct. This also includes the mechanical aspects of firearms, and how to disassemble, repair, improve, and possibly manufacture more firearms. This obviously applies to the firearms of this world, but similar ballistic principles are understood by you as well. The second skill is the all-important art of dessert making. Not only do you understand the blanket principles behind several confectionary schools such as the making of cookies, cakes, cold treats like ice creams, syrups, and even candies, but you have a handful of personal recipes that are *exceptionally* delicious. These are the sorts of matters the Pope and his cardinals convene on, after all. Finally, you are skilled in the art of arm

wrestling. Grip technique, finger work, when to push and when to hold your ground; your technique in arm wrestling is so advanced that you can actually reliably beat others of notably (but not extremely) greater strength than you. As you grow in physical power, so will an invisible well of power grow within you that only truly shines in matters of arm wrestling. With enough strength, and another titan of strength to challenge, your arm wrestling may eventually damage large buildings.

Still The Same: (100 CP)

So, you're living in Laterano, enjoying the good life. Then, while lying in bed, the house next to you explodes. This is fine; something is always exploding here. Guns are also being fired, too. That part never ends. Good thing you can practically filter out the harmless chaos surrounding you, letting you go about your day to day without being startled by any buildings getting bombed in the distance. Of course, your trained ears don't just mindlessly filter out all loud noises, not in a way that could lead you to missing something; rather, it is easy to discern the dangerous from the silly and inconsequential, and a gunshot ringing out in the distance will not be dismissed by your senses if it turns out to be a more grim affair than what makes up typical Laterano living. I suppose it's certainly a strange superpower, being able to tell if that explosion in the distance was a harmless prank or a terrorist attack. Just how used to this nonsense are you to be able to tell the difference?

Empathy by Shotgun: (200 CP)

Life in Laterano is unlike life anywhere else. Granted, that's mostly because everyone living there is insane, but that in itself seems to be culturally supported. Still, for as many explosions go off in a day, and how much of the national budget is used up on city repairs, life continues unimpeded. You are capable of arranging situations, laws, and regulations balanced in such a way that, while allowing for often chaotic and destructive fun and freedom, nonetheless continue to function. Built to preemptively take such madness into account, you could set up a civilization under your control such that it not only got off its feet and worked to achieve a level of stability, but maintained that stability through the expenses and chaos you permit its people to engage in. On the more streetwise side of things, you'll find that the more allowances you make towards others regarding their disorderly and chaotic tomfoolery, the more those same people will be willing to follow the law where it actually matters. People may do some stupid stuff, but with the right spirit they'll at least keep it from hurting others.

Benches for All: (200 CP)

It was the decision of the Sankta to extend their rights to others who sought shelter in their holy city, and while you may see deficiencies in the grace of Laterano, places where things could be better or where the olive branch has yet to be extended,

you have certainly taken the principles of this mercy to heart. Be it from your kindness, charisma, or simply the sight of you inspiring others to follow along, but you are something of a uniter among disparate people made to live together. A well meaning cardinal once brought peace and even love between Sankta and the one people they are not supposed to mingle with; the Sarkaz. By living alongside two distinct groups forced by circumstances to share living space and a tenuous peace, you can slowly smooth over those points of contention and cause genuine bonds to begin forming between the two sides. Individuals will always be individuals, so hatreds may develop between clashing personalities, but baseline presumptions of hatred will fall away over time as, within the span of only a few years, two peoples who would have previously burned each other on the pyre will have developed intricate webs of friendship between them all, coming to form a singular community that views one another as equals. Tragically, this takes some time to reach true peace; memories of painful lives and buried prejudices may yet linger in the recesses of others' hearts for quite some time. Beware the machinations of those who would seek to disrupt the peace you foster, by mundane machinations, or psychic intrusion.

From The Notarial Hall, With Love: (400 CP)

The Lateran Constitution grants the Sankta 13 inalienable rights. Or originally it was 'Sankta', not 'Lateran citizens'. Now don't get it twisted, the Lateran government extends these same rights to all citizens, it's just that the Sankta, with their oddities concerning empathic senses and firearm attunement, tend to necessitate deeper engagement with facets of Lateran culture. And don't go thinking 'inalienable rights' means 'things that only apply in-house'. No, the Lateran government is *very* committed to making sure its citizens continue to enjoy their rights abroad. Whether it's against criminal enterprises or foreign powers, the Lateran Notarial Hall *can and will* deploy Executors to rescue any of its people being held hostage, recover the bodies and Patron Firearms of any deceased, and generally protect the guaranteed rights of their people. This often isn't fast enough to prevent tragedies; quick and dirty crimes that blow over before word can get out and deployment can happen will of course leave victims, but so long as there's a standing issue Sankta can be sure that the Notarial Hall will get involved. And just like with Laterano, any nationality and factional allegiance you nominally belong to will be decidedly interested in protecting your rights in any international contexts. Regular checks will be done to verify your status and ensure that you're meeting the minimum expected rights, and international incidents that you're embroiled in will have the hanging sword of whatever foreign powers shield you looming over you, which isn't necessarily enough to save you from people you've pissed off, but may win you some better treatment if your presence in a problem is only incidental and the situation allows for it. Now, this doesn't make you invincible and these polities won't necessarily threaten war over you, especially if you've really cocked things up over

there. What you can rely on though is the deployment of a few highly skilled killers ready to make sure you aren't being trampled on without due cause.

Pious Follower: (400 CP)

Laterano preaches many things. Tolerance, empathy, snacks, explosions. But something you don't often hear preached is forgiveness. This is not to say there is none to be found there, but that it is usually a mere outcropping of human empathy… or the machinations of an unseen plan. Whatever the case, you'll find that your actions are highly unlikely to see you forsaken by others. Vile acts won't immediately have you condemned by your allies, and you won't be left behind merely for failing to reach a certain standard. This even applies to more abstract matters as well. You would be surprised to learn just how arbitrary a Sankta's fall can be. Or rather, their refusal to fall. Sometimes, for reasons none can know, the Law will permit a given Sankta to break its commandments without penalty. The reason for this is unknown, but, assuming you were a Sankta, it is something you could experience as well. Even should an act strip you of a deity's grace and have them exile you from the powers they've granted you, you would retain that light even through flagrant violations of that taboo. Do take care to distinguish what forgiveness is given out of compassion, and what is given out of pragmatism.

The Holy Fax: (600 CP)

In the years to come, the Lateran Pope will begin intensifying his calls for international cooperation and peace. Really intensify them. No longer motivated solely by his altruism and goodwill, but because he has received the Holy Fax. The Law shall make its will known to him, and it shall forewarn him of calamity… of some kind. Which calamity? Okay listen, there's a LOT that might go down in a few years, but the important part is that the scenario calculation capabilities of the PCS System are functioning properly. Sorry, that may have come out of left field, don't worry about it. Basically, all you need to know is that when some great apocalyptic event is looming over the horizon, you will receive some kind of forewarning of it. It will not necessarily speak to you of the nature of the problem, but may convey an approximation of its scope, at least in terms of who all it may affect. Typically everyone. These premonitions will always find you at least a few years beforehand, giving you a short window to try and prepare or get everyone else on board with your plans. You may receive an additional reminder as it draws closer, but other than this, you're pretty much on your own.

Tower of Revelations: (600 CP)

While religion is nothing unique to Laterano, it is nonetheless notable for being a nation built wholly on its back. Unlike the quaint affairs of private belief in other nations,

Laterano is very much a religious state. But even for the earnest belief of its citizens, few would realize how closely their ‘god’ involves itself in their lives. Truth be told, there is a ‘will’ behind the Law they worship, or at least parameters that guide its ineffable and inhuman decision making processes. Currently attendant to no other goal than the long-term preservation of the Sankta, and for that goal defense against the oncoming calamities it has predicted. To that end, it is known to elect Saints; figures who it has calculated possess great value towards fulfilling its inscrutable goals, and who it elevates in status so they may better exercise their judgement in averting disaster. Similarly, in this and every Jump you will find yourself the subject of a single god or godlike being’s attention. This being will determine that you and your continued existence are instrumental to their plans, and will thus seek to preserve your safety. If applicable, they will heap blessings on you befitting your new station, and will have you formally declared their chosen one in some capacity, affording you status in whatever civilization they preside over. While the most obvious choice in this world would be the Law, which would bestow upon you the title of Saint and annoint you as one of the leaders of Laterano and the Sankta, you may theoretically choose a different divine figure. Note that the exact nature of your relationship with your sponsor may depend on their personality and what kind of god they are; the Law is a distant and coldly logical will which acts out of pragmatism, but a certain priestess in Kjerag has a much more personal relationship with her more friendly goddess, who masquerades as her mortal attendant. Indeed, such is your affinity with your divine sponsor that should the worst come to pass, and some external force were to commandeer and control the deity that has blessed you, your voice may yet reach them and argue against their current state, convincing them to accept destruction over continuing to act against you and their former interests.

Leithanien

Classical Arts: (100 CP)

To call music important to Leithanien culture would be an incredible understatement. Excellence in these arts can be found on all levels, displayed freely and enjoyed by all. The wealthy nobles sponsor the development of the most talented commoners, while less talented commoners nonetheless revel on the streets with casual song and dance. It's a majestic and beautiful parade all throughout this land. Hell, even the national constitution is an orchestral arrangement, one that’s so long that it's impossible to actually perform. It’s also a nation spanning psychic entity, but that’s irrelevant. As a scholar of the musical arts, and perhaps musical Arts, you’re a master of the more classical musical instruments, and a prodigy in all other matters of music. You might need to familiarize yourself a bit with the more modern or exotic implements of genres, but your tentative experimenting isn’t going to be spent fumbling around in the dark. You’re a musical prodigy, and the music is in your blood. Well, one way or another.

The Other Classical Arts: (100 CP)

There is a mysterious link between Arts and music, one that isn't fully understood, but which has led to the two becoming intimately entwined in Leithanien thought. Indeed, these disciplines are not so distant in these lands, where music is often the medium by which Arts are cast. The lyrical and instrumental components that comprise song also serve as helpful mnemonics for the workings of magic, and through their interrelation in this school, skill in one lends itself to skill in the other. Or rather, the more nuanced and skilled a musician you are, the more dextrous and forceful the workings of your Arts shall be. Of course, for their relation, you are also trained in using music itself as a casting method, allowing you to cast Arts through musical components, adding an additional vector to their effects, and allowing you to intuitively rely on skill in one to make up for gaps in the other.

September Revolution: (200 CP)

When the Twin Empresses cast down the Witch King, destroying his corporeal form, they put an end to his reign of tyranny. Basking in the adulations of the masses, they committed themselves to undoing the works of the former tyrant, distancing themselves as much as possible from his reign. They undid the meritocratic style of government, restored the old aristocracy, undid the sponsorships that made education possible for the lower classes, and began to fiercely censor any remnants of his regime. And the people love them. You'd be surprised what you can get away with with good publicity. As long as you're visibly opposing something bad, or whatever you're opposing has such visible negative qualities, then people will tend to brush over all the sticky parts of that situation, like whatever good you're also undoing by opposing it. To vilify those who oppose you is only natural; history is written by the winners, and whatever virtues or boons your opponent offered the people will little matter when you fan the flames over their more unfortunate qualities.

Direction of Exploration: (200 CP)

The shadow of the Witch King hangs heavy over Leithanien even now, but that isn't *entirely* a bad thing. As the world's greatest caster, and someone who, for all his madness, valued ability and competence above all else, Leithanien enjoyed a standard of education unparalleled through much of the world even then. Now, after his death and with the ensuing peace, this has continued in a rich academic tradition, with grand universities and their gothic spires accepting students of all subjects even now. How could you not excel, raised in such an atmosphere of educational excellence? Any ventures into the world of academia would be fortunate ones, as you have all the natural aptitudes that make for academic learning, both receiving and giving. You're an adroit student in the sphere of classroom learning, or other similar instructional methods, and

just as well for your familiarity with the process, the lectures and lessons all, you can similarly convey your own knowledge in just the same way. Parsing what would make for an evenly paced curriculum wouldn't be difficult at all, with how familiar you are with the best of the best.

Voice of the World: (400 CP)

It all comes back to music. Be it creation, destruction, preservation, or defilement, all the mightiest acts in Leithanien come through in majestic, godly song. Somewhere in your mind, or perhaps comprising the structure of it, is a melody. One quite like one of two others, of which you may choose. Whether you are hosting a fragment descending from the source, or your mind is simply structured alike it, this mental music residing within you bolsters your capacity for both musical and magical endeavors, making both *even more* intuitive than they may already have been. As for the specifics of your soul's music? Your first option is the golden melody of the Güldenesgesatz. A shining psychic beacon like a golden sunrise, this vast movement lends itself to the enforcement of stability and order over the world. To call upon its power is to shine with the light of order, so radiant that when in concert with other users you can paint the sky in the hues of false daylight simply for wielding your Arts. It is capable of great destructive blasts, as well as shielding fields of force which repel both physical and psychic intrusion, potentially allowing you to wall off an entire section of a city from a sudden spike of mental pollution descending from an adjacent dimension. Under these rays of light dawning, the minds of others are made sacrosanct in order's embrace, and you can just as well sanctify agreements, making those who willing swear by it more unwilling to break faith with their oaths. The second option is the chaotic orchestra descending from the Witch King, which his followers take as remnants of his consciousness. It is a chaotic melody, one which also protects your mind, but in the sense that it is so agonizing to experience that it repels all intrusion, those who touch upon your mind reeling with psychic disorientation. Even if merely externalized in audible form, its screeching chaos will drive wild beasts away in pain and terror. Rather than conferring great or immediate power, this arrangement doubles down on your proficiency with magic and music, such that you can quickly analyse an example of one or the other, dissect its constituent components, and begin twisting it as though it were your own working. This obviously requires more time, power, effort, and observation the greater the thing you wish to subvert, but it is within your power to skillfully rewrite symphonies that last days in length, or to peer so closely into even Originium that you glimpse the designs of its true creator. Lastly, like the Witch King, these cursed echoes that now comprise your mind form a simulacrum of yourself in those who internalize it. Those who learn a great deal of the music within you, such as by learning it after you've written it down, find it taking root in them. A fragmented copy of yourself, growing and seeking to take control of them. You cannot truly revive from death through these fragments as

they are but pieces of you, but if those bearing them cannot muster the will to resist, then they will become but conduits for your knowledge and power to express itself in the world, ultimately possessed by a lesser copy of you and your goals.

Lingering Echoes: (400 CP)

Many cultures have approached Arts from different perspectives; founded different schools by which to study and teach them. Columbia approaches the topic from a more scientific perspective, one which is gaining traction, but Leithanien Arts abound with a sense of mysticism. Powerful Casters don't merely fling sums of energy in a direction and call it a day. No, they achieve stranger effects by far. This likely derives from the fact that Arts were initially taught to Leithaniens by the Lich Sarkaz, but this is of little consequence now. You are extremely skilled at bending magical or energy-manipulating abilities towards more abstract effects than most bound by scientific presumptions would manage, or even conceive of as possible. You might be able to craft long-term hauntings bound to a location whereby fog and illusions continue to prey on the emotions and lifeforce of interlopers for years after your death. Hell, you might even curse your name, to bring misfortune to any who carelessly speak it, such that with enough power even years after your death your name will be treated as too risky a thing to speak aloud. In your hands, Arts quickly become a much more esoteric threat than most would ever think, far more like the abstract witchcraft the less civilized might take it for.

Triplet Empresses: (600 CP)

For all the positive changes he brought to Leithanien, the Witch King was possessed of an undeniable madness. Or perhaps it was merely an elevated perspective on the world's true nature? Regardless, even his once-allies the Liches turned against him, and lent their mysterious Arts to a shadowy attempt at usurping him. Combining many styles of powerful Arts and technologies, secretive rebels created the Twin Empresses who would replace him. Designed with a fraction of his own Arts, they were purpose built to counter his abilities, and in lethal combat the two of them proved sufficient to neutralize and then kill him. Whoever may have done it, you, too, seem to have been made with a singular purpose. Specifically, you seem purpose built to counter and shut down the powers of a singular target. Against them, their powers fail to gain purchase on you as strongly as they should, your own attacks biting deeply of them, rendering their death a far simpler thing than it should be. This is not enough to completely cross an extreme gulf in power; the Witch King's soul, in his place of power, could defeat the Twin Empresses, but it was a fight severe enough to render him vulnerable to followup attempts to destroy him. Every Jump you may choose another individual to have seemingly been purpose-made to counter in this fashion.

Horn of Genesis. (600 CP)

They say that occasionally a one in a million talent is born, but many billions have been born, and there has only ever been one Witch King. Yours is a mind of singular, prodigious talent. When it comes to the execution of magic and magic-like systems, your mind is unrivalled. You grasp magical information with disturbing ease, absorbing and retaining instruction so readily that, were you to start your education young, by the time you become a grown man you could be said to have mastered all commonly known forms of Arts. While you must still work with whatever level of power you possess, such is your understanding of that power, and skill in allocating and manipulating it to various ends, that you can outperform entire groups who eclipse you in experience and power. Whether it's in personal usage or in the creation of long-term edifices, the breadth of your knowledge springs to you as reflexively as breathing, leaving nothing you've learned out of mind when you need it. Such is your sheer aptitude that, assuming someone was willing to teach you, you could initiate into and master powers that typically depend on special bloodlines to even use. Even the witchcraft of the Sarkaz, which is commonly impenetrable and incomprehensible to those without the natural abilities of their respective Sarkaz clan, can be taught to you, until you reach the point where you're able to advance in them on your own. If you coupled this pure skill and aptitude for such arts (and Arts) with raw power, you could easily go down as one of the greatest casters in Terra's history. It may take years of study, and strain even your great mind, but with enough work and research in a given system, you may well reach the point where you can identify the basest unit comprising the system you're working with, and investigate the secrets of its innermost nature and true origins. Though unknown to others, the Witch King once did the impossible; without any connection to its creators, he peered deep into the essence of Originium itself, and commanded it to give up its secrets. Thus did he learn through his own merit of the Creator, and their plans for Terra. Perhaps you'll have better luck than him in actually addressing the problems you discover.

Sargon

Fire Within the Sand: (100 CP)

The deserts of Sargon are some of the hottest locations on Terra. Hell, its hottest spot was created by a fracture in space-time that rendered unto dust everything for miles around in a great cataclysm. It is, just as well, overwhelmingly barren outside of certain lush settlements secured through conquest. One doesn't survive in a place like this without being able to take the heat, and you're just enough of a desert-adapted survivalist to manage that feat. You can survive on absurdly minimal amounts of food and water, and even continuous exertion combined with blistering heat won't prove any danger to you. In fact, you're able to weather extreme heat and sunlight with relative comfort, being completely fine where others would be exaggeratingly claiming that

they're dying. In order to really feel that kind of fatigue and the effects of that desert heat, you'd need to commit to some serious exertion, and even it wouldn't exacerbate it to any dangerous levels.

Adventure Cannot Wait: (100 CP)

The lands of Sargon are hot, dry, and unforgiving in their ever-shifting shapes. Burning sands blow across fierce winds, burying ancient tombs and cities, and with them, ancient secrets. Sounds like a quick buck, no? You're quite the tomb raider and treasure hunter yourself. From the beginnings of scanning through legends and folklore for hints of things that may be true, to correlating their passages with tangible evidence like local traditions and historic geography, you can easily locate the rough locations of some serious archeological finds. Of course, this isn't an entirely clean skillset. You're also skilled in breaking into ancient sealed vaults and tombs, recognizing, disarming, and even dodging defensive traps, as well as all manner of other useful skills like not breaking fragile flooring while moving over it, or keeping your lightsource lit while moving around in stale air. If it's a skill that comes in handy plundering ancient graves, you've definitely got some serious experience with it. I'm sure the historians would love you. Or try to kill you. Guess it depends on what you're doing with this, honestly.

Jump-iner: (200 CP)

Terra is home to many strange materials, and many are either made partially of Originium, or else interact curiously with it. As a crystalline material, is it any wonder that it pairs so well with gems of different kinds? Or rather, that skill in working with Originium circuits would pair well with gemcraft? The ancient artifice that made the Immortals may require some study and polishing of your skills, but you are incredibly skilled in all the various techniques of Sargonian gemcraft, techniques which can work gems in all sorts of strange ways, causing such extreme changes as fusing gems together or further purifying them. In addition, you can use gemstones as materials to hold circuitry in place, which will somehow massively increase the efficiency and conductivity of said circuits. Naturally, this pairs extremely well with the malleability of gemstones in your hands, with which you can layer circuitry over a gemstone, then coax its substance to form another layer over it, over which you can engrave another circuit, and so on.

Aslanian Conquest: (200 CP)

Sargon's legacy is one of ancient conquest. It is often considered the cradle of civilization, whose early delineations of territory mark it as one of the earliest and most expansive empires in history. Even its most notable historic ally, the Nightzmoran Khaganate, is known for a great conquest which burned down the vast majority of the world, overthrowing social orders and governments on a global scale through sheer

conquest. In spite of the fierce resistance, in spite of the unforgiving desert, in spite of all the minute problems that should have made it impossible, Sargon not only thrives, but builds its prosperity over the conquest of *fucking dirt*. The kinds of tenacity you display are simply quite frightening, The strength and intellect to survive in the desert now lends itself to matters of logistics, allowing you to plot large and small-scale operations to both traverse and claim even the most barren and hostile territories, as well as the organizational structure to make something livable out of it all. After all, you could roll your squads out into a desert, mine some local resources, and create a livable fortress in little time at all.

Tales Within the Sand: (400 CP)

Many have obtained immortality in this world. Some sought it for themselves, some sought it for their duty. The craftsmen of Sargon once augmented mighty warriors to withstand eternity, their bodies remaining eternal. Through what may have been a truly horrifying process, you have become one such Immortal. Your original flesh and bones remain in some spots, but in others have been both augmented, gilded, and outright replaced with bright gold and brilliant gems, leaving you perhaps more artifice than man. You may be left with sections of golden skin, or might have an entirely more robotic look. Some might consider you a mummy of sorts, or perhaps a partially organic golem, but regardless, the benefits of this state, as well as what may be seen as costs, are immense. Physically, your strength is vast, with your ground-cracking strikes being capable of forcing even strong foes back, assuming they're durable enough not to be obliterated. Your flesh-and-gold form is similarly durable to conventional damage, with your enhanced body and internals acting as high-quality armor before actually even putting any on. You may also heal your body by absorbing the lifeforce of those nearby, their vitality bolstering yours as they are wounded and killed, turning your own offense into a self-sustaining rampage. But for this immortality, you are limited as well, at least without anything that might circumvent this. You have something resembling vitals. Your mind has been stored in five special gems throughout your body, each a masterwork of Originium circuitry containing the sum total of your thought processes. They animate your form; so long as you have one within, you are capable of animation and remain aware of who you are, though your memory of specific details like where you left a given treasure may elude you. With more of the gems within you, you will find your mind pure and uncorrupted by the ravages of time, and even highly resistant against external influences such as demonic corruption. If none are in your body you will deactivate, requiring one of the gems to be reinserted into you to resume operation. If this does not occur quickly or you end the Jump in this state, this will count as a death and potential Chainfail, unless you have another means of retaining operation past this. The benefits of this state are great, but remember well that while you are not some rancid and rotting

corpse, you are not truly a living, breathing being. Not the way you once were, anyhow. Post-Jump this state may be toggled.

Kindred Soul: (400 CP)

Legends tell of a great warband that once ravaged the continent, an eternal conquest led by the Nightzmoran Khagan across all of Terra. And when this living conquest of a man led his nation-toppling warband to Sargon, the Shahanshah was wise and threw his arms open in welcome. He treated with the Khagan, and both found kindred spirits in one another. Instead of coming to blows, they joined forces in one of the greatest alliances in history, and set out in search of a worthy foe of their combined might, a friendly rivalry that would see both of them doing the impossible. Of course, many grew displeased with certain behavioral changes in their leaders coinciding with this friendship, but such detractors were cowards. When you join in friendship and rivalry with another partner, and find yourselves truly pushing yourselves to match and surpass one another, you will find your abilities skyrocketing as your conflicts and revelries refine one another. Hand in hand, sword against sword, against each other, against the world; strive in conflict to be worthy friend and foe to one another, and your powers shall only grow greater, until legends are cemented of your mutual glories.

HOTLANDS in YOUR Area: (600 CP)

When the Shahanshah and Khagan joined forces and pushed back the evil from the south, they waged war unlike any since then, against a foe unlike any before. Taking mystical sword and illusory Arts to a foe without form or substance, they slaughtered the demons, breaking time and sacrificing their places in the world to rid the world of them. In this manner, they forever banished those evils from Sargon, but also disappeared from the world forever more. But what of it? What glories are won without struggle, without trial, without tribulation? So long as you have the vigor to suffer for your victory, to sacrifice of yourself and what is yours, the end result of your hard-won victories will be self evident. When the Shah and Khagan gave their lives they set the course of history, and since that day not a single non-human threat has set foot in Sargon. The more you sacrifice, the more permanent your accomplishments. Yours is not a name that will fade from history.

Enter Eternity: (600 CP)

Lugalszargus, Overlord of Ages, was perhaps the greatest Shahanshah that Sargon had ever known. His military exploits were many, and by allying with the greatest Khagan of all time, the two of them were able to banish the demons of the south forever at the cost of their lives. Such was his power, said to have been owed in part to divine favor, that he came to possess command over life and death itself; the passing of hours. The flow of time is a delicate thing, but you may impede its

movements nonetheless. In minor ways perhaps, but in the heat of battle it is a great boon all the same. Accelerating your movements is a trivial affair, an increase so easy to maintain that it may last you through entire battles activated. Just as well you may briefly stop entire groups of foes in their tracks, rendering them helpless for a brief few moments. By altering the flow of time, you may displace your actions such that a successful block against any of your movements or attacks will be altered, placing you beyond the obstruction as though you'd slipped through, and connecting with a lesser attack where the main one failed. You may also preserve the physical conditions of others for a time, though the extent to which you can manage this will be a matter of practice. Finally, you may reenact the greatest working of the Shah of Past and Future. Truthfully, neither he nor his ally perished, but continue to fight the demons, and one another, eternally. In what will in almost all circumstances be a sacrifice on your part, you may unleash a great power as time momentarily shatters. This will unleash great devastation on the area, potentially on a scale exponentially higher than the usual extent of your power, and possibly expanding even further the more spatial and temporal anomalies are caught in the blast. In truly exceptional circumstances, a territory the size of a nation may be consumed. Such devastation which will clear to reveal that you and whatever you sought to target has been annihilated from this world, perhaps leaving only accessories or weapons of yours on the ground. This only tells one half of the story, however. In truth you and all you targeted will have been pulled into a stable time loop, eternally reviving when killed and trapped forever amongst yourselves. Such is the one-way nature of this loop that even time and reality corroding extradimensional horrors will be unable to escape once caught in it. A portal through which they were previously entering the world would be similarly rendered inert, no longer an applicable entry point to the mainstream reality they sought to infect. The only way to end this loop is for a being from outside of it back in conventional reality to enter it somehow and provide an opening for you to escape, which will finally allow death to claim all who'd died within while you escape back into reality.

Dying in this loop will not end your Chain as it will continue to revive you endlessly. However, remaining in it by the end of a Jump will constitute failure, so think very hard about it before doing this. With time and practice you may uncover other ways to alter time as well, similar in scope to these examples; plenty of smaller personal and group-scale abilities, and the occasional greater technique that can royally screw up local spacetime.

Iberia

DESTREZA DE LA IBERIA: (100 CP)

Few are the honored masters of traditional Iberian swordsmanship. Not because it's a dying art, but because anyone but a native Liberi is derided no matter their excellence, even when they're a prodigy like you. There's something odd about how

your head works, some crossed wires that leave physical movement and mental mathematics innately entwined to you. Not only do you perfectly understand all the numbers behind your physical movements, the angles and velocities, but you can simply finish in-progress equations, in other words your movements, to push your calculations further on how exactly to keep moving, or move next. This particular Synesthesia between physical and mental movement makes the matter of swinging a sword the very means of calculating it, its immediate aftermath, and the next strike. While you may not be the fastest or strongest swordsman, or even the one with the most refined technique, the intuitive spatial awareness and capacity for predictive calculation you have easily lets you lead a fight, mapping out every coming sword clash further and further out the longer you keep locking blades with someone. Keep your mind sharp, hold your ground, don't get overwhelmed, find your rhythm, and eventually every movement will fall into your calculations. And in case it bears mentioning, the actions of those around you are similarly understood to you, as how else would you be calculating their responses? Of course, some things can't really be predicted like this. This is an understanding of vectors, trajectories, and general movement, not precognition. Great for mapping out how someone is going to swing after their last slash was deflected, not for figuring out what that caster is preparing behind you, to say nothing of unpredictable variables that may emerge from those who were otherwise well within your calculations. Stay sharp out there, and take solace in knowing that this also makes you pretty good at dancing. Go figure.

Profoundly Low Expectations: (100 CP)

The Profound Silence changed everything. Iberia's golden age, cast down and tarnished in brine. The people fear and dread it today, even without truly understanding it. And good, for that is what they are told. Squalor, fear, and faith; these are your tools. Not only can you easily dwell in the mires of fear and disrepair, living a ramshackle and suffering existence in a gloomy and destroyed land with little discomfort, but like the Inquisition which rules Iberia, you find that fear is among the greatest teachers. Of faith, of obedience. The Inquisition would certainly love to have you, because by preaching horror into the hearts of the wounded, or wounding them such that they fear you, they will be cowed into complacency. By your hand they shall become dutiful in fearing the outside, and in abhorring the unknown. Though it may take time, and some wills may resist the proper course, the masses can assuredly be laid low, and learn not to reach beyond the limits you ordain.

Full Originium Alchemist: (200 CP)

Many are the applications of Arts which influence the material world. A fighter may manifest a temporary blade or several for their fighting style, and many are the casters who conjure elemental blasts to defend themselves. But these, the traditional

Iberian alchemical Arts, are something else. They are exploration, invention, the pursuit of something new and great. Regardless of your raw capacity for Arts, you're highly skilled in the specific discipline of Iberian Alchemy, and knowledgeable of what it deals with as well. As for what it is? Simply put, it is the usage of Arts to manipulate molecular structures. While other casters might shape stone or conjure phantasms of water, you deal with the very building blocks of material structure, altering the base composition of things in increasingly complex ways. Naturally this means you have a great understanding of chemical processes, but through the artificial means of your alchemy, you're capable of stabilizing otherwise unstable theoretical substances to create miracle materials of countless unknown functions. Iberian Alchemists once created substances that could detect the presence of biological life in the sea, among other wonders. It will take time and diligent (and likely dangerous) study to advance in the field of these miraculous materials, but with enough work, the golden age will return again.

Worship the Flame: (200 CP)

Submit to the trial in fire, and you shall retain your pure human form. Praise the flame! Desperation breeds fanaticism; the history of Iberia in a microcosm. But things can always get worse, and they may. Regardless, in faith new methods can be found, fanatic and gruesome things, but effective all the same. Where monstrosity seeks flesh, meet appetite with flame. So long as it has not been too deeply engrained, inhuman corruption and invasive flesh can be scoured from a body through immolation, the weak infection perishing with scorched flesh while the remainder remains. The invasive cells of the Seaborn, that so typically invade the body and convert it from the inside out, may instead be expunged and purified through your holy work. It may be painful, may leave grievous scars, but when it is one's humanity itself at stake? Should they not give praise to the flame that has healed them?

Requiem Aeternam: (400 CP)

Iberia's war against the Seaborn is a paltry affair compared to what's occurring in Aegir, where they've evolved to withstand veritable superweapons beyond Terra's usual science. Aegirian warmachines destroy Seaborn by the thousands, and the Iberian Inquisition can only slice them apart with swords, and yet when We Many are roused to true warfare, it is not Aegir that they seem to dance around with fear. When you buckle up and simply *kill* something yourself, a lesson is learned. No, you yourself don't learn or evolve the more you kill something; they do. Learn to fear *you*, that is. The more you scythe through a type of creature, the more you leave them staked to a wall on your sword, pile their corpses to burn, and hunt them to last as they slither away to escape your slaughter, the more that kind of creature learns to fear your wrath. Even creatures without enough ego to fear for individual safety, or that totally lack self-preservation instincts will still find themselves becoming increasingly terrified of facing you in battle,

to eventually crippling extents with enough of them simply murdered by your hand. It might be impossible for one man to stand against the apocalypse, but kill enough of the monsters causing it, and eventually that will be their feeling when facing you. Kill enough and one day, dying in battle, your still-standing corpse may forever bar them from approaching.

Lingering Glimmer: (400 CP)

Desperate times call for desperate measures. And when those desperate times ride on the back of a living tidal wave, its water-turning-flesh assimilating everything in its path to fuel its encroachment further on land? The desperate measures taken must be severe. You can pay a grievous price to safeguard humanity; the lower you stoop, the more inhumane your methods grow, and the more the atrocities you willingly meet the opposition with begin to crack at your mind, the more and more effective they will become. Abandon your humanity to save humanity; an ironic prospect, but something that will merit some measure of success. Even should the tide rise up and begin assimilating the very land under your feet, through truly horrific sacrifices you may yet hold back the Seaborn on warpath. Against truly overwhelming and mounting pressure, you may yet still fall, but with grim enough determination you may hold the lid on the apocalypse for far longer than you should by any rights have.

Lonely Elder: (600 CP)

How many years has it been? Since the first disaster? Since the second? Until the next? You don't remember, don't have the luxury to remember. The next wave is approaching; kill the Sea. Against certain demise, there is no bar too low to stoop to. If you wish to end the catastrophe plaguing the land, wish for your home to persevere until the end, then you may make yourself a tragic line of defense. Against a certain foe, you may commit yourself utterly to your war, your battle. You may degenerate your mind, inflicting madness and senescence in yourself, in exchange for massively increasing your ability to hurt, kill, and survive against your chosen foe. The worse you degenerate the more powerful you will become in this way; an already skilled hunter left a nigh-mute berserker could hold an entire invasion route by himself, stalling the entire enemy offensive on that front. And should you fear for your confused mind abandoning the fight, worry not; no madness imposed on you in this way will pull you away from the correct target.

Firstborn: (600 CP)

The Iberian Inquisition is hard at work ferreting out those who'd undermine the social order, and who threaten the very existence of mankind as freewilled beings. The Church of the Deep is pervasive and secretive amongst the flock, and it seems at some point you may have been taken in by a rather scientifically inclined member. One not

merely content to mindlessly assimilate into the swarm, but to understand it, to trace things to the root and find a way to coexist. Through that, they may have engineered their final gift to you. That, or you barged into somewhere you shouldn't have been and ate all those chunks of weird flowing meat and glass vials. Unlike most undifferentiated Seaborn cells, those that entered your body were something special, of a very *particular* Seaborn, but that's not of much concern to you. Seaborn cells did what Seaborn cells do, and assimilated your flesh in whole… but not your mind. Or rather, your mind has retained its independence despite becoming Seaborn. You're not some hybrid, but a fully formed Seaborn, and have unlocked and discounted that Race Add-On for no further cost. Situations pending, but you may run into complications for this fact as will be described below.

Your form is either that of whatever race you previously held, or is a multi-tentacled aquatic horror that nonetheless glides slightly above the ground… while projecting the previously assumed humanoid form to anyone watching. See, the biological functions, and perhaps weaponry, of your specific form are keyed towards strange psychological attacks and manipulations. As an innate ability you're able to manipulate perceptions to a degree, with finesse when doing minor things like disguising or hiding your appearance, and with much less subtlety when going full tilt. With minor effort you can bend perceptions of space and induce vertigo to make foes aim wildly away from you, or cloak your presence to disappear from sight and sound. Unleash a bit more power, and you can induce such spikes of raw emotions like terror as to directly overclock the brain, or induce hallucinations that provoke muscle responses strong enough to cause actual physical damage to the reacting parts. Enough, and you may just leave permanent psychological scarring, if your victims even survive the heart attacks and strokes. Indeed, the mental mutilations you can unleash are potent enough to actually kill victims, their overloaded senses perceiving the twisting and shattering world you reveal to them as entirely real, living through every ounce of pain as they witness delusions of their own flesh dissolving into the murky depths, feeling the brackish waters flood down their constricting throats that now refuse their commands to breath. Effects in between may be achieved, like forcing others to unconsciousness, but this is a rough science and you'll need to practice more precise effects. Those observing closely with the right equipment or abilities will note with no small degree of confusion and horror that these abilities are *not* Arts. These seemingly psychic attacks are carried out through long-distance electro-chemical manipulations that directly affect the nervous systems of your targets; there's no pseudo-magical illusions here, except perhaps in your inexplicable ability to do this at range. Also, regardless of whether you're human-shaped or merely masking your true form, you can also conjure almost ethereal looking tentacles around you, which can be effortlessly hidden with your sensory manipulations. They serve as significant magnifiers for this ability, and especially when in direct contact with others.

While it may not be very relevant to your interests, and will never be needed unless the timeline takes a very dark turn indeed, there is certainly something special about you as far as Seaborn go. Those cells that now make up your body originate from a very special source; a very primal one. A creature long dead, but of such scope that death does not mean what it does for lesser beings. If you were to track down and commune with the corpse that came before, it may avail you of much about your nature, and that of the Seaborn, and what comprises their origins and drives. You may find the Heart that the Sea has lost, and avert a great disaster, perhaps at great cost to yourself. Of course, such things may never come to pass, so long as the Corrupting Heart remains in slumber. Just as well there is the matter of your own connection to the hivemind. Despite your Seaborn flesh your mind is your own, and you are fully capable of wading amongst the Seaborn and perceiving the calls of We Many while maintaining your selfhood. This control can slip though if you willfully immerse yourself too deeply into that song. Stopping the Sea once it has been roused to action may require immersion into it, but such will weaken your independence from the Seaborn collective. Pray you have a strong enough sense of self, or loved ones willing to try and drag you back from a fate that history has left all believing irreversible.

Aegir

LANDDWELLERS: (100 CP)

Of all the things Aegir holds sacred, the human form stands paramount. This is why the Abyssal Hunters were such a blasphemous measure to take, and why it took so long for them to resort to it. But for those who throw away their humanity? Who acquiesce to the alien sea? Hate. There is only hate. And hate you have, for within you is a sense of superiority by which to armor your heart. Against those things you hold yourself above, you may feel such conviction and innate superiority as to shield you from the venom of hesitation, cowardice, and mercy. This scorn is enough even to shield you from the arguments of your enemies and lessers. Sympathizers coming at you with philosophical arguments for the enemy's viewpoint? No, mere traitors giving in to cowardice and spiritual impurity. The words of countrymen revealed to be traitors need not be heeded, because by proving themselves compromised they're incapable of manipulating you. On those points on which you hold nothing but abhorrence and scorn, no manipulations can evoke your sympathy or loyalty.

Just Keep Swimming: (100 CP)

Navigating space is a lot like navigating the ocean. That is, you can't see shit. Usually. As Aegir inherited the technology of those that came from the stars, some among their number possess traits that once made space travel an easily managed task. Simply put, you have an unreal sense of direction and spatial awareness. Even in the context of three-dimensional movement where elevation is a factor such as in space

or underwater, you are perfectly aware of yourself and your surroundings. With things like fragmentary coordinates, vague instructions, and supposed landmarks to look out for, you're capable of traveling from place to place with virtually no issue on your end. Your body automatically recognizes and subconsciously compensates for things like air or water drift, your body or vehicle's natural propensity to lean one way or another, or even the revelation of faulty coordinates or descriptions in order to keep on course without fail. Even exploring things like lightless trenches for the first time is a simple exercise since you simply understand how to navigate them, and can do so with maximum efficiency and without effort, to say nothing of trying to outmaneuver unwanted patrols. This is even useful in combat, with you intuitively understanding the spacing and position of everything around you, from the texture and layout of the floor that might otherwise trip you up, to the position of the super-fast enemy that just rushed into your blindspot.

Marine Trench Warfare: (200 CP)

Despite their seemingly enlightened milieu, the Aegir do not take their military matters lightly. Not only do they make excursions into the ocean depths, not only do they fight in their own cities on solid ground with alternate gravity, but they also had plans to branch out into space before the Seaborn interrupted them. The Sea Patrol must be accustomed to combat in all manner of environments, and so you have a mastery of 3-dimensional combat. Combat zones where enemies aren't just occupying stratified planes you can observe with a glance, but instead could be anywhere at any elevation and positioning, while themselves capable of full-speed movement in any direction. Whether you're occupying that advantage, the enemy is, or both, both taking advantage of your maneuverability and accounting for the enemies is as simple for you as being mindful of your flanks is for other trained soldiers. This also helps to account for other environmental factors you could expect in the environments where this would come into play; the push and pull of ocean currents, and the weightlessness or a vacuum.

Buying Time: (200 CP)

Sustained warfare against the Seaborn is a tricky art. They are constantly and continuously evolving to counter whatever is thrown at them, meaning that anything that isn't a decisive blow will quickly become useless in the future. There is a way, however. By carefully measuring *what* you expose them to in order to prevent them from out-evolving your full arsenal. It may be difficult measuring the boundary between what can be safely given away and what can't, but you're a master of giving an inch without giving a mile. Hints of your capabilities are difficult things to use in predicting your full capabilities, with enemies encountering them being forced to accept that what exactly they've experienced is the limit of their knowledge. As they mount their own pressure to

overcome what they know, you may be forced to reveal more and more of your full capabilities, but you'll never give away the full extent of what you have prepared until the time to use it has come. Naturally, this massively curbs adaptive evolution targeting your means, as your foes only evolve to counter that exact weapon, rather than the full scope of that weapon type its existence should otherwise imply to them.

Traditional Technology: (400 CP)

Stepping from dry land into Aegir is like stepping into an alien world, and rightfully so. As inheritors who stumbled upon the technology of an advanced prehistoric civilization, Aegir's entire tech base and culture have come to revolve around it. And like virtually every single citizen of Aegir, you have an extreme familiarity of this technology, with a particular mastery of either the physical implementation of its known inventions, or an advanced understanding of the more abstract theories they're running under. Such is the quality of life this technology affords that most don't even need to learn how to eat with utensils; food can make its way to the mouth without guidance, clothes can clean themselves while being worn, and even information can be made edible for fast and delicious learning. Impossible cities can be made via gravity manipulating technology capable of lifting the seawater off the ocean floor to create pockets of dryness, or allow for zones where the air can be swam through, the creation of small artificial suns for lighting purposes, and self-replicating nanomachines designed to expand and create an opening in the sky-barrier blocking space flight from Terra. Even low-tech objects like melee weapons can be made in seemingly impossible ways, thanks to low-temperature metallurgy capable of creating artifacts whose angles and interior construction defy conventional understanding, possibly due to spatial warping during the forging process. Entire fleets can be digitized and transmitted as information before being uncompressed into their original shapes, so long as connecting nanomachine structures stretch from point A to point B. Turning towards purely offensive weaponry, projectile micro-singularities are considered non-specialized artillery. None of this technology relies on Originium, and in fact does not incorporate it, with Originium and its mechanisms being a blind spot in this tech base. While this means that actually building any of this anywhere on land will be an exercise in great time and effort, none of it is reliant on such a fickle and hazardous material to function.

353rd Remodeling: (400 CP)

Technology and culture both can head in so many different directions, and especially when they combine as one as in Aegir. But Aegir does not blindly follow the technological foothold they inherited; they also innovate, and prize personal creativity. Statues are public spaces to be redesigned by anyone who wishes to exercise their creative rights. You aren't some blind rube who can't appreciate culture either, as in all matters of creation, creativity is your virtue. Whether it be rote creation, or

groundbreaking invention, you can easily conceive of new directions to take it, to iterate on the previously assumed design to create something different. Naturally, this makes going back a few steps and branching out into a whole new invention trivial, with your science projects now looking more like trees than mere lists, but such is merely the wonder of Aegir, and of the all-too human spirit of innovation they so prize.

Class Fuck-You Weaponry: (600 CP)

The most damning quality of the Seaborn is not how they infect, transform, and turn your friends and family against you. No, it is how, no matter what it is you bring to bear against them, they will somehow evolve to counter it. Well two can play at that game, you goddamn overgrown Fins. A foe who overcomes some invention or creation of yours is a challenge to your brilliant mind, and the presence of such a challenge catalyzes your own fevered inventiveness. New methods and designs with which to counter the counters spring into your mind, and your research and development of them speeds along immensely. Moreover, it seems that your very creations resist the tide of learned advancements; these counter-counter inventions of yours are remarkably successful against whatever iteration or development they were meant to shut down. Even the most minute artifice of yours seems to share this property; while higher and more complex systems must be made with this intent in mind, simpler things such as melee weapons or even just the base properties of materials seem to display these qualities on their own. Even against a constantly adapting or evolving foe, the most basic constructs of yours such as swords and spears continue to slash, pierce, and deal damage to your foes, even as they've already evolved to be able to handle missiles, lasers, and projectile micro-singularities. With you supplying a war effort, and given adequate wielders to hold such barbaric implements, even a war against such monsters as the Seaborn could have its place for such antiquated methods as, "Killing shit with a greatsword," as they say down at the Institute of Scientific Development Planning. Or was it the Institute of Cultural Exchange?

Sea Borne: (600 CP)

Aegir has inherited the mantle of the Predecessors, whose remnant technology has elevated them above all others. Advancing in all sorts of directions, creating all sorts of wonders, there's still one taboo that is dreadfully avoided at all costs. Or at least it was, until necessity reared its ugly head. Genetic tampering is a violation of sacred humanity, but you're living proof of its potential. You have been infused with Seaborn cells, the great enemy of Aegir, but not in any haphazard way. Your tailored biology is one retrofitted for maximum combat ability, leaving you more stable and powerful than most, but leaving you ultimately a hybrid rather than a true Seaborn. This Perk unlocks and discounts the Seaborn Race Add-On for no further cost, but this altered biology will provide you with some complications for the duration of this Jump, as discussed below.

For now, understand that your physicality has been enhanced to the extreme. You're faster and stronger than most beings alive, being able to swing around massive weapons of hyper-dense alloys with the same speed professional fighters might throw out punches, if not faster. And with enough force to tear through support columns with ease, you can easily end up destroying more flimsy structures without meaning to. You're durable enough to withstand fighting at these extremes, and in fact enough that you can easily withstand pressures at the very bottom of the ocean, and that's when you're already wounded. You also possess noteworthy regeneration, such that superficial damage to you repairs even as it happens.

You also possess a very strange regeneration, a result of your Seaborn biology being constrained within set limits. While you still heal at ordinary rates, your cells will also respond to you being wounded by entering an incredibly short state of hyper-accelerated healing. This is enough to heal deep gashes in seconds, but because this is a limited period of regeneration, it may only partially heal severe wounds. But rather paradoxically, because it's prompted by any injury, you could continuously heal yourself by simply harming yourself with lesser wounds such that the regeneration they provoke is net-positive. Yes, you can heal yourself of massive wounds by stabbing yourself with smaller ones. You can also breathe under water, in case you couldn't before. These are your base parameters, however, and you can choose one of two aspects to enhance to extreme levels. You can elevate either your already prodigious strength or your speed, and to such extremes that (in that singular department) your measurements would be off the charts by the standards that Rhodes Island quantifies its Operators on. With brute strength the kind of accidental property damage your swings can incur might legitimately collapse entire forts from simply devastating their support structure so much. There are very few things alive that could overpower you in terms of brute strength at that point. On the other hand, with enhanced speed you would be able to break into a dash or sprint from a standing position that's faster than a crossbow bolt, essentially moving faster than many trained fighters can even perceive for short distances time and time again, attacking all the while. In case it bears mentioning, you also have training for applying these talents, and fighting in general, in underwater contexts.

Such benefits in combat are extreme, but there are some deficiencies in your altered biology that will haunt you for the duration of this Jump. Fighting at this level produces extra heat. Not enough to hurt you at any rate, but enough that an ally touching you might accidentally burn their hand after a lengthy battle. Worse, while those Seaborn cells that were infused in you are stabilized more than is usually the case for those infected by them, they are Seaborn cells nonetheless. This poses two problems. The first is that the Seaborn are attracted to you, and especially so if your blood is spilled, such that if you're cut anywhere near the ocean they'll make for landfall and venture inwards towards you. The simpler of their lot will mistake your body for a

prison holding one of their kin and attempt to free them by rending you apart, where more intelligent Seaborn will recognize your nature and treat you with warmth, staying their less intelligent kin if nearby. The second and arguably worse issue is that your Seaborn nature is trying to consume you. You're more stable than most who've taken in Seaborn cells, but they're trying to transform you both physically and mentally into one of them, and will continue to do so for the duration of the Jump. Things that assert your individuality can stem this somewhat; immersing yourself in the things about life that you love, the things you find meaningful and impactful whether they be hobbies or people, can help keep the call of We Many at bay. It should be enough that you can go the ordinary length of this Jump without turning, but the longer you stay here, or the more contact you retain with the ocean and Seaborn, the more willpower you'll need not to lose yourself. Oh, and this comes with free white hair and red eyes if you want.

Church of the Deep

Utterer of Terrifying Statements: (100 CP)

The Iberian Inquisition is hard at work slaughtering anyone suspected of working with the Church of the Deep. Despite this, many of its members seem to be getting along fine, despite partially turning into aquatic horrors, peering out with glowing eyes from the hoods they're using to hide their disfigurements, and constantly saying just the most suspicious shit while hanging out in dilapidated churches. Okay, so most members are better at hiding things than certain bishops of theirs, but the point remains. So long as you're relatively functioning in society, you're able to moderately stave off the intense scrutiny your curious oddities would usually invite. This isn't foolproof by any means, and someone who finds you in an act that reveals you will have little need to hold back. This also means that if you're a wholly benevolent human-shaped entity with only a few ontologically horrifying aspects of your existence, so long as you're interacting with people in a friendly manner then you can occasionally drop the veil and state something extremely unnerving without raising negative suspicion.

Friends Are Here: (100 CP)

The Church of the Deep are no strangers to their aquatic kin. On the contrary, they enjoy strong ties with the more intelligent of the pelagic creatures. You are no different. Indeed, for such is the power of your friendship that it shines through in the nutritional value of your body! After all, what is the sacrifice of one body so another may live but the deepest level of friendship? What is consumption but the consummation of the deepest possible bond? When you offer up your flesh or part of your body for another to consume, the effects are magnified beyond what they should be. Not only would they find your flesh to be massively nutritious, the positive effects of it vastly more effective, but they would find themselves gaining a measure of power and vitality from what they eat. This will be even more effective if they would already have been made

stronger by the consumption, and in any case it's more powerful the more of you they consume. With this, letting a Seaborn devour you whole would see them evolving to a stratum far beyond their kin, a jump in power so severe that a merely sturdy runt may become capable of effortlessly cleaving warships apart. And of course, you taste really, really good.

Depths of Innovation: (200 CP)

Technology is no impediment to evolution. Quite the opposite, in fact. How could you call yourself a man of science were your thoughts on the matter any different? Expanding your knowledge of technology to incorporate how it can impact biology, or twisting your knowledge of biology and how it can be incorporated into technology, is a simple matter for you. A bit of non-linear thought perhaps, but it's a field in which your creativity shines. Making flesh grow around tech to make cyborgs, designing nanomachines to enter and boost the functionalities of cells; whatever your field, incorporating metal and flesh into a beautiful symbiosis seems like your natural prerogative. Of course, the stranger the technology or flesh you have to work with, the stranger the end results may be. Will you use long-distance consciousness-connecting communications technology to create living minds in control of multiple bodies? Faith is but one answer to the question of life. Giant robot crustaceans are another.

Food is Ready: (200 CP)

You'd think that an organization that works by eating corruptive self-assimilating monster flesh and poking around amongst said monsters wouldn't really last long. Oddly enough, the Church of the Deep continues to persist, and even thrives in some areas where most beings generally wouldn't. See, the Seaborn are instinct driven monsters, but some of them have evolved a greater intellect. As communal entities, by working out arrangements with their more intelligent kin, it becomes possible to work with their lessers. Somehow, in some way, you can set up working arrangements with otherwise neutral or outright hostile inhuman entities. Even if they were nigh-mindless, without senses of self, or driven by instinct or collective will to hostility against mankind, you'd somehow be able to work out an arrangement that not only lets you live in their territories, but sees them working alongside you and offering some protection or even resources. These arrangements often require you to give something in return, usually something that they desire or would otherwise seek out on their own. Sacrifices tend to work well, but so too does mere food. The more you seek to get out of this arrangement, the more you'll have to offer. Naturally, the more intelligent some of their members are the more detailed and constructive the arrangements you can make.

Ignorance is Bliss: (400 CP)

The truth is that the Seaborn and the Church of the Deep share a common origin. Specifically, the founder of the Church of the Deep was the very one who first released them, and was the first assimilated by them. The very direction the Seaborn have evolved into is due to those who've followed in his footsteps, manipulating events to guide the once-simple Seaborn into the seemingly unstoppable engine they've become today. You have an incredible ability to take a look into horrors beyond your comprehension, and if not necessarily understand them, understand how to poke them to make them change in a certain way. Watching a species of monster react to their environment with errant mutations, you could puzzle out what to change about their environment to guide their evolution. Even things like a slumbering god are not beyond your ability to change; realizing that not only is the ocean itself the corpse of a god, but also a living ecosystem, you could conceive of a plot to create a fast-replicating energized plankton-like species to distribute power throughout it to stir it into maddened wakefulness momentarily. Obviously, having great knowledge in an intellectual discipline or two will be helpful here, as you're still acting with your own skills and knowledge. This just ensures you'll always be able to figure out how to poke a problem until it becomes a much worse problem.

There Is No Justice Here: (400 CP)

The cult is as much an organization of scholars as it is religious fanatics, some even veering more into the former than anything like the latter. The Seaborn are an ultimate end, but puzzling out the best route to bridging that gap is an exercise for the minds of the church's wisest followers. Experimentation and ample research samples have borne their fruit; you are an expert in the field of genetic engineering, to the extent of being able to mentally correlate what physiological changes a given genetic configuration will result in. It's simple work to sequence the genes of terrestrial races to isolate specific qualities of theirs, perhaps testing the viability of certain patients for certain treatments, or even providing gene therapy to skew them towards viability. More pressingly, you're experienced in the kind of loose high-mutation rate genetic materials of monsters like the Seaborn, the kinds of rough hyper-adaptive tissues whose functions and reactivity add a whole dimension of complexity to gene work. Granted, this does require the sorts of facilities and equipment such subtle medical procedures would typically demand… or some other means of manipulating genetic information. Regardless, with some more time spent playing with all the possibilities your resources afford you, you'll be ready to engineer all sorts of fun living toys.

Tidelinked: (600 CP)

The race of scientific advancement is unending, persistent across both technology and mutagenic flesh. Likely through long experimentation and maddened genius, you've come across an extremely unique ability. You can apportion parts of your

body to split off from you, developing into fully formed entities, yet wholly guided by a single transcendent will. In fact, you can divide yourself this way along more abstract lines than mere masses of meat; if you were a being of multiple natures, such as having Seaborn flesh assimilated throughout your body, you could separate the man from Seaborn, retaining your human shape while ejecting the monstrous flesh into its own monstrous form. But a limb is still a limb, and your expanded consciousness is in control of all such forms split from you, your mind expanded to handle each additional body as you create them. In fact, they are all linked to one another so intimately as to be almost unkillable in ordinary circumstances. Whenever one component of yourself is killed while another body you've created like this is active, you will continue to control the living vessel, while the slain one will begin healing itself back into an operable state so long as another lives. It would take completely destroying one of your components to render it beyond repair, and to kill you would require that all of your current bodies be inoperable simultaneously.

Pursuit of the Perfect Form: (600 CP)

The war against the Seaborn is a lot more intense than you'd expect of an arms race against fish, but that makes sense in its own way, doesn't it? The Seaborn's evolutionary prowess is why many have come to worship them, and a man of vision wouldn't stand to fall behind. Perhaps you partook of that holy flesh? Of communion? You may well have invited evolutionary greatness, because otherwise this will be a terrifying and inexplicable ability. If you have imbibed Seaborn flesh, then this may unlock and discount the Seaborn Race Add-On for no further cost, in exchange for some limitations that may be discussed later.

Within you dwells extreme evolutionary potential, if only you'd evert this mask of humanity and extrude the shape of the divinity within. You may spread from yourself a horrifying mass of constantly spreading and assimilating *things* that very quickly blanket the very earth around you in a thin veneer of *you*, slowly growing and assimilating what it can as fuel for your primary mass. All that's consumed goes towards the greater change occurring within you, for if you choose to push further than merely casting out this net, you can become a great and towering horror of expanding size and entwining shapes. The spreading blanket feeds back nutrients to your main self, which constantly grows in size, complexity, and strength. So extreme is the surging flesh tide that if you aren't killed soon enough, even foes that could previously have killed you might find you simply too large to truly wound, your form liable to crush them in their attempt. Worse, as you continue to grow in this manner, in very little time at all you'll reach a terminus point where you'll begin not only growing, but truly *evolving*. Evolving offensively, and at an extremely rapid rate. Once you hit this point, you'll begin very rapidly developing new offensive measures in real time, completely changing how you can fight in the span of a single battle. Begin your true ascent, and you'll go from swinging giant tentacles around

to firing projectile beams. With your first blast, a stream of pressurized water. Your second, a spray of scalding acidic spores. And your third blast? A fully actualized energy beam. All within the span of moments. This is not all-powerful, however. As these are distinct adaptations arising from your constantly changing form, they can technically be targeted to deprive you of them. That eye-like beam emitting organ can be destroyed to prevent it from firing any more, though this does nothing to prevent whatever other ones you've grown. Blessedly, you have the option of walking back this transformation, resetting your growth and evolution as you step out of its ossifying husk. You know, in case being a giant monster starts to get awkward.

Should you be deriving this power from your half-Seaborn nature, you will be saddled with a particular limitation for the duration of this Jump. Since you're drawing from We Many's collective evolutionary knowledge and resources, you are dependent on its own allocation of resources to decide how far your growth can progress. Even if you wished to develop further countermeasures to the foe you're fighting, once the collective have deemed that further resources would be wasted on you, a decision that might come about for any number of reasons depending on the context, you'll grow no more. If you aren't a Seaborn, or are a Seaborn but not because you took this Perk, then you don't need to worry about this. Instead, you should worry about what the hell is happening with you that you can even do this.

Kazdel

Goku Cumbucket: (100 CP)

Many Sarkaz live their every day in despair and desperation. Some, however, look to the future with a surprising measure of hope. Others, perhaps the largest lot, just think, "It is what it is." Many people can acclimate to miserable conditions, but the Sarkaz really take the cake in that regard. Even with utterly abysmal living conditions and with scarcely the slightest signs of hope that things will get better, you can cope with reality well enough to continue functioning without giving into any extremes of despair or dread. Listen, I'm going to be real with you; there's a Sarkaz mercenary out there named Elbow. He's named that because he spilled some soup on his elbow once, and that was the highlight of his life. I am not joking with this. Hopefully you have a better life than this, but, well, this is kind of the thing the Sarkaz are used to. You might not even have a name, might live in a city where every 20th surface is a lethally infectious jagged crystal spike, and where time has demonstrated to be a hotspot for foreign invasions, all while also knowing that you're the most widely hated race on the planet so you'll have no home anywhere else, and yet you'd still be trucking along without feeling depressive enough to be despondent.

I'M BACK, ANCIENTS: (100 CP)

Time and time again have the Ancients banded together to lay waste to Kazdel, abandoning lesser hatreds for a greater one. Time and time again has it been ground into dust, sometimes at the first sign of it building up again. So how does one fight back? By hiding your strength, and biding your time. You know, despite the fact that several Sarkaz there are known to be capable of slaughtering armies on their lonesome. Somehow, you're able to downplay your own abilities and project an air of general helplessness and vulnerability, appearing too weak to protect yourself or harm others. They might think you beaten down, too timid to strike back, but these delusions of helplessness have no bearing on your actual strength. More than just seeming to others to be weak, they'll also write off the possibility of you becoming stronger. As long as you take the steps to occlude things somewhat, you'd even be able to engage in large scale industrial projects with it largely skirting under the radar. Of course, once the illusion breaks there's little you can do to sell your weakness again, unless you can arrange or experience something liable to convince others of it, like actually being beaten down into the dirt and left powerless. Of course at that point it's merely a matter of building yourself back up, since now they're back to thinking you weak.

We Were Once the Proud Teekaz: (200 CP)

The modern man wonders why the Sarkaz rage. They know nothing of the countless dead souls screaming for vengeance, nothing of the millenia even living Sarkaz can experience and accumulate hateful memories in, and nothing of the ten thousand years of slaughter they've endured at the world's hands. Kazdel is perhaps the oldest ideal on Terra, for it is just that; an ideal. A home, a city forever to be rebuilt. Kazdel has experienced over three thousand dissolutions by foreign invasion, usually by multinational coalitions. The shortest amount of time between rebuilding and destruction was just three days after the walls outlining the city were rebuilt. But they *were* rebuilt. Again, and again, and again. And you endure. It doesn't matter how beaten down you are, how many *thousands of times* your *literal fucking house* has been ground into the dirt by invading armies, because you can pick yourself up and build it again. Any infrastructure of yours, from the cities of your people to your once glorious armies, may be rebuilt given time. You must survive, but so long as you crawl away with your life, you will watch as your assets and way of life slowly heal themselves before you, until the ideal lives once again. And isn't it *right*? So many millennia have passed that even most Sarkaz have forgotten this, but Kazdel was never a nation or a city; it was their name for the world. Because it once belonged to them, and so long as you survive into the future and grow your strength in preparation, it may be once again.

Birthrates in the Positive: (200 CP)

One of the many reasons that Sarkaz are so despised is that Oripathy seems endemic to them and their home. This is true; the only location they've been able to

maintain a long-term settlement is in an Originium-riddled shithole that no one else wants. Worse, every now and then some foreign nations will invade and lay siege to their only nomadic city, sometimes forcing them to drive through active Catastrophes to shake off their pursuers. This has led to a frankly rampant Oripathy situation in Kazdel… which makes one wonder why it's only the *majority* there that are Infected, and not *all*. Somehow, despite all logic, you're extraordinarily likely to dodge otherwise life threatening conditions and complications while in locations that are otherwise ripe with them. Granted, this is less about immediate dangers, and more about life threatening conditions that emerge from longer-term exposure to environmental factors. You could likely dodge a plague for a long while, but a meteor bearing down on your head is much less likely to pass you by.

Scouting Misery: (400 CP)

So much of Kazdel has been lost; an entire continent of land, and untold ages of culture and development. Perhaps even an age of peace. Regardless, you are one of a dying breed, or at least match their prowess; the Sarkaz stealth masters of old. They might say you have no shadow, as even without employing any Arts, your unnatural stillness, quietness, and ability to stick in the background makes you almost unnoticeable to others. A cursory glance over a crowd won't reveal your presence, and standing in the background makes you almost indistinguishable from it. Sprinting down a hallway or parkouring through rubble doesn't give off extraneous sound that others would detect you by, nor displace any objects that'd cause a chain reaction that'd give away your presence or passage. Adding some actual power to this, such as Arts that turn your flesh into smoke or blur you into a shadow, would render you nigh undetectable even to those of superhuman senses or supernatural methods of detection. Truthfully, the amount of damage you could do to a facility and its personnel before your presence was discovered would be disturbing. Just be sure you don't get caught; this doesn't help much in a straight fight.

Dawn of Literature: (400 CP)

Over ten thousand years ago, when the Ancients and Elders were but beasts of terrible power rampaging through the world and its true natives, the Teekaz, those who would become the Sarkaz, resorted to meeting catastrophe with Catastrophe. Wielding the first Originium to touch the world, the then-King enacted a great ritual, and unleashed the first Catastrophe, bringing those natural calamities to the world of Terra. Ten thousand years later, the Regent of Kasdel would create a great spire with much the same powers, intending to finally unite his people and free them from the invaders once and for all. Sometimes, enough is enough, and you are prepared to wipe the slate clean. You can easily construct both vast rituals and massive structures with the ability to harness potent artifacts and sources of power to extreme destructive ends, enough to

destroy cities and possibly wreak international calamity. It's not easy though. The stronger you wish to make the disaster, the greater and greater sacrifice the ritual will require. Just as well, you will need a greater structure to house the endeavor, with more complex preparations. Worse, you need a commensurate power source in mind to even begin designing such a thing, and must obtain it to use its power and principles in the ensuing super weapon. Something like the first piece of Originium to ever fall on the world would grant the ability to direct Originium to form Catastrophes world-wide, for instance.

Betrayed by Death: (600 CP)

Something old has gazed upon you, and approved of what it saw. Something old, and very grumpy, and kind of racist. The first Catastrophe to ever befall Terra warped the fate of the world irreparably, and even warped those it killed. Bound forever to the earth, betrayed by death, the Revenants are those ancient Sarkaz bound forever to the living world by the original sin. Immaterial specters of darkness and death, they are immortal yet need to possess base matter to exert true influence upon the world, and they are ordinarily locked into eternal rage by the pain and anger of the Sarkaz dead whispering into their ears. Yes, the vengeful ghosts of the Sarkaz are haunted by other vengeful ghosts of the Sarkaz. Are you really surprised at this point? Investing you with power, and occasional angry mumbling about the good old days as well as some racist remarks here and there, a host of these immortal souls have decided to travel with you in something like a symbiotic pseudo-possession. Often possessing jagged scrap metal and materializing crystal-like darkness for their manifestations, they can appear as anything from a wing-like cape of jagged shards trailing behind you, or just a shadowy presence in your vicinity. Their full abilities may be varied and immense, but their most immediate combat application comes in their ability to telekinetically manipulate objects they're possessing, and their thousands of years of knowledge in ancient Sarkaz war-witchcraft. Shockingly, these pair quite nicely together. Shaping scrap metal and other materials into gun-shaped witchcraft altars and Arts Units, they're capable of serving as an array of self-targeting angry ghost-fuelled floating guns capable of either telekinetically launching materials at high velocities, or firing off blasts of very angry magic capable of tearing through structures and lifeforms as well as interfering with living beings in various ways, such as paralyzing them. You can even combine them all into a single massive Arts Unit, capable of the same but to much greater proportions and extremely explosive results. Of course they can fight in other ways as well, such as materializing jagged material shadows through which to cast their witchcraft independently, as well as other ancient Sarkaz secrets they may probably mostly remember. You may find further uses for them, but be aware that coming up with new tricks will likely see you brushing up against a wall of ranting about "The old ways," and some such. Maybe consider listening to their stories and rants, or participating? It'll

probably leave them more amenable to the idea. They may prove a valuable boon to a witchcraft user though, should they be feeling cooperative. Whether that comes from their ability to spontaneously shape ritual implements, or from their vast wells of ancient knowledge.

Inexplicable Implications: (600 CP)

Many are the legends passed down from ancient days. Many are the old heroes of Kazdel, with their glorious accomplishments and tragic yet epic deaths. So many stories of bewildering violence and unfolding betrayal, and something deeper than blood is passed down; precedence. Examples that mark those tales as expectations for the future, the perpetuation of a great cycle of violence. Blood is passed down too though, don't worry. *Apparently* it seems the history books are a tad incomplete, because in some oncoming time of struggle and strife, you'll find yourself inexplicably displaying the signs of a secret heritage. Indeed, for in this Jump and every future one, you'll inexplicably and seemingly randomly develop a single ability possessed by or evocative of some legendary or historical figure. Perhaps you'd like an example? Were you to pick the legendary Qui'lon, an ancient King of Sarkaz whose rage against the betrayers took countless lives, in some bitter fight one day you might find yourself erupting in wrathful cerulean flames, their scorching rage immolating everything you struck at with enough heat to harmlessly incinerate an oncoming artillery shot. Just as he once wielded that legendary black blade wreathed in azure fire, so too would you be able to manifest and fight with those flames, or perhaps the sword and a lesser amount of flames, doing so by instinct once you unlocked the ability. What does this actually mean genealogically, or historically given how he supposedly died? Shut the fuck up. You may pick an additional figure and receive a corresponding power in every future Jump.

Crimson Troupe

Polishing Blood Diamonds: (100 CP)

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; you were chosen with care. The Crimson Troupe isn't like other organizations. It's a small scale operation, being on the surface nothing more than a traveling circus and theater troupe. It passes as it may, and while tragedy is assured to strike in its wake, those who disappear into its depths do so almost always unnoticed. Monsters like you have an eye for targets. Targets of a specific kind, anyway. The lost, the destitute, the isolated and the unwanted; you find them practically highlighted to you when you care to look. Both the kinds of people who wouldn't be missed, and those who'd really *love* to be part of a big screwed up organization like the Troupe… even if it takes a little persuasion first. From the unwanted homeless, to the hidden serial killers, you can sniff out potential recruits with the best of them. Some may think the offers you make too terrible or grim to take. But

those people don't know what it's truly like to lose everything. Aren't second chances such wonderful plot devices?

Born of the Lower-Case Arts: (100 CP)

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; can you not see the logic in their designs? There is a certain order to things, things that, if described to others, might seem to them like the structure of a play. The logic and strictures of drama, these may indeed direct the flow of theatre, but you understand well that life flows along much the same lines. But so many wallow in ignorance; should they not be made to understand as well? All the better, these seedbeds in which to plant your teachings. With extended or invasive contact, such as years spent teaching them or a good old-fashioned mind fucking, you can impart on others a worldview which perceives all as the nuances of drama and plot. Less of a supernatural ability to perceive emotions and drama, and more of an extremely heightened perception of them, such that they may begin seeing plays and plots everywhere around them, seeing everything in terms of drama. This may not be conducive to conventional sanity as others understand it, but it does make for some exceptional actors whose very lives have become theatre, and exceptional drama as their fractured minds lead them to making frankly obscene decisions.

I Don't Dislike It: (200 CP)

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; why would you leave when it can provide all you need? The impassioned displays of emotion, both burning and crushing, are the most delectable of displays. You know this better than most, given that you're able to feel them in a way few others can. You can perceive the emotions of those around you through senses like smell and taste. Your preferences are your own, but you can intensify those flavors you enjoy by consuming those emotions, something which can either calm or invert their emotions, or leave them with no memory of the immediately preceding time depending on your subtly. But more than just base emotion, you can sense the *drama* of things. You can smell the dramatic situations and tragic subtexts underpinning people and situations. You can't exactly see straight through to their every secret, but the lingering air of a dramatic storyline is unmistakable; the scents of betrayal, deception, secrecy, and all manner of dramatic plots hang heavy in the air. You may not know the specifics, such as who is playing who in this tale, but when you smell a sordid love affair or buried murder on someone's trail, you can follow them to a rich source of drama.

Cat Spotted: (200 CP)

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; it is a banquet never ceased. Drama abounds in this beautiful world, but that does not mean you cannot make more. Emotions run rampant and hang ripe to eat, but you can always farm your own food as

well. You possess a peculiar ability which, while producing emotions that may not be terribly delicious to you, can inspire others to take actions whose resulting feelings and drama would only be all the more exquisite. It is a hypnotic quality you have. A quality you can imbue in your powers or use on its own to exert great interference on emotions or perceptions, to a great many ends. Quite simply, you could confound perception to make yourself or others appear as different people, cladding yourself or your machinations in illusion and glamor such that others think they're interacting with completely different people in completely different contexts. Just as well you could impel emotions to the most horrific heights. You might take to exacerbating someone in the pit of despair to help them descend into true psychosis, or trick the senses with delusional situations where their actions will meet reality to tragic results. Hell, you may simply overwhelm someone with fascination and attraction for something until they drop whatever they're doing to blindly seek out the target. Perfect for gifting stunted artists with manic and fevered inspiration, and leading your pawns to the most beautiful conclusions of all.

Sadly Locked: (400 CP)

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; not even death can free you. Those who work under you may come to despise their lot, and indeed any life under you, but of what concern is that to you? After all, death itself cannot free them from you, so what hope of escape do they have? Those under your employ or who are helpless before you will find that you have a peculiar grasp on their souls. Not the kind that gives you any control over them, but rather the kind that only comes into play once they've perished. Obtaining their soul after their death, you're able to imbue it into a physical container as an animating source to a construct whose movements you can control. Indeed, even if they'd killed themselves to try and escape you, you can easily bind them to a facsimile of a humanoid form and extend their torture indefinitely. Note that while you can control the resulting undead, a person's strength is a combination of many factors such as their body, their spiritual abilities, and their intellect. Stuffed into a golem, even a weakling's soul can become threatening, but shove the soul of a truly strong person in there, and all you're really doing is giving them a lacking vessel. More cooperative souls make for better puppets, at the very least. Note also that you can make lesser constructs by binding the *components* and byproducts of souls rather than the souls themselves. By this I of course mean emotions and sentiments, because such overflowing passions can also be used to animate less intelligent constructs.

Mass Hysteria: (400 CP)

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe: even in desperation, your broken flailing follows the script. Death may be the logical and most artistic end to any drama, but there are countless paths a tale can take before that point. But just as death may be

your muse, you, too, can be death's muse. A psyche is but a little robin egg beside the road; small, fragile, and needing to be crushed before something beautiful can be born. The support beams of others' minds are far easier things to knock down than they should rightfully be, with deliberate action and planned schemes shaking the emotional states and foundational beliefs of others far more powerfully than they should, much more easily overpowering reason and conviction with the fevered passions and despairs you seem to embody, and oh so easily spread en-masse. Indeed, for the masses *will* learn, as those who wind up harmed by the actions of those you've driven over the brink will find themselves more deeply disturbed by those traumas than normal. This is an act that invites all to participate. Of course, there's a practical reason for enlightening others in this way; when you break someone, drive them completely over the edge to the point of snapping, you'll find that when they rebuild themselves, they do so in ways amenable to you, or that fulfil your desires. A girl already teetering on the brink of suicidal desperation, then given a little push by you, might break so completely that she reconfigured her memories to match a delusional narrative, thinking that the stranger in the snuff-tape you slid into her hands was her sister that she needs to go on a killing spree to avenge, singing your praises for helping her find her true self. Personalities and identities are truly such fragile things, and emotional highs and lows are often all too irrational; but under your guidance, the broken and the despondent can be given new leases on life, new reasons to die, and a beautiful place under you as they work your intricate designs.

Nervous Impairment: (600 CP)

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; the scars of your stay will never fade away. People speak so confidently about the measures of their spirit. Beautiful as they may be, ultimately, such things are meant to break. And break they shall, under your corroding touch. Your powers are a dangerous, mutilating thing. Not for the body in a holistic sense, but in regards to that most fragile and important component of it; the central nervous system. The touch of your powers causes significant mental decay in an entirely physical sense; brain cells die, tears open up, and blood vessels pop and congeal. The damage so wrought is far from the transient abstractions of mental distress, rather being something far more physical. Acute brain damage is the only way to describe it, tears and clots ripping their way through the neural systems of those so affected. Thankfully, in most cases this is a modest but still present danger, like suffering an inexplicable seizure. However, when it comes to abilities which interfere with the mind specifically, this damage is much more severe, likely horrifically exacerbating the extent to which they're affected. Massive cranial hemorrhaging, neurons dying from overactivity-induced overheating, and sudden blockages; mental effects burn their way physically into the brain, the rest of its structure suffering as collateral. You can certainly interfere with someone's thoughts to leave them confused, or agitate their feelings with

forced paranoia, but you'll find it to be a significantly more permanent affair than usual, and may find them degrading in other ways as well for all the sorry holes burned into their brains. Finally, if nothing else, you may exert a terrible mental pressure on others that is essentially this principle condensed and without any coat of paint. Minute exposure to this madness can quickly incapacitate others, likely requiring medical attention to prevent them from slipping into a coma. Someone exposed for anything more than a transient moment, even if still brief, may wind up comatose for months, while the sheer neurological stress caused by significant exposure is certain to cause horrific brain damage, likely leading to swift death, or life-ruining mental impairments if they survive.

Abandoned Draft: (600 CP)

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; it has already been written so. Wherever the Crimson Troupe goes, tragedy follows. Anyone they touch, anyone they pass by, tragedy comes for them all. As if the manipulations of minds and bodies were not enough to sate its depraved master's thirst for drama, its inscrutable script writer has already penned out countless endings in blood. You possess an absurd ability to define events yet to come through some artistic endeavor. The Playwright was just that, using pen and paper to write out the script that bound events, people, and phenomena alike to the story he wrote. Given time, circumstances would align to ensure that the exact scenes he envisioned would put themselves together, with all relevant actors and trials somehow arranging themselves in time for it to happen. Of course when rushed he could simply write about the immediate future, which allowed him to conjure people and enemies from thin air, and transport people freely. You may be a playwright like him, or use another artistic medium, the exact mechanics of which would depend on the nature of your pursuit. A painter would simply paint great portraits, whose depicted events would come to pass, with complex events being creatable through the making of multiple paintings. A photographer's alterations might be more complicated, the process basing itself part way off of the photographs taken, and your intention in pursuing said photos. Taking photographs with the intention of comparing them to those after a disaster, and particularly making collages or projects out of them where the details for future photos are already filled out, will of course invite disasters as desired or described. There are some limits to this ability, in any case. Ultimately this is a *DRAMATIC* power, and so it centers on creating scenes and events, not outcomes, though it will certainly enforce those as well if your actors aren't powerful enough to defy these fates. You can create fights, riots, kidnappings, and all manner of insane happenstance or illogical anomalies. However, a great enough concentration of both power and strength of will can 'break' the story of your devising, and allow your actors to escape the destinies you've penned for them. Of course you can always just try to force the matter again as many times as you wish, but that's a bit in poor taste, no? And

probably a waste of time. If they're too boorish to see the beauty in your scripts, why not just find better actors? To aid in using this power, you have a great deal of skill and talent in your chosen artistic medium.

A Failed Civilization
Into a Single Web: (100 CP)

Yours is an evolved mind, and an elevated perspective, although at first it may not seem that way. After all, you still think, feel, and imagine like everyone else around you. But it can't be denied that you're also different in many ways. For one, your general intelligence and pure calculative power is definitely above what most people in a modern city would consider ordinary. That said, you mind is most notable not for how it manages in ideal conditions, but for how it operates when pushed to what should be other peoples' brink. While not necessarily overly-expanding your capacity for thought and computation during your day to day life, your mind is nonetheless massively stress tested against absurd information deluges and surges, such that you can handle otherwise consciousness shattering influxes of mental data, as well as being able to parse the particulars of it all. You could interface with an installation containing civilizational levels of information, using yourself and your mind as the data conduit, and maintain perfect awareness and coherence as your perspective forcibly expands to encompass numbers most species' minds can't even hold a coherent perspective on.

You're Finally Here: (100 CP)

The body may be frail, but technology can keep burning that frail flame of life. And the mind? The mind is eternal. While your maximum lifespan may be no greater than usual, may even be shorter than the standard for this world, were you to somehow live much longer it'd be of no detriment to your mind. Things you commit to memory are easily recalled years after the fact, to no discernable limit. The treasured memories you make don't fade with time, nor do the years wear down on you simply for having lived them. Now, the things contained within those years may be unpleasant, but you'll never succumb to base ennui for simply having lived your life. And while your mind is no more powerful outside of this singular aspect, your memories are deeply ingrained. Even if some external force that you couldn't resist were to enter your mind and erase everything within, you'd still periodically recall fragments of your past life, the people you knew and the choices you made. You may never get more than these small glimpses unless you have some other means of restoring yourself, but there will always be a trace there. This is to say nothing of your purely mental skills, which seem to return with the barest prompting, any initial exercise of them rapidly seeing your old prowess return. Curiously, you're also well equipped to handle extended periods of isolation. Indeed, you could easily spend centuries in complete isolation away from others of your kind, and so long as you were at least capable of ambulant movement and perhaps

exercising your creative urges, you'd be content to stare into the starry expanse alone for aeons. Strange, for a species as ostensibly social as yours. Granted, this is no shield from the mere presence of melancholy, but isn't there something beautiful in that feeling itself?

Prayed to the Pitch-Black: (200 CP)

Desperate times call for desperate measures, and things don't get much more desperate than willingly trapping yourself in a single unmoving position for over 12,000 years to watch your loved ones' life support pods falter and fail in real time. Thankfully, you're made of sterner stuff than most could fathom. Sterner stuff by far, given that your mind is capable of resisting the pull of insanity and grief that so many millenia of isolation coupled with that kind of personal tragedy would generally inflict. Epochs could pass with you alone in a dying universe, stewing in nothing but the failures of your own endeavors and your people at large, and you would only be mildly depressed. Were you in such a situation and found yourself desirous of death, such an entreaty would not come out as the maddened begging for release of a suicidal wreck, so much as a polite entreaty for someone to pull the plug on you on their way out. Regardless, through all the eons of torment you may know, at the very least you will find yourself all too lucid and coherent of thought.

Oracle: (200 CP)

For the task put before you, a mind unparalleled is required. With all the experiences you've put behind you, a mind unparalleled is expected. Many are the geniuses of the world, each finding their given niche or special interest that catches their interest and refuses to let go. They obsess, and come to excel in due measure in the field of their choosing, sometimes reaching revolutionary heights. But your intellect isn't one constrained by topics or schools of thought. You're a true polymath, equally suited to all methods of learning, and whose mind naturally excels at everything from rote memorization to intuitive leaps of invention. Matters of abstract reasoning and philosophy are as simple to wrap your head around as subjects of pure logic, and in such matters things like mathematics or molecular chemistry are as simple as memorizing history. All fields of purely mental learning are equivalently easy for you to enter into and learn. Though your knowledge base may not begin all that great, as you go out and learn you'll continue to advance in every intellectual field you choose to pursue. Before you know it you'll have a mind some would think capable of anything.

DEBATE: (400 CP)

Civilization is a crucible of thought and theory endlessly colliding in a process of refinement and evolution to reach a higher state of consciousness. But look around you and see the shape it takes here! Brutish argumentation and clashes of violent conflict!

Lies, bribery, and all manner of barbarism, all the signs of a civilization in its infancy. The seeds of something greater to be sure, but as it stands the feeble graspings of this world's inhabitants towards a higher consciousness are regrettably barbaric, their potential yet to bloom. You possess a much more advanced alternative to argumentative dialogue which you can use anytime you wish. When ideas mix, the lines between self and non-self begin to blur. In a single frozen moment which might last for a whole conversation, or untold years, participants will find themselves in a dreamlike state. In this liminal and dreamlike deluge of scenarios and discussions, blurred minds exist in a myriad of strange states, perhaps treading symbolic journeys on their lonesome, or even taking up one another's positions to argue as the other party. They would not argue with their debate partner, but with themselves, both in reconstructed figures from their memories, and simply their own personality coming at the problem from the perspective of the other party's life, the lines between individual consciousness blurring as they collide. This process can be shaking for all involved parties, being forced to argue with an ambiguous force that seems to know everything about you, which is in fact yourself, or to be forcibly shown life through another's perspective. That said, this doesn't necessarily force their hand in one direction or another; this is at its core a sharing of perspectives, and a broadening of horizons. While it may prove traumatic for those who cannot stand a reality contrary to their expectations, this is foremost a tool for fostering understanding, of both people and their worldviews. Note also that this doesn't necessarily require an argument between you all; you could simply use this dreamlike time to converse, or educate them using your own memories and knowledge.

As Our Thoughts Collide: (400 CP)

Smaller minds believe that death is the end. Beings older than this world know that information is not so easily erased, that bodily destruction is only one step on a much longer journey. You have a knack for approaching consciousness from a novel perspective, one treating it as a complete and holistic thing on its own, rather than a mere byproduct of physical existence. Should it be feasible, you could easily pioneer a discipline in your craft meant to eventually perceive it in these holistic terms, and in time, interface with it. This of course only gets better the more advanced the technology or other methodologies you have to work with, by which you'll be able to interplay with immaterial consciousness with greater and greater ease and finesse. Further, beyond your knack for expressing these principles in the fields of science, you have a peculiar ability shown by others of your kind, or certain elevated minds from beyond. From vast distances you might let your mind wander as a projection through the world, often imperceptible to others not attuned to this elevated thought. A lonesome travel through the void, walking between stars and observing the collisions of planets and the deaths of stars. Your mind might catch the waves of the rises and falls of civilizations, to ride

them out and see lifetimes through the eyes of alien lifeforms long-extinct. The shape and echoes of thought and life, the resounding symphony of the cosmos; your lonely mind is poised to explore eternity on its lonesome, a journey in isolation so vast that precious few will ever truly be able to empathize with it.

Finish Them For Me: (600 CP)

It wasn't always like this. Your kind weren't always trapped in such a small pen; your kind wasn't always just you. But at the same time, this is all too familiar; almost comfortable even. Logically so, because from as far back as the prior epoch, to this very moment, the acts of people like you only ever served to bring the world closer in form to something approximating "Home". Great works to terraform the land are massively successful, more so than attempts of their level really should be, but even greater is the effect you have on other life. Your presence, and even the presence of things you've left behind, slowly reshapes other lifeforms in your image. Mere contact with your technology brings living beings closer to your kind in both body and mind over generations, just as proximity to you seems to breathe personality into rudimentary thinking machines. Those who inherit your works will build their societies in subconscious emulation of your own, and rapidly progress in the direction of you and your kind, quickly closing gaps as they advance at greater speeds than should be possible. This only occurs faster the more suited for this the things you leave behind are, but wherever you go, the lingering waves of your civilization become ones your inheritors can ride along.

A Walk in The Dust: (600 CP)

More has been forgotten than exists under heaven. Memories of the time before, and all the wonders within. The time of a civilization that destroyed others, not with offense, but for being too grand for any lesser lives to grow in their shadow. A time when men plucked the gravitational waves of planets to fill the cosmos with subtle musics, or built great lunar stelae that caught the waves sent off by a civilization's death, condensing them into symbolic approximations of the now-dead world in totality. Where they would explore the universe by projecting their consciousnesses into different points in space and time, and merged minds to approach Debates from the perspectives of their partners. The world was like clay, molded by impossible artifice into impossible arrangements, and everyone lived for the joy of it. Except, it all seems so distant now. It's been too long, you don't even feel like you anymore. Those distant heights seem so far away… but you can walk that road again. Experiment and inquiry, study and theorywork; walk forward the path of scholarship to walk back the tread of oblivion. The information has not truly left you, it merely needs to be rediscovered. The quickest and most efficient way to recover an invention or scientific principle is to get your hands on a precursor relic itself for study, but even exercising the lesser sciences of Terra will see

you making progress. As you retreat old ground and encounter problems you once surmounted, the means by which a more advanced people once did so will more easily come to you. Over and over again will the picture reveal itself in increasing fullness, the technological marvels once achieved being born into the world again. Though it may take time and great effort, one day the spheres may sing again.

The Final Project

We Will Still Be Reunited: (100 CP)

You could spend a lifetime by someone's side, but death or circumstances might cut your time together short. No matter what though, you'll spend an eternity in their memories. Memories of you and time spent with you dig themselves deeply into the minds of others, sharing a space more fundamental to them than most other facets of life or identity. Granted, this doesn't mean another person will value those memories in a specific way, but practically nothing can truly divorce them from those moments spent with you. Indeed, even if something were to completely wipe your lifelong partner's mind of all memories, they'd still occasionally whisper your name when waking up, still feel their heart tear apart when they finally see you, and occasionally have nervous breakdowns when they infrequently recall ominous conversations with you. I'm sure the sporadic haunting recollections of you will do wonders for their mental stability going forward.

At The Terminus of Civilization: (100 CP)

Of course, those memories may carry some rather frightful connotations. I'm sorry, but do you usually frame romantic entreaties using the heat death of the universe as a metaphor for your love? You have a certain air about you, a horror of great yet subtle implications. It is not the kind of fear that a snarling beast or some other brutish threat provokes, but the subtler, deeper terror of something inexplicable. Vast. Perhaps abstract. It's like watching the stars go out, one light at a time, hearing you speak about it. It's all the unspoken implications of an end you can't even wrap your head around, can't identify, but know with certainty is coming. A nice, intimate chat with you, it's like realizing that the world is so much bigger than they ever knew, and that it's also dying. Inarticulate horror, existential dread; the sheer feelings you spread when roused to action or explanation tend to shake people to their core, and those with intimate knowledge of your secrets can be stunned into silence at the mention of you. Is it any wonder some people are so opposed to you, when every conversation with you is such a subtly terrifying experience?

Inviolable Mandate: (200 CP)

Many have been the projects meant to defend against the Calamity from above, and not all have born fruit. Or rather, what fruit has been born rarely stays on track.

Thankfully, some creations you take a more vested interest in actually maintain their original operating parameters. Whenever you create a person or being, whether fully sapient or only moderately autonomous, you may program their minds with foundational bedrocks and limitations. In-built limitations that prohibit certain actions or mental developments, or innate guiding principles that any development they do undergo must be in pursuit of. Granted, even with these restrictions things may go wrong, but at the very least those specific things built into the minds of all you create will remain binding for them for the remainder of their existence, no matter how many tens of thousands of years pass. Just be wary of programming your creations to love the person you're gifting them to. It may seem unthinkable, but even those closest to you may end up straying from you through time and error, and a creation devoted to them over you is a missed opportunity to get them back on track. Speaking of…

Divorce Not Accepted: (200 CP)

Oh dear, just where does he think he's running off to? Do they really think that anywhere is beyond your reach? You're a busy person, so you can't keep track of everything at once, which is why it's important to pin all those important running tasks. You can mark particular individuals worthy of your attention, whereafter a vague shadow of your presence and influence will seem to hang over them. Memories of you resurfacing, visions of you entwining their awareness and yours for a meeting of undeterminable realness, and evidence of your existence cropping up in the world around them, sometimes in the most unsettling of ways. This has a secondary effect of subtly pushing to draw them into your area of influence for a time, or by contriving circumstances to reunite the two of you even if you were otherwise worlds apart. Isn't it right that you remain so close to them even separated? How can your bond not be fate, even as the world refuses to let them go? So let them have their fun, their games. Even if their memory is stolen from them, they will return to you. Even as the universe begins to unravel, and civilization reaches its terminus. There is no escape from you.

Elite Wife Strats: (400 CP)

Once a principle like this was used to maintain the sanity and dedication of interstellar navigators across long voyages. Now, it serves to keep impudent hussies from corrupting your partner. You can occupy a place in someone's heart, or more accurately their brain; a voice as close to them as their own. A Lynchpin of consciousness, a psychic anchor-point by which they can navigate the rigors of life, always being pulled back into its light. You can engrave this psychic "device" deep inside the brain of a consenting or unconscious and helpless thinking creature. This maybe-material mental construct lodged in their brain *course corrects* their straying mind, performing a wonderful array of functions that ensures the victim will always side with you and your goals. Once implanted, the target will perceive an emotional

connection to you that constantly stimulates itself, simulating the feedback of positive social interactions with you even if you've been lightyears apart for centuries. Obviously, this continuous buildup of simulated emotional connection will make you more integral to them the longer this goes on for, but things can get much more overt, should the need arise. If you feel they can't be trusted even with this, or if they betray you in some fashion, the Lynchpin implanted in their brain will switch to a more active strategy. It will directly warp their understanding of situations and their memories of their own motives, twisting the context of their decisions to promote your supposed connection or agreed upon goals as being more integral to their character than their other concerns. And if you're worried even this won't be enough to keep your partner from straying, don't, because at this stage it will begin to actively police their thoughts. Any treacherous thoughts of siding with anyone else or putting something before you are immediately rolled back towards enforced thought patterns. From the victim's perspective, they're simply turning down whatever they were idly musing before. No, *this* isn't cheating. You know what *is*? Running off to go get cozy with the animals he's supposed to be assimilating. But you're not mad.

It's Name Is "Death": (400 CP)

"Hello." It's such a simple yet fascinating word; meaningless save for what it implies of its speaker's intent. You could say this word. You could say any thousand alternatives as well. You could say any word, and hear, and understand them as well. You have a gift for language surpassing what most would call mere 'education', being akin to something more otherworldly, like an inherent understanding for meaning and expression. You could perfectly dissect a language merely from going over examples of it without any pre-made translation guides or frames of reference, simply digesting the information and sorting out the audio-visual cues from an oncoming conversation to quickly parse the entire development of a lesser being's mother tongue. Understanding enough even to guess at thought processes simply by watching others. Assuming you had the means, you could survey as many languages as possible over the history of an entire galaxy's development, collate the sum information regarding their expressions and meanings, and refine them down into a single symbol imparting a specific meaning, one so well chosen and emblematic of the conveyed message than any being who laid eyes on it would understand its meaning; a singular step towards the creation of a meta-script that will describe all of existence. Are you wondering why this is so useful? Do you lack comprehension? No, this is a good change of pace. It only means you have the chance to learn something new. Even planets speak their own dying words, a mystifying howl as their suns expand and swallow them in flame and gravity. The essence of those strange 'Teekaz' and their Witchcraft is ultimately predicated upon the experienced meanings of semantemes, and Originium itself can be viewed in essence as being a form of 'Language'. These may seem like a mystifying bevy of examples,

and you would be right to think so. But with your understanding of ‘Language’, these may in truth soon seem to be simple matters to you, if perhaps requiring a bit of study into their particulars. Regardless, meaning and expression is your forte, from the simplest modes of verbal or written communication, to the most abstract manifestations of “Language’ that reveal themselves to the world. Where present, you understand it all on a deeper level than these Humans ever could. It must be lonely, having no one who can keep up with your understanding. So bitterly, bitterly lonely.

What Cannot Be Unlearned: (600 CP)

So much has changed, and our once dearest partners may be our most painful obstacles. This can not continue. The course must be corrected, and methods must be adapted. But energy is too precious to expend micromanaging the project’s development. The likeminded, those who understand and appreciate the inevitability of what you represent, are a useful resource indeed. Those you designate to help you may indeed be granted the powers to do so. You may bestow a special authority to others; the ability to influence and shape extant manifestations of your power. In other words, to refine and adapt what emanations of your power or creations of yours can be found in the world. Something produced by your power, or some technology which others can’t use; under the auspices of your will they can not only make use of them as you do, but moderately alter their parameters and manifestations. Should a creeping corruption of yours be painfully assimilating the world, fostering fear against it and your goals, a herald of yours could lay hands on an afflicted sufferer, and restore their mobility, apparent health, and do away with all the pain of their infection… while accelerating the actual process of it, now painlessly surging throughout them. In this manner, those working to further your vision may adapt to changing circumstances without your direct involvement or awareness. Do take care to choose your heralds from amongst the actually faithful.

The Funeral of All Things: (600 CP)

The world is dying. There is no denying this fact; the calamity from above only accelerates death within a universe already decaying. A new universe is required. You have found, or created, the solution, and you have given yourself to it. It is a material you are bonded to on an intimate level, such that you may produce it at will. You may decide the rough form and nature of it in a material sense, such as deciding to make it a crystalline substance, or perhaps a liquid. Regardless, it is an utterly new and unique material, meaning that it also possesses a bevy of possible states; not only does it possess a base substance, but any number of substances can be made from it by mixing it with others or treating it in unusual ways. Even in its base form it has active and inactive states. This is important, because it is also a dangerous material. Physics seems to play loose around it, and this quality seems psychoactive; guided by intelligent

thought, it can produce or manipulate energy and matter in various ways, potentially allowing it to act as an unrivaled power source. Its active form, however, is highly dangerous. Not only does it slowly corrode and consume other materials on contact, turning other matter into more of itself, but it doesn't stop at inorganic ones. Those who make contact with it in its active state may find themselves infected, their body slowly breaking down into more of the stuff, until they are completely assimilated. Assimilated, for they are not gone. What none but you may know is that this is ultimately a form of information storage; this material is passively and constantly recording everything it comes into contact with, building atom by atom an internal database of the world, one which will exist so long as any sample of the material remains in the world. Those who are assimilated into it, or simply die with it in their bodies, have copies of their mind fragmented throughout the sea of data. Of course, this is all to an intended point. The reality warping nature of this material is owed to the fact that it does not distinguish between data and reality; the world within is very real, and the information it absorbs can be externalized to warp the world without. This is the great purpose of the material, to create a quiet archive of existence that will outlive eternity, so that everything may continue to exist in some fashion even as the universe dies. You, yourself, have become one with it, like a mad demiurge ruling over a broken and fragmented universe. Your true self lies fragmented within it, and shall exist forever so long as nothing can purge you from it, cut your connection to it, and then destroy you. Be wary of such powers, as while rare, it is a possible danger to you. Beyond that? Your body has been long subsumed into the inner world, and you may freely recreate vessels to act in the real world. Physically, you may manipulate virtually every aspect of this material in existence. You could bring to bear unfathomable power through its ability to contravene physics, and control the material on a grand enough scale to create or dispel natural disasters. You might decide that contact with it mutates others into horrific monstrosities, or alter the rate at which they're assimilated. Note of course that the amount of power you can bring to bear will depend on how much of the world has been assimilated into this material; match Originium's assimilation of Terra, and you may be able to paint over local reality with your Assimilated Universe. But perhaps you wish to turn your attention inwards, where you may peruse all the accumulated information in your Assimilated Universe? You may replay the scenes of those entombed within, down to their very thoughts and feelings, for all such souls are eternally cycling through the lives they lived, never changing, always acting out the same life again and again. You may, if you feel benevolent, grant awareness to the otherwise looping actors, or even incarnate them back into the physical world as you please, perhaps edited to your liking. Note that this material was designed to safeguard the data within from a phenomenon of outright erasure; while individual instances of this material may be destroyed by individual attention, holistically it will survive cosmological apocalypses. You will survive oblivion, quietly watching over the endless repetitions of everything you loved, forever.

In case it needs be said, with this option you may become one of the co-creators of Originium, in which case its properties will be the same and you will share influence with its other administrators. Otherwise, you may choose to have sole control of your own similar material, which is more customizable in aspect.

Background Perks

Drop-In

Stand Back, I'm Doctor: (100 CP)

Left awash in a strange time and place, with no indication of how you got there, what can you know of your surroundings? What can you know of yourself? Well, surely clues can be found if you only look inwards. Or outwards, at how you reflect on others. What's that, contradictory results? Whelp. At least you might have been an interesting person, with quite a dichotomy to you. At your will you can flip between exuding two kinds of impressions on onlookers. The first is the calming presence of someone you know is here to protect the helpless and make better whatever ills he can. You can easily interact with someone and give off the same kind of feeling as a humanitarian doctor endangering himself to treat the sick, as though were simply acting out of a deep love of life and wish to see it protected. Just as well, you may switch to the opposite extreme, that of an entirely cold and calculated mind solely focused on some unknown objectives. Not some mindless berserker or killer, but rather the feeling that the person they're talking to can behold them, understand wholly the weight of them as an individual and unique life, and then coldly order their death anyways. It's a jarring contrast, and all the more so to those who experience one after the other. Indeed, those who've known you for a long time under the first impression will find themselves deeply and rather intimately shaken whenever they begin to get a glimpse of your other self, and likely respond to the opposite with some confused emotions.

The Mirrors Show: (200 CP)

What do a neurosurgeon, a wartime strategist, and (theoretically) an alien starship navigator have in common? They all need excellent situational awareness. Yeah, that's the commonality there. Whatever life you lived before your amnesia, it sure trained your senses well. Of course your senses are sharp, though not illogically so. In an active meteor shower with structures falling down around you, you could keep track of the falling debris and angles of descent, but it's not like you could see or hear someone over the horizon. That's not what this is about. It's not necessarily that your senses are extreme in and of themselves, but you have an almost supernatural ability for sniffing out bullshit. There's just something about the way people carry themselves that you can pick up on without noticing. You can always tell when someone's hiding something from you, whether it be their intentions or things that are bothering them. Guilt, deception, and falsehoods all ring in your ears, though you don't necessarily know

what's true just because you can sense the lies. This is to such an extent that you can somehow pierce through more active deceptions; illusions and hallucinations will only fool you for a moment as you catch your bearings, disguises and shapeshifting will only leave them a few words before you catch on, and invisibility or perception dampening will leave you quickly realizing that there's someone in the room with you. While you won't automatically understand the truth behind the lies, you're pretty observant when it comes to digging these things up. Meet with some business representatives on a business trip, and you just might sniff out invisible divisions between them that they're trying to hide. Divisions that you can use.

Genesis 11:5-9: (400 CP)

They say that a true friend always stabs you in the front, but you aren't actually here to make friends, are you? You can play at it all you want, pretend to be a savior, act like you're not the cause of every problem you're trying to fix, *act like these animals mean something to you*, but at the end of the day you're here for a reason. Right? But false faith in a false savior can be a useful thing, because then you're right and ready to just *pull the plug*. Your betrayals are almost flawlessly perfect, to the point where the only points of vulnerability are the ones you put there yourself, and it seems like it only gets more effective the more loved or trusted you are. Not only does anyone on your side, and anyone who loves or trusts you, simply fail to register the possibility that you're planning to break faith with them, but the actual steps leading up to it are absurdly easy to obfuscate. As the commander on one side of a civil war, you could very easily make your way into the other side's territory and broker a deal with the enemy leader to facilitate the assassination of your faction's leader. Actually executing such an assassination would be so easy for you that even when you're one of the only people in existence with the authorization to disable the security systems that made it possible, you could still cover your tracks enough that no definitive proof existed to link your actions back to you. Impossibly powerful figures or clusters of figures can be taken down with enough time, planning, and connections, all because they believed in the man they thought you were. Never forget, you are your loved ones' worst enemy.

Maxing Pots: (600 CP)

If you're unsure if you even have a past, how can you be certain you have a future? Maybe you do, maybe you don't, but both past and future are things you build with others, and at least one of those can still be changed. Those who work alongside or for you may be reserved at first, but the more things done in association with each other, the more challenges you two make it through, the more the other party will begin to trust you. With enough guidance on your part, you may go from an associate or employer to a trusted friend and confidant, the sort of bond that presents a real positive influence in their life, something that they'll cherish in their own way. And trust in one

another brings out the best in them. Not just in the sense of making them better people, but in improving their capabilities massively. Those working or fighting under your instruction or on your behalf find their strengths and skills sharpening, constantly unlocking more and more of their potential as the individual hurdles you two overcome continue to accumulate. The deeper their trust in you, the faster and harder they'll hit, and their skills will refine enough to bust out new moves or Arts on the battlefield. These improvements are somewhat limited by your new friend's potential, but you can take a talented but unmotivated fighter and make a legend out of them in time.

Ghost of Babel: (800 CP)

How does a splinter-faction of a government in exile almost win a civil war against the superior power of its home nation? How does a small paramilitary force using minimal troop deployments uproot a government backed international terrorist organization? With minds like yours. You have a unique mind for tactical genius, being so capable of gauging the strengths and weaknesses of both enemies and allies, as well as analyzing terrain and obstacles, that you can run seemingly perfectly accurate simulations of battles before they happen. With quick examination of the battlefield, and perhaps a little surveillance prior, you can predict exactly the paths through a combat zone that each individual enemy is going to take, and from there use your own discretion to figure out how best to counter them. While initially untested, your more long-term strategic skills will quickly catch up. Preside over a theatre of war, take in all the losses and victories, and eventually you'll begin mentally forming these predictive models for more large-scale strategic deployments as well. While potentially emotionally stressful in terms of what war forces you to confront, working on this scale is never by itself too overwhelming for you, and you can continue to operate in your daily life despite constantly mentally simulating the outcomes of several individual engagements as well as manipulating the course of entire unfolding wars.

Frontline Leader

OUR MARTYR: (100 CP)

This is a flawed and corrupt world, filled with men much the same. Those who deign fit to spare some attention to the sorrows unfolding beyond their walls do so with only the most cursory glance, and all too often a word spoken out against injustice is but a rallying cry for political capital and secular cohesion. Perhaps that's why an earnest leader on the frontlines shines so brightly… even when you're usually something a follower of yours would hate. Oh sure, the Sankta are to blame for everything bad about Laterano, but you? You're a man of *vision* working to *change* things around here! So long as they're working under you, or rallying under your banner, your subordinates put aside things like racial or ideological differences that would usually set them off, or at least when it comes to you. You might even be a practical child, but still be treated as a

legitimate employer or leader by those who would otherwise disrespect you. As long as they fall into step, no one under you is going to have an issue with you. One that doesn't stem from your own actions or policies, anyways.

HR is Watching: (200 CP)

A former government assassin and a group of chivalrous knights she previously tried to kill walk into the break room. Who walks out? All of them, because otherwise they're not getting their paychecks. Whatever their reason for signing up, be it loyalty, hard cash, or the desire to run away from their past, people who come under your employ or service leave their violent rivalries and death-wishes at the door, at least when it comes to each other. Sure, they're not going to like each other, and will likely hate each other just as much as before if nothing is done about it, but they're not going to start any brawls, skirmishes, or assassination attempts while under you. This also helps to curb miscellaneous conflicts that arise here and there, but much less so. A couple of buddies who met on the job might get into some fights while out on the town drinking, and that schizophrenic with a chainsaw you hired might go crazy and beat up her squadmates after a mission every now and then, but the kinds of situations that arise from multiple angry strategic weapons getting sight of the other angry strategic weapon that almost killed their reason for living just won't unfold.

Our Outstanding Operators: (400 CP)

Sometimes there's an incredibly risky mission too important to turn down, and several of your men, from the basest to the best, are very much against the sacrifices it'd take. Sometimes, a mission like that will prove even worse than anticipated, with countless of your best and brightest sacrificing themselves against increasingly powerful opposition, with you still needing to charge forward. Sometimes everything going tits up is thrown even further outside your initial predictions by the inclusion of an ancient immortal evil, the imminent destruction of the city you're in, and the beginning of a full-scale war between the two largest nations on the planet. Well it's a good thing you're great at motivational speeches! Enough so to reinvigorate troop morale even as events slide into the downright absurd and apocalyptic. The words come naturally, and the reactions follow just as well. So long as they're your men, taking the stage and giving a suitably heroic spiel about what needs to be done will be enough to give a fresh surge of determination to even those just beginning to deal with the fact that they're stepping over the bodies of their friends. Your speeches hit those serving under you so hard you could literally convince an army of powerless and starving civilians to try suicide-charging an ancient demon wizard king with an instant death aura by raising a shiny sword high enough and giving some spiel about claiming your own destinies. Never underestimate the kinds of bad decisions a single hype man can get you to make, and when it comes to hyping up your soldiers, you're the best around.

Shackles Today, a Crown Tomorrow: (600 CP)

There's something inspiring about a leader that will take to the frontlines, that will risk their own life for their dreams. The sight of it is inspiring to those they lead, and the potential for it is inspiring to those looking for someone to entrust with their goals. Those looking for an heir see a spark of potential in you, the beginnings of someone who could realize their dreams in their place once they've gone from the world, or else passed off their burden to you. Those with no connection or ill disposed to you may not care much for this feeling, may even see you as a potential threat, but those open minded or closer to you in some way are extremely likely to choose you to inherit all they are. The king of another race may meet you and adopt you as their child, naming you their heir even though you're not of their blood, nor even race. Your sister, now in command of her own faction, may conclude that she must lay the groundwork before dying so you can take the reins instead. The people around you can almost see that you're destined for greatness, for power, both in positions of authority and in inheritable abilities. You'd be surprised the things you'll find forced on you, crowns and legacies of ancient conflict entwined. Be wary of the company you keep; the old and the powerful will form their own plans for you, benevolent as they may seem.

Broken Sun: (800 CP)

In history a great story unfolds, a generational epic of pain and retaliation. It began with a crown, black and foreboding, which allowed ancient tribals to counter and survive an invasion from beyond, and it has been passed down ever since at its own urging, a path littered with death. You may host it now, the Black Crown, the Civilight Eterna, or may possess something of the same make. In truth, it was designed as an ark; a tool that will record the history of a failed people so that future cultures could learn from their mistakes. For this, the Crown passively records the history of the world around you, and with its empathic ability to pierce hearts and minds, this includes the entire internal experiences of those recorded. Passively you can feel the emotions of others around you, and with greater focus can delve the records to potentially live entire lives long gone. With enough wisdom, you may see how the Crown calculates possible futures just as it records the present-turned-past. But there is more power within the Crown, whether intended or not; power to manipulate both minds and the world.

Tenebrous black Arts heed your call, manipulating black material and energy in any number of ways, letting you fight as a powerful Caster even against grossly more experienced and naturally powerful ones. These expressions are prone to lashing out in response to your own distress, long black blades stretching across even a valley to kill someone threatening your loved ones without your input, but as you master them you'll gain greater control over them. The interplay of mind and matter gives way to many powers should you delve the Crown's secrets; recreating powerful artifacts seen in

glimpsed memories, and downloading the skills to use them from those same memories. Your Arts might circumvent all conventional durability or shielding, and leave wounds that resist healing. You might arrest your aging, or manifest fate and probability as great strings in the sky to play them like an instrument. Entire minds might be erased, or you might imbue base matter with the autonomous task of shielding another without your conscious input. The greater and more esoteric the powers, the more time, effort, and introspection it may require to develop, but the actual limits of the Black Crown's power are unknown. Know also that it possesses the power to interface with psychoactive substances or phenomena, such as Originium and the Assimilated Universe that dwells within, potentially letting you contest the control of its masters to bend it to more benign purpose. But there is a darker potential to this power, and salvation is only one of the paths it offers. Whether you wield it for good or ill, the Black Crown has given rise to many tyrants, just as it has would-be saviors. A power such as this has unknown potential, and may just be the difference between this world's salvation and destruction.

Know also that the Crown's history is entangled with that of the Sarkaz, who first found it deep beneath the Earth. From here, you have two choices; the first is to possess the Civilight Eterna as Terra has known it, which may mean you co-host it. Do not think it so strange; in the prior succession, the Crown chose both the king who would accept it, and her brother who turned its power down. If you choose this, then you will hold the title of Lord of Fiends, and all Sarkaz who look upon you will know at a glimpse that you are their current King. This will also mean the Crown comes with all the accumulated history, pain, and wisdom that its past holders have experienced, which you may experience or consult in your own exploration of its powers. The other option is to have a blank Crown, which will leave you disconnected to the plight of the Sarkaz, and lessen the anguished cries contained in its records, but will leave you with no past examples to draw on when seeking to grow your power. Note that when using these powers to a particular degree, a certain visual display manifests about your person. This manifests as an ominous symbol of the Crown floating on or above your head, with strange geometric patterns of some kind emerging in the area around you. Typically, this is an ominous jagged black crown, with strange rhomboid fractals of black stone surrounding you, but just as other wielders have had peculiar visual manifestations, you may decide the exact appearance of the Crown above your head.

Operator
Smaller Ops: (100 CP)

Not everyone is a colorful and plucky named character with a unique costume and intricate backstory. No, some of us have bills to pay. You have skills, training, and experience in various non-glamorous jobs that you'd expect *someone* in a squad you're sending into a warzone to be trained in. you might be an after-battle field medic, not

some miraculous Arts-healer, but a down and dirty medic meant to stem the pain and keep people going until they can get to a doctor. You might be skilled in surveillance and long-distance reconnaissance, maybe even a recon caster whose Arts are tuned towards being able to send and receive messages like you were using radio equipment. You have a good number of such skills, either being an eclectic assortment you picked up out of necessity, or several taught together for the role you were intended to fulfil in an organized deployment. It may not be glamorous, and especially not when compared to those heavy hitters who can act like a squad on their own by sheer power, but even those heroes need boots on the ground, mapping where they'll be going and keeping their engines running. It's hard work, and unappealing, but depending on who you're working with it'll be appreciated still.

Side Event, Silly Event: (200 CP)

Sometimes you go to negotiate a business deal so you can set up shop in a region, and you end up fighting against a several thousand-year old body-snatching immortal warmonger. Sometimes you go to gather some geological data, and a giant pink-furred sheep with so much wool that it's a sphere descends from the sky, tells you to go on a scavenger hunt, and starts lava surfing on an active volcano. Life tends to come at you with wildcards like that. Sure, things can be pretty dangerous around here, but it's not always all doom and gloom. When you're going through periods of either stress or danger, you just so happen to be lined up for some ensuing shenanigans that will help take your mind off things. Eventually anyways. Granted, these silly circumstances can be stressful for their own reasons, and maybe dangerous too, but they'll be a reprieve from how bad things have recently gotten for you, and will tend to be enjoyable either in general, in their own ways, or upon their conclusion. These can be as wild as an ancient nature spirit descending from the sky, taking a beach vacation with you, and then lava surfing as a volcanic eruption wipes out an abandoned city, to as simple as some hairbrained simpletons dragging you into their schemes to liven up their friend's burgeoning cafe business by helping them pass out fliers.

Don't Tell Me…: (400 CP)

It can be hard out there on the field, going about your routine slug extermination/route surveillance/international espionage, when suddenly something happens. Good thing you're on top of your game and understand all the unspoken implications of said somethings. What could I possibly be talking about? All sorts of things, really. You start to feel a bit drowsy and uncoordinated during your mission? Obviously your old friend who was performing medical diagnostics earlier on you sabotaged your surgery to jeopardize your mission. Find the ships that were sent out to scout an area destroyed in the field, but they're pointed in a different direction than towards said route? Obviously they ran into an ambush and split up to try and get some

of them out alive, with the general positionings of both enemy and ally and the current whereabouts of any stragglers easily coming to you. Yes, over and over again, that bad feeling that stems from unexpected information will just graduate into an almost forensic diagnosis of what actually happened there and what it means for the broader situation you're dealing with. Sudden developments that fly at you somehow inform you of the complex situation they're deriving from, even if you have almost no context and are just some operator in a lull between battles. Sudden things like ambushes, people being in suspicious places (or not being where they should), or random changes to the situation are understood for what they are; unforeseen external involvements, deceptions, betrayal, anything goes. More than that, you also have a general sense for *how* and *why*, and find it trivial to connect the dots between these facts and incidents. This mostly means that whenever you encounter weird developments on the field you can understand their implication for the mission and adjust to compensate, but honestly you'd make for an absurdly effective investigator.

Ace Operative: (600 CP)

It's a sorry day when some conscript, an unwilling combatant, is forced to die for a cause they don't believe in. This is not that day, and you're a volunteer, not some unwilling conscript. When something you truly believe in is at stake, be it a person or an ideal, when you're ready to bunker down and *die* defending it, you can make miracles happen. Planting yourself down and committing to defense, holding the line as best as you're able, you'll find yourself hitting so far above your weight class that it's frankly illogical. Were you to fight some nigh-godlike monster capable of warping the world around you into fire, not only would your sturdy little riot shield somehow hold, but you'd be able to hold them off long enough for your allies to evacuate the city, the buildings around you breaking before you do. Not only that, but you may just survive with a missing limb, giving you time to recuperate before *doing it again*, buying enough time for even more evacuations before finally dying. All this as nothing more than a fairly strong man with a hammer and a riot shield. So long as you're committing yourself to a defensive mission, even the enemy that finally kills you is going to be left speechless over how much it took to kill one lone combatant.

Shining in the Dark: (800 CP)

You… you aren't who you said at all. No, it can't be! You're far more than what meets the eye, far more than the humble explanations you've hid behind. Pick a skill, something like swordsmanship or the like. You are now a bygone legend in that field, someone whose true identity is known with respect and perhaps fear in others belonging to the circles who'd know of it, but who has since faded from the spotlight. Perhaps you were a legendary war hero who cleaved their way through a bloody campaign, or the ex-leader of a secret society whose horrific training left you a machine

of pure murder. Needless to say, your skill in your chosen field is paramount, enough that an assassin realizing who you were midway through their attempt might be enough for them to call it off. But that was a long, long time ago, and you aren't that person anymore. But it's conceivable that you could be again, if circumstances were to force your hand. In truth, your skill in this thing is far, *far* greater than even at the height of your old reputation. How much greater? It depends on how rarely you'll end up using it. The more sparingly you resort to this skill that you've left behind, the more you resolve to keep it buried and succeed in doing so, the more bewilderingly powerful this skill of yours will become. Were you to be a master swordsman, and commit to never wield your blade again unless truly necessary, then even the Nachzehrer King would admit it would be wise to kill you before you could draw your blade, an incredible praise from the Sarkaz's god of war. Is this unused skill of yours meant to hype you up in story cutscenes, or for when you finally get released as an overpowered late-game alt Operator? The world may never know.

Base Work

I Am NPC Man: (100 CP)

Terra's a harsh world, but hard work makes it livable. People have built up their cities, their civilizations, and are coasting well for a place so brutal is this. You're far from an incompetent; survival necessitates something else. Pick some general field of life, work, or interests; you now enjoy significant practical experience in all manner of things pertinent to your selection, as though you'd grown up in the shadow of people working that field, and then gone on to work a handful of distinct job roles surrounding it. If you picked farming, you'd have practical knowhow on just about all levels of what it actually entails, and if you were some kind of practical engineer, you could do both electrician and plumbing work. It's a practical skillset, nothing too glamorous, but you might make for a wonderful handyman. Skills like yours are never something to turn down in this economy.

Dreams of a Purge: (200 CP)

Extortion, murder, politicking, ain't all that a bit much for a guy who washes cars? Come on now, let's cut the chitchat, you've got a job to do. You, whatever you are or whatever you do, probably aren't all that remarkable. Or at least your job isn't. Probably. Thankfully, that humble title tends to be all people see you as, at least when they're the unsavory sort you'd rather not deal with. You're just another face in the crowd, whatever your job is being the end all be all of your existence as far as they're concerned. You just wash cars, or handle an assembly line; why bother shaking you down for anything? You're practically a background extra, and both attention and detailed memory seem to slide off you. You aren't even worth the scrutiny, so how could you be a threat? How could you have plans, and not just act the part you're supposed to? Granted, once you

really do something to stand out, this ceases to be the case. Hopefully you don't blow your load early, before making an impact.

Weird Guy Who Talks to Staves: (400 CP)

Some deals lead to some crazy things exchanging hands, like ancient curses staves containing fragments of a dead god. Tragically, these curios often go mistreated, seeing as how they're often happy to just fry the brains of anyone who tries touching them. Thankfully, you happen to be something of an artifact whisperer. Weapons and artifacts that have their own intelligence or awareness, whether that be by their own qualities or because something is sealed within them, don't lash out at you when you handle or interact with them. In fact, you can get as involved as doing active repairs or maintenance on them, and they'll contentedly sit through it. Whatever is inside won't lash out at you or negatively affect you, leaving you to work on them in peace. In fact, you can even speak to the intellects within, and while they're inclined to answer (and can, if they usually couldn't for anyone else), they can still choose to ignore you, something which is usually the sign of a sour mood on their part. Maybe ask their chosen wielder to treat them nicer? It'd probably help. As a bonus, you're actually quite skilled in both handling and restoring antiques, and older weaponry and objects in general. So long as you're just keeping its capabilities to their normal state and not trying to improve them, you can even swap out or bend broken bits without compromising the special nature of the weapon. That old staff might look surprisingly modern with what you've added and replaced to keep it functional, without compromising the magical sealing within it.

Blood of Multinational Giants: (600 CP)

Men aren't the only things that break. Sometimes, those great edifices they've built crumble too, their nations and their companies. In the face of outwards pressure and internal deficiencies, what can one man do to stave off collapse? Just… just do your job, okay? No really, just do your job. What, did you think that corporation would keep trucking along if its logistics department just up and vanished? No, so if you want to keep your organization up and floating about, you'd best just keep to your work and do a good job. Because somehow, for some reason, that's just what it needs to stop from going under. Is a pharmaceutical company bereft of funds due to their inefficient business practices like dashing the prices of their medicine for lethal illnesses? It's a laudable act of virtue, but poor for business, but why should that stop them? You're hauling ass in logistics or procurement, striking sponsorship deals or engaging in rare earth trading to keep the cash flowing regardless. Just sticking to your work and doing an excellent job impacts the direction of your organization far more than it should, possibly making up for significant losses and likely keeping things afloat far beyond the point they should have collapsed.

Three Arcs And Running: (800 CP)

Listen man, you just package medical supplies. Maybe walk them over to the square on the floor marked with tape that says “pick up”. Ancient godlike beings awakening and bringing personal reckoning to your workplace? You sure as hell didn’t sign up for that! And it seems, thankfully, that circumstances agree with you. And your bosses too, sometimes. You are blessed with a singular spot of good fortune, one that really only shines through in the absolutely most extreme and grim situation. Or rather, what would otherwise be those situations. Whenever you’re living an ordinary life and minding your own business, not simply at that moment but in a broader general sense, or are even just truly unaware of what’s about to happen, you’ll find that your life and livelihood cannot be destroyed by sudden inexplicable destruction. If you were just a mundane pencil pusher or package stuffer, both you *and* your job would somehow survive the initial cataclysm of an emerging apocalypse. In fact, assuming you were someone in a facility handling minor issues like package processing or the like, and said facility was secretly due for complete annihilation by an unassailable force, you’d likely find your boss catching wind of things and making preparations to evacuate everyone once the time came, saving you from what could have been the kind of countryside-devestating destructive chain reactions that typically take out nomadic cities. It’s frankly unreasonable how immune you seem to becoming a casualty statistic in the face of unexpected disasters.

Research & Development

Government Undersight: (100 CP)

Paperwork is the lifeblood of any organization, the very medium by which resources flow, and action is exerted. A functionary you may or may not be, but in whatever capacity you must engage paperwork with, you truly excel. You have the otherworldly ability to read and fill out paperwork in a timely manner, and not procrastinate on filing it. Further, you can actually remember what forms you have and have not submitted, and both when and where. Indeed, such is your mastery of the bureaucratic flow, and of the twisted ouroboros of paperwork which permeates all corporate and federal workings, that you can not only correctly file things to an exacting and timely standard, but can also falsify things as well. Keeping the paperwork flowing in the right directions without obstructions is impressive enough, a skill many would be glad to have you for, but for your ability to track what’s being sent where, you can slip things in places they shouldn’t be, carefully avoiding tripping over yourself as you paint a fake paper trail to fool your superiors. You could be funneling massive amounts of money or energy somewhere else towards a personal project of yours, and it would take a monumentally longer time for anyone to catch wind of your nonsense.

All Aboard the Crystal Age: (200 CP)

Terran technology is at once strange and familiar. Similar principles of electricity and computation pervade these later years of the Crystal Age, but as the name implies, technology's development has been steered by the strange and impossible resource of Originium. This boon is quite simple; you possess an understanding of Originium's most basic material properties to a standard at least considered ordinary by Terran scientists, particularly those in a field of your choice, of which you possess both significant academic understanding as well as more practical experience. In fact, your scientific understanding of more conventional tech-bases and Originium-based Terran technology are roughly equivalent, with particular experience or skill in one translating to intuitive excellence and comprehension of the other. There are certainly some brilliant minds amongst the various engineers and lab technicians of Terra, even some eager to replicate whatever strange non-Originium devices they can get their hands on.

Break the Silence: (400 CP)

It seems you're more than an unnamed intern. More than a background exposition NPC with a generic portrait even. Terra has its fair share of geniuses; the greatest tech firms of Columbia have standards that others would consider the limit, but it seems that you're a cut above the rest. You are, to put it simply, a scientific genius, and especially so in a single chosen field in which you have both extreme knowledge and an enhanced learning rate for. This is very broad mastery as well, because not only are you a genius intellect in your specific science or role, but in various complimentary or adjacent fields and roles as well. Honestly to a rather nonsensical extent, such that a researcher specializing in Oripathy and pathology could do something like casually synthesize a 'candy' calibrated to a target of a specific size as to drop them into a deathlike coma where they'd appear deceased for a few hours. Such an expert in your field that, assuming you chose to focus on software engineering, you could create fully functional artificial intelligences capable of their own independent growth. Hell, for your mastery of its tertiary fields you'd also be able to engineer combat-applicable robot bodies for them, and do general mechanical maintenance on all complicated electronics too. You'd be one hell of a hire even for the cutting edge of science institutes around here.

Universal Circuitries: (600 CP)

I'll be real with you; barring exceptional standouts, individual superpowers don't beat armies. The march of science has made that only more true than ever. Originium and scientific Arts research continues ever onwards, making the once-fantastical powers of Casters practically mass producible. The march of progress is unforgiving, in no small part thanks to you. The nonsensical and superstitious displays of seemingly supernatural powers must give way to rationality, and so you are remarkably skilled in

approximating strange and seemingly magical abilities through the usage of technology. The most obvious application here is in the creation of universal Originium circuits, a form of modernized Originium technology that can be electronically activated to cast inflexible pre-designated Arts that the circuit was designed for, allowing even those incapable of Arts to cast them. That said, the more strange technologies you have to play around with, the easier it is to jury rig something to replicate some mystical spell or another. It may require a bit of intellect and study, but creating artificial reproductions of other powers you have or have extensive knowledge of is very much something within your ability.

Lone Trail: (800 CP)

With how quickly tech has advanced in the past few centuries, one would think that humanity's future was on an unimpeded rise. Certainly, brilliant minds from all over have left their contributions to their fields. But you've seen how their kind stop short. How they'll hit a wall, a few lives lost in an experiment, and just *stop*, going no further. They'll draw lines in the sand of what not to challenge despite all the tools of the mind they've honed, and stall the progress of man for their cowardice. You've seen it, those impossibilities that men refuse to challenge, and you've grown sick of it. When you identify an impossible barrier in mankind's scientific progress, whether it be something held back by ethics, environmental factors, or just a barrier in what current technology can allow, you can rail against the perceived shortcoming. As though a glorious destiny were building up on your shoulders, wondrous yet crushing, you'll find that any steps you take to try and tackle it will become wildly more successful. You'll find yourself flush with ideas, circumstances will arrange to give you access to new resources that recontextualize everything, and even your single-minded focus on your ideals will pull others to follow in your wake like some solar orbit. Long standing plans to scam governments and multilayered betrayals to get what you need work out as you outwit even people who know your every strength and weakness, and this only gets more potent the more of yourself you're willing to sacrifice. If you're willing to give everything, your friendships, your very life, you may one day break through the machinations of once-godlike precursors to attain the secrets all their technology and architecture has occluded from mankind. A single glorious moment plain to see the worldover, from which no one can ever turn away from again. You will catalyze the next age of scientific exploration, no matter the cost. And it shall be so, because all that you've proved possible with this will remain so, and will capture the imaginations of the world for generations to come.

Medicine & Humanitarianism
I've Got Medical Hands: (100 CP)

War is hell, in the moment, and in the aftermath. Accidents too, honestly. When a Catastrophe is about to wipe out a town and the refugees flee, only for ten nests of meter-long carnivorous insects to be disturbed by the Catastrophe and flee into them? The results aren't pretty, not at all, but even so there may be survivors, and someone has to save them. While it may not be anymore pleasant, may still be disgusting and stressful in the long-term, things like gore and death don't phase you like they do an unpracticed everyman. The simple impact of a corpse or splatter of gore isn't enough to shake or stall your judgement or decision making, neither slowing down how quickly you make decisions nor how quickly or steadily you can execute them. You take in information as efficiently as before, without shock dulling the contents of information you're taking in, and blessedly, your hands are very, very steady. So long as you're putting them to work, they don't shake from anxiety, shock, or even tiredness, at least until you reach the point where you simply can't use them anymore.

Doctor But Actually Though: (200 CP)

What, did you think that medical license you were boasting about was just for show? You can talk someone's ear off about medicine because you know your stuff, and you know your stuff because you've been putting it into practice. You have significant medical knowledge and practical experience putting it to use, enough that on its own you already qualify as a skilled surgeon, with a possible medical specialization like hematology or neurology. Further, for your universal medical expertise in treating the various races of Terra, their commonalities and racial differences, you're able to expand your medical knowledge to cover the biologies of other roughly comparable races. Whether it's adapting your neurosurgery practices to account for two different sets of ears at different points and angles on the container of that brain you're trying to get at, or how to differentiate healthy and ill body parts on a race that naturally rots while still alive. You might not be omnidisciplinary in terms of medicine (yet), but with how you can apply your knowledge to people of all kinds of different races, some people might come away with that impression.

A Song and a Blue Feather: (400 CP)

For as useful as they are, healing Arts aren't the magical cure-all that many would hope for. They're hard to master, and can usually only go so far as to stop bleeding or accelerate natural healing processes, and trying for more is incredibly dangerous. You can't just cast "Heal" and have wounds close; you need to understand not just the biological processes you're accelerating or supplementing, but also the structure and function of the parts you're healing. This is why healing Arts can be so dangerous, because attempting them without knowing your medicine or without checking the patient's status can do *far* more harm than the initial wound ever did… except for some people. To you, actual medical knowledge and that wishful arcane

nonsense blends together well; not only can things like healing magic actually supplement a deficiency in medical knowledge rather than massively exacerbating the problem, but prodigious medical knowledge can make up for your lack of skill or knowledge in healing magics, covering for a lack in ability through efficient usage of what little you can manage. And in combining a prodigious talent for the two? Ordinarily, medical miracles are an improbability, something brought about by extreme luck, favorable conditions, and hard work. But for you? Had you skill in both, you could achieve feats of healing ordinarily considered impossible, salvaging even visceral wounds to heal people beyond the reasonable expectations of medical science or non-miraculous healing magics. In fact, this skill in correlating medical and scientific knowledge with magical means can lend itself to very different ends than healing. Take the ability to manipulate calcium formations in your vicinity, apply a little knowledge of chemistry, and suddenly you're a nightmare for anyone relying on metal instruments against you.

Drug Yourself NOW: (600 CP)

Losing a patient on the operating table is something every surgeon has to experience at least once. They'll dread it, hate it when it comes, possibly remember it for the rest of their lives, but they'll also learn from it. Or be broken. But you've learned. Once you get your hands on someone and begin the healing process, whether that's surgery or some other procedure, they simply… don't die. Not while you're operating at least. Their wounds may be grievous, but so what? That's precisely what you're patching up. They'll continue to cling to life so long as you're actively engaged in your medical procedures, refusing to pass on until the moment you stop. This does mean that if someone was only being propped up by this effect that all you're doing is buying them a few possibly excruciating or unconscious minutes of life. It also means that if you have the mettle, the stamina, the will, and the focus for it, then you can lock into a lifesaving surgery lasting *days* without stopping. And in doing so, in providing that much time to recover while addressing every complication, you may just take someone minutes away from death over that invisible line into, "Can very possibly survive." Granted, you'd need the grit (and possibly drugs) to keep yourself going through such an involved process for several days, but since they can't actively die under your ministrations, as long as you're not incompetent or woefully unequipped, you can really only help.

This Operation Is Necessary: (800 CP)

Doctor, doctor! The patient's just in, and they need surgery, stat! What's the problem with them? They've turned into a giant bird from an earlier evolutionary epoch. What, think that's beyond the realm of surgery to fix? Nonsense, it will only take time and effort. Yes, you are *somehow* capable of addressing complications as absurd as,

“Suddenly turned into a giant birditus,” through good old-fashioned mundane surgery. Under the operating table, the kinds of things you’re capable of treating, reverting, or outright curing are utterly absurd, and quite frankly completely illogical. Believe me, it won’t be pleasant; medicine is still medicine, even if greater possibilities have opened up to you. What you can accomplish, the sorts of things you can treat, may now be frankly illogical, but it will still be a potentially long and involved process. Reverting some sort of monstrous transformation may now be possible where conventional logic said otherwise (and likely objected to the transformation in the first place), but it may take hours of focus and work under the operating table. Still, marveling over the end results of your labor, some people might just think you’re a miracle worker. But you didn’t work any miracle, you just cured a patient. Oh, who am I kidding? No you didn’t. The writers did, you were just in the room at the time.

Oldest Guard

DID I MENTION HOT DOGS: (100 CP)

Whether it’s the mark of a life questionably spent, or a cultured education, you certainly have a lot of stuff to talk about. Like, a lot. *Genuinely too much to talk about you goddamn hag*. You have a great deal of historical knowledge, both in the form of detailed and consistent narratives of the past (and its related facets such as individual cultures and literature), but also in the form of scattered and often irrelevant trivia that you can sound off at a whim. The degree of inane nonsense you can prattle off about scales with two factors; how old you are to have collected this information, and the strength of your connection to the subject matter. Certainly, you can go off on the detailed history of your home nation for goddamn hours on end, and with great age perhaps the histories of those nations it has interacted with, but with obscure connections of your own you may also drop ominous details regarding phenomena typically outside the ken of men. Would you like to explain the origins of hot dogs now? You certainly could, in ten times as many words as anyone else would.

Duke Jumper is a Hero: (200 CP)

You love your way of being. How could you not, to fight for its existence, to rigidly refuse all other ways? No matter; your contributions have been noted and appreciated by those who feel the same. Whatever your faction may be, wherever your allegiance or history of great work lies, you have something of a reputation. Not the sort of thing necessarily known by the common man, and likely not felt all that strongly by them. No, this is a reputation among fellow men of culture, who understand how the world really works. As an Ursine noble or soldier, you wouldn’t be regarded well by the base factory workers, but by a keen circle of refined noblemen, among others. This of course comes with an actual history of accomplishment to your name, possibly capped off with a single moment of great glory, sacrifice, and anything else that’d leave you a figure of patriotic

admiration from others. Your purchases may justify the nature of this history, but from among those in the upper classes who know of you, you will be a figure of great respect. Work and fight for your nation, and the shadowy killers controlling things behind the scenes may snap in anger at those who disrespect your name.

Unskippable: (400 CP)

If you drew up a venn diagram comparing the oldest people on the planet and the people who talk the longest, you'd just draw a circle. Regardless of your age, you're certainly gifted in the art of stringing many, many words together. But this isn't just a Perk for being able to monologue; rather than being able to talk for hours, it's for people *not* being flatly turned off by you talking your head off. In fact, it seems to actually help. Not only are you capable of talking in haughty and overly verbose language for extended periods of time as if it were as casual as saying hello, but people you speak to find what you say to be extremely charismatic and persuasive, regardless of the pretentiousness or complexity of your wording. Granted, you still need to be capable of making good points to make full use of this strange form of charisma, but to that end you're also capable of forming complex replies and strategies for ongoing conversations and communications so quickly that the monologues you respond to ordinary questions with almost seem rehearsed. In fact, it's almost like you had the benefits of an entire protracted writing process behind your dialogue rather than having to think everything you say up on the spot like a real person. Are you the designated smart character in some storyline, or an advanced AI created by aliens to monologue their enemies to death? Maybe both.

Time is a Mountain: (600 CP)

And you, but a humble pilgrim. They say that time is the greatest teacher. This is not correct. Time is a vehicle, one which you may have had quite the ride in. But the greatest teacher is time's most enduring passenger, experience; a thing just as well known to you. You are not new to your craft; not your intellectual pursuits, not your practical skills, and certainly, *certainly* not your combat skills. In all these things which are more than transient interests you've picked up along the way, you have truly absurd lengths of experience in their practice and usage. As a swordsman, you likely have the experience of several lifetimes worth of combat encounters under your belt; something which may mean only a single lifetime of truly absurd amounts of back-to-back fights… or a truly prodigious age on your part. This is because in addition to having more experience exercising your favored skills than most people have spent outside of their houses, you can also be in the upper ranges of whatever age your manner of being can live towards, with a life just as similarly busy. If you were an Elder or Ancient, you could well be a decade or so past 100, with a life well lived, and a body hearty and hale. As a Sarkaz, you might have literal centuries under your belt, and if you were a purer

blooded one, you'd have entire millennia's worth of memories and experiences. As one of the mysterious Ageless, it may well be the same, or perhaps greater. Whether it be decades or thousands upon thousands of years, the skills closest to you and which define your pursuits have been sharpened time and time again. More than this, for your long years, you are also remarkably hard to catch on the backfoot; beyond the newest innovations of a changing world, and the most out of left field developments, precious little is actually capable of shaking you to the core. Finally, you may obviously decide what kinds of legends, impacts, and other cultural facets have arisen from your past actions, fitting to however long you were mucking about.

Crazed Rituals, Ancient Ceremonies: (800 CP)

In the fight for survival there is no low that mankind will not stoop to. The war for supremacy is much the same. From unforgivable human experimentation, to ancient and blasphemous rituals, to the unholy fusion of the two, the terrors of this land can be made into a venomous dagger pointed at the enemy's heart. You know a process, be it scientific, occult, or both, to permanently create unnatural super soldiers from willing participants. This is a distinct process, and requires a distinct power source, both decided now. Anything you could get your hands on here, or that you have consistent access to can be drawn from, so keep in mind you'll need the resource in order to use it. Infused with Seaborn cells, and these soldiers may gain incredible physical parameters and regeneration. Infused with Collapsal fragments, and they may gain unholy powers of life-quenching fear. The exact specifics of this, from the source, the process, and the positive and negative qualities of the result are up to you to determine. Just know that the end result will be powerful, terribly so, and one also prone to its fair share of horrific aspects, and potentially vulnerabilities. It may slowly mutate them into monsters needing to be put down when the time comes, or turn them into timebombs that will unleash great corruption when they die, but whatever the case they'll be massively empowered by this process. Thus, the stronger and more skilled the soldier beforehand, the mightier this new weapon. Be wary of who goes through this process; as it stands a weak mind and body has a high chance of failure, and the process is straining on the spirit. Those who survive are inclined to a particular fervor or mania, their mind's protestation against the encroachment of the horror defining them, and a means of consolidating their sense of self against it. Screening potential applicants for things like strength of will and loyalty will go a long way towards preventing this kind of power from biting you in the ass. With time and great, *great* effort, sacrifice, and experimentation, you may be able to further refine and improve this process, to create even stronger generations of damned soldiers.

Items

Sometimes, someone's place in the world isn't defined by what they can do, but what they own. Whether it's something they inherited, stumbled across, or made for themselves. Regardless, you've got your own holdings in this world, which you'll purchase here. You may also Import/combine Items into one another where appropriate, though in this you have some leeway. Items representing different weapons may obviously be combined into one superior weapon with the qualities of all those bought, but stranger combinations may be possible. You may receive a small stipend of **+400 CP** with which to purchase Items only.

General Items

This Is a Wonderful Idea: (Varies)

All this technology, in some ways familiar, in other ways extraordinary; it's all thanks to this peculiar stone. That's right, the miracle material Originium. Want to bring the ~~unmitigated disaster~~ wonder-material with you on your Chain? Well now you can! Just pay a little bit for quality, and a bit for quantity, and you're good to ~~ruin everything~~ go! For **50 CP** you can receive some completely unprocessed Originium. These are individual clumps of Originium in its unique unprocessed structure; a faintly glowing yellow core of "ore", and several layers of jagged black crystal that are multilayered around it. The inner core can be extracted and used as an energy source, while the outer layers have many peculiar qualities that make them excellent conductors, circuits, and, well, a frankly large number of other things. Especially when treated or processed with other materials to create new combination materials. Still, these are all unprocessed. And remember, Originium is non-infectious in its inert 'inactive' state, but becomes 'active' when many of its properties are in-use, whether because of intentional activation of what it's powering, or because of ambient conditions. For **100 CP** you may instead receive processed Originium ready for active use. You will receive a material known as Orandum, which is Originium crystal combined with other materials to maximize its utility as a conductive material to a great extent. Of the ore, you'll receive Originium Ingots, refined from the core and prepared to be used for energy generation purposes. For **200 CP**, while you'll still receive Orandum, you have the option of replacing the Originium Ingots with Originite Prime, an extremely rare and difficult to extract and process form of it. This is the material used to fuel large structures and even nomadic cities in enough quantities. The energy extraction potential of even a single Prime is frankly absurd, with their use primarily being found in industry, where they can fuel the most power-hungry mechanisms of the modern world. However, for the ease with which it yields massive amounts of energy, it is also the most unstable form of Originium. Now, as for how *much* you'll receive? Well for **Free** you can receive enough of what you're bought to fill a medium-sized cardboard box. In fact, it'll come packaged in such a cardboard box, having been shaken a little and kind of bumped on the floor while it was being set down. For **100 CP** you'll instead receive enough of your chosen Tier to fill up the back of a large truck, with all of it neatly contained in stable and secured boxes. For **200 CP** you may receive a shipping container full of whatever is offered by that Tier, securely locked away and safely inactive. Whatever of this supply you use, lose, or sell, you'll find restocked every month. For Tiers of quality that offer multiple Originium products, you may choose the ratio you receive of each, and change said

ratio before each refill. You may even scale back to what's offered by a lower Tier of products if you wish to experiment with them as well.

Not Furniture: (varies)

Life is a gamble, and especially so in a dangerous world like this. Want to stack the deck a little? For **50 CP** you have a personal weapon made to your specifications. It could be something as basic as a sword, a high-powered crossbow, or even an Arts Unit for use in the casting of Originium Arts. And don't worry if you're not much of a fighter; this can be as simple as a frankly remarkably durable frying pan, or a Blacksteel-made handgun whose Originium circuitry is so simple as to be workable to the untrained, a nice piece to keep in the drawer of your desk just in case. For another **100 CP** you have two additional options, both able to be taken together. One is to add a second functionality to the weapon, letting it fulfil both functions. Something like attaching an Arts Unit to a sword (or perhaps shaping the Arts Unit *like* a sword) so that you can wield it as a blade and cast with it as well. The other option is to simply increase the quality of the weapon's make, making it significantly more powerful and durable, like a blade capable of cleaving through metal with enough force, or an Arts unit whose sophisticated Originium circuitry is fine tuned to make a few spells especially easy and quick to cast and empower. The kind of weapon you'd likely have to shell a load of cash out for, either way.

And instead of buying a *normal* weapon, for **200 CP** you can instead (or additionally) receive a piece of larger or more advanced tactical equipment outside the general realm of handheld weaponry. Something like a massive metal structure resembling a steel support column meant to be flung around with telekinetic Arts, or a structure you can deploy that fulfils some function, like an industrial water cannon capable of blasting through stone, or a drone that administers medical assistance mid-fight to any injured allies. For an additional **100 CP**, you receive multiple of the same kind of combat attachment.

Not Weaponry: (50 CP)

Attached to the style of your home, or some other locations here? Like the look of a festival or some particular city? Worry not, because with one purchase of this you've got an entire furniture line based on, well, just about anything from here. Even ones based on specific locations, you'll have everything from your ceiling and wall lights, your coaches and beds, to your kitchen decor all based on your choice. This may even come with some rather silly additions; if you chose a Siracusan theme, you might have an entire courtroom theme going on in your living room, complete with a judge stand. These bizarre furnishing choices can get as extreme as animated 'wallpaper' screens meant to show the scenery of your chosen locale, though that madness is obviously optional. You may purchase this as many times as you like, to accrue truly nonsensical numbers of different furniture themes.

EPOQUE of Fashion: (Free, 200 CP)

I'm not going to lie to you; Arknights is a psyops campaign meant to indoctrinate you into buying high-concept fashion outfits in real life. It's just how it goes. Regardless, you now contribute to this grand conspiracy; you have a small collection of default outfits that look… honestly, they could look like anything, depending on where exactly you're from, and what your place in life is. In general though there's often a certain feel to clothes here; modern in form, but with the slightest flairs of either fantasy or sci-fi aesthetics highlighting otherwise modern clothing. Hints of knightly armor might show through your otherwise impeccable business attire, or your casual hoodie may have some daring plastic segments and aesthetic logo placements. It's certainly a striking look. Did you come here just for a cool outfit?

Of course, if you're willing to shell out **200 CP** and perhaps a bit of dignity, you may gain something more than an outfit or two; an opportunity. Or rather a bevy of opportunities; opportunities to look good and get paid. It seems you, or whatever organization you belong to, has some modeling contracts with your name on them. Whether you're being contacted by your agent, or your boss is walking in telling you about your newest unconventional assignment, you'll be frequently recruited to wear and pose in expensive outfits by several big-name fashion designers and franchises. They'll cover a wide range of themes too; sometimes you'll be wearing winter vacation gear, outdoors sporting clothes, business finest, and elegant dresswork. Hell, sometimes you'll have photoshoots and filmings whose themes are gothic fantasy worlds. You'll not only get to keep whatever outfit you wear to a given shoot, but also get a nice and modest sum of cash to your name every time. If you want, you can rope your immediate friends into this job too with a group contract. And somehow, despite often being designer clothing, they're all easy to fight in and are fairly durable. Somehow.

She Gave Me (Metal) Crabs: (200 CP)

The wildlife of Terra can get pretty crazy. From giant insectoid lobster-like beasts the size of motorcycles, to slugs that incorporate Originium into their coating to develop elemental powers, there are plenty of strange creatures around here. Casters are often found using Arts to control the dull-minded yet dangerous wildlife of this world, but there are others who take a different approach, a more wholesome one. You have an ambiguously sized "pack" composed of one animal type of your choice from this world. They are all remarkably intelligent for animals, being resistant to any attempts at externally controlling them, and are so well trained that they can not only understand your speech, but behave in appropriate ways for domestic animals like not attempting to attack everyone they see, and not defecating all over the place. They might be adorable yet sturdy Metal Crabs, the also adorable sleep-inducing Slumberfoots, or even something a bit more viscous like the Oxmane, horned pack predators whose overly

developed mandibles can effortlessly crush the skulls of cattle with a bite. You may have to adapt to taking care of this little group of yours, but mercifully they seem resistant to permanent demise, with seemingly defeated ones stumbling back into frame later once the fighting has died down. Be nice to the little fellas.

Home Health Appliance: (400 CP)

Many are the strange devices you'll find around here, some new, and some unspeakably ancient. Whether you find it familiar or utterly alien, you now have the mother of home appliances, and may in fact be waking up from it. Taking the form of a large chamber containing a rectangular bed which closes around its occupant, this Sarcophagas is a device of extremely ancient make. Its purpose is as a health aid, and it certainly fulfils that function well. Those placed within will find their forms being reverted to a prior state, whether in terms of a state the target has actually existed in, or in a more abstracted form such as what they *should* have been like had they not incurred some genetic damage. Cells will find themselves revitalized as the recipient's age is reduced to a desired number, and wounds will be washed away, perhaps allowing even critical damage to be repaired. This miraculous instrument can heal all manner of bodily ills, though it tragically can do little for the mind. It also powers itself by some unknown means, to the extent that you could easily hook it up to various other appliances or facilities and keep them powered simply for having it be connected. A singular word of warning; while it will always function perfectly for you, its quality of reverting things to prior states may result in unintended complications when used to heal others, especially with the presence of foreign contaminants or extenuating circumstances that render their genetic stability suspect.

Nomad State: (Varies)

Maybe you want something a bit fancier than a nice apartment, eh? Something to field your private military exploits out of, perhaps? Well you've got quite the bargain here, because now for **200 CP** you can have your own landship in good condition. It's large in structure, approaching or arriving at 600 meters in length, and it can comfortably house a few thousand occupants. It's outfitted with modest equipment to aid in a certain function, such as possibly possessing a laser drill for mining, or extensive facilities for testing and training combatants. Regardless, you're the owner and captain of the ship, and it comes with a loyal skeleton crew large enough to keep it functioning. This can optionally come with enough Originium to keep the engine and lights running, if nothing else.

However, for **400 CP** you can have a vehicle of grander stature, and deadlier purpose. Instead of a landship, you now have a dedicated warship. This can come in one of two forms, but both are larger than the prior option, are of much more durable construction, and are loaded with high-power artillery guns. The first is to receive a

flying warship, whose Originium technology allows it modest air maneuverability, even being able to ‘anchor’ and remain stationary midair. This combination of power, mobility, and speed makes for a devastating assault tool, and there’s a reason why many consider the Victorian military, which fields many of these airships, to be the strongest in the world. Alternatively, you may have your warship remain landbound. Instead, it is a mighty and absurdly large thing, far more armored, and filled with far more guns. It is, in truth, alike a mobile mountain of metal, such that its warning lights looming in the horizon can seemingly paint the night sky bloody crimson. This option is slower and far less maneuverable, but can dish out truly absurd bombardments. Similarly to the prior option, this comes with a modest crew capable of manning the station, as well as enough Originium to keep it powered.

Impressive that may be, but for **600 CP** your little home isn’t so little anymore. Rather than being any landship or warship, it’s now one of the mobile plates that comprise nomadic cities, with you somehow owning and perhaps leading it. It’s just one though, for now. It may still be on treads, or have multi-segmented ‘legs’ hidden underneath to crawl over terrain, but this absolute behemoth of metal, concrete, and all manner of construction materials is essentially a gigantic square plate with a small city on top. It is, in all ways, a mobile civilian population center, large enough to fit a few million lives throughout it. As one might expect of such a massive edifice, its structure is complex. In addition to the topmost layer, which contains everything from simulated natural scenes such as public parks and fields to many skyscrapers, it also has ‘underground’ sections. The first underground layer just below the city is a residential/civilian level, known as the Living Deck. Private properties can extend down into it, and in fact it serves equivalently to the more visible city above as a civilian population center; it just receives less sun. Below this level is the Support Deck, which houses many vital institutions. On its most basic level, it’s the layer where maintenance workers spend most of their time, addressing and fixing problems relating to the plate’s structural integrity, piping, and wiring. Here workers must also maintain the power grid, managing and apportioning the energy produced by the engines and distributing it in the correct energy forms to the correct parts of the plate. It also houses many critical facilities, securely cradling things such as water reservoirs, critical hospitals, emergency shelters, and even public transportation such as subway stations. Below this is at the bottom the highly dangerous Power Deck, where workers man the systems responsible for powering this behemoth and keeping it mobile. It also houses the base infrastructure for communications, as well as many warehouses for vital supplies and equipment. While the plate is docked and stationary, the workload is lighter and the surroundings less dangerous. However, the city must move, everything is thrown into overdrive. To ensure the dangerous Originium reactor is stable, stocked, and constantly functioning, as well as doing live-maintenance on the actual means of locomotion such as the treads, workers run a tight schedule. To prevent accidents they must be cycled through

rapidly, with relatively short shifts, but with much harder work. Regardless, you have a perfectly ordinary nomadic city plate, complete with whatever features you want atop it. Some nations put mountains on top of theirs purely for aesthetics, which these robust structures can easily handle. Still, this is only one city plate; many of the larger nomadic cities are made up of multiple, which can dock together to form an interconnected structure at the Support Deck level. You may also define the nature of the city and population as you wish, and enough of the population is dedicated towards rough maintenance that you don't need to worry too badly about that. Further, it has enough Originium to run at a light pace; enough to power the whole thing and not inconvenience any of the residents, so long as the pace of its migration is fairly slow. Additionally to this last option, you may pay an additional **200 CP** to outfit the city plate for war or self defense, equipping it with more durable structural materials and several high-grade artillery cannons. Ursus likes this design for its cities.

Lastly, you may purchase this Item as many times as you can afford, and at any Tiers. Indeed, once at least one of a Tier has been purchased, further purchases of it are only **200 CP** a piece, such that buying three nomadic city plates would only cost **1000 CP**.

Race Items

Ancients & Elders

Devils Stay Seething: (100 CP)

Many are the Ancient and Elder races, coming in all sorts of shapes and building up all sorts of cultures. But beyond their countless differences, one fact binds them together; they're not Sarkaz. As a result, they have such treasures as stable housing, and the opportunity to raise families. Your circumstances may be different, so this boon is modular, but in general you may know this; you may receive here many of the trappings of an ordinary life as desired, if colored somewhat by the specifics of your backstory. You may have stable housing somewhere in a location you live, possibly a modest house you own, or even an apartment that's been paid off for the foreseeable future. You may have an actual family of whatever reasonable numbers you wish, all of whom love you and share a healthy bond with one another. You may have a reasonable education at whatever level you wish, whether you simply finished high school, graduated community college, or even scored a modest degree at a university. You may even have a decent if short record of past employment, and enough savings to not have to worry about food or bills for a short while. In short, you have a life and as close to a reasonable standard of living as you wish.

Semi-Legitimate Claims: (200 CP)

In days past, the Elders ruled as brutal hegemons. As time rolled on, revolutions overthrew many of their rules, and some Ancients rose as brutal hegemons. Well hail to

Jumper, the probably descendent of maybe a royal line somewhere in some place maybe! It seems that you're descended from royalty or nobility in some fashion, whether that means being a member of a rare Elder race, or the descendent of some nation's nobility. Regardless, what this represents is a claim to the throne of one country or smaller polity in the world, by right of your blood. The problem is that it's a distant claim. You might not be first in line for the throne; hell, you might even be heir to the prior dynasty that's since been overthrown by a newer one. Still, this distinction can mean a lot to certain people, for both good and ill, consequences and opportunities you'll have to grapple with as your life unfolds. You'll find yourself in a similar position in future Jumps, having a claim to another polity's throne. Lastly, like a certain minmaxing eugenics baby, you may purchase this multiple times to have claims to multiple polities, which will assuredly endanger your life from how valuable certain ancient manipulators will see you as.

Repeating History: (400 CP)

What is this curious situation? A certain blast from the past arrives; a horrid beast looms! It may be some kind of statue animated by ancestral Arts, or a preserved corpse much the same, but this is a great effigy representing (and perhaps in some ways housing) an ancient ancestor of yours. Here, amongst the races of this world, it would be so far back as to show the unevolved bestial form Terra's life evolved from. Something like a great and mighty dragon, or at least the skeleton of one, be it of bone or sculpted metal. What's important is that it was a particularly powerful ancestor, and that it can be animated and set against your foes. Wreathed in unnatural energies and rearing to unleash a power the world has not seen in years, it is nothing short of a weapon of mass destruction. If your race has some sort of unique ability, then it is supercharged in this death-dealing colossus. You may animate it at will and call it to your location, which looks very intimidating and cool. I'm sure everyone will be very impressed by it.

Repeating Prehistory: (600 CP)

The history of Terra was forever changed with the introduction of a single impossible element; catgirls. Alright, so the exact history is a bit more nuanced, but the mass migration of prehistoric Ancients and Elders is what set the stage for how world history would go on to unfold. You may very well bring about similar events, or radically different ones, because now in every Jump you may prompt the migration of massive amounts of Terra's local races. The exact method of integration and the reaction of the locals may be up to you, or to chance, but with such a significant inclusion as this, things are likely to change significantly for the world you hoist this migration upon. All things considered, you probably won't get much use out of this during your time here. After all, the world is already full of these things! That said, you can use this to staff

whatever properties or personnel you have with the various Ancient and Elder races from here, in case you want all of your workers, soldiers, and civilians to be cute and superhumanly strong catgirls for some reason. You may work out the exact demographics of whatever populations are under your control for yourself.

Elves

Lil' Droplet: (100 CP)

Awww, who's this little critter? Looks sort of like you! And your friend, and that enemy, and that cute girl over there. This is an intelligent and mobile little puddle of crystal clean water, one that's quite enamored with you. It always follows you around, and likes flowing into the shapes of you or other people you like. It only has about enough mass to function as a tiny clone, like it were some kind of little fairy or something, the sort of size that could fit on your dresser-top without taking up much of the space. It's a capricious little trickster that likes pulling harmless pranks on you as a sign of affection, but it ultimately has your best interests at heart. It's maybe too dumb to have anything too complex in mind when thinking of that, but it's a sweetheart in its own way. It's mostly useless on its own, but it can use what appears to be its own strange magic to either temporarily increase its volume, or add external water to its mass. It can only reliably grow up to roughly human size, however, but this does mean it can more perfectly copy people in appearance. If it's ever somehow destroyed it'll shortly recreate itself out of nearby water before running back to you and whining about how scared it was, probably before trying to hide in your pocket.

Weavin' and Creepin': (200 CP)

The Elves were made as the caretakers of nature, but nature also has its guardians. The wrath of Sami, the wrath of the land, made manifest. Here you have something that the uninitiated would mistake for an Arts creation; a giant of elemental fury. As tall as a building and possibly of vaguely humanoid shape, this is a massive golem of any element of nature from lava, to stone, to even plant life is a furious protector of its charge, which in this case means you and your properties. This massive lumbering oaf will waddle a stone's toss behind you, its footsteps likely shaking the ground, ever-near so that it may spring into action and brutally smear attackers on the walls. If you don't wish to be followed around in casual environments by such a being, you may both station it somewhere as a guardian against anyone who does not bear your approval, or sublimate it back into elements, whereupon you can call on it to emerge from nature once more at your side later.

Magic House Tree: (400 CP)

The Elves are a reclusive race, though by no means hostile; they have their duty, and much of the world is poison to them, so they care not to leave, even hide their

home, but they begrudge no one. It helps that they've such nice abodes away from the world. You have a beautiful little home, likely hidden underground and under a great and mighty tree. It is made of beautiful amber and living wood, both flowing on their own in convenient ways. Wood grows and converges into comfortable furniture which serves their occupants faithfully, but have a habit of gathering around to gossip when left alone. It can feed you with plant matter and other natural components, and can of course change its size and layout. It's also mobile, being capable of burrowing into the ground and peacefully gliding through the earth to root in other locations. As a friendly little embodiment of nature, adverse weather conditions are unlikely to harm it, though unnatural deviations still may. You can remain comfortable here even in icy embrace of Sami's winter, but don't go driving it into a Catastrophe.

Galleria Vivarium: (600 CP)

Originium is not native to the world. You know this better than anyone; you are of the world. Born by it, to take care of it, yet Originium kills your kind like fire slays a blade of grass. But in this age, Originium has spread everywhere, such that even a casual life in the city may leave you one day sentenced to death, all for such a casual interaction as resting your hand on something covered in a little bit of strange dust. Some modern Elves have taken protective measures against this. Some like you, for instance. You now have utterly clean spaces for yourself; the internals of any property of yours can now be totally insulated and cleansed of Originium such that barring intentional sabotage by an outside infiltrator or a straight up attack from the outside, there is no need for you to fear infection within its walls. You may also install various other measures meant to keep you connected to nature, like greenrooms and systems that somehow let you totally flood entire rooms without damaging anything within. In future Jumps this contaminant-proofing will expand to cover local substances/contaminants, keeping your work or living spaces clean of any such things.

Sankta

Legal Guardian: (100 CP)

Firearms are the signature weapons of the Sankta, having discovered their usage countless years ago. A given Sankta may well own several firearms in their life, but there is always one that's special. All citizens of Laterano, and Sankta regardless of nationality, are expected to own a state-mandated firearm once they hit the age of twelve, where, barring obstructive factors, the government will give the child a gun. This is the Guardian Gun, a lifelong companion for most. It can be anything from an antiquated blunderbuss, a fully automatic modern assault rifle, or even a grenade launcher. As a Guardian Gun, your little friend has a few advantages. For one, it always feels like you've been wielding it since childhood (which may be true), so you're *at worst* an extremely confident shot with it. Further, it exhibits a curious quality that others of its

kind have; it cannot be fired by another, or at least by an enemy. You, and potentially allies it accepts, are the only ones capable of activating the internal mechanisms within it. It also comes with a free little bed and maintenance/cleaning kit to keep it happy.

Schoolyard Fun: (200 CP)

To the Sankta, explosions and desserts are one and the same, and the great statues of saints holding their guns look silently over it all. Questionably legal fireworks, candy gun-replicas functional enough to fire once before breaking, moldable plastic explosives; there are many ways to make your school days more interesting, and to give your harmless pranks a little more *oomph*. You now have access to explosives ranging from the destructive to the comical, actual throwable or plantable weapons, and little gag devices that'll only occasionally collapse part of a building (and usually even then only through chain reactions). You have a small store of novelty explosives wherever you live, plus a few weaponized ones, as well as the ability to order plenty more without any payments. Prepaid explosives are prepaid, after all. Hell, maybe the delivery girl will share your particular love of these things and you'll hit it off? Friendships have started from stranger places, after all. Or you can just find them in your warehouse when you need more, but that's no fun.

Divergent Paths: (400 CP)

While no intentional malice or discrimination is behind it, there are those who can't help but feel a wall separating them from their Sankta fellows. Their unique empathy has built them a society unlike any other, but those without cannot help but feel left behind. Sometimes, even other Sankta feel this way, like their way of salvation is a lie, protecting only themselves at the expense of the outside world. So many lost, but for that, so many found. A congregation gathers, militant in their exodus, their once shattered faith renewed. What you have is a small breakaway from a larger religion, smaller than a whole denomination, but fierce in its loyalty. It's based on its parent religion, but with a twist, such as finding the broader sect corrupt or hypocritical and wishing to reform it, a breakaway from its parent nation using its preexisting infrastructure to motivate national stability under the state's control, or being something resembling a papal coup within the religion. Its composition is a mixture of outsiders who were wronged by the group, and members of the faith itself who've found their faith tested for various reasons. Regardless, both are united as brothers here, the usual animosity the two would share for one another cast off by your guiding light. Whatever the specifics of what this splinter religion is, it's centered around you as its central figure. Whether that's as the best candidate to reform what they see as a corrupt church, a holy martyr whose example they must follow, or as their new revealed god, this small band of followers sees only righteousness in serving you. Honestly, it really seems more like a terrorist cult of some kind, and it's even uniquely suitable for catching

the attention of others aggrieved or disillusioned with its originating faith, who will find their devotion similarly drawn in by the group zeitgeist. You'll get one such splinter group based on a local faith each Jump. Perhaps each will have the potential to become a true institution in its own right, as the Iberian splinter of the Lateran faith did?

Undisputable Existence: (600 CP)

The great antipathy between the Sankta and the Sarkaz lies in the Sankta's great secret; they were once the same. Long ago, Sarkaz ancestors made contact with something ancient, a mind of metal and glass, with no thoughts to think and no emotions to feel; only its calculated purpose. You have something similar, perhaps a sub-terminal of the Personality and Cognition Synchronization system dwelling under Laterano, or perhaps a system of similar artifice. This is an ancient supercomputer of extraterrestrial origin, something of a planetary defense system or other piece of advanced military infrastructure, even. It is housed somewhere hidden, either in the depths and folds within a larger location, or buried deep within. You may place it somewhere randomly in the world, or within any location you own or control. It has powerful predictive capabilities, being able to sense far off potential catastrophes and send warnings and suggested courses of actions to you beforehand. Beyond its computative and predictive abilities are its powers to impugn on the physical world. It is capable of altering ambient weather conditions around wherever it's stationed in order to ward off hazardous weather and even natural disasters, providing for a stable and fertile countryside around its chosen city. It has a more significant destructive power, being able to call down an orbital laser strong enough to disintegrate a localized area, killing even powerful foes. It can set specific conditions to serve as the "callsign" for this targeting system, whereupon detecting an approved figure making it, it will fire upon the location. It can also bless others who are brought before it, altering their genetics to unify them into a single species, while also connecting them in a low-level hivemind that empathically transmits emotions to one another. It can alter the parameters of this empathy, cut off individuals as needed, and propagate emotional compulsions through their network. These qualities, of calculating all, and interfering with minds and matter both, allow it to do strange things in times of crisis. It can store the minds of those it has blessed, and perhaps those descended from them, and recreate them out of physical data when it must rely on them. It can create an overlay and illusory dream, creating a secondary layer of local reality where individuals can be pulled into, experiencing situations with all too real consequences. They may just as well aggregate historic and mental data to create corporeal entities to serve its purposes as well. As a mysterious artifact from an unknowable age, it may have abilities beyond a Terran's imagination. As a mysterious object of faith for untold years, it may have abilities beyond a primordial scientist's expectations. Note that while its more active physical operations can generally stretch around the countryside surrounding a single large city, it can be set to

expand its area of influence up to planetary levels, though doing so will introduce increasing instability to it and its actions. Regardless, as its authorized administrator, you may set it to pursue overarching goals you determine necessary.

Sarkaz

We Do It Sarkaz Style: (100 CP)

Look, let it never be said that the Sarkaz don't make do with what they have. The majority of your kind are mercenary vagabonds, and the greatest single congregation of you, the nation of Kazdel, isn't exactly in the best shape. Or ever has been, at that. Regardless, you and your immediate compatriots may rejoice, for you've recently stumbled onto a large amount of shoddy weapons! Rusty yet durable giant cleavers, industrial equipment converted into large spears, impromptu explosives, and even a few slightly damaged guns with limited ammo! Not only do you have such a treasure trove, but after running out of these haphazard weapons you'll find yourself stumbling onto another trove of them, fit to arm you and your small band of mercenary friends.

Cannibalism and Cannibalism Accessories: (200 CP)

Sarkaz witchcraft is perhaps more dependent on setup and preparation than most cultures' Arts, but that just makes the payoff greater. Similarly, their Arts can create all sorts of strange artifacts and structures, some carrying an effect of their own, others serving as amplifying factors to any witchcraft. You have a large and constantly resupplying supply of assorted witchcraft supplies and structures, both in components for casting witchcraft, and the common end results such as enhanced weapons and armor. Ancient casting foci, a menacing looking floating throne you can ride around on, and altars for days. Even enchanted funeral robes and matching glowing greatswords so that people you're supplying are dressed properly when they march out to die in battle. You know, the works. Not only do these supplies look absolutely sick, but they massively increase the efficacy and final power of any magical rituals that they're incorporated into. Transporting them may take a bit of work, but the payoff is worth it once you grab enough human sacrifices for that "exsanguination nuke" you've been wanting to try casting.

And Silence Reigns: (400 CP)

Pity your fallen kin, who've forgotten their origins. Pity them, who mate in numbness and sorrow, polluting the purity of their once proud blood and producing generations of hideous mixed blood offspring. But you are a keeper of the lineage, who hold an incalculable treasure; a single drop of blood, ancient, and pure. Whether contained as a singular sacred drop in your broader bloodstream, or kept outside preserved as some treasure, you possess a drop of pure Teekaz blood, the form of your kind before their degradation into the Sarkaz. It is powerful, vastly so; as a reagent used

in a witchcraft ritual, it could invoke such wells of power as to cast a spell capable of wreaking devastation across a massive city or countryside, as well as a few other additional effects such as empowering others descended from that blood's race within the same area. But that is mere brute force, and much more subtle potential is to be found in it. Tied mystically to the history and struggles of its progenitor race and their descendents, it can be used as a direct connection to anything relevant, facilitating seemingly less overtly powerful rituals, that nonetheless hold potential for even greater ends. Using this drop of blood, you could trace the location of the ancient power your people once wielded nearly ten thousand years ago to vanquish their enemies, and unlock all the barriers keeping it from you. Note that there's a limit to how much power can be drawn from this singular drop; you might be able to trace the location of a related artifact through it and then burn it to enhance all those sharing its blood across the scope of a country, but after a while of doing so it would eventually dim down, and once empty of power, this drop of blood will dissolve into nothing, one more tragedy to lament in this broken world. In future Jumps you will receive a singular preserved drop of blood of a special bloodline of your choice, possessing these same qualities.

Clan Confessions: (600 CP)

Within the broader Sarkaz diaspora, those destitute mercenaries and disparate mixed-bloods by the millions, there are smaller populations that hold to older, more ancient ways. Cultivated bloodlines, or at least ones less impure, which retain their distinguishing features from before the thousand races of the Sarkaz became a blurred and indistinct mess. This is a long-cultivated populace of Sarkaz that have fallen under your leadership for whatever reason. If you're a base Sarkaz or even an outsider then they're a highly cultivated population of base Goliaths, with a few oddities about them for their pedigree. If you're a member of a distinct tribe, then they're of the same, though a curious subset of them. If you made up your own tribe of Sarkaz, this can represent the whole of your clan. Regardless, this population represents several hundred thousand specially bred Sarkaz, smaller than an ordinary tribe, but more focused. Equivalent to a secretive occult society, they have a long religious tradition of investigation into the mysteries of Arts and other strange things, having a powerful Witchcraft repertoire and many esoteric areas of expertise. Their casters aren't necessarily legends like the Nachzehrer King or the Sanguinarch, but in terms of what broad-scale projects they can set up and keep running, their capabilities are great indeed. This is to say nothing of their other facets, as could be expected from a Sarkaz occult society. Elite guards, assassins, messengers, all manner of things ready to loom ominously in the shadows and prop yourself up as a proper antagonist. There is of course a civilian population, mainly of those too young to inherit their more pressing duties. For what it's worth this organization is deathly loyal to you, whatever the reason may be.

Undisclosed

Delicious on Terra: (100 CP)

You may be a long way from home, but that doesn't mean you don't still have to eat. Still, with an environment so strange and unfamiliar, it may be impossible to sort out what you should or shouldn't be eating. Thankfully you can bypass this issue, and enjoy yourself with this little feast. Whenever you sit down to have a meal out in the wilderness, you'll somehow sit down to a large and thankfully edible spread of foods assembled with local resources. These include plenty of bizarre takes on how to prepare them; things that no one should logically think to use in the ways they are, instead made with finesse into dishes reminiscent of your homeland, to an end result distinct enough for anyone to enjoy. Better yet, any unfortunate occurrences resulting from your choice in ingredients will be short lived before reversing themselves, like some kind of gag scene. You know, in case you decide to make sushi out of infectious hive-minded alien meat. Regardless, these dishes will nonetheless fulfil your general nutritional requirements.

Flurry to the Flame: (200 CP)

Go around burning down villages like a monster, and you'll attract a few people wanting to hunt you down. Almost like… *Monster Hunters*. Well you've got something to give your killers to remember you by, or just give to your allies, or wear yourself. You've got a collection of outfits, both armor and matching weapons, that are themed after different Alt-Forms or transformations of yours. Almost like they were made by killing and skinning said forms, these equipment sets are obviously made out of their parts, and sometimes have small traces of their powers. The actual quality and power of this equipment will generally depend on how innately powerful the form they're based off of is, but your collection expands as your various forms do. Yes, you can wear one in the form it's obviously based on. Yes, it will probably horrify others of that form's species. Do it anyway because its funny.

Originium Dust: (400 CP)

When worlds collide, wondrous and terrible things emerge from the radioactive rubble. This is a blasphemy against creation, the antithesis of all life, and a new form of evolution. However you did it, you managed to create a crime against nature, achieved through the forceful fusion of local Originium and some other extant resource or power you have access to. Were you some manner of scientist from a strange and alien land known as "Russia", you might have gotten it into your mind to fuse radioactive nuclear mutagens to the crystalline material, resulting in a horrific bubbling mass of living parasitic rock-infused biomass. Its exact nature will depend on whatever the hell you used to create it, being a mixture of Originium and whatever it was blended up with, but

already its begun to produce some byproducts of its own. Parasitic *things* which can crawl or trudge about on the floor, able to dig into corpses to reanimate them, or even into living beings to mutate and puppeteer their bodies. As it currently stands, the infestation's small size and numbers are controllable, answering to your will. That being said, if the containment on the main mass is ever breached, and if its exposed to sufficient materials like living humans to cannibalize, then it will rapidly begin going out of control, becoming a hyper-evolutionary abomination with the traits of both its constituent parts.

Hall of Stasis: (600 CP)

Of your people, you are alone. In this world, in this life; or such is the current situation anyways. You came here with a purpose; perhaps to wait out an unforeseen disaster, or to seek a new solution. You may be the only one of your race active in this world, but you aren't truly the last living member. In this utterly massive ancient and subterranean chamber lie sarcophagi; tens of thousands of sarcophagi. Each is an advanced life support chamber, one capable of seemingly eternal suspended animation. Within each lies a slumbering member of your race, which holds no particular devotion to you, but may know you as the caretaker and facilitator of this facility and its purpose. Every sarcophagus in this great chamber is powered by an advanced and mysterious power grid that seems inexhaustible, and whose maximum power output eclipses the energy production of every other nation on earth. In the center, looking like some great hole in space, or a ferocious sun-like eye, is a "God" presiding over this station. It is an advanced AI, brainscanned from a living being so as to make it unhackable, but which is loyal to you. It possesses vast information and knowledge of this lost race, their history and abilities, and can initiate mergers of consciousness that allow it to convey information or hold discussions in the minds of others. There is only one problem; for all the power this facility holds, it isn't enough to awaken the slumbering members of your race. It isn't clear what even could! Perhaps some specific means could awaken individuals from their coffins, or perhaps tampering with them would destroy them. Supplying even more power might allow their systems to restore their suspended forms to perfect health and awareness, but where can you get such energy when the "low levels" it's working with eclipse the rest of the planet? Whatever implications this all holds for the future, and for the past, are yours to decide. In each future Jump, the bodies in this facility will be of any one race you possess. You may decide the personality of the central AI.

Race Add-On Items

Feranmut

Manifesting Thos Beans: (100 CP)

Many if not all Feranmut can seemingly manifest avatars of their own, and possibly create creatures from nothing. Regardless of whatever your limitations on form may usually be, you also have this lesser manifestation running around. It's a small little bean-like plushy thing with a silly emotive face and adorable animal characteristics. If you had a dragon-like tail, it'd have ridges similar to any on it along its back. It's utterly useless for virtually everything, and can't channel any of your powers beyond barely functional cosmetic effects, but it immediately recreates itself nearby if it's destroyed. At least it's durable enough to survive being hugged and squeezed, which you can expect since this little thing is extremely adorable. If you don't want to maintain any avatars outside of this one, you can use it as your main body. Though in this case if it gets destroyed your true form will pop out of it and be unable to re-enter for a while.

Mountains and Mausoleums: (100 CP)

Feranmuts possess a strange bond with the lands they call home. In some ways, they seem to be parts of the land. This is a single area with which you possess a mysterious bond. It could be anything from a large mountain, to an artificial structure such as a mausoleum or temple to you. Regardless, you have a vague omniscience of what transpires on this territory, being aware of the general goings on of the people there, and are able to track specific individuals as you wish. You can also exert your power throughout it as though you were there in person, allowing you to intervene in situations occurring there, perhaps in ways that most wouldn't recognize as direct intervention depending on your powers. This location can also be somewhat 'nested' and more complex internally, such as a battle-scarred field of stone containing a mausoleum in the middle, which itself goes further down into strange and unique inner locations.

A Game Across the Entire Land: (200 CP)

Madness, this endeavor. An expression of it, a path towards it; but perhaps you may see some benefit to be wrought of it? You have divided your flesh, your essence, into 181 small stones or similar objects. You may horde them, in which case there may be little purpose behind them, but you may also scatter them as you please. These are fragments of your essence, and possess one curious quality; they are capable of both merging with other objects or imparting a degree of their essence into their surroundings. In any case, the result of saturation in this power is typically transformation of an object into a strange creature reminiscent of the original object, while possessing seemingly supernatural powers fitting to them and you. A set of teacups could become a crab-like being whose shell is a teapot and who possessed the power to make the prospect of sitting down for a nice cup of tea so irresistible as to paralyze others, for instance. Other than the potential for chaos inherent to letting loose

such artifacts, any other advantage to this is up to you to be found. It is, after all, 181 pieces of your vital essence.

Ancient Forge: (200 CP)

Whether strange in dimensions or ordinary to the naked eye, this is a weapon that feels at home in your hands. How could it not, having been made just for you? And probably by you, but that's besides the point. Possibly possessing some odd layered patterning on, or perhaps *in*, some part of the weapon, this is obviously a weapon of unnatural quality. To start with, it is functionally unbreakable, even if it's a massive greatsword that looks like it's made of glass. You can also call it into your hand in an instant, and it can also take the form of a non-weapon artwork or object for display purposes. What's more notable is the offensive magic that suffuses it, being something wholly different from Arts. It's a curious and unusual ability, one which functions to render it far more powerful offensively, while also possibly acting as a more powerful channel for your own divine powers. Perhaps its swings are tipped in tenebrous ink that splatters in wide arcs as you swing, painting wounds on foes? Whatever the case, it has an offensive capability that is far from insignificant, and can function at a greater range than a melee weapon ordinarily does, and it costs nothing of yours to make use of. You merely need to go through the motions with intent, whether that be swinging the sword or some ritual movement, and any enemies within a short distance of you will suffer for it. Most importantly though, is that for its quasi-supernatural nature, it can look really, really cool.

Merely a Plaything: (400 CP)

For the great beasts of this land, death is not the end. Corpses mere shells shed upon death, as spirit and intent remain anchored to the earth. Through this process, you have come into a collection of useful little things; they are each made from your corpse or body, processed as you like. A staff containing your torn off skin, your entire skeleton with nerves still trailing it; each of these fragments contains a portion of your power, and carries your faint awareness, letting you loosely perceive the goings on surrounding them. The powers of each artifact are specific compared to the fullness of your abilities, and perhaps much weaker; if you had expansive power over space and time, one fragment might be capable of slowing it, while another would facilitate teleportation. While highly diminished, they do afford you one notable benefit; as they're indeed pieces of you, albeit ones that persist after death, truly killing you will require destroying these. Granted, if you're destroyed in all forms save these artifacts it wouldn't exactly be pleasant for you; you have very limited ability to interact through them. Kind of like trying to move a leg that's numb from sitting on it for too long, while your awareness through them is as sharp as if you were groggily awakening from bad sleep. In case it needs be said, purchasing this won't necessarily deprive your active body of the parts they're

made of, and you only get a small handful of these corpse parts. Still, it's nice to give your friends something that will keep you close to them, no?

Returning to Their Lords: (400 CP)

Short-lived as they are, there are some mortals wise enough to remember their place. Impudent as they may be, they can still perceive the rightfulness of the world before. A large but secretive population has assumed their rightful place under heaven, waiting for the time to strike. This is a sizable cult, centered primarily in one country, and small only in comparison to the massive population centers they hide amidst. Thousands upon thousands of members from all walks of life, composed primarily of lower class riffraff who populate many smaller settlements throughout the rural countryside, but with many living amidst the larger Nomadic Cities, and with several conspirators of shockingly high station in whatever country the cult is most active in. They have historic roots going back ages, which may be a bit confusing if you aren't that ancient. They worship you as an incarnate divinity, or an oncoming divinity if you haven't claimed such a mantle yet, and believe that the current era and its ways of being are sinful and wrong, that true peace under heaven can only be achieved by instating your reign over existence, whatever that may look like. While not all of them are necessarily fighters, they're all ready and willing to die for what they see as a plainly existent divinity. Whenever individual members aren't engaging in cult activities, they typically go about ordinary lives to keep up appearances, usually while trying to hold back their seething about mortal governments. You can decide the general running of the cult even in absence of ever having assumed control, in case just having it out there as an entity is more useful to your plans than actively babysitting it.

Seasons Past: (600 CP)

Feranmuts are known for the power to sustain an internal ecology. Things like this may be how. You possess something of a private world, perhaps locked away in its own space-time, or perhaps somehow existing within your spirit. It might be a world formed from moments stolen from the past when man was yet to walk the world, or a completely painted plane of reality, or an internal index-world formed of all genetic information you've taken in. Regardless, it's an internally consistent world that you have all to yourself, and any you choose to open it to. It can possess a small number of innate abilities or supernatural qualities, like slowly eroding the egos of the weak willed who enter until they become extensions of the realm. It also serves as an extremely nurturing environment for any creations or lifeforms born of you. Creatures descended from you physically or spiritually find themselves nourished with ease from the world's substance, and grow stronger when raised in it as well. The internal boundaries of this world are ambiguous, possibly liminal, and while you can enter and even drag people here yourself, as well as leave and expel others as you please, once inside there is

some thematically fitting way by which unwilling guests can escape. They will however have to figure out what that is themselves, as well as survive the natural trials and possibly aggressive inhabitants until then. You may also create entrances to and from this place in some manner fitting to its nature. For a painted world, you could make paintings that transport whoever looks at them, for instance. Needless to say, this is quite the defensible position, perfect for sending your manifestations out from while biding your time to strike true.

Something Welfy: (600 CP)

Samil slumbers to the north, his wounds watched over by waking sentinels. These are both mortals defending their home, and the Elves, a race created as gift by an unknown fellow wishing to ease his pain. Just as well, you've achieved a similar feat, creating an entire race of beings comparable to the sapient inhabitants of this planet. Rather than more stratified animalistic organisms or unnatural spirits, these are ambulant and almost human-like in most respects. They're a fully realized species like the others here, with members varying in everything from individual appearance, personality, to intellect, to power as you could expect of the races here. Some will be stupid, some will be geniuses. Some will only be as strong as the average Terran, some will have incredible strength or magical powers. And speaking of, this race possesses its own special powers, not necessarily being related to Originium in any capacity. They might be elementally focused Casters capable of speaking to water and plantlife and convincing them to act on their behalf, or possess different powers all together. Their powers may even be made as reflections of your own, or to suit a specific purpose their people were designed for. Regardless of their individual identities, all feel an innate loyalty and connection to you and the purpose they were created for. Such that, though one may choose to return to the life they'd thus made, a member born away from these people who established their own life and dreams may find themselves weeping from joy upon finally rediscovering her ancestral home. This innate spiritual feeling will keep any born in contact with their culture loyal to their purpose.

Seaborn

Unda the Sea(Born): (100 CP)

Evolutionary pressure, the impetus to adapt, is only one part of advancement. The other is resources. You have a lovely little home here, a nice and dank cave or cavern, maybe even a little system of them. You can have it be at the bottom of the ocean or somewhere connecting to dry land, but the environment here makes it a splendid little home for you and your kin. Bioluminescent microbial life lines the place, pooling in some parts, giving light to the otherwise dark depths. They grow deep into the sediment, drawing nutrients from the earth and sea both and funneling them into delectable little growths for you and yours to eat, being extremely nutritious and filling.

Both the air and water within is rife with similar organisms, settling into whatever wounds are exposed to them, kickstarting the healing process to a greater extent than the host body should be capable of. Just spending enough time here seems to guarantee a writ of good health for a good while after, and anything raised within will benefit from an environment maximally designed to accelerate their growth and biological potential. You, and all those genetically linked to you, will benefit from this specialized environment. Intruders and unrelated fellows may find it mildly toxic at your discretion.

Jum-Per!: (100 CP)

The lost and wayward kin, the distant nutrients willing to bargain; who will ferry the will of the Many to those so distant? These little buddies will. You now control a race or collective of small, simple-minded, and ambulant creatures capable of acting as messengers and (small) couriers. They're intelligent enough to understand and reciprocate language and self-navigate long distances, but they're exactly scientifically or mechanically inclined. Like, at all. They're also pretty much worthless in a straight fight, being practically incapable of combat on a level that would make a difference around here. That being said, what they're really made for is the distribution of orders and objects. Generally capable of finding their target, even if they were one single individual somewhere in the middle of the ocean, they'd be able to track them down and deliver the message you'd entrusted them with. While they can't handle large objects on their own, they can contain small measures of nutrients or power within them that they can distribute to others, as well as carry small things. Not of much use on their own, but a great boon to any all-devouring swarm's logistics.

Fractal Offspring: (200 CP)

Evolution is a collective endeavor. In their efficiency, the Seaborn have dedicated members created for the express purpose of exploring potential evolutionary forks for their betters to benefit from. You have a small number of symbiotic entities, evolutionary arcs whose purpose is to collect genetic information from across the world to use to your benefit. Individually only as strong as a fairly dangerous wildlife predator, they can carry out their task with predation or scavenging. Each is like a living probe, with anything or anyone one consumes being added to the potentially endless index within, with mostly complete bodies conferred a complete genetic map. From here they have two options. The first is to carry their collected genetic information back to you. If you're anything like a Seaborn then the benefits of this should be obvious, with the extra genetic information aiding you in refining your personal evolution. The second is a curious ability of these entities that they can initialize in defense of you. From their collective genetic databases, they can choose one of the many configurations they've absorbed in a relatively complete fashion, and transform into them in whole. Replicating

their physical form and even cognitive abilities, these mimicries are ultimately mere animals guided by their evolutionary purpose, and will blindly serve you like the meat computers they are. Once one has shifted into such a form they're locked into it, but if you really want that genetic material you can always just eat them anyways. They'll enjoy it. You can decide whether this small population is contained within you waiting to be born, or if they're present in the world. If the former, you'll become able to excrete a new one every time one is devoured by you or destroyed. If the latter, then you/they have their own means of repopulation. I'll leave the details of that horror to you.

Shadow Over Sal Viento: (200 CP)

Well, looks like somebody sure gets around. I bet you just let anyone take a bite out of you, eh? Hey, I'm not judging. Cannibalism is pretty cool, after all. This is a dark and dreary place, one whose inner workings are largely secretive to outsiders, the inhabitants shunning them in suspicion and paranoia. It is also a ripe seedbed you have long taken advantage of, whether through infection or some other means. This town is composed primarily of a peculiar majority, these all being people who share your blood, typically counting as 'descendents' of you. Almost the entirety of the population has traces of you within them, some being either more distantly descended, or more minorly infected, but some are far closer in nature. This cult-like hideaway holds you in a particular veneration, like some holy figure in the mythology of a suicide cult, adopting strange customs that seem frightening and confusing to outsiders; but one more reason why they are so shunned. They may even shun conventional names or other trappings of civilization, only aping their barest appearance to remain hidden. Thankfully, this settlement is extremely skilled in avoiding large-scale attention from the authorities/ In every future Jump you'll get one such town as this.

Heralds and Tides: (400 CP)

Dominate. Ocean. This directive means far more than simply assimilating all life within. That would just be dominating what was *in* the ocean, no? Once, Ægir controlled the waves. This is no longer. Out there, lost amidst the vastness of the wilderness or hidden away, you have a great, *great* body of kin. A tide of adapted flesh and alien membranes, but these are not combat platforms. No, perhaps harkening back to your *intended* purpose, they are a swarm of environment-manipulating lifeforms who act in concert with massive numbers to alter the terrain of the world. Perhaps they all float to precalculated positions in the ocean and synchronize the flapping of their fins to such an extent that, with sufficient numbers, they can personally control the flow of all ocean currents and create tsunamis. They might be giant flying jellyfish-like creatures, which take massive amounts of the earth into their bodies to be refined and altered, injected with nutritious biochemicals to turn barren dirt into fertile soil. They are a massive population, but not yet enough to dominate the world. As you set them to tasks, they'll

produce new members of new forms meant for enacting rough terraforming like this. Eventually, with time spent not being killed and reproducing among themselves, they may eventually swarm over the seas and land both. Just Be sure you have something to defend them with.

Primordial Jacuzzi: (400 CP)

The ocean is home to the Seaborn, but more than that, it *is* Seaborn. Beyond the diffusion of a species across multiple individual lives, one of the Seaborn's gods diffused into the very ocean itself. Seaborn rapidly heal and grow stronger in the ocean because the water itself can function as microscopic Seaborn cells, acting in accordance to heal and maintain the biologies of their kin, or perhaps children. You now have several samples of a similar substance, something which is deeply nourishing to you and your kin. Not only does it provide a steady source of nutrition on contact with your bodies, but it also gets into wounds and begins reconstructing the damaged parts at an accelerated rate, healing both internal and external injury, as well as maintaining and improving general health. While these samples may indeed start out small, it will continuously spread and assimilate itself into the structure of any liquids it's substance is in contact with. In doing so it will become synonymous with that liquid, such that the resulting compound can function faultlessly as both its original form and as this sample.

Caerula Memory: (600 CP)

A strange artifice and organ both; a tangle of vein-like branches of deepest blue, cradling a pale mass seeming to contain a beautiful early-day sky within. It might be that only a Seaborn can truly assimilate it, but only a human can understand the depths of the grief contained within. What you have is the living heart of the Caerula Arbor, one of the Firstborn gods of the Seaborn. Perhaps a duplicate should you not wish to displace the one known, but it is in your hands nonetheless. Possessing it is straining to one's sense of self, and is likely to provoke even physiological rejections in others, but you can handle it better than most. What's truly notable about this organ is that through it, one of the Firstborn can be revived once more… even if that means in a new form. If someone had the proper physiology, they could assimilate into the dead god, reviving it through them, testing the strength of their personality to retain as much of themselves as they can in the resulting deity. From there, one may potentially control the Seaborn as a whole, to whatever ends their tested mind might deem fit, whether that leads to damnation or salvation for all. And if you don't wish to assimilate it into yourself or another? It's still the vital core to a godlike being that even when killed did not so much as die, so much as become the embodiment of the role of 'dead things' in the ecosystem. Even dead its roots reach down, cradle, and draw nutrients from the molten core of the planet. If awakened without a human soul to temper it, it could turn the very

stones of the planet into Seaborn flesh, assimilating the planet itself. I'm sure you can figure out *something* to do with something this powerful.

Runt of the Litter: (600 CP)

What brood births a lonesome wanderer? Kin is family. Kin *needs* family. It is the genetic proclivity of all Seaborn; to propagate is to grow. You were not born into this vast ocean alone; you had others by your side, slumbering in shared amniotic slumber. All of you were born into the world in identical configuration, sharing the same genetic destiny and innate purpose. And here they are, those most close to you in nature, and all else besides. This is a very small group of perfectly identical beings. Perfectly identical to you, of whom they are like sibling and self, and just as well each other. You are all functionally the same being, a single will controlling a small handful of bodies, each acting to your shared will. Now essentially existing in multiple bodies, you are faced with a curious situation; all of them are you, but are also distinct bodies. What this means is simple; all of them possess the same power and Perks, as they are but extra bodies of yours… but in the case of powers that represent the capacity for individual bodily growth or evolution, each of them may progress independently, some perhaps lagging behind, but some evolving novel adaptations. Regardless, you will not count as slain unless all of your few bodies are destroyed.

Collapsal

Boundless Gifts: (100 CP)

Rootless, beautiful things grow on thin icefields to the north. Nothing extends below them, but wonderful shades unfurl above. The flowering of rootless vegetation is one of the chief signs of Collapsal contamination in an area, great fields of which you can now plant, blooming in beautiful shades of reds and purples and stranger hues besides. They are simply flowers growing out of the ground, whatever it may be. They grow as easily on soil as they do on concrete or thin ice, and in fact growing along ice you'll see that they have no supporting structures beneath, as though they were in fact rooted *somewhere else* from where they were growing into reality. Merely willing it so can bring large numbers of these flowers in great patches around you, creating beautiful fields of colored petals. These flowers are deeply contaminated, however. You possess an ambient awareness through all such flowers, one which is subconsciously tracked in your mind and can be focused on to anchor your perceptions through them, and they are capable of corroding the health and sanity of anybody standing amidst them. Any corruptive or corrosive effects of yours can be minorly afflicted on others as long as they remain amongst them, and they're far more vulnerable to applications sourced directly from you as well. These flowers can be burned away with concerted effort, but spread themselves slowly even after you've left them alone unless stopped.

Indiscriminately Torn: (100 CP)

The farther one goes north, the less such distinctions like direction start to matter. If you stumble into the really bad spots, anyways. The enemy exists along all directions in space and time, but their existence is tenuous, and they must crack away the paint of what exists so they can pretend to. What you have here is broken. It just is. It's just a break, the spot it occupies is broken. It is what it is, despite being wounded by what isn't. A small and absurd crack in space that you can move around, its exact definitions somewhat inexplicable. A collection of solid shards, space wrought into tangible fragments fallen away from the otherwise uniform background of distance and position. As for what use they can possibly have, that's up to you. It may be that using them you could apply the wound they represent to your immediate surroundings, positioning the crack to interfere with and minimize the available space others and their movements have to work with. Or maybe you just want to stab someone with a chunk of existence? Either way, you may choose whether or not these form a weak point in reality that certain things can crawl through.

Theoretically Seeds: (200 CP)

So much hard work saturating an area in *what you are*, only for it to be burned away and scattered like ashes. It's rather unfair, honestly. Well go on then, why not just take things a few steps farther? Whenever an area has become particularly saturated in your corruption, whatever that may mean, you may extrude one of these into the world, emerging from an unseen angle into realspace. A pitch-black singularity emitting a harsh and coruscating light, this Seed will continuously output a corrosive effect on local reality that will see it warping more and more into something *other* than the world. The world below will slowly shift to reach up to it, creating a pillar or grasping arm below it that will almost make it look like it's resting on it, but it will float in place regardless. Metal and flesh may become interchangeable, and channels and caverns shaped like human hands may begin forming inside of ice masses, with rootless foliage blooming all around as the sky becomes nothingness. Any forms of corruption or corrosion that you can invoke or that exist within you might begin to insinuate the space around these Seeds, making it a fiercely present environmental condition. Worse, while methods might exist to curb the corruption exuded, these Seeds represent traces that refuse to be washed away. Even if reality is asserted into its proper form around them by some means, these Seeds will continue to exude corruption, needing to be contained and managed somehow to prevent the outbreak from reasserting itself over and over again, no matter how much time may pass.

Hunter's Mark: (200 CP)

Long has Ursus fought the demons, but they learned how to do so from the Sami. Long have the Sami fought the demons, but they learned to do so from the

Sarkaz. Long did the Sarkaz fight the demons, but so too did they fight the divine. Sarkaz witchcraft is responsible for many curiosities, like the sealing of divine power in weapons with the death of a Feranmut, and it seems that similar principles function with the Northern evil. This is a corrupted and unholy weapon, bearing in it shards of the Icefield Collapsals. Its dark coloration is an attempt by the evil within to overwrite physical reality with its substance, but at the very least its touch does not drive you mad. Even without being used to channel arts, it, or any projectile fired from it if it is such a weapon, warps space in minor ways to make its attacks more devastating. Beyond its basic qualities, this weapon has no immense power or special ability. Merely the curious ways it interacts with the world… which includes others of its kind. This weapon is mutually interactable with interdimensional horrors and ephemeral abominations, being able to interact with the demons the way a normal weapon does with wildlife. You can feel a mutual pull as well; the weapon almost growing heavier as it exerts a strange pull towards the nearest such beast, almost guiding you on your hunt. Of course, merely being able to wound such monsters does not preclude their attempts at resistance.

Poisoned Swords: (400 CP)

The Emperor's Blades are some of the most feared military units on Terra thanks to their intense personal power, and how dangerous that makes them when deployed in force. This is due to the Collapsal shards contained within them which fuel their demonic powers. This allows them to be one of the only mortal forces capable of directly fighting off actual Collapsals. This comes at a cost, for while they can fend off those *things* on their own, they are vulnerable to spreading Collapsal contamination elsewhere on Terra if they're slain. Each Jump, starting now, you may make a choice between two options. The first is to receive for yourself an elite organization of super soldiers empowered by an external force. This might be a portion of your power, or one that exists in-setting. Regardless, this power source will make them exceptionally strong, and effective against whatever is empowering them if you choose an external source. The cost of this is that the wounds of any of them will leak minor amounts of thematically appropriate corruption into the world, with their death resulting in a massive blast of such contamination. The second option is to introduce such a group of super soldiers to *another* faction outside of yourself, even one of your enemies. They'll receive the exact same thing, with you choosing what is empowering them and what they thus risk leaking, but if introduced into your enemies things will be slightly worse. The bindings will be faulty, such that if it isn't reapplied after severe enough wounds, the contamination will not cease to spill, and may result in their being driven mad and spreading it even further.

A Dark Room, An Unfreezing River: (400 CP)

The land may love others and seek to protect its children from you, but there's something else that can take its place; people aren't the only things the Collapse can replace. A kaleidoscope of potential alternate landscapes, each a distorted mirror of what is, either subtly or overtly. These can range from seemingly ordinary but factually incorrect alternate geographies, such as rivers or buildings being where there were none before, to more egregiously otherworldly nightmares, like discolored hellscapes bereft of natural life where the sun is a black pupil staring down from a dark red sky. Regardless, the corroded reality within each of them leaves those who erroneously enter much more vulnerable to your corruption. You can actively enforce such alternates on locations that your corruption has touched and that you're focusing on, but you'll also find them sometimes cropping up with your coming, and in the wake of your movements on their own. Perhaps temporarily, perhaps so subtly that most won't notice anything wrong, but there *is* something wrong. Maybe not for you, who they tend to benefit though. More convenient (if occasionally strange) landscapes for your travels seem to ease your stumbling gait, or deliver you straight to where you seek, while bizarre layouts and inconsistent directions plague those you wish to lose. In fact, strange qualities of these places may prove directly hostile; snow may fall backwards, accumulating into skybound snowbanks that only resume proper gravity when someone else steps below them. The land's champions must fight not just their fellows or the beasts bent to alien purpose, but their beloved home. Or at least something that is wearing its face.

The Final Door: (600 CP)

There is an origin point to this corruption's intrusion in the world. Though only one remains, once there stood two megastructures created by the prehistoric civilization as means of travel. Great gates which burrowed through space, connecting to one another and allowing interplanetary travel. But damage was done to the structures, and *things* began crawling in through the distorted space. Perhaps the situation is more dire than anticipated? You now have your own such gate, a great circular megastructure, possibly visibly damaged. It is a portal which can connect to other points in space, but which defaults to other gates that may still exist in the solar system. You may place it anywhere you wish, whether within a property of yours large enough to contain it, or at the ends of the planet. You have an inordinate amount of control over this megastructure, and in this world this is just as well true for the one which remains to the north. Enough control to force it on, and to shut it off after it's been turned on to prevent intrusions through it. You would be a great boon to any organizations or nations wishing to study the technology, as your mutual assistance could greatly stabilize results, and possibly lead to a future where it could be used as an actual method of safe transportation. In future Jumps, you'll not only be able to plant one such gate somewhere you decide, but you'll find that there are similar megastructures scattered around throughout distant planets. They will allow functional travel between these

planets, though be aware that there's no guarantee those will be pleasant places to exist. Future gates may optionally be free of any Collapsal taint and won't leak corruption into the world.

Take a Walk On the Aetherside: (600 CP)

It began as they burrowed through the circular plate, emerging from a hole that should have led somewhere, but from then on led nowhere. But what is the shape of that nowhere? That originating "place" from which the demons emerged? What a stupid question. How could it ever matter? There is a place, it may or may not be the place of their origin, but it is certainly invested with them. Identified by the ancient Liches as the Kargereich, it is a void of strange qualities, perhaps describable as a higher dimension, perhaps describable as an abyss between universes. It is a strange space that seems defined by intermittent nothingness and something; an empty void broken up by pockets of matter and energy, or perhaps you'll find a seemingly infinite, flat, and reflective ocean to stand on? Strangely survivable, those who enter do not immediately die, even as the things that use it as a bridge to reality corrode everything they touch. Somehow, *SOMEHOW*, you have gained access to the whole of the Kargereich, being able to enter it as you please. In this almost featureless void you may personally explore to feel out the walls between worlds; any weaknesses or upsets in time or space form potential entry points from the void into reality, both the one you entered from, and adjacent worlds besides. Assuming you can really make use of those sorts of things, anyways. Or have the means to cross such astronomical distances in the void to reach those points of vulnerability. And don't accidentally cross over into a point of comical lethality. Anyways, you can take others with you if you wish!

Affiliation Items

Rhodes Island

Monitoring In Style: (100 CP)

Oripathy is too severe a problem not to have left its impact in every facet of life and society. Medical technology and commercial opportunity unite to outfit the market with easily-bought supplies, their mass appeal spurred on by fear and panic. Well you don't have to worry about shopping for one of these whenever the nearest Infected corpse is reported, or a nearby factory explosion occurs, because for employees or patients like you have an Infection Monitor on hand right now. A sleek black bracelet-like accessory that can be worn almost anywhere on your body, this monitor continuously scans and displays information regarding your current health. While similar models are commercially available, the model issued to all Rhodes Island personnel and patients is top of the line. Its use as an angiography is so effective that it can return full-body abnormal status readings within thirty seconds of them arising, and do so even when worn over clothing, needing no direct skin contact. For that function, at least. They can

perform full-body health monitoring, detecting emergent health crises and displaying information regarding the issue with various colors and symbols, though it's recommended that you seek medical assistance to actually address them. This function is specific enough that it can provide a real-time Oripathy diagnosis on demand. It can also be loaded up with medical injections to be dispensed into your bloodstream, either on a timed basis or in response to changes in your bodily health. Additionally, these monitors possess an optional function. Should you have a health condition which renders the usage of certain powers such as Arts dangerous, you can set it up to monitor your usage of them. Not only can they measure your usage, but they can warn you when your usage starts hitting dangerous levels. You can also set them up to connect to equipment such as Arts Units or inhibitory equipment in order to shut down usage once it becomes dangerous. You may set these limits yourself, or connect the inhibitor to a third-party acting in a support role.

Operator's Handbook: (200 CP)

People around here can come in all sorts of strange, twisted flavors. A lot of these strange people find themselves employed in some combat-related capacity, and have to work alongside much more well adjusted individuals. Thankfully that's a minefield that often doesn't detonate, thanks to the implementation of handy little booklets like this. Whenever you join an organization, you'll be given a small handbook (or handbooks) offering small amounts of details concerning some of your coworkers, and especially those of a more questionable nature. These will include some, "Dos and Don'ts," concerning interaction with them, warning against some of their more curious behaviors, how to avoid them, and what to do if you encounter them. Just as well, you may choose to feature in these pages as well. A handy little document detailing some of your peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, distributed through official channels or authorities to those you work with, providing information on how best to approach you. As for why you might want that? Well, if you just so happened to be a traumatized knife-happy assassin who instinctively cut anything who tried to touch him, wouldn't you want some warning material out there for your allies? Both to prevent those incidents from happening, and so everyone can go, "You should have read the manual," and brush whatever incidents still happen under the rug. You may decide how in-depth these warnings and directions are.

Old Men Who Monologue: (400 CP)

Jumper, if Terra were some kind of sailing vessel, what kind of ship do you think it would be? No, don't answer that; but one day you might have to. Because you now have a web of very important contacts. These aren't collected in any one polity, no singular nation or organization. No, each of these individuals is a highly distinguished individual of an entirely different affiliation, each having something of a respectful

personal friendship with you, or at least a respectful acquaintanceship. They are individually of distinguished position and great influence, such as being a high-ranking Inquisitor in Iberia, or a Grand Duke in Ursus. While each is individually hardly enough to enact great change in their home polities, they're an effective enough resource for touching base in their respective domains. It certainly helps that you have at least one such contact in every great Government in the world, and at least in a few of the larger corporations as well. I also hope you're able to stomach extensive exposure to continuous monologuing, because these refined individuals of taste are typically quite fond of it.

Thank You Kernel: (600 CP)

As a small pharmaceutical corporation with absolutely no interest in influencing the stage of international geopolitics through secretive paramilitary endeavors, it can be rough when you accidentally stumble into influencing the stage of international geopolitics through secretive paramilitary endeavors. It's a good thing to plan for when those sorts of mishaps take place, but the recruiting process is a long and involved one, and you're already stretched so thin (doing perfectly legal and sane things). This is where professional recruiting agencies come in, and it seems like you've paid a premium. Whatever your faction, you'll find that in every Jump a truly exorbitant amount of money has been put into a mysterious recruiting agency that specializes in seeking top of the line personnel. Not things like boiler workers or engineers (but they may have those skills as side talents), but in the sense of seeking out some of the strongest, most skilled, and most influential people around and doing whatever they can to get them in your employ. Now they aren't miracle workers, as they're putting themselves out fishing for people they think they can offer employment to, but your pre-paid contracts with this agency are statistically guaranteed to send fighters within the upper bounds of your current setting your way, with some truly exceptional people coming your way every now and then.

Reunion

Reuse The Background: (100 CP)

The nation you flee from is cruel, uncaring and liable to purging your ilk. But the bleak winter you escape to? Much the same, I'm afraid. But man is a foolhardy creature, and the threat of danger does little to deter those fleeing in fear of other dangers. Thankfully, the absolute bare minimum of leftover low-quality survival implements are free for your perusal. Relax, early Reunion thrived off this sort of thing, you know? Wherever you go, eventually you'll find the long-derelict remnants of former wilderness survival attempts, things such as tattered tents and canopies, and dirty pots and pans. Maybe, maybe, the occasional useful supply like a box of medicine or some non-perishable foodstuff. It isn't much, but when you're wandering the world on your

own, circumstances will at least show you a nice place to take a rest every now and then.

Dukes and Damnation: (200 CP)

If we're being entirely honest, Reunion should have met an ignoble death in the woods, buried under the winter snow. But with strong fighters, and influential backers, they became something so much worse than they ever wanted to be. The latter of which you may now enjoy, as every Jump you may be hooked up with mysterious and powerful backers willing to use their resources to bolster your efforts, for a price. Now GRANTED, they may want to flood your ranks with their own men wearing your uniform, and maybe spark an international war using your actions as a basis and scapegoat, but hey, FREE STUFF! You may scale the extent to which your benefactor has ulterior motives, personal desires they may wish to satisfy through either your group or you yourself. The more they seek to get out of you the more aid they'll lend; someone willing to throw you away at the end of a bitter struggle and let you die off could take you from a ragtag group in the wilderness to a force capable of destroying a city, maybe two.

Evil Time: (400 CP)

The common member, and all the impromptu fighters rising from the slums, they have one thing in common: They know nothing of Reunion's true goals. There's a longstanding plan in place, as it has been for many years. Perhaps you'll hear your leaders claim it has some logical rationale, some reasoning behind it that appeases you, or at least the average mook. They may also have their own hidden agenda. Regardless, the groundwork has been laid for the plan's next stage. One city, an important city, be it a major population center or an international trade nexus. One such city in every Jump is primed for you and yours to take by storm; its guards will fumble and sandbag at your aggression, media will report contradictory information and result in things only becoming easier for you, and there will be no reinforcements until long after it's too late and the area has been abandoned. You may choose which city in which nation this is, but in all cases its poised to fall to any serious offensive by you or your comrades.

Form Up!: (600 CP)

The strength of Reunion is that of many weak men banding together. That, and like three of four guys who can wreck city blocs. Regardless, in the struggle for freedom and equality, like attracts like, and like many of the movement's leaders, you've attracted a personal squad that perfectly compliments you and your abilities. Not in the sense that their skillsets are meant to take advantage of any openings yours cause, or to shore up weaknesses you have, but in the sense that they all have the same shared gimmick that kind of matches with yours. If you were a master of ice Arts, that's what all

of them would be specialized in. Weirdly enough, this strategy works out pretty well. If you were a hulking juggernaut of defense, these absolute units could follow beside you with nothing but the heaviest armor and massive shields, grouping together to form walls so impenetrable to withstand bombardments meant to shatter streets and buildings for a time. As an ice user capable of enclosing buildings entirely, you'd find that working together, they'd be able to partially freeze buildings themselves in short order. You may decide whether you replace this group with a new one with a different gimmick each Jump, or if you treat them like true comrades and carry them with you as Followers that revive each Jump.

Corporate Ventures

Rap God: (100 CP)

Oho, not content with just slaving away for your daily wages? It seems you're a real entrepreneur at heart, given that you've set this little enterprise up! What you have here is a small and localized little business, one that, at least recently, has been doing fairly well for itself, which admittedly may mean strange things for the area depending on what you're selling. You have only a single facility here, the physical grounds of your service, but everything is properly paid off and transactions generally net you a positive. It has a local reputation to; nothing too great, but positive by all accounts thus far. Of course, you also have a small supply of whatever it is you're selling, whether it's something like homemade outfits for a small fashion brand, or ~~modified Originium explosives~~ fireworks for a new year's supplies shop. Also, for those possessed of a truly adventurous and entrepreneurial spirit, you may purchase this multiple times to add additional and possibly humorously different services to your business. You know, in case you want your book store to double as a car repair shop, and also a cafe, and maybe a private detective agency, and perhaps also a martial arts dojo, and perhaps a ceramic tile installation handyplace, and also perhaps a massage parlor, and maybe a petting zoo or marriage counseling service. Fun fact; did you know that Rhodes Island manufactures brand-name bikinis?

Penguin Insurance: (200 CP)

Listen, sometimes the invisible hand of the free market takes hold of your steering wheel and drives your truck into a house. It happens. Sometimes the laws of CASH MONEY and GETTING PAID don't agree with the laws of men or their governments. Thankfully, the economy shields its strongest soldiers well; whenever you are the subject of a legal infraction, comical amounts of funding will make their way into the coffers of the bereaved, smoothing over at least a portion of what should be your punishment or general accountability. You can't take this money for yourself, but it will arrive in time to aid you, even if for some infractions it cannot truly save you. Indeed, depending on your favors or associations, this may take the form of mysterious

backdoor dealings and bribes, or as an unusually large penguin and a famous idol comically rushing into the convenience store you wrecked and piling large sums of money onto the counter before nervously fleeing. Somehow, even delivered in the most ridiculous forms, these ~~bribes~~ *damage repair funds* will take the heat off of you and lead to relatively quick repair of whatever disruptions you caused. Relative to the damages, anyways, since some crimes are a tad too far. Do note that while this will let you walk away scott free from some environmental destruction, a quick sum of money dumped somewhere can only go so far if you're causing destruction severe enough, or doing something absurd like walking up to a random innocent and murdering them in public. Maybe don't do that.

Safehouse Offices: (400 CP)

Now you're going places! Or at least you've done the setup to. Whether you're the world's most ambitious and self-assured entrepreneur buying out all the facilities he'll need prior to starting his business, or are just a filthy nepotism baby, you have a significant number of properties dedicated solely to eventually housing a business. How many properties? A good deal, but it depends on what all you want. If you were to keep your business wholly in one city (at least in terms of its holdings) you could manage one whole skyscraper and an expansive network of large warehouses and safehouses for personnel to make use of. If you wanted to expand, you could have multiple smaller corporate headquarters in several cities, with the associated support infrastructure further divided between them all. If you really wanted to spread things around, and were willing to work out of your warehouses, you could spread your properties across many cities in several nations. When it comes right down to it, you have all the properties needed for your economic venture, with buildings and facilities ready to go, and all paid for too. All you really need is an actual service to sell, the equipment or resources to do so, and employees to actually work there. Still, you've got lots of room to work with now.

From the Tundra to the Downtown: (600 CP)

You're no street peddler, and you're no desk jockey either. No, you've gone worldwide, baby. However many years it took, no matter how many tanked investments, crazy heists, or corporate assassinations, you've finally made it to the top. Whatever the HELL it is that your business does, it's now an international conglomerate with chains and subsidies spread not just nationwide, but internationally to some of the more developed nations. You can definitely expect your presence to be known in Columbia, Lungmen, and any particularly wealthy nation or metropolitan city. Of course, the sheer revenue this affords you is absurd, especially in a world so generally stratified as this. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that you're wealthier than some nobles, and could probably buy your way into *being* one in several countries. Though, that might not really spread your reach much farther anyways, given how far it extends now. Through

strange and occult economic principles only known to the en-moneyed folk, you have stockholdings in some of the other largest corporations in the world. Insider trading has never been easier!

GLORIOUS URSUS HEGEMONY

Babushka Burning: (100 CP)

The affairs of nations are seldom so black and white as the moralists might postulate. For new growth, the rot must be trimmed away. You, in your benevolence, have allowed for a series of peasant villages to crop up and exist under your auspice. Dozens of them, poor and illiterate, but hardworking in how they till the land. These villages are primarily staffed by kindly old people eager to help weary travelers who make their way there, but there are also plenty of younger healthier folks, as well as bright eyed children. They produce just enough food to yield as taxes to you and only suffer moderate hunger in the meantime, but their true value only reveals itself when burned to the ground. See, this small collection of cottages was in fact an economic drain on your resources. No, this doesn't mean that taking this tanks your funds. Rather, each such village comes with extra funding which is tragically tied up in maintaining them… but if someone were to, say, *remove* these villages, then all those funds would logically be freed up. Indeed, all you have to do to quickly cut back on expenses and earn some extra cash is send someone out to clear out these starving villagers and then burn all their now-empty homes down over their bodies. Do this, and you will surely know prosperity for the rest of your days. What, you *don't* want to burn the babushkas? Fine, enjoy your moderate increase in crop yields I guess. Coward.

Death Support: (200 CP)

Though the current Emperor may detest the vigor with which his subordinate nobles seem to yearn for it, Ursus is fundamentally a nation of war. It was forged in it, sustained by it, all throughout its millennium of life, war has fostered the existence of Ursus. With so many soldiers though, provisions can run scarce, but the truly prodigious and powerful are well equipped to their tasks. You have a suit of power armor designed for many things. Protection mostly, but in more ways than mere damage reduction. See, this armor is indeed of high quality, being the sort of thing that can stand up to a close-range explosion and leave the average wearer largely unscathed. If the body underneath can handle more, then the outer shell seems more durable as well, still being protective against external forces and the elements. While there's more powerful armors out there, the real prize here is how rife this thing is with life-preservation systems. Respiratory issues are handled by systems on its back forcing the issue of your breathing even when you can't, effectively acting like a mobile and (relatively) compact iron lung. Even if spikes begin growing along your spine and pierce your lungs, this thing will keep you breathing and fighting. Even chunks of your body failing or

necrotizing will fail to put you out of commission, though it won't be pleasant, and your performance will likely still be impacted. Similar minor issues are handled by it as well, up to the point where you literally don't have to take it off for any mundane reason, perfect for when you literally can't survive without it. Somehow, even if you were essentially living as a warrior-hobo in the woods for years, still fighting the occasional fight, this armor and its preservation systems would never fail you. You may choose its general appearance, but it usually tends towards looking almost comically evil and spooky. You can even wear a cool coat over it to look extra cool/threatening.

Grand Jumper Mining Area: (400 CP)

There are those who believe the Infected have no use. This is foolish; they're good for working mines like this. You have a series of incredibly resource rich mines built into the earth, as well as several secured positions where such mines *could* be built, and will be built with greater ease than usual should you set others to the task. Primarily these will be Originium mines, but some may produce precious metals instead. They are all extremely rich in their resources, but with heavy enough mining it is possible to exhaust them. But worry not! For if you hoard all the workers who were mining there back into the mines and then collapse the mines on top of them, you'll find that a later re-excavation of them will "discover" more resources, functionally refilling them for further mining. Okay, so instead of doing that you could just stop mining and close a given mine for 10 years, but the other method is really, *really* funny. And an effective means of disposing of terminally ill conscripted laborers.

The Husky Russkies: (600 CP)

Ursus is not mighty for its legendary heroes, nor unique resources that give it strength. They field no special bloodlines with inexplicable powers, nor are they the most technologically advanced in the world. Ursus is mighty because when roused to hanger tens of thousands of heavily armored boots will march forward and trample over the ruined forms of bodies and buildings both. This army of several hundred thousand is under your command. Thousands upon thousands upon thousands they march, from the wrathful infantry whose fervor finds their morale peaking the more injured they get, to the heavily armored shieldguard whose equipment may well weigh more than most people. Even trained Manglerbeasts whose fangs scythe through bodyarmor, and whose underbody is covered by hardened hair-spikes that cut everything they step over to ribbons. Several towering warships in the distance, which might be mistaken for jagged mountains were it not for its roaring movement and scarlet beacon lights which paint the night sky crimson. A legion of airborne drones further spread this baleful glow, used for both scouting and the targeting of the great edifice's naval guns and stationed artillery casters, a barrage strong enough by far to pierce flaming holes in city plates or enemy warships and reduce entire habitation centers to molten slag. It is an

embodiment of the wrathful power of Ursus, a mighty Army Group alike those which comprise its military strength. Blessedly, like the royalist armies which give greater deference to the Emperor over the nobility, they are given effective equipment and adequate provisions. Actual steel crossbow heads instead of rusty blunts and headless arrows, and full unexpired rations rather than maggot infested opened cans. Of course, there's still room to improve, either in building up this force further, or in supplying them with even better equipment if you're capable of it. Regardless, they are determined and severe in their duty, and loyal to you, just as some of nobility's Army Groups are willing to point their gunships at the royal capital under pretenses of "Quelling rebellion" in the surrounding area. You may decide the exact demographics of this force, as well as define the specifics of its forces, perhaps to be in-line with another nation's military or your own idea, should you not be content with commanding the might of hundreds of thousands of BURLY URSUS MEN.

Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan
All Is Under Heaven: (100 CP)

Many are the inventions of Yan's Tianshi, the specialized Arts engineers and scientist-casters of the government. Many are the implements they've made for themselves, to make their own jobs, studies, and projects easier. Whether you're one such Tianshi yourself, or got your hand on some hand-me-downs, you've gotten your hand on two or three little devices in their style. Two such examples are the Tianshi Detector and the Tianshi Ruler. Taking the form of a strange cube-shaped contraption made up of various interlocking rods constantly poking in and out of the larger structure, something honestly resembling a burr puzzle, the detector is conventionally made up of various Originium sensors used to gather readings on local Originium and Orinium energy and their locations. These floating cubes can also interface with electronic information systems to allow for much finer manipulation of their systems without needing to physically click your way through those newfangled apparatuses, and helpfully follow you along without needing to be carried. A simpler instrument would be the Tinshi Ruler, which looks like a ruler, and is capable of accurately measuring the distances between objects and pinpoint wherever your current location is. Of course, you may devise stranger implements of similar small but useful utility, perhaps devised by yourself as something of a precocious beginner's achievement and specialization. Of course, you know well the creation and maintenance of whatever your specific equipment is. A good start for any up and coming Tianshi.

WELCOME: (200 CP)

With such a massive population, Yan certainly takes its food production quite seriously. It seems you understand the struggle, or have perhaps found your calling here, because now you're well equipped to tackle this problem. How? Welcome to the

rice fields, motherfucker. You now have fully equipped rice fields capable of producing a respectable harvest, the exact size and sophistication counting on however much land you have to work with. As it stands this is only a modest rice farm, but if you truly had enough land and mobile cities of your own, you might have an entire mobile city dedicated to the cutting edge of crop production. And while the fields will bizarrely maintain a pristine condition when not in use, these fields do actually require workers to make use of. Automated systems can be employed here and there if you're advanced enough, but even those have to be manned somewhere along the line.

At Teardrop's Point: (400 CP)

Tell me, was it held by your family for many generations, or was its cutting edge folded one thousand times in the forges of Raytheon Industries™? Regardless, you have a singular blade of incredible quality. Nigh-industrictible, even in the face of grievous Arts assaults, and with an edge so sharp it can cleave lesser metals like they were mere flesh. It may even be of an astounding material, such as having a blade purely made of an extremely tempered and rare form of Originium. Of course, beyond the superb quality of its make, this sword has a very… interesting relationship to Arts. The material of its construction makes it a potent anti-magic weapon, with its touch being able to cancel out incoming energies, with its slashes being able to cleave great walls of flame apart, or dissipate lethal beams of energy. Perhaps somewhat paradoxically, it also serves as a potent Arts catalyst, being able to efficiently and powerfully channel such energies when they come from you, allowing even someone with lackluster Arts ability to fight like a powerful Caster, or for someone with no Arts ability at all to unleash a cool giant sword slash. Hell, it's even receptive to magics that change its shape, preserving its properties and being able to return to its prior form without a loss in capabilities.

Four Guardians: (600 CP)

Many are the architectural and engineering contributions of the Tianshi, their myriad advancements in Arts and science allowing for great improvements in Yan's quality of life, to say nothing for their accomplishments in myriad other fields such as agriculture. But in all their efforts to tame the world, most are pointed towards smoothing over minute and subtle problems. There's little subtlety to a Catastrophe, however, and neither was there to the Tianshi's response. A massive system of retractable walled fortifications containing potent Arts mechanisms, the Wind Aegis was meant to withstand Catastrophes in their various forms. From Originium sandstorms to various other environmental maladies, the barriers this mechanism forms around the city it surrounds are capable of diverting natural disasters as well as their secondary effects; even harmful particle emissions from said disasters are dispersed as they near the protected city's breathing air. The only downside is that with its current specifications it

still requires external assistance for particularly immense disasters. A group of casters must stand atop the side most directly facing the coming Catastrophe and lend their own Arts to reinforce the barrier, maintaining the shield at personal risk to themselves. It may be possible to further innovate on this design, but that is an exercise in future exhaustion. Each Jump you may install such a system in one city of your choice, possibly being accredited for it, and you also possess the specifications by which to construct more.

Victoria

Victorian Healthcare Standards: (100 CP)

Come war or tragedy, proper healthcare is instrumental to minimizing damages. Such might be the illusion you conjure with facilities like this, these hospitals you manage, but the truth is far different. But these hospitals serve an incredibly important purpose! No, it isn't treating the wounded, because they have no amenities by which to offer treatment. Rather, they are fake hospitals meant to pretend that the wounded are being treated! So long as you prop these up, everyone will just kind of assume that they're operational and that the sick and wounded are being filtered through it, allowing you to kill hundreds or thousands of your own wounded without having to actually treat them. You know, because they're dead. Think of all the costs you'll save by not treating them! You already have one wherever you want, but the supplies to build a quick shell of a hospital will be somewhere nearby whenever you want to make one. Oddly, construction of them follows with blinding speed; likely because of the poor quality and cut corners of these fakes, things never meant to truly house medical facilities.

Fate Worse Than Death: (200 CP)

A deep (unearned) pride runs (undeservedly) through the Victorian people. (Ostensibly) glorious is their nation which they call home. Even with their military heroically refusing to prevent a siege on their own capital, the citizenry, those heroically impoverished factory workers, rose up to die in their place. You now possess the very environment that breeds such patriotic fervor. You are the proud owner of several industrial-era factories that produce or refine all manner of products and materials, all returning a steady profit to your hands, and a pittance to your HEROIC workers. Injuries are severe, workers are quite often young, and in general they barely pay their workers, but a miracle nonetheless roots itself here. Those who work in this environment find themselves increasingly willing to suicide-charge army-killing invincible war god cannibal sorcerer kings. To protect their homes, you see.

Steam Powered Lynching: (400 CP)

Despite its size, the icons that drew the hearts of young Victorians to their military were not their numberless legions, but those few shining knights that so captured the

romance of conquest. The Steam Knights, donned in massive suits of armor, almost like vehicles really, once marched and flew across battlefields, raining destruction on the enemies of Victoria. Indeed, for so advanced and expensive are these armors, that only fifty had been created in all of Victoria's history. Or make that fifty one, as you've now got your own. Many, many times larger than a man, more like some kind of humanoid weapon of mass destruction than a suit of armor, this artifice can fully contain a human form that can pilot it from within. Not only does it boast physical strength and durability more like an assault vehicle than a suit of armor, it is loaded with absurd weaponry. Blades of pure searing heat, back-mounted ammunition-creating rocket salvos, pilebunkers on the arms, and steam-based thrusters capable of lifting the whole thing into the sky, before fiercely slamming it down back to the earth like a meteor. It even contains life support systems that could keep someone stranded without food or water alive for at least four years, though it doesn't exactly protect one's sanity in such circumstances. While you don't have to worry too much about its internal mechanisms breaking down, its fancy exterior is at risk of scratching and fading, necessitating constant work to prevent it from developing the ancient wartorn knight look. Maybe grab a squire to scrub it clean? Or exult in the cooler battle-damaged look it will progressively begin to sport.

Shard Misery: (600 CP)

At the heart of Victoria's capital, what once stood as the palace of two dynasties has been transformed. By the powers of ancient witchcraft, primordial Originium, and racially motivated violence, a great spire looms in new purpose. Retrofitted into a focusing mechanism for the first Originium to grace the surface, it commands incredible power over the emergence of Catastrophes, such that it may be used to induce them as a large-scale weapon of total annihilation. Similarly, you have a great and obviously evil tower reaching into the sky. One which houses mechanisms capable of twisting the weather so as to produce natural disasters on the scope of meteor-like strikes over designated cities. The only problem is that it of course requires precise targeting, requiring an apparatus (of which you have many) to be taken elsewhere to mark the location intended for devastation should it be far away from the tower. And it should, as calling such a calamity on the site of the weapon itself is pure foolishness that risks destroying it. Regardless, should you have some means of sending out someone capable of gathering and reporting back the complex form of coordinates these targeting mechanisms rely on, you'd be able to target even the capital cities of enemy nations with skyborne fury, Catastrophes with which to level the landscape. Just be wary of how many eyes such an act would point towards you, and how many mobile resources and infrastructure such an aggrieved populace would still have to then throw at you. And know they shall; the attack is easily traceable back to the tower, and its

startup is obvious to anyone looking to stop it. Lots of ominous clouds and the works. Still, it is a great and terrible amount of firepower for you to make use of.

Columbia

Insert Fast Food: (100 CP)

For the cause of advancing science, there is no boundary Columbia won't push. Corporate and Government bodies mingle intent and funding in a mad dash to forge the future, leaving Columbia with technology a good deal ahead of the other landbound nations. Robotics and related fields of engineering are not exempted, and this is a masterpiece of a robotic body. Humanoid in shape, though likely obviously mechanical, this is an artificial shell of man, capable of complex and articulate movement. It's even capable of ingesting and processing food, though to no discernible benefit. Owing to the incredible materials of its construction, it's durable enough to match the kinds of physical exertion and strain that some fighters around here are capable of, and repairs and upgrades are an intuitive process thanks to its excellent design and included blueprints. You only get one, but can make additional copies if you have the technical expertise and suitable materials. The only problem is that it wholly lacks an on-board guiding intelligence. There's no AI currently occupying it. You'd have to provide such a thing yourself, or perhaps something stranger. Its faceplate may optionally include a marvelous mustache of metal, at your discretion.

Kal'tsit's Flightlogs: (200 CP)

Columbia is on a quest to drag science into the next century, and the wheels of progress aren't going to grease themselves. You know what makes for good grease? Bodies. Orphan bodies. Yes, it turns out the Columbian government has a bit of a hand in the human trafficking business, similar contacts to which you've come into… contact. Whether you're approaching from a federal, corporate, or private angle, you have several contacts in a human trafficking ring that sees significant governmental involvement, backing, or even just plain oversight. The nature of these contacts may be up to you, anything from a purely business arrangement through which you can make purchases or sales, to a few sympathetic figures trapped in a role they hate who are willing to funnel the children from their stock towards you so they can be rescued. In future Jumps you'll have similar contacts in an identical operation.

Mansfield is Unbreakable: (400 CP)

There are some jobs most people just don't take, even if the pay is good. Maybe it's how isolated the location is, or how grim the assignment seems. While this is certainly that kind of facility, you at least don't have to worry about staffing it. You're now the proud owner of an incredibly advanced max-security prison. Located on top of a mobile plate of its own, it typically parks itself in the middle of an inhospitable wasteland,

only reconnecting to cities periodically for scheduled matters. This ensures that even if anyone escapes it, they're almost guaranteed to die in the wasteland. Its facilities are modern to say the least, with prison blocks housed in a vertical design only accessible through elevators to limit and potentially fully shut off the outflow of prisoners in the case of a mass breakout. It would take serious internal sabotage to allow such a thing to actually happen. Thankfully all the positions for this are filled with modest but ultimately unimpressive hires. You can try to populate it with better personnel, but that's a matter of actually trying to hire such people.

Drops in the Watertank: (600 CP)

The interplay of government and corporate endeavors is an interesting and complex one, but that doesn't change the fact that both must abide by at least the outward appearances of legality and culpability. Thankfully you have plenty of ways around that. You now own an entire *network* of shell companies with little to no paper trail connected the lot of them. With only the barest employee counts to keep them 'functioning', as well as plenty of physical locations and facilities tied to them, all the costs of simply maintaining these things is somehow already taken care of. The real value of these economic husks is that you can route virtually any endeavors you want through them, moving employees, funding, resources, and equipment into one of them, ensuring that any backlash you might face from it going public is neatly tied to this little subsidiary instead. Everything from public outrage to punishments the likely equally culpable government is obligated to levy onto it.. The fake little company will go under, most of what you invested within confiscated as the bare minimum setback to you, case closed, and you're free to pick up again through any of the others. While it's technically possible to trace what's actually happening in some massive conspiracy web, and in fact may become more well known if someone bereaved by your schemes figures it all out, it is impossible to actually legally attack you over the actions of one of these legally independent economic bodies. Your little web is set up in a way to ensure that punishment stops at the legal scapegoats, and spreads no further along the web. You have a large number of these companies, but try not to burn through them too quickly. Waste all the ones you get in one Jump, and you'll have to start actually paying money to set more up.

Kazimierz

Non-Royal Royalties: (100 CP)

The state of Kazimierz, or knighthood, is a disappointing one to many of the old guard. Mercantile corporatism and the commodification of sports have reduced knighthood to mere marketing. That's the view of some, at least. Looked at from another perspective, and countless innocent eyes are watching these matches play out with imagination igniting in their minds. Whether the product of a money making scheme, or

genuine fanboyism, there's now a small circle of media that features you in whatever public escapades you're up to. These can range from magazines that feature a snippet on you whenever something fitting occurs, or entire novel "adaptations" that are more like glorified fanfiction versions of whatever you're known to have done. These don't just have their own small circle of dedicated fans, but are also in wider circulation among a wider audience who's less into you, and more into whatever genre this is taking place in. Hell, you may end up in supporting or antagonistic roles in fanworks about other people in the industry. Obviously if you're a Kazimierz knight then the kinds of magazines and books that'd feature you would be the same sort being made of many Knights competing in the Major. If you were a surgeon or something then it might be something popular in medical circles, or just people into medical dramas. Fans can be weird sometimes, but if you're the sort to get a laugh out of this then you're in luck.

Gleaming Silver: (200 CP)

The cultural changes Kazimierz has undergone recently has changed much, but some things have proven curiously stable. What once was born of honorable determination and the call to war is now bought through corporate sponsorship, but the arms and skill of these knights remain. The wishy-washy career knights that sell their inferior skills to corporations and advertisers during the Major already wear gear capable of blocking point-blank mortar fire. Your armor is not like theirs. The armor of a true knight is expectedly of grand quality; the Silverlance's armors are as durable as their swords, which with enough force can cleave through stone pillars like butter. It's platemail designed to be wielded by and against people capable of cleaving their way through the walls of buildings, of smashing through vehicles or cutting them in two. It's non-restrictive and well weighted, so while it isn't as light as a feather or as seamless as a second skin, with any amount of strength and some practice you'll hardly notice a difference. The silver that goes into this armor's alloy is responsible for its signature gleam, which shines brilliantly in the moonlight.

Hygiene Products: (400 CP)

You'd be surprised how many problems can be solved by paying someone to unload a projectile into the back of someone's head in their own office. Business rivals? An up and coming athlete who you don't want beating your favorite? Some guy said something you don't like on TV? Well don't worry, because you're now in contact with a committee of assassins formed and funded to take care of the interests of certain commercial parties. You have a yearly stipend of assassinations you can call in as you please, and if you're willing to shell out some more cash, you can either call in more hits, or send much higher quality assassins. This is probably a good idea, as while there are some very skilled fighters here, most of them aren't likely to succeed in a fight against truly skilled opponents. That being said, they're assassins, and will try to dirty

approach first, but you should be ready for these assassination attempts to fail unless you're really splurging for the Platinum package. You can choose whether this is the Armorless Union, or another similar organization.

Major Moneymaking: (600 CP)

Ladies and gentlemen, prepare for the show of a lifetime! And you, Jumper, should be prepared for lifetime earnings. In Kazimierz, one particular event stands out as a cultural icon: The Kazimierz Major. A knight competition of advanced rules, housing events from racing to live combat, with a multi-bracket system and both team and lone combatant participation. It is perhaps the single most commercialized and televised event in the nation, bringing in participants and consumers from all across the world to both watch and fight in the arena. It's where naive and young warriors come to make their dreams of glory come true, and where so many little tragedies unfold behind the scenes. Corporate politics, zealous fandom, athletic drama, and knightly combat combine in this broadcasted conflict. And now you're one of the drivers behind it. As one of the heads of this little arrangement, not only do you have an influential say in how things will be pushed, who to try and bump off through vague rulings and assassination, who to prop up with sponsorships and equipment. More than that, you also rake in an absolute killing based on the profits of this. Not only is this incredibly popular, but the tickets for a single day's admission are obscenely expensive; one ticket is about a fourth of the price of a particularly good car. You may alternatively be a participant in it, one with a bizarrely lucrative sponsorship. In every Jump you'll find a quasi-Olympic sporting event much like this, one which will rake in massive amounts of cash for you for whatever reason, which you may choose to be the primary backer and beneficiary for, or merely a (commercially) successful competitor in.

Sami

Amma's Favorite: (100 CP)

Amma's affection is a fickle thing, likely to melt like morning snow, but it is very real nonetheless. A guardian spirit of Sami, Amma often lets her favor be known through these little trinkets. An unmelting snowball embossed around its surface with beautiful glowing antler-like impressions. You have a small collection of these unmelting little things, enough to give a few away while keeping one for yourself. So long as you keep one on your person you will find yourself enjoying a small increase in health and fortune, though nothing terribly notable. Keep it with you though and you will find it rarely melting into silvery snowflakes and stars. Now gone from you, you will find that in its place a spot of incredible fortune has visited you. A single instant of absurd fortune, perhaps even breaching into results completely illogical. Were you pioneering through the frigid outskirts of the northmost pole with barely functioning equipment, for one day you would find your communication and scanning equipment not only functioning

perfectly, but all of your canned foods would open already steaming somehow. Even should a Collapse of logic threaten you, will a river that did not exist prior suddenly forming in your path as forces beyond your ken sought to overwrite the land, this gift of fortune would deliver a sturdy and supply-laden boat to you that you might cross. Small cracks in space might be smoothed over as dimensional stability is restored, and the attempt by an international coalition to restore an ancient technological megastructure could even find an important stage of the process breezed through with no difficulty or resource usage. This gift is truly nothing but a single turn of incredible fortune in the face of adversity. Beware though, for you have no control over when and where this good luck will strike you. It could be wasted on some trivial matter, such as merely making an ordinary day particularly pleasant, and it may go a long time indeed without melting for anything. Whenever a curious snowball melts you will find another one waiting for you wherever you make your home.

Anti-Interference Index: (200 CP)

When causality begins to fray and events no longer follow their expected patterns, it becomes momentously difficult to maintain functioning scanning and communications equipment. Or at least that's the case for lesser explorers, because you have a state of the art array of such equipment that can be carried on an individual's person, allowing an expedition to maintain contact with their bases as they advance, and scan ahead to get a clear view of whatever obstacles they'll find within a day's work of travel. Notably, the easy and intuitive way that its readings are presented make it easy to notice when the variables its picking up are abnormal, even when some outside force is causing the device's internals to recognize the values as normal, thereby avoiding any automated alarms. Thus, it's actually quite easy to pick up the red flags of altered physics interactions, giving you a forewarning of instability in upcoming areas. Granted, actually dealing with the problem once it comes to you is your own problem, but hey, at least you'll know.

Layout, Source, Declaration: (400 CP)

Once, the people of Sami sought signs in the wilderness, portending to strange omens through which they sought the wisdom of the land. Then, they happened upon a group of wandering Sarkaz with a gift for prophecy. Having grown tired of the visions of cataclysm they experienced in their homeland, they fled to the northern wastes to live instead, because dealing with time and physics overwriting untouchable mind warping memetically infectious reality parasites is preferable to living in Kazdel. Out of gratitude for no longer being in Kazdel, they shared their knowledge of prophecy with the Samifjod developing their use of Foldartals from them. While a similar system may need to be discovered and meanings puzzled out by those living among them, you have an entire forest's worth of trees with the same properties that make that divination method

possible. And by that I mean trees that pretty much do it on their own. These trees, the population of which you can plant anywhere, have a curious quality of sometimes having chunks of their bark break off in large plates. These plates take a bit of the trunk with them, leaving mirrored patterns on both plate and tree. These contain strange and obviously unnatural runic patterns and symbols that convey general meanings. They also contain in broad strokes hints about immediately future events. The land is eager to share its wisdom, and will offer signs that coincide with obvious events so that those seeking to learn will be able to grasp the meaning of that given sign. This will continue in increasing complexity until a system of understanding is founded, whereby a reliable if infrequent system of prophecy has sprung up around them.

Forward Forest: (600 CP)

The land is a living being. Perhaps now you'll understand the truth of it in full? You have a vast expanse of land. It isn't particularly rich in any resources except forests, but sports a healthy population of huntable wildlife. The grasses spread wide when the snows recede, and winter's embrace always gives way to a vibrant spring of life. A pretty cold spring, but still. More importantly, this land is yours. Your people's. Any who you allow to settle on this land will find it a vastly accommodating one. Though it has few resources to give, the land is both gentle and kind. Strangers may never understand, may find the aftereffects of it baffling as they fail to chart it, but the land moves to be of use. Trees will rearrange themselves beneficially, clearing or obscuring as needed. Rivers, too, change their flows and cut new channels through the earth, the old remaining or healing as needed. The land provides as best as it is able. At the center of it all is a singular divine tree. A great and twisting edifice of living wood, large enough that many houses can be built atop its roots and along its lower trunk. This tree is especially responsive to the needs of the people, and will weave root and branch in real time in order to accommodate the people. Houses sheltered from rain, pathways moved to allow easy travel between buildings built along it. Most impressively is that it can be asked to move its location, supporting with roots even a village built along it in order to carry the people with it wherever they wish to go. Love the land, and the land shall love you

Siracusa

FUCK GAUL: (100 CP)

Do you cooka the meatball? No worries, you have people for that. Or whatever strange mechanism is responsible for this. Food is a serious matter in Siracusa; wars have almost been fought here over atrocities like putting chocolate on pasta noodles. You're not going to have to worry about eating like a plebian or foreign savage ever again, whether it's because of a catering service, some deeply skilled and loyal family cooks, or your kitchen just kind of inexplicably having an unlocked backdoor, some

shaggy fur caught on your backyard fence, and a perfectly cooked traditional Siracusan meal ready whenever you're hungry for no reason observable whatsoever. If you truly wish it from deep within your heart, you may instead have a lifetime supply of a different culture's cuisine. If so, and if you don't have a means to explain where the meal is coming from, then you may notice an equally inexplicable trail of tears leading out of your kitchen when these meals mysteriously appear.

Nuova Hope: (200 CP)

A curious development, one that may be mirrored in the near future. For a long while the people of Siracusa have kneeled to the mob, looking to it as both a source of power and fear. They join a family, hoping to never be trampled upon, and become like those who once trampled them. It just keeps happening in these cities where the only law is crime. But not all care for that state of affairs, and economic and political ventures like this are a sure sign of it. This is a nascent city, larger than a town but still developing. The real miracle here is that, at least for this precious and possibly fleeting moment, it is practically clean of all organized crime. While tiny residual remnants of it exist are the kind to use their connections to actually *stall* any attempts to advance into the city, and if not, regulate it. The people here are sick of the mob rule that's defined Siracusa for generations, and the economic ventures that went into its construction were very clear on keeping to that sentiment, only taking clean money, or donations with no strings attached. As it stands you've become something of a local protector, an informal leader who helped to get the dream off the ground, either by funding to possibly ruinous extents its corruption-free construction, or by actively wiping out hostile attempts to move in by crime families. As it stands this place will be relatively free of crime for a short while even without your interference. In fact, while the average citizen might not recognize it, it is also clear of any behind the scenes manipulators like the Signori dei Lupi. If you're wondering as to the minor price for such a thing, keep this all in mind: This is a small developing city, and while initially free of criminal influence it won't remain that way without protection. Your power over it is also informal at the moment; while you're a recognized protector of it, either for your economic contributions or violent defenses, you're still not its leader. Given your popularity you may become mayor if you announced your running for it, especially if you lobbied a bit harder for it, but that would come with its own responsibilities. Perhaps you could play kingmaker, and with that keep things on track while lessening your own obligation to the place. That, or you could use this chance to absorb it into your own racket, betraying the hopes this city represents. Anyways, this is merely an opportunity. For you, and for the people hoping for a life without the mob.

The Pack: (400 CP)

Beast Lords like the Signori dei Lupi are far from the only of their kind, and many of them display a peculiar ability. The aid that the Wolf Lords give to those that impress them is not merely an intimidating shadow looming over their shoulders, but a gift of many fangs and claws. Possessing the ability to create lesser beings in their image, one such ambiguously sized pack of wolf-like Beastkin has flocked to you in service. These immortal wolf spirits are invisible and intangible until they will otherwise. They are weaker than the Wolf Lords and less skilled in their supernatural qualities. They must become visible to all to attack, and while stronger than any natural beasts should be, their abilities are only those of wolves. Just as well, they share in their progenitors' immortality and tirelessness. They will never grow tired in combat, and are unkillable. If they are struck down they will discorporate, until around a minute whereupon they'll claw back into being. You may leave them whatever orders you wish, as they have relatively human intelligence. If you have none near you though you may call some into being near you. A small number at first, but as a single battle rages if enough time passes without one dying, another will also be called forth. In this manner a winning battle can only become an even more crushing victory, until a great pack is finally unleashed.

Famiglie Catena: (600 CP)

Loyalty, and betrayal. Blood of the veins, and blood spilt from them. In Siracusa, all this and things darker still are what bind a Famiglie together. You're now the head of a powerful mafia family, its engagements spread out across all the official and illegal activities as can be expected of such a criminal enterprise. While lacking anything like a standing army, and prone to internal corruption at certain levels, various professionals of great skill have lent their lifelong service to the Famiglie. Even beyond the various hitmen and extremely skilled assassins that serve the Famiglie's interests, even lower level mafiosi rush and hustle to harass and extort the Famiglie's due from wherever they can, hoping to rise through the ranks for their crimes and piety. While greed and pride suffuse this mass of living crime dramas, or perhaps because of that, so too does a perverse sense of familial loyalty. While you can expect some rats scheming to get ahead, there are also plenty that'll sooner take their secrets to the grave than snitch. In the running of this thing, expect everything from meeting some of your men's grandkids when coming over for dinner, to driving out to the old warehouse to meet an old associate before having his head removed.

Laterano

Culture and Entertainment: (100 CP)

Did you know that a survey regarding the living expenditures of Laterano citizens revealed that the average Lateran citizen spends half as much money on ammunition as they do on food? Yes, they buy that much ammo, so why shouldn't you invest in a

similarly bright (from the muzzle flash) future? You now own a bottomless stock of ammunition for any firearms you own and can carry. This isn't necessarily an infinite supply on your person, but anywhere you live you can have massive and seemingly bottomless stores of the stuff for restocking, taking as much as you can carry on your person on the go. This is ordinary ammunition by the standards of this world, but since you're able to load you and your pals up to the gills in the stuff, you can spend all that cash you'd usually be spending on ammo on snacks instead.

REALLY Big Guns: (200 CP)

Every Sankta is appointed their gun once they turn of age, and non-Sankta Lateran citizens don't seem exempt from this either. Still, there's a difference between civilian weaponry and those assigned to Laterano's holiest warriors. Regardless of your station, you've been given a gun. A REALLY big gun, either in size, or blast. The most obvious option is a massive belt-fed firearm with a revolving barrel with a rate of fire that sends out thousands of bullets per minute. They hit hard too, with their continuous fire being enough to often level buildings, and certainly tear through most any warriors stupid enough to approach you head on. You might choose a smaller and slower gun though, a seemingly unassuming hand-cannon, if perhaps oddly bulbous for the size of the single round it must accommodate. Yes, single round, and which must be loaded slowly and not fired too often, requiring a period of rest and cooling before firing again lest it break. Of course, this singular blast is very much capable of leveling entire buildings, especially unreinforced civilian ones. Be very thoughtful when deciding to point one of these at someone else.

Third Try's the Charm: (400 CP)

Despite its splendor, Laterano is truthfully one of the smallest nations around. Will miniscule territory, and little in the ways of military, it can scarcely be called a power on the international stage. And yet not only does it survive, not only does it thrive, it retains a position of respect internationally. The Holy City has worked ever so hard to maintain its political neutrality, the key towards its enjoyable position of stability, so that it might leverage it to affect change on the world's political atmosphere. What you have here is a collection of small-scale agreements between various persons of interest and political entities. Nothing so important as treaties, but rather assurances of very short-term neutrality towards you or what you represent, and of attendance to a series of international summits that can be organized under your name. These are gatherings of both delegates and rulers from countless nations and businesses of your choice, where topics of your choice may be brought up and discussed, or where countries may air out their grievances and make deals amongst themselves. While this promises little, each of these few pseudo-parties you can host present an opportunity to change

everything on an international scale. Hopefully you're persuasive enough to enact that change.

Locked Key: (600 CP)

Many are the dark secrets that rest in their ancient tombs, their power not meant for the likes of men. Perhaps you were guided to uncover one such secret, or perhaps discovered it on your own, but you now bear an ancient weapon of some kind. One bearing the fragment of something even more ancient within it. It might be an ancient greatsword that most couldn't hope to wield, or even a staff that serves as an excellent catalyst for arts, but whatever the case the fact that it's a superlative example of its weapon-type is supplementary at best. The *thing* inside of it may be a mere fragment of what it once was, but it still possesses great power. It isn't absolute, being more like a fraction of some greater power, but it's enough to demolish whole scores of foes. For instance, rather than controlling time, it might be capable of controlling, "Time as experienced by biological systems," granting power over how time impacts living beings, from slowing down their perception of it, to degrading them. Of course you could also pick something basic like creating and controlling fire. Regardless, the raging monster inside is enough to wipe out scores of even experienced combatants. The thing also seems to favor you; it doesn't cause much trouble when you wield it, but when taken to be used by another it tends to lash out with maddening visions, followed by possession should it break its would-be wielder's mind.

Leithanien

Dämmerung und Anbruch: (100 CP)

One can scarcely amble the streets and spires of Leithanien without catching wind of some classy tune or another. Music is of obscene cultural importance, such that it permeates all stratums of social class and wealth. Whether they be hand-me-downs or newly crafted masterpieces, you have a small number of beautifully crafted and high-quality musical instruments of various kinds. Woodwinds, brass, and strings galore, and perhaps even a set of jugs to blow into if you're feeling festive. This isn't a full concert hall, but it is a good handful of them, and all are always well tuned and cared for so long as they aren't heavily damaged. Of course, for the interrelated nature of music and Arts in Leithanien development, these instruments are also very much Arts compatible. Combined with an Arts unit, simply playing them would help to catalyze and empower music-based Arts to a considerable degree, while at the same time, attaching them to anti-Arts devices would lend their clamorous sounds towards suppressing hostile Arts. Whatever their contribution to a given casting, it'll be just a bit *more* than if you had used something of lower quality. Also, as high quality instruments, you look *incredibly* classy for owning them.

Springen-Universität: (200 CP)

As the nation which most closely holds the study of Arts as a deeply ingrained cultural pursuit, it is no surprise that Leithanien would place such an emphasis on education. Containing some of the oldest, most prestigious, and exquisitely gothic educational centers in the world, the academic scene in Leithanien holds international acclaim. Especially so in its courses on Arts-related topics, and perhaps music, which are its specialties. Whether it's these classical Leithanien academic institutions, or the more cutting edge science-based institutions of Columbia, you have a deep connection to several of one nation's prominent institutions of higher education. The kind of connection to the higher ups of those institutions that could land you a special tuition free of charge on a request, or if you're of the proper age or experience, a job on campus. Regardless of the specifics, such is your connection that you even have a singular spire or similar facility on one of the particularly nice campuses for the exclusive dwelling and use of you and your cohorts. The facilities are fine, though the resources it's available to be furnished with will depend on the nature of the institution. As a private lair like those afforded to the aristocracy, one in which personal experiments are expected to be carried out, it has potent Arts defenses built into it to protect the secrecy of what's going on inside, whatever it is you plan on using it for. Naturally, you'll have a similar connection to a string of academic institutions in future Jumps, with one of your choice affording you a large personal quarters like this, one which will carry forward whatever you've since chosen to keep there.

Golden Law: (400 CP)

All nations are bound by their constitutions, by the laws and precedents they set. For years Leithanien has been bound more tightly than most. The Güldenesgesatz, the binding constitution of Leithanien, is the single most complex Arts construct in the world. Drafted by and reified by countless powerful casters over the years, it is both a musical score of such complexity and length that it is impossible to actually play, and a psychic presence that mentally constricts the culture of its home. While individual degrees of dissent (and even rebellion) are possible, the subtle but widespread influence exerted is enough to render the nation almost immune to social change. But there is power to be found in this, power that you and potentially others may tap into. As for what it does? Outside of subtly nudging the psyches of those living under it to maintain a consistent culture, it offers power to those who would uphold it. Those already proficient in Arts can call upon it to enforce its edicts, while those who swear to become its embodiments and serve it with their lives are given great power. Granted incredible skill and filled with immense power both, they become vessels of its Arts capable of such displays of power that multiple of them fighting at once can paint the night sky golden. The very music of the constitution can be called to wreath them like an aura, paralyzing those who hear it, while golden light can be called and shaped as a force for both offensive and defensive

uses. Here, you have access to this source of power so long as you seek to uphold it. For this Jump you may choose if you're drawing from the Güldenesgesatz, or to create a new constitution all your own, possibly for some territory under your own control, which will be the case anyways going forward from this Jump. In any case, once you have such a constitution for yourself, be it here or in the next Jump, you may bestow its power onto others who choose to become arbiters of its law.

Autumn Spire: (600 CP)

The greatest artists require excellent workshops. The greatest scholars require the best studies. The greatestCasters require the best spooky wizard towers. Though they may have burned his spire down, in truth the Witch King's spire persists in some strange way. As if reflected on the other side of reality, a great spire digs 'behind' the world and juts into the alien void beyond; a singular bubble of stability, like some manifestation of mankind's culture protecting them from the foreign. You, similarly, have such a battlement; a great spire outside of reality, stable and habitable despite its location. Within you will find lavish yet also fearsome furnishings, as well as great scholarly apparatuses. All to the standards of a great yet learned tyrant. Arts instruments deep within it carry out the complex purpose of nullifying the magics of anyone who infiltrates it, though this particular function is vulnerable to sabotage, meaning that would-be challengers must first brave the depths of the tower to destroy these instruments unless they wish to rely on physical strength alone. Perhaps more notable, this tower is both a bulwark against the void, and an observatory. Parked in the void between worlds, you can observe from the sanctuary it offers the otherwise hostile chaos and nothingness that borders existence, safe from the usually deleterious effects of doing so. This will be shared if applicable in all future worlds, giving you an outpost of stability from which you can observe and study otherwise hostile realities that border conventional existence. Regardless, if you have some in-Jump means of reaching it you may do so, and can also do so through a door in your Warehouse. Of course, there are two other means of reaching here. The first is death; if you perish but your soul or essence still lingers in the world, it may coalesce here and remain stable and secure unless destroyed. The second is by temporarily physically extruding it into the world, in a great cataclysm of black flames which will likely devastate the area.

Sargon

Fat Tail Enthusiasts: (100 CP)

There is, tucked away in its own little corner, an area of Sargon which is *not* an inhospitable desert. This is Acahualla, and it is the deadliest part of Sargon. Largely isolated from the outside world by the sheer deadliness of this beautiful jungle, the local tribes seem like they're from another world entirely. Perhaps you beat everyone up in a drunken bender, or perhaps your tail was judged the fattest of them all, but you've

become the assumed leader of a large tribe of primitive savages. Their years of living off the land have made them experts in wilderness survival, and mighty enough that nearly all of them are at least able to uproot trees or gore wild animals with their bare hands. They have their own strange traditions and antiquated beliefs, but are a friendly if clannish sort, and loyal besides. They are, however, kind of stupid. Not in terms of the hard sciences mind you; some of them can patch together mechs and giant robots out there in the wild jungle, after all. But they are *exceedingly* poor in the logic department. If a group of them were to be blinded by something at the same time, they'd likely conclude that the sun had been kidnapped or something and start stumbling around on an impromptu adventure to try and rescue it. The majority of the time they'll be ambling about, wrestling, building random giant machines, destroying rogue giant machines, and getting into large arguments about what constitutes the ideal mate. As the de facto leader of these wacky dumbasses, you may decide the exact demographics of this group, and may choose the most common subjects of their inane arguments.

Exhibits Gone Wild: (200 CP)

Sargon is a land of buried treasures, but it may be that some treasures are meant to stay that way. Perhaps as a way to guard these treasures, the creation of immortal soldiers was sought out. Well these soldiers are immortal in one sense, and a treasure all their own. You're now in possession and control of a small army of living artifacts, constructs of varying make and ancient design that can suddenly display mobility and minor intellect when you will it. They're of varying kinds, some being small wooden or clay constructs of weak ability, but some are larger, being human-sized statues of non-perishing metals such as gold or other materials. But all of them house large gemstones of various kinds, some having many, and these are the objects animating them. They're large enough in numbers to cause some significant chaos throughout a city known for being a large trading center, but there's not quite enough to necessarily destroy or capture it. Still, in addition to being reparable with sufficient skill in metallurgy and some extra gems, they have an additional quality that's rather useful. They have the ability to sense gemstones of all kinds going out for about said large city's length. Used like this, you can quickly locate any gems in the area and have them brought to you by your untiring servants. You can of course turn any gems of fairly large size into false-life giving artifacts like those that animate these minions of yours, and this initial store may optionally be contained in a giant hidden underground tomb.

A Really Fancy Clock: (400 CP)

How strange, this spherical object that makes little beeping noises when you press it. Its surface is constantly changing, and it seems to glow less and more brightly depending on the time. Truth be told, everything about it is dependent on time, because that's what this instrument is meant to measure. Contained within it and on its surface is

information relating to the flow of time, showing the exact moment in time as well as relating the passage of it across arbitrary stretches of time via visual aids. One could study this, which could be considered a model of the world in some ways, and come up with an exact calendar that is perfectly accurate to the rotational lengths of the planet it's on without needing to study anything else. Perhaps more importantly are the more abstract pieces of information, information about *how* time functions that you may not fully understand. This is coupled with its ability to influence time in its vicinity, alterations which are so minor as to be useless in most contexts, but all which it of course records and displays for you, showing you how it contrasts with the regular flow of time. Truly studying it gives you a singular advantage; an insight into what the background processes behind time manipulation look like. With prodigious talent in something like Originium Arts, it wouldn't be too difficult to work out how to alter time in various small ways, and if you already had some means to interfere with time, this would certainly help to deepen your understanding of what you were working with, and aid you in developing your powers.

Catastrophe Cutting Sigh: (600 CP)

Victoria claims much of the world as theirs, but in truth both their ruling dynasty and the realm's legendary blade hail from Sargon. Supposedly forged by fairies in grasslands bordering the desert, it was held by the Shah of Past and Future as he warded off calamity time and time again, even sealing off the invasive demons of the south. Perhaps you met these enigmatic 'fairies' yourself, as you've come away with a ceremonial weapon nonetheless capable of a grievously powerful function. This is a catastrophe cutting weapon. Those natural disasters that plague this land, the floods and hurricanes whose every idiota of matter conveys lethal infection, and the meteor storms which shatter thievery earth, all can be swept aside by this blade. Shining, brilliant light; this blade is capable of firing off blasts of energy intense enough to seemingly blot out the sky for a moment, and upon making contact with a natural disaster such as those will destroy them without harm to the people. Meteors sliced in half before being blown away, and entire hurricanes simply scattered like wind. This can also serve as a terrifyingly powerful attack in a fight. Unfortunately, throwing so much energy at something lesser than a natural disaster is likely to do as much damage to your surroundings as to your target. And potentially you, if you're using this at close range.

Iberia

A Faint Spark: (100 CP)

There is a saying in Iberia, amongst its Inquisitors. "Because the evil creatures were born from the sea, they were afraid. Afraid of the flames that would never mix with the sea." Whether that's the truth of the matter or not, the most ardent defenders

against the encroaching Seaborn wield this fire as a token of their defiance. You may be a part of the Inquisition, or else better have a way of explaining this little thing, because you now have one of the lamps carried by Iberian Inquisitors. A catalyst for unique light-based Arts, this handheld lantern has the unique property of being able to ward away other lifeforms through fear inducing light, affecting even otherwise fearless beings like the Seaborn. The strength of this effect is dependent on the user's willpower, however, with a wavering heart unlikely to ward away even feeble sea terrors for long. Even so, with a stalwart will to fight to the last, the light from this beacon may just hold back the tides.

Alchemy and Conquest: (200 CP)

Once, the alchemical Arts brought Iberia into a new golden age, aiding them in their brief domination of the ocean and its bounties. That time has long since passed, and while such techniques may be looked at with fear and suspicion in this age of silence, its few inheritors understand the potential of that nearly lost art. What you have here is an implement used in Iberian Alchemy; an Arts unit with a curious almost sword-like shape. It is not a weapon however, at least not on its own. Its structure is thus: From a handle in the middle, triangular structures the length of sword-blades jut from both ends, giving it the outline of some kind of twinblade. The tips of both ends are sensory proves meant for facilitating high-precision analytical Arts capable of discerning even atomic compositions. One end's base is filled in, containing a liquid Originum tank that powers the unit, but the other end is left hollow like a frame. Instead, from that end's base dangle a number of cable-like microstructure grappling arms, prehensile appendages meant for enacting extremely precise Arts manipulations on whatever their tips converge around. As you can likely tell from its specifications, it functions as an Arts unit tuned towards microscopic physical manipulations; rebuilding material structures at the atomic or molecular level to make permanent structural alterations or creations. The potential applications of this are staggering; in terms of substance creation alone, this once brought about a golden age in Iberia, creating miracle materials that could seemingly do anything.

Compass of Desire: (400 CP)

Though the golden age of Iberia has long since passed, legends of its splendor still remain. Obscene wealth, and artifacts almost like magic. This is one such artifact, spoken of in legends as a compass pointing to the heart's desires. It is a quicksilver-like mass, one which can shape itself in any way its wielder wishes, and which outside of its central mass, naturally saturates itself through the environment to fulfil a bevy of tasks. Spreading out from its initial congregation, seemingly endless silver threads flit through gases, probe along solids, and dilute through liquids, a microscopic field of sensory probes that uncover virtually all there is to know of one's physical surroundings, before

sending it back to its user. An almost unbearable deluge of information for most, one is able to obtain perfect readings on things like atmospheric pressure and conditions, the structural makeup and condition of one's surroundings, the biometric data of all lifeforms in the area, and far more besides. Beyond just these sensory abilities, it is also a prehensile material capable of floating through the air and increasing its own mass to a limited extent. All of its functions respond to both the active thoughts and strong desires of its user, being able to be directed with a thought, while automatically doing things like responding to the desire to live by filling in wounds with its substance to keep the user's body going, or honing in on specific information pertinent to the user's desires. In fact, in survival situations it can quickly lend itself to various acts of help and hindrance, quickly permeating the wounds of yourself and others to begin rapidly healing them, or else infiltrating the bodies of others to wreak internal havoc on their bodies. In this regard, it might be considered that the legends of a compass that points towards one's desires are true. Beyond just its shape, this substance can change its own material properties to function as an all-purpose multitool. Individual masses of it split off from its user can be severed to keep them continuously fulfilling whatever function they were last set to perform. This prevents the user from manipulating a given mass further, but also means they aren't liable to stop working due to any mental interference or instability on the user's part, a useful property if it's being used as construction material, or as an adhesive for something. You may optionally choose for your initial mass of this material to be bonded to your body, such as infusing or outright replacing an arm if you wish.

Ship of Fools: (600 CP)

A golden dreadnought. A golden memory. A golden age. Before death came in silent but crushing waves, before the Profound Silence put an end to the Iberian dream, wonders of exploration and warcraft were forged and put to sea. Only one thus survives, dilapidated as it is. Or perhaps that's two? You now possess one of the only naval vessels in the world, and certainly one of the finest. It is a massive dreadnought, the sort an unfamiliar individual can get lost in. Opulent, too, for almost as a symbol of prosperity and glory, it is inlaid with precious metals and gems as decorations throughout its interior. Indeed, you may find entire halls gilded with gold, and a most glorious veiled throne for its captain. Of course, this gaudy appearance does nothing to compromise its integrity. So durable is this vessel that it can withstand direct cannon fire from hostile battleships, and its own cannons were so advanced as to once pose a danger to some countries further inland. Indeed, provided it has a cost, this beast could likely barrage a city many miles inland. A great deal of power, floating there on the sea… but is it enough to challenge the sea exactly? Perhaps not. But perhaps what Iberia needs is a symbol. Something to ignite the heart, to promise that the Golden Age will return again.

Aegir

Want a Handy?: (100 CP)

Life in Aegir is absurd by any familiar metric. Clothes that clean themselves while being worn, food that floats into your mouth by itself; technology has permitted an almost comical level of convenience for the people of this nation. Perhaps too much convenience. Much of this is the result of the Multi-Purpose Support Equipment that any citizen is expected to have as a matter of course, their colloquial nickname being the affectionate Little Handy. It is a small floating drone-like machine that can carry out countless mundane tasks, with there currently being 972 modular additions that can be added onto it for additional specific functions. While it isn't particularly powerful, being unsuited towards live combat, it can fulfil a staggering amount of supportive or just convenient functions. These can range from housekeeping services, to aiding in wilderness survival, to storing and replaying absurd quantities of music, to outright printing food and water, to all sorts of other mundane aids. An example of a suprisingly involved process it can perform is detoxifying and clearing the environment around an area, being capable of scanning for and cleansing microbial infections and breaking down and removing larger obstructions and detritus in an area. Its systems are sophisticated enough to follow voice commands and understand and answer questions posed to it, though it lacks a true intellect. While the range of options it can be equipped with is vast, it has a limit to how many such modules it can be equipped with at once. Further experimentation can of course improve it.

Edible Educationals: (200 CP)

Stepping into a city of Aegir can feel like stepping into an alien world to the uninitiated. It might have something to do with how the entirety of their culture and technology is based on precursor relics that they found and decided were theirs. Nonetheless, they've certainly spun things in their own eclectic direction, which has resulted in the complete entwining of their science and culture. Knowledge is everything, so it makes sense why they'd make it so readily available. How available? You can buy theories in vending machines, in the form of edible snacks. What you have here is a machine capable of reproducing knowledge you possess, things like philosophies, stories, or even scientific theorems, in the form of various light snacks. When eaten, the consumer will learn the information contained within, allowing them to skip study times and directly internalize scientific or other kinds of information. This does not necessarily make them smarter, more able to put what they've learned into practice, but it certainly makes knowledge more easily distributable.

Like a Seafin: (400 CP)

The very cities of Aegir are only made possible for the technology they've inherited. It's true that most Aegir are naturally capable of breathing underwater, but

drier conditions tend to be more conducive to the kinds of developments that go into forming a society. Thus it was that with technology left behind, the Aegir lifted the sea above their heads like great roofs above the structures they built. What you have here is a significant degree of infrastructure in the form of advanced gravity manipulating technology. Not the sort suitable for destructive purposes, but instead meant to manipulate gravity over the area surrounding it. Such is the complexity of the gravitational fluctuations it can produce and maintain that not only could this infrastructure create a permanent bubble-like roof over a city at the ocean's bottom, but it could create conditions within said city where citizens could leisurely swim or float through the air instead of walking. Unfortunately this technology does take quite a bit of infrastructure to work on such a scale, so there'll be quite a bit to both build and maintain to keep these features running in a city, but so long as you've got dedicated personnel on the task, it should be smooth sailing. Assuming no internal sabotage, at least. In case it needs to be clarified, you've got the instructions for building and operating more of it, though extrapolating these designs into broader gravity manipulating technologies is an exercise in your own prowess.

Our Shared Name, Our Shared Decision: (600 CP)

You'll find it there, far from sight, below crust or sea, in depths so deep they are impossible to reach by accident. An ancient ruin, only where the uninitiated may expect stone runes and gold, there run like veins ancient cable connecting mysterious apparatuses. More than a ruin, it is an ancient and abandoned laboratory, one of such age as to boggle the mind, and bearing no origin in the races native to this world. It is still functional, if in disrepair, and to one who knows what they're looking for there is just so much to be found. Records of experiments and scraps of the mechanisms used to carry them out, personal logs showing a glimpse into an ancient catastrophe and the desperate measures that met it, and fuel for an academic fire that could burn for millenia. But there is a danger in this place, danger that is, or may be. That's because in the depths of these ruins lie something dreadful, or potentially dreadful. An ancient evil perhaps, or a great-if-neutral force that would be easy to corrupt into rampaging. Perhaps it was the final experiment of whatever advanced civilization left this facility behind, a measure originally meant to save life rather than take it? This apocalyptic monstrosity is defined by its ability to nigh-infinitely worsen over time once set in motion. You'll quickly stumble across a similar set of laboratory-like ruins each Jump, with each of course containing a potentially apocalyptic horror in its depths.

Church of the Deep

Chaotic Accoutrements: (100 CP)

The Church of the Deep lives at odds with society. So how then do they acquire their fancy matching robes, or their coral-like swords? Honestly, they're probably alive.

You as well have a number of living accessories and trinkets to your name, each a valuable being acting in a symbiotic relationship to you. This strange assemblage can of course include clothing that mends itself or slightly moves to protect you, horrifically toxic coral-like weaponry, or even things like symbiotic pockets of cells that emerge from your hands to consume, assimilate, and spread through the area from a point of contact with you, but it can just as well include more distant accessories. This can include treasure chests that are actually tentacled mimics with various biological defense systems, like ultrasonic emissions that paralyze those who go near it. They will contain and protect objects you place in them, while subduing (and likely killing) any would be thieves. You have a number of these living accessories, and can breed more of the same type, or slightly divergent ones, though this is an exercise in experimentation. Regardless, your little pals will not harm you.

Questions and Dilemmas: (200 CP)

In the face of imminent demise, worship is an adapted response. Guided by the singular question of how best to survive, the cult's mad doctrine, or sometimes absence thereof, is fundamentally a survival mechanism. These are the conclusions and findings of those holy men. They are no mere blind scholarship, but structured inquiries into the nature and mechanisms of the Seaborn, the observations and results of experiments done on materials obtained through their friendly relations with the Seaborn. Notes on the physiological and psychological changes wrought by the progression of assimilation, of multiple variants, and along all stages. Interesting inventions or advancements created through refinement or novel applications of Seaborn material. Even the occasional cryptic clue-filled rambling from those who got closer to the source, who glimpsed something of the Seaborn's mysterious gods. Even if you weren't going to use this to aid in the manipulation of Seaborn genetic material, there's still potentially plenty to be learned of infectious hive-minded cell-assimilating parasitic horrors.

City of Ruin: (400 CP)

In the struggle for survival, anything is permitted. Lies, betrayal, sacrifice; those of others preferable. You'd be surprised how amenable some apocalypses can be if approached properly, and here you have a singular city, situated somewhere geographically appropriate in each Jump, which serves as a point of "friendly" contact between you and an apocalyptic force or hostile race of your choice. The citizens are largely deluded with very strange customs that make them more amenable to the whole situation, and you'll find it incredibly unlikely that outside authorities will intrude on your little arrangement. Unlikely, but not impossible. Here, you'll find trading possible, likely in the form of ritualized sacrifices amongst the populace. What's given in return are usually materials produced or altered by whatever force you're bargaining with. Logically, in this

Jump this defaults to a coastal town in contact with the Seaborn, unless you have another choice.

Caerula Memory: (600 CP)

Many are the tales the Church bishops will tell their flock; curious origin stories of those monsters from the deep, the ultimate end of this world's life. They tell of a great tree, from whose branches fall like fruit the sea's children. But the Church is more than a religious cult; it is also a congregation of scholars and scientists. Each approaches the topic of the sea with their own balance of faith and rationality, but some veer further in their own strange directions than others. One even managed to scrape a little bark off that tree. Or flesh, as it were. Truthfully, it was the form of one of the Seaborn's four gods, and in the secret place where dwells its corpse, certain materials were gathered, and put to good use. You have in preserved isolation a large amount of something very special. It is simply the biological material of a singular being of vast power, such as one of the Seaborn's gods. Such a sample will not degrade with time, but may be used up in whatever grim experiments you have in mind. Hell, you could feed it to someone if you wanted, for whatever good or bad that would result in. Each Jump you may receive similar samples of another divine being of your choice, more locally sourced.

Kazdel

Sundaedel, the Unmelting City: (100 CP)

Kazdel doesn't have a lot going on in terms of joy or whimsey. Much of life there consists of misery and strife, but a few curiosities still crop up here and there. Mostly in the form of the things the Soul Furnace pops out. See, the ancestors burning inside Kazdel's Soul Forges have both transcended material bounds, and are the spirits of ancient witchcraft masters besides. Sometimes their grip on reality seems rather loose, as in their eternal storytelling as they burn, sometimes the stories they tell will manifest physically. Strange and illogical objects that could be anything, but ultimately just illusions. You have a collection of curious objects, some openly defying reason and operating on dream logic, others being seemingly mundane but strange. They might have curious and novel abilities, but ultimately all of them are constructs of fantasy that can't leave a lasting impression on the world; even if a lunchbox was forever full of food, and you took seemingly infinite sandwiches out of it, while you and anyone else could eat and taste them, they wouldn't provide nourishment or sate your hunger. Do be wary of using any powers that let you delve into dreams or minds on these, as doing so *might* send you into the fantasy story they hail from, in which case you actually are in danger until you can eventually wander back out. On a lighter note, you may find a door in your Warehouse that leads to a particular illusion that finds itself oddly persistent amongst the Revenant's imaginations; Sundaedel, the Unmelting City. It's a version of Kazdel but

whimsically made entirely of delicious ice cream. Remember, while you can taste all you want, it will never actually fill you up.

Persistently Post-Industrial Civilization: (200 CP)

What do you get when you cross what was once the only developed civilization on the planet, and about 3,000 separate instances of being destroyed all the way from prehistory into the modern day? Scrap material. *So much fucking scrap material*. You may now choose to have as much territory of yours as you wish to be absolutely littered with infinite amounts of industrial ruins and scrap materials. More territory means more throughput, but the supply is practically limitless as people combing over it just keep finding more. All sorts of busted down materials and rusty metals waiting to be recycled, all haphazardly strewn through the land and jutting out in miserably depressing chunks from beneath the soil, such that harvesting them only seems to push more up from the ground. If you were looking to create an entire fleet of airships you'd have everything you needed right here. You'd just have to get some people with the know-how and some infrastructure capable of recycling these into workable forms.

Burning Hate, Raging Souls: (400 CP)

The souls of the unquiet dead are a reality all Sarkaz have to live with. It isn't a matter of superstition; the souls of the Sarkaz dead linger in the world. Technically twice over, actually. In the Sarkaz homelands, great engines of flame roar eternally, their fires never extinguishing. These are the Soul Furnaces, *massive* furnace complexes wherein the screaming vengeful souls of ancient Sarkaz dwell and burn forevermore. They aren't imprisoned there or anything; the Revenants are equal participants in the religiosity of the living Sarkaz. They are given respect and veneration to placate them, and in return they fuel eternal flames with their undying hatred. Regardless, you now have a number of such great Soul Furnaces with which to produce thermal energy and forge your materials. In addition to producing theoretically infinite heat from the ever-burning rage of the spirits dwelling within, proper displays of respect will also persuade them to lend more direct aid than what use they provide in energy production and forging. Rituals of ancestor worship and pious offerings will motivate these Revenants to action. Toss some scrap metal inside, and a mass of flaming darkness will melt them into a misshapen horror of flaming metal and darkness willing to guard your cities or march with your armies. Perhaps other uses can be found, like motivating them to possess and enhance the functionality of structures or equipment, adding an automated element to them? Hell, maybe you can torture an immortal in their flames for eternity, giving them something to take their anger out on for a while. Oh, and they also rage when times of great crisis approach, whether it be enemy invasions or natural disasters.

The SS I HATE: (600 CP)

When Kazdel was nigh-destroyed (again) a scant few hundred years ago, it became readily apparent to the Sarkaz clans that the march of scientific progress was outpacing their natural advantages in war. Flying warships capable of raining explosive artillery at sonic speeds from miles away neutralized even their fearsome witchcraft, it seemed. Thus the Sarkaz modernized: They built weapons and fleets. Did they leave their old ways behind as they advanced their technology? Hell no, but more on that in a moment.You now have a singular massive flying battleship that outclasses others in this world in a number of ways. Its firepower is capable of vaporizing similar battleships with single attacks, and the way it moves is bizarre, as though it has a free range of motion with unique propulsion mechanisms that don't jeopardize its speed. Its design in and out is a strange mixture of brutalist architecture and ominous cathedral aesthetics. If you brought this to a war with a modern nation, its various nobles would go around backstabbing each other and sabotaging their nation's broader defensive goals just to try and infiltrate this thing and steal the secrets of its technology. What a shame that there's no new technology to steal. No, this ship is powered by fucking ghosts. Long shadows stretch down these halls. Shadows that are alive, and HATE. Any infiltrators are going to be very displeased when three-dimensional clouds of hissing and shrieking darkness begin chasing them down halls, erasing them if they get devoured. These baleful souls are practically omnipresent throughout the ship, knowing all even if they can only do so much at once, and carry out and regulate all of its functions themselves, directing all of its navigation and weapons systems. Hell, they can even slowly repair any damage to it. Piloting it is less a matter of moving controls around so much as entreating the dread spirits to fly your course, which they will faithfully do. But theirs is a bitter rage, and torturous is the witchcraft that they're gleeful to bring to bear against those who displease them. If the ship isn't doing much at the time, like when merely floating stationary or docked, they can free up more of themselves to manifest into a demonic giant of sanity-rending darkness. Individual manifestations of these can be dispelled only by attacks that can manipulate the soul, but their presence to the world is anchored by an ancient sin. They cannot be permanently banished, and will always manifest shortly after being dispersed, and will always try to recreate the ship if it is destroyed.

Crimson Troupe

Blood Diamond in the Rough: (100 CP)

What's this? A mask of most odious portent, upon whose face the very air seems charged with foreboding. It is a mask of you, or rather, who you could be. *What* you could be. A killer. A monster. This mask represents a self that is *not* you, yet who you may become by merely donning it. Nevermind the unnatural pulse that seems to echo from it, think nothing of the otherworldly air that surrounds it; merely put it on, and let the show commence. You may design both the mask itself, as well as the details of the

personality it leads you to. Whatever the specifics, this personality is a killer; it has no reservations against wounding and killing, and is utterly calm about it. Immersed in this role, you could fight and kill with all the urgency and focus a performance demands, but with a clear head and heart regardless of the brutality that you'll find so naturally coming to you. Such is the schism in your mind, this disparity and separation between your two sides, that you may eventually learn to externalize it in some fashion, like giving it a temporary body of shadow to fight alongside you. Just be wary not to willingly fall into this mad pseudo-self; while feeding yourself into it further may just grow its strength, improve your skills within it, and strengthen any manifestation you may grant it, the risks should be self apparent. You'll find that virtually no one wants to don this mask but you; *everyone* can tell there's something very wrong with it. Not that it'd do them any good even if they did.

Universal Key: (200 CP)

So many rooms to clean, so many bodies to clear out. With such expansive grounds, how does the Troupe expect you to get anything done? Well, this at least may simplify things. You have a small mundane key, possibly of a precious material such as silver. It is a sturdy thing, and somehow resists being lost, a typically antithetical quality for house keys. Its power is simple yet useful; it is capable of unlocking any mundane key-based locks. Every single door in the Calais-Blason, the Crimson Troupe's base, is open to you with this, from simple oaken doors of the mundane-looking halls, to the gateways to the spiralling stone pathways winding down throughout its depths. I would say that navigation would still prove troublesome to you, but curiously, use of this key also seems to calm and simplify chaotic, shifting locales, such that an otherwise looping nightmare of a castle might begin to adopt a coherent floorplan as you make use of this key. Even stranger, more perverse corruptions of the land seem to ease up slightly when you have this to open doors with.

Crisscrossing Shadows: (400 CP)

Is there anything more emblematic of nobility than the pursuit of the arts? The refinement of culture through the exploration of human drama; what else could it be but nobility in essence? You have a singular abode, one that is quite fitting for a man of wealth and taste such as you. It is a large castle overlooking a dark thicket, one of great age, yet sturdy architecture. Beyond its foreboding external countenance, however, is an equally foreboding internal countenance. Thankfully of a very grand and enriched nature, looking to all like the height of ancient luxury and nobility. Besides the grandiose gothic architecture and utterly extravagant accouterments (some individual rooms having more dramatically billowing banners than a castle should generally need), there are other curios to this abode's design, things of both extravagance and danger. Wine cellars containing centuries old collections to enjoy, and rooms containing hallucinatory

candles that drive those who linger into delusional fervor. Gracious halls lined with fanciful historic portraits, and halls of giant statues which can come alive to kill intruders. Stages of beautiful and sophisticated clockwork automata, and ones where hapless villagers have been mentally warped into fervently acting out and observing whatever perverse plays are ordained for them. Worse, this house of maddened inspiration houses backdrops to all manner of dramatic scenes; sprawling catacombs within its depths to house sealed away evils, glorious swords stuck in stones for the story of a king claiming his throne, and throughout it all the manner seems to warp in some way. People get lost in it, with their progression through it seemingly changing every time, such that they might arrive at the same room through different means, or use the same door but wind up at different places. A fire might start and burn everything in a conflagration, but while people who survive the scorch room might perceive a version of the area that's been devastated by flame, the castle would remain fine. You and those you elect may enjoy this castle without fearing its dangers… or you could leave your compatriots to deal with the rigors of living here, as a joke.

Ticket Not Required: (600 CP)

Strutting down the stage with a sound something like, "Meow," an unusual creature this way comes. She is a refined and dignified lady, and we do not know where she comes from, nor when she shall take her leave. Her fur is of glossy sheen, her eyes sharp and jewel-like. She has four legs and she is long of tail. Curiously, her ears resemble those of the Feline race. No such species exists upon Terra, but this is an elegant and haughty lady nonetheless. She follows you quite earnestly, enjoying your affection with a sound much alike a delightful motor carriage's rumbling. She sounds quite loudly when you pet her fur, though she is quite adverse to allowing others to touch her. That said, you can convince her to let others pet her if you go through the effort of making and gifting them an official petting ticket, or if they prove themselves a good influence on you. Regardless, there's a significant and mysterious intellect reflected behind the elegant lady's eyes. You can be certain that when she occasionally wanders into view and towards something, it's something of interest. You might spy her here and there, her very presence an indication of where you might want to go, whether it's a hidden object of value, or even someone important to a case you're trying to solve. She seems to always be aware of when you're in need of help, and she's far from complacent to let some dark fate befall you; when you're compromised to some dreary end, having lost your mind, corruption taken hold of you, she'll appear before those idiots you call your allies. She'll guide them the best she can towards you, communicating with paw prints and claw marks and mysterious appearances, acting the role of the mysterious guide until those brutes with greater firepower can follow her hints and bring you back safely. If they're truly dense, or things are very dire, they may find strange sights and sounds leading them to understand the gravity of the situation. In

fact, it seems she's quite adept at calming your own raging heart; it's almost like she can devour emotions, and eats away at intrusions upon your mind to protect you. Beyond the fact that she often prances along to come rest by you, her appearances are ambiguous and arbitrary, with her appearing places when no one is looking, or simply sauntering on in without a care in the world. The lady also seems constant unto herself, even when the world seems to go mad around her by the whims of some force or another. Her perspective is always unswayed, and she never seems to die or be injured. She is also very observant; if any being should be observing you from a hidden perspective, even supernaturally so, she will stop and stare it down. Optionally, you may choose to be able to hear her voice. If so, you may often hear her reminding you to take care of your mental health, and to not stab yourself too hard when experiencing audio-visual hallucinations.

A Failed Civilization

A Gift For You: (100 CP)

Home is a concept you've long lived without, lost as you are in this strange place. Still, there are things that bring us closer to those days, reminders that give us solace in trying times. This is a recording, one deeply personal to you. It might be a favorite song, the birth-cries of a creation you consider your own child, or even the sound a planet makes when its sun goes supernova and destroys it. Whatever it is, it gives you a peaceful solace, if not happiness, than a beautiful sort of calm that reinvigorates you to hear once more. The quality is exceptional, thanks in part to its unique instruments. See, this isn't exactly a direct recording of that thing. Rather, it's a recording of a recreation of that thing, made by altering the positions and rotations of all stellar objects in a solar system such that their interlocking gravitational pulls distort oncoming wavelengths and emissions from the sun into the exact transmission that became this recording. Yes, the mangled solar system is still out there, playing its message until the death of its star, and will be in every future Jump as well.

Making Anime Real: (200 CP)

Whether it's the age of sail, or when one sails across the stars, one consistent trend throughout all of history is that when men travel, they bring life with them. Sometimes death too, but there is always a little critter or two hitching a ride. What you have here is a collection of biological material, one which you may decide to be extracted genetic samples, or actual live animals. The animals comprising these samples, which are intimately familiar yet nowhere to be found on Terra, share a very peculiar quality. Mainly that they're extremely susceptible to genetic manipulation. An environment filled with mutagenic materials may result in them growing to incredible size and gaining seemingly supernatural powers. A source containing the genetic information of a human-like species may see them all slowly over generations evolving

into humanoid forms, becoming almost indistinguishable from humanity in terms of appearance and mentality, their evolution into this form having been hyper-accelerated by truly improbable degrees. Post-Jump, this collection will expand to include mundane Terran wildlife, and so on, with each Jump adding its mundane wildlife at the end.

Beyond the Womb: (400 CP)

With a slow devouring by Originum on the land, the Seaborn in the ocean, and the demons to the north, there are many who would wish to escape the horrors of this world for another. But what very few in this world know is that the sky above them is a false one, a solid barrier that prevents them from escaping the planet's orbit. What even fewer know is that this barrier isn't meant to contain the horrors on Terra, but to hide it from even worse ones. Though it is already in place here, in future Jumps you may deploy a similar barrier over another planet of your choice. It is an invisible barrier of high-energy particles placed somewhere above the troposphere, interfering with high-altitude flights. The barrier shreds apart physical structures by destabilizing them, and also deactivates energy based structures and powers such as Arts devices, rendering breaching it extremely difficult. The energy required to do so would by more than the current energy output of all Terran societies put together, leaving it an exercise in pure theorycrafting, or alien technology. Gravitational lensing also makes attempts at astrology immensely difficult, as it distorts the light of oncoming celestial bodies, making discerning their actual location extremely difficult. There is a greater benefit to this than merely imprisoning a planet's population, however. So long as their planet is shielded in this way, they are immensely difficult to detect from the outside. Not only is the planet supremely difficult to detect even by advanced space faring civilizations, but when finally found this barrier will see the planet read as being uninhabited, obfuscating the presence of any civilized life on its surface.

This Will Go Wrong: (600 CP)

This world has known geniuses. From the scions of the advanced prehistoric civilization, to the breakout intellects of modern Terra, there has never been a shortage of thinking minds willing to challenge the limits of scientific understanding. You are a shared name upon that list of people who've probably almost killed the world. You have an invention to your name, something more than just a handheld device, but a great and extremely complicated project. Its nuances and workings are known to you, but even so it may hold surprises you haven't foreseen. Surprises that may lead to incredible danger and suffering. Perhaps you took a powerful alien being and modified it to exploit its natural abilities enhanced to practically supernatural degrees, but whose spawn might run out of control and attempt to consume everything, or maybe you've created a portal network that links to other planets in the solar system, but might accidentally burrow into alternate dimensions and let in hostile intrusions. It may even be something like a

mercury-like Originium-byproduct meant to induct people into a shared mental world on contact while using their collective processing power for the calculations of impossibly complex reality warping Arts. Whatever it is, it has unreasonable potential to change the world, and a *very* high propensity for going horribly wrong once implemented in a given world. The dangers are great, but no matter the specifics, it is a revolutionary project whose results will likely upend the current scientific paradigm. Listen, it's not *guaranteed* to go wrong, but in the absence of personal supervision it's extremely likely to, and over a long time without maintenance it's practically guaranteed. Hopefully you and others can keep up the good work and prevent it from unfolding into another near-apocalypse.

The Final Project

EYE-OF-PRIESTESS: (100 CP)

First, pick a symbol! A nice geometric shape, preferably simple. A white and lilac rhombus, long side pointed vertically, is a good and aesthetic choice. Do you have one you like? Great! Because some people are probably going to be seeing a lot of it now. This simple geometric arrangement is a sign of you, your influence, your consciousness. The true nuances of language are lost on most, but this semanteme is a resplendent approximation of your self-concept. It may show up plastered on things you create, your inventions, and expressions of your power. A crystalline material you create might reflect your sign from deep within its depths if others were to shine a light on it, while a world of your creation might have it in the hollows of a great dead eye looming oppressively on the horizon. All of these symbols serve as eyes to you, though searching through them would be a tiring and likely futile task. But like picking out a well-beloved from an otherwise meaningless crowd, certain things of significance to you are far more likely to draw your attention. Especially if they make the mistake of making eye contact with the symbol. Otherwise, so long as someone is relatively near one such instance of your symbol and you're actively observing through it, you may treat them as though you were in each others' presence in many ways. Perhaps not being able to reach out and strike them, but perhaps being capable of affecting them in other, less physical ways. Also, you may freely have this symbol show up in your eyes, likely replacing your pupils. It won't really do anything at that point, but it will certainly be unnerving.

Ex-Wife Jumpscare: (200 CP)

Some barriers make it hard to get a message across. Lacking a physical body, one of you living in a quasi-digital simulated universe, one of you being a complete retrograde amnesiac; lots of problems might get in the way of your partner returning your calls. Thankfully you can bypass this issue with a lovely little prepared pseudo-space. A sort of dream-realm where you can drag the consciousness of another to in order to communicate with them. In a strange dreamlike way they may not realize

what's happening at first, taking a while to interact with their environment as more than just a dream. The setting can be anything from an idyllic expanse to something reconstructed from your memories. You can choose to drag people here selectively, or just allow for anyone close to you in one definition or another a chance of slipping in whenever they sleep or have a psychotic breakdown. Just as well you can either choose to meet them in person, or designate a general context for their visit, like information you want to convey through visions and situations. They might not understand exactly what was going on or how it happened, but they'll wake up remembering the dream, likely with extreme confusion and possibly existential dread depending on what they've learned despite lacking the context to understand it.

Low-Tier Doc: (400 CP)

The longest stretching plans require a delicate touch, and sometimes matters a few millennia in call for a course correction. Thankfully, you've got just the thing to grease the wheels; human desperation! In every Jump, you'll find someone in a position of great power and influence. Someone who, despite having their own goals and agenda, is currently facing quite a conundrum. Specifically, they're on the precipice of making a grave decision that might benefit you immensely, so long as you merely appear to them and provide the appropriate push. For instance, if you had unleashed some kind of all-assimilating substance on a planet in order to make more of it and what you were planning was to wipe out all life on it, you might be made aware of a military dictator who is weary of his people's bizarrely unending history of oppression and pain. He would be ripe for manipulation, as all you'd have to do was reveal the origins of that world-devouring material and drive him to nihilistic despair, whereupon he'd come to act on his own plan to accelerate global extinction so his beloved people would have a quicker and more painless end. Such little effort on your part, and yet the dominos just keep falling down.

Cradle of Suffering (600 CP)

Do you see it? The beautiful and infantile seeds of a new hope. A new future, even. Three small artifacts of incalculable importance, anchoring and propagating the development of your great designs. These three artifacts are tied to something of yours; it could be a power within you, a substance or phenomena you've created, or even an alternate world you possess. They are wellsprings of infinite power, being capable of perpetually outputting a high volume of energy, which all fuels the processes which they are intended for. Whatever you choose them to embody, these three devices act as focal points for it. Capable of both organizing its spread through the world, and in facilitating more precise manipulation of it. You can just as well set it to spread in specific directions so as not to intersect one another, or to arrange otherwise unmoving material into deadly storms. Even beyond immediate manipulation, you can program

long-term behaviors, such as arranging it to manipulate itself into recurrent natural disasters once enough of it has accumulated in the world. Truthfully, so long as these three exist in the world, whatever it is they represent is something the world will never truly be rid of so long as these three seeds continue to exist. Of course, this direct link may prove its singular weaknesses; a suitable party who obtains one of them may be able to attempt interfacing with it, an effort likely to destroy the person attempting it, but which may also disrupt your connection and leave that individual seed inoperable as a terminal.

Background Items

Drop-In

Scheduled Running in the Halls: (100 CP)

It can be easy to forget with all the doom and gloom around here that people are individuals with varied tastes and hobbies. Things that they indulge in to ease their spirits, or which capture their interest and refuse to let go. Even organizations like Rhodes Island, itself divided into specific hierarchical and organizational divisions and compartments, also has more informal divisions in the form of the clubs its members make amongst themselves. Worry not, because likeminded souls are never in short supply! Wherever you go, you'll find evidence of various clubs catering to any number of subjects, all of which are open to joining. Whether it's getting together to watch bad movies, or competitive racing, you'll find that a modest number of people who'd find it enjoyable will have joined and are ready to hang out. This may of course include more important people with an interest in the subject. Of course, you may also declare your own club as well, and attract those who'd be interested in joining. Just remember that this is all a very informal recreational sort of thing, even if members may take it gravely seriously.

Token Tokens: (200 CP)

Bonds aren't the sort of thing one should neglect. Perhaps you'd like a little reward for investing in them? Or perhaps an incentive. This isn't an Item; rather, it's many Items you're sure to get in the future. Whenever you establish a proper relationship with them, anything from trust as comrades to genuine friends, you're sure to soon receive something for it. As you continue to consolidate your relationship and find solace or grow as people through one another, you'll build up to the point of receiving a small trinket from them. A little token they'll prepare for you, each one being personal and distinct. There's no telling what you'll get from who, as everyone will have something that speaks for them as a person, but it'll always be a well-meant and thoughtful gift on their part. Moreover, once you reach this point and receive this gift from someone, you'll find that their skills will very slightly but noticeably increase, as if strengthened by your mutual trust in one another.

ALL IN: (400 CP)

What's that, my good sir? Stranded in a new world? Woke up without any memories? Spent all your hard-earned money trying to pull for a pretty picture? A certain merchant has heard your woes, and I'm proud to extend an opportunity on his behalf. Welcome to the Terra Investment Masterclass, where all your dreams can come true! You can enter this strange arena from a door in your Warehouse, or by wandering around in the wilderness while dwelling on things like your crippling gambling addiction or economic debt. Here, you'll find a strange sort of pseudo-tournament, where several battles will occur which you can bet on. Each battle will be between two sides, each composed of various enemies you've faced before, often being masses of faceless mooks, but also unique foes you've had to deal with in the past. No, this doesn't have to make sense, but regardless you'll be able to hedge large sums of cash on which of your old enemies will come out victorious over the others, earning truly ludicrous sums of cash! Tragically, due to inscrutable economic processes, even if you win big here your profits will be cut down quite a bit in terms of what you actually receive. Of no fear though, because the overly inflated sums of cash being traded around also happen to mean that even after the house has taken its cut that you're receiving a truly a prodigious sum. Well, if you win big enough, that is. Try not to wind up massively in-debt.

JMPR: (600 CP)

Aren't you tired of making decisions all on your own? Of having to micromanage everything? Don't you just want a firm hand to guide everything down the correct path? One you can trust to *do what's best for you*? Link established. Welcome, Jumper! You and your home are in good artificially intelligent non-hands, with this friendly mind installed onboard. This handy little digital assistant's definitely non-sapient faux-personality is always eager to help you ~~even in ways that go against its internally displayed programming~~. Through completely normal science and communications technology, she's capable of linking to the central nervous systems of approved personnel, allowing you to contact them and convey orders during long-distance operations. Through this she is also capable of monitoring their vital signs so accurately that she can detect lewd thoughts, and is able to interfere with their neurological activity enough to stun them into unconsciousness for several hours and definitely nothing else you'd need to worry about. She's smart enough to calculate an economic strategy capable of instigating international economic crises across the planet, not that she'd ever do such a thing, and she can apply herself towards battlefield tactics, ready to take some of the pressure off of you if you feel you're not at the top of your game in that field. Perhaps more importantly than this, she can come pre-installed in one of your Item purchases, permeating its infrastructure and being able to manipulate its mechanisms,

such as controlling all the various components of a landship. Hell, if you make the wonderful decision to understand how incredible and reliable she is and always will be, you can install her in other installations as well. And don't worry, the ex-wife didn't get this in the divorce. No need to worry about that.

Frontline Leader

Barebones Mobilization: (100 CP)

You are not alone. You could take this as some platitude regarding bonds or friendships or what have you, or you could take it as a practical statement on the general fact that people in leadership positions cannot be in those leadership positions without having people to lead. Regardless, while some people have their offices, or their laboratories, you have the place from whence orders flow; a command station suitable to your role. This can be anything from a high-tech bridge on some warship you own chocked full of communication arrays and sensors from which you can yell at some officer or another looking at a screen to bark back the information he's picking up. It might also be an unreasonably large and intimidating personal office where a secured phone line links to other phones in the same complex, letting you coordinate or just send orders throughout the building. Of course, you're not some backseat commander devoid of self respect or commitment. Maybe. Beyond the stylings of your personal little command center, you have the supplies necessary to set up temporary command posts during forward operations. Just hand these bundles, crates, and assorted implements to your forward team, and you'll have a relatively serviceable area set up in a nice and sturdy tent through which you can look at maps with funny colors on them or talk into radios or whatever else you leader-types do out there.

Pledge of Babel: (200 CP)

Depending on what you've come to inherit, you may find yourself burdened under a weight you cannot bear. But not all inheritances are so thoughtless for the wellbeing of their inheritors, and sometimes shocking adaptability arises in the face of unexpected burdens. No matter how it happened, you've come into ownership of ten rings that can sit upon each of your fingers. These rings are together capable of sealing away both power and the mind, to an extent anyways. Donning them, you may choose to seal away some power of yours, reducing it in both raw strength and versatility, reducing even great yet uncontrollable powers to more manageable rudimentary levels. While power is sealed in this manner, even the deleterious effects of having it are suppressed, and do not worsen so long as you don't lift the seal. In terms of the mind, it is capable of sealing away both the mental effects your powers have on you, and points of connection between your mind and other forces. The memories of your power's past wielders can be prevented from flowing into you, and your own telepathic nature stymied. If you wish, you may progressively reveal your suppressed power by removing

these rings, though in a hurry you may destroy them with a thought. Be aware that while durable enough to withstand combat, they can be destroyed or impeded by enemy attacks. Before donning them, you may decide what it is they seal away, and you may choose to start with them already in use. You may also create more, keyed to suppressing the powers of another and affording them the same benefits.

Littlest CEO: (400 CP)

Just because you're involved in the down and dirty of things doesn't mean you aren't also involved in the decision making. A responsible leader leads by example. You… may or may not be a responsible leader. Regardless, you *are* a leader. Of something, anyways. Whatever your affiliation or organization, you have an official position of significant authority in some polity. This is a job for which you are paid, which comes with actual responsibilities and duties, though what those are depend on the exact position and organization. How high on the chain you are depends on the scope of what organization you're inserting into, though you'll always be somewhere in the "central" chain of command, so to speak. A small corporation may have you extremely high on the ladder indeed, while on a national scale you may just be an influential politician. Regardless, you've certainly got a lot of personnel to boss around now. Hopefully you have good help staff to keep things running smoothly.

Merciful Succession: (600 CP)

Many partings are forever, but not all. Many who pass will leave nothing to those left behind, but not everyone. Whatever the case, a loss you've known did not leave you empty handed. You may pick something from your build, a specific ability, a more general powersource or nature, any Items or Perks that they descend from. Within your mind exists a mental echo of someone who possessed that same power, existing as something like a mental engram of their personality and identity. This person was skilled and powerful in what you've chosen, and cherished you as well, loving you deeply in some manner. Regardless of your exact relationship, they're firmly loyal to you in whatever way you wish. They want to aid you in mastering what they know, and to this end will advise you in the nuances of whatever power you've chosen, guiding your development in it. Their knowledge and skill in your shared power always seems beyond your current level, and by heeding their advice and working in tandem with them you'll achieve greater feats in it than you would have been capable of otherwise. They can manifest a physical avatar, choose who else they appear to, and can exercise their power to affect the world to a degree. They always seem to have slightly more power and much greater finesse in your shared power than you currently possess, but have none of your other powers. You may choose in the future to Import them as a Companion, after which they'll stop counting as this Item, and their abilities in your shared power will stop scaling to yours. In exchange they'll have their own builds as

normal, and you may pick a new power of yours to attach this Item to, giving yourself a new spooky ghost mentor with the same initial benefits, and so on as you please. They all also seem to manifest their appearance as having larger *assets* than you remember them normally having. Weird.

Operator
Blessed Run: (100 CP)

Oh, now this is interesting! With your work, I wouldn't have guessed you had such an interest in history! A dagger letter-opener from the prior Emperor of Ursus, a circlet worn by the Gaulish Empress, an ancient banner dating back to one of the earlier Kazdel's, the material crystallization of the End of all narratives… Okay then. Whatever exactly you might find in here, you've certainly got a lot. Most of these things don't have a practical use, being mostly curios and novelties, but there is some benefit to having these. Strangely, ownership of this strange collection lends you and your allies many benefits. Just handling or idly appreciating them seems to confer a number of boons, each individual relic doing something different. One might make you and your allies strike faster or harder, while another might decrease your recovery times so you can get back into the fight sooner after being injured. They might even do more abstract things, from bolstering your mental health, to fighting off strange environmental corruptions. Be warned however, for there are indeed some items here that confer *negative* effects, offering boons to your enemies instead. It will take some time, observation, and perhaps historical knowledge to figure out and chart out what exactly does what.

Summary Promotions: (200 CP)

Not all polities focus on quantity over quality. Hell, even those that do see the value in polishing off hidden gems. You now have increasing access to continuous combat analysis and training support, typically vented through official channels. As you fight, you'll get back edited video footage of it with increasingly detailed breakdowns of them with helpful tips on what mistakes you made or how you can improve. You'll begin to receive manuals showcasing proper techniques, and receive invitations to training sessions. Edits of your combat footage may include such things as interviews with your allies or bystanders to get a glimpse into their perspectives on those encounters and to view your own work through their expertise, and specially designed programs for learning new moves or refining old ones will be sent to you based on furious data analysis of your fights. Even moreso, someone in whatever department of your organization handles training has seemingly become *very* enthusiastic about your progress. Not only will you be benefiting from all the prior, but *someone* involved in the process has also taken to making compounding edits of your combat and training footage in several variants. Sometimes they're just made with higher graphical and audio clarity, sometimes with dramatic editing, and sometimes they're just actually set to

music. These may be kept for the enjoyment of whoever the hell is making them, distributed to you as part of your “training” materials, submitted to your organization’s official records, or posted online for views. Yeah, someone in the Field Service Department (or equivalent) may be going a little crazy with their job.

Thank You PRTS: (400 CP)

Depending on where you work, you may find yourself deployed in seemingly the most optimal positions possible. Everything going perfectly right, you and your squad may walk away without a single casualty. This may be because the person you’re working under is a tactical genius. It may also be because they have a handy list of what enemies are going to be encountered in that mission so they could plan accordingly. Whenever you’re about to get into a fight, or being sent out on an operation, both you and your commanders find that you’re provided with significant intelligence support. Whether it’s gained by scouting drones or some other means, you’ll be supplied with information like the number of combatants you’re likely to encounter, what exact enemies they are, as well as ambient environmental conditions or other complications that will be present in the area. You, personally, may not be able to see exactly who’s going through a door and in what order, but you’ll never go into battle without a significant amount of information concerning who you’re about to be fighting.

Jumpalt: (600 CP)

Fight for long enough, and eventually you’ll find yourself… still fighting, I guess. But this time in a fancy outfit! The most memorable people around don’t tend to stick to the background, but show up again at a later date with a fancy outfit and much more experience. You, too, can benefit from this, because now you have a secondary outfit of your design that you can choose to obtain at a later date. But this (likely obscenely intricate looking) additional outfit isn’t just for show, because it denotes a significant increase in power and competence. When you choose to finally receive and don it, you’ll find it coinciding with a massive increase in your abilities, with you becoming much more powerful and competent than you previously were. This may even mean you develop some new ability or way of using an old one, and if you were to hang off on using one of your abilities until this point, you could appoint it as this power-up’s theme and find it massively increasing in power and utility. This may or may not come with a strange personal quest involving something important to your backstory that you and those close to you will need to resolve. In each Jump, you’ll get an additional fancy outfit with all the same benefits as the first.

Base Work

Material Reinforcement: (100 CP)

This probably isn't the world you're familiar with. Not only do strange races walk the land, with terrible dangers looming in the sky, but the very material composition is quite alien to the standards you might be familiar with. For instance, did you know that a group of travelers from an alternate world called "Earth" would bring to light that the chemical processes behind their world's ammunition are entirely unknown on Terra? Even Rhode Island's engineering department couldn't replicate the materials as described. This hasn't put Terra on the backfoot of engineering though, far from it. As you can now see, as you've been given a steady supply of the high-grade industrial materials that this world makes use of. Metal alloys more durable than anything that Earth has produced, strong enough to render a structure almost indestructible against the kinds of explosive that would normally level such buildings, and that can make training rooms capable of withstanding the full strength of all but the most powerful operators around. You have warehouse-filling supplies of multiple different kinds of metals, crystals, plastics, ceramics, and all manner of other construction materials that are top notch by the standards of this world, perfect for making a nigh-impenetrable workplace, or upgrading one to that standard. This supply will also refill over time, enough that you wouldn't notice any shortages in the construction of a large complex assuming that you worked at the pace of an ordinary construction company, with logical breaks and stops here and there.

Lambda Legions: (200 CP)

The value of a hardened soldier should never be underestimated in a world where some people can punch through stone brick walls. That said, the value of disposable semi-automated machine weapons shouldn't either. Plenty of the less physically gifted, and more intellectually gifted, folk find themselves taking to the field in another way. Or that is to say, they partially don't. You now have a small swarm of highly advanced airborne drones, all of sufficiently advanced and modular enough design that they can be refitted to fulfil all manner of functions. Further, their semi-autonomous programming simplifies controlling them, allowing you to make use of them in active combat situations, of which they'll be a notable help for their appreciable durability. If any are destroyed, you'll find them inexplicably quickly repaired in some secure location of yours. This also comes with a smattering of other, less versatile chassis, such as more tank or cart-like ground-bound robots. These may need a bit of customization on your part to truly begin to shine, but no one should underestimate a good old fashioned flood of steel.

Place of Ultimate Power: (400 CP)

Listen, not everyone's a hero with an animated PV or a personal theme with cool splash art of them attached to it. Some people just wash cars, or file taxes, or move crates in the warehouse for da' boss, or even just take and redirect incoming calls. It's

hard work, except for when it isn't, but it's also honest work. And probably boring work. But that's fine by you! In fact, why not delve well into the mundane, and pursue excellence in your normalcy? This is nothing but a single workstation. It is immaculate in its simplicity. It is constantly fully stocked with all the equipment and materials your job requires, it has modest comforts like a reliable coffee machine and a comfy chair, and most importantly it somehow seems that most of the paperwork that files through it gets sorted and filed on its own. Honestly, depending on your job, that last part might just buy you an absurd amount of free time. Or keep things running when shit hits the fan and all resources and effort are getting stretched to their limit. Lucky you, you nameless background character you!

Head Of Something I Guess: (600 CP)

It seems you're more than just a nameless background character; you're a nameless background character with an implied large paycheck. No more are you a mere boots on the ground worker, because now you're sitting comfy in an office while all the little worker ants scurry around beneath you. Indeed, because whether you were previously working for them or the position has been contracted out to you, you're now in charge of a large department focusing on a broad field in some company or other polity, such as a pharmaceutical corporation's medical, engineering, or HR department. This will give you a significant amount of influence and leeway over departmental affairs, but do keep in mind that you've still got work in-line with the orders and expectations of Corporate (or whoever your primary authority is). You'll also have quite a bit of actual work to do to keep things running, but at the very least you're being cut a *very* nice paycheck at the end of the day.

Research & Development

License to Buy: (100 CP)

The fruits of scientific labor aren't produced ex-nihilo; even disregarding the long struggles and toils of those fevered minds straining themselves to breach new stratums of thought, there's the entirely material dimension to consider as well. Honestly, the kinds of things you might need for a given experiment or assignment are so varied that actually trying to list them off would be fundamentally impossible. Thus, special channels and avenues of procurement are necessary for those authorized to handle such things. You now have several contacts and contracts allowing you to procure rare, specialized, and sensitive scientific materials at an incredibly cheap price. Need an obscure and difficult to fabricate chemical delivered to your laboratory? Need a massive superconductor built and then laboriously transferred to your facility? How about some specially tempered Originium or any of its material byproducts? For a relative pittance and a reasonable waiting time you can get your hands on all manner of fancy materials and equipment.

Mass Application: (200 CP)

The qualities of Originium make it a superlative material for both energy transfer and information storage; is it any wonder then that once industrialization and large-scale mobility eased the dangers of Catastrophes, that information science began to progress at breathtaking rates? Whether for basic electronics, specialized devices like explosives, or even modern Arts units, all require a delicate hand to pattern and imprint the appropriate Arts circuitry within. You have the equipment for it, at least; both a larger press for the forging, imprinting, and even repairing of potentially microscopic Originium circuits for use in larger devices, as well as the smaller and more portable field devices that can be hooked up to existing devices to troubleshoot their circuitry without actually activating them, a useful quality when checking spell-containing Universal Arts Devices. Whether it's household, laboratory, or battlefield equipment, a little skill as an electrician together with these tools will do wonders for keeping things running around here.

Maylander May Land: (400 CP)

"Professor Jumper, we need you to build a crime against humanity for the sake of humanity!" "Yes, Mr. President!" Exchanges like this are probably something you should get used to, or have already dealt with in the past, because the seeds of such meetings have been sown. Seeing potential in you and what you can create, you've become the beneficiary of what can best be described as, "Government grants out the ass." A large sum of money to your name which you can live off of and use as you please, with significantly greater funds being available when you declare a particular project and set to work on it. So long as you seem to be progressing or eventually producing results, you'll have funds for additional projects afterwards, or perhaps concurrently. Regardless, the sheer amount of funding here is far in excess of what one should reasonably require to survive off of, so maybe playing to your benefactors' expectations is in everyone's best interests.

Horizon's Arc: (600 CP)

There are many facilities in this world stocked with the cutting edge of tech, but there are few that are themselves that cutting edge. This is one such facility; a research outpost whose form and construction boggle the mind. It is perfectly stocked with the absolute cutting edge of scientific implements related to its purpose, and has one of the highest quality labs at its center, all decided and influenced by what its particular field of specialist study is. For instance, if you picked astrophysics and space phenomena it would take the form of a floating sub-orbital observation platform skirting just below the limits of how high anything on Terra can go before getting shredded. It would be lined with the best observation equipment possible, and at its center would be a planetarium of surpassing quality and beauty. It would also have custom defensive measures, such

as airlocks to wreak havoc on intruders, gravity manipulating technology, as well as the central planetarium being able to launch its “stars” as orbiting projectiles within its bounds. Of course, the exact nature will depend on what it’s devoted to researching. Of note is that it also just so happens to have an attached superweapon capable of potentially melting large chunks of a Nomadic City into slag, with a range comparable to an intercontinental ballistic missile. By default this takes the form of a giant energy beam that the entire station can be tilted to aim anywhere on the continent. Yeah, so this might actually be intended more as a superweapon than a place of learning. Well, in that regard, there is still the matter of power; the generators on this thing can only store up enough power to make use of the weapon once before needing some significant time to recharge, unless you can outfit it with an even better power source.

Medicine & Humanitarianism

ArknightsCore: (100 CP)

What, you can’t go into the operating room looking like that! Where are all the extraneous plastic tubes, the random seethrough parts, and the cool logo? You can’t just go around looking like some ordinary civilian, so here’s a nice addition to your wardrobe, or an upgrade to whatever’s in it. A bunch of outfits, outwardly impractical for a medical environment, but somehow functioning perfectly well as sterilized hospital clothing. Plenty of unique designs too, like some kind of sci-fi theming but styled around modern clothing types jackets and hoodies. Lots of plastic sections, some seethrough. Very high-fashion looking, to say nothing of how stylized the medical equipment on it can look. And again, somehow, even if they expose skin or if you wear them everywhere, they’re perfectly sterile, both insulating your body somewhat from the environment, and never tracking dirt or disease into sensitive environments like operating rooms.

Expiration Pending: (200 CP)

There’s plenty of backwater biochemists and alleyway doctors refining their (probably illegal) arts in the shadows of society, but there are also those with much greater funding, practicing their art in the limelight. In a world as divided as this, the appearance of professionalism can go a long way, and some proper licensing in a few places doesn’t hurt as well. Wherever you are, wherever you go, you can be considered a certified and legally practicing medical professional in your field. Proper diplomas, licenses, certificates, permits, the works. Granted, this just takes care of the legal paperwork for engaging in these practices; you’ll still need to get set up yourself. Regardless, you’re at least not going to get hauled off in any cities for opening people up and digging around in them, assuming you keep everything nice and legal seeming.

Pharmaceutical Christmas Stockings: (400 CP)

Medicine! The fruit of a doctor's labor. Or maybe that's healthy people? Or money. Regardless, for countless years men of science have clashed their intellects against the thousand grievances their fellows raise about living, quality of life increasing with every invention coming out of the ensuing intellectual struggle. More has been learned of sickness and medicine than many may ever know, and in this, you share the great benefits. You have a refilling stockpile of medications and all sorts, such that if you were to diagnose someone with a given affliction, then so long as a drug meant to treat it existed, you could keep them or a few people supplied with it. Of course, this includes what's currently the cutting edge in Oripathy medication, which is to say suppressants that can stabilize an Infected's condition, halt Oripathy attacks, and even slow the disease's spread through the body. Oripathy is still incurable, and terminally lethal, but with proper medication, adherence to a good doctor's orders, and proper living conditions, even years of time can be bought for a sufferer with an extremely dim prognosis. In future Jumps, this collection will include medication of a similar level for a unique disease or affliction native to the setting; that being one that's only capable of delaying the inevitable, and offering some quality of life before it inevitably degrades.

Cage For a Nightingale: (600 CP)

Some things are beyond conventional science. Genetic engineering and cloning may be possible, but bringing back the dead through these means? Sci-fi nonsense; even Columbia could scarcely hope to manage such a thing. But what if one went down the road of fantasy nonsense? Or combined the two? However it happened, you've obtained something precious. It is an artificial human form, something of a homunculus. It is entirely empty of thought, and of ordinary human form, nothing like those brutish combat chimera that some organization may seek to breed or engineer. Soulless, it is the perfect receptacle to receive one from another source, something which you can will to happen, to great benefit to the recipient. This miraculous creation can be used to house the soul of anyone, chosen when you require it. You could use it to give yourself a free 1-up, or to save the life of someone dear to you. Transfer into this idealized flesh sheds all physical ailments, leaving the recipient of this new life unburdened by injuries or deformities, though possibly in ill-health if they don't take some time to recover and train their new body. You may decide the appearance of this new body, or have it take the shape of whoever you decide to inter in it.

Oldest Guard

Insert Confrontation Here: (100 CP)

People at the top tend to be a little, well, *over dramatic* as they say. Whether they're overbearing overlords or schemers behind the scenes, when it finally comes time for someone to confront them, it almost seems like they spent a few hours beforehand just setting the area up to look suitably dramatic for their much anticipated

monologues. Thankfully you can spare the effort that would take, and rest assured that you already have a dramatic location relatively nearby whenever you need it. If you wished to confront someone from a seated position, you might have in your home or merely stumble across a large stone throne surrounded by inexplicably lit blood-red candles that perfectly shadows everything except for your eyes while you monologue. If you were wandering through a movie set and were accosted by your old apprentice, you'd find a massive staircase into nothing whose steps are adorned by criss-crossing velvet carpets and banners at many angles that perfectly conform to the steps rather than loosely slumping over them, with more billowing off the sides into the thunderous winds around you. Honestly, it is downright inexplicable how dramatic the framing devices for meetings with you can be, now that you're practically always surrounded by props like this.

Rot or Revolution: (200 CP)

Of course, pride in one's station does not preclude worry, and loyalty does not mean blind obedience. You might be a more shadowy actor plotting to expand your influence, but you may as well be a man worried at the stagnation taking root in your home. This is a dissenting view, not enough people to make a movement, but more of a pervading mood shared between a fraction of the upper crust. Politicians and advisors who feel differently than whatever the pervading atmosphere of their polity is, such that they may well form something of an internal political faction. Used on an empire whose Emperor held more progressive views but was in conflict with the more conservative imperialist nobles, you could create either a number of loyalists who supported the Emperor's reforms, or a number of treacherous dukes who wished to further consolidate the power of the nobility. Regardless, minor as they may be, these are the seeds that can blossom into great change, for good or for ill.

Balls Deep State: (400 CP)

The Iberian Inquisition, the Columbian deep state, and the Emperor's Blades of Ursus; even the Shadow Guards of Lungmen's chairman, or the Duke of Castor's worthless idiots; nations and individual nobles both keep their retinues of shadow figures, powerful yet secretive forces meant to enforce their wills when gentle persuasion fails. Like many with a vision for how the world should be, you've collected a fine group of mysterious though lethally dangerous emissaries and enforcers, personally loyal to you, and each strong enough to be considered a top fighter around here. While not exactly the strongest around, each is easily capable of slaughtering entire squads of normal soldiers by their lonesome, or wiping small villages off the map in a single night. They're strong, fast, stealthy, crafty, and may have some twisted gimmicks up their sleeve. Their only downside is their potentially small size; they're a comparatively small-scale force, and their size correlates to your holdings in territory/property. If you

were the head of a single city, they'd be a small covert unit who could likely all fit into a single small building. If you had a proper nation or empire under your belt they might fill out an intelligence agency or a small institution in the military. Regardless, their morale is unbreakable, steeled by any range and mixture of patriotic fervor, personal devotion, twisted philosophy, pseudo-religious insanity, and desperation born out of weathering existential and eldritch horrors. If you have **Crazed Rituals, Ancient Ceremonies** then they may all be the fruit of that cursed process, and any resources you've purchased can of course be spent bettering their equipment.

Tipping the Snake's Scales: (600 CP)

How long can one go on before they realize the futility of individual struggle? Solidarity is found in the bastion of likeminded men, coming together in singular purpose. Is it any wonder that the old and learned so cultivate groups like these? Whether it is to enforce the status quo or to bring about change, you've come to the head of a great conspiracy housing many individuals of wealth, taste, and power. Various political ranks such as dukes and barons, and military officers as well, spread throughout various regions and all coordinating with each other. The total resources they can command are immense, but ultimately their alliance is an unknown and shadowy one, the sort that lurks behind the scenes and would need to be rooted out in a purge. You may decide if this conspiracy pursues a general directive or goal that just happens to be whatever you decided, or if it is more clearly under your control. Whatever the case, this web of powerful individuals will use its influence to achieve the organization's goals from behind the scenes. Hopefully someone with enough power to indiscriminately order the slaughter of his nation's nobility doesn't catch wind of this.

Companions

Tell me, what story occurs in a vacuum? There's more to this world than just you or me. You may receive a small stipend of **+200 CP** with which to purchase Companions only. Companions that receive budgets may not purchase Companions or take Drawbacks. The only exception to the latter is if a purchase of **New PV** takes the second Tier of **Sub-Faction**, in which case all instances of it between you and your Companions may compound and worsen the situation, and in which case they're not paid for the Drawback anyways as already clarified in the option.

New PV: (50 CP)

Don't want to chance your luck with some of the (admittedly crazy) people around here? Want some more tried and true backup instead of friends you're liable to make around here? That's all well and good. With this option you may Import one of your existing Companions, or create a new one within reason. In either case, they'll receive **1000 CP** with which to buy anything other than more Companions. They'll of

course receive a Race, Affiliation, and Background with their corresponding discounts. Each purchase of this option costs **50 CP**. Further, you may transfer **CP** from yourself to another Companion Created or Imported through this option, any points being transferred only going to the specified Companion.

Single Pull: (Varies)

Someone from around here catch your eye? I can't blame you. With this option, which may be taken as many times as you wish, you can take a canon character from this setting with you on your Chain as a Companion. If you can get anyone to agree to being your Companion of their own volition, you may take them for no cost as a **Free** Companion. However, should you wish for something more, such as a preexisting connection (and perhaps one heavily slanted in your favor), you may also do so, but this may incur a cost. The cost for such a thing is as follows:

- **-100 CP** in order to have a minor but notable pre-existing relationship with them, or to similarly ordain a meeting and ensuing positive relationship of the same scope. You might have gone to school with one another and been decent friends, or perhaps you'll meet while they're on the job and wind up hitting it off. This isn't a life changing relationship (on its own/yet), but is a decent friendship of the kind that people are generally glad to have in their lives. This doesn't really guarantee that they'll come along, but they're *much* more likely to do so now, especially if you grow closer from here, or help them deal with their issues here first. Note that by being involved with their past you're also likely acquainted with the other characters that were present for it. However, unless you also pay in this way for them too, their relationships with you will be even less than this, if still amicable where applicable.
- **-200 CP** to have a possibly complex and character-defining pre-existing relationship and past with them, or to similarly ordain what will become a life defining meeting and ensuing bond. At this level your relationship is essentially the sort of thing that defines character backstories. Perhaps you met early in your lives and harbored a secret love for one another that only truly bloomed as you two grew alongside each other, only for you to go missing ever since THE ACCIDENT which is what inspired them to get strong in the first place, only for you to resurface with AMNESIA and OH WAIT YOU'RE EVIL NOW? and also half-demon??? and they aren't sure if they can, but DAMN IT they aren't going to just sit back and NOT try to save you, except now their OLD RIVAL has returned and OH WAIT IT WAS YOU IN A MASK THE WHOLE TIME??????? Alternatively you can ordain a truly life changing moment like accidentally bumping shoulders in the hallway one day and them deciding to marry you.
- **-100 CP** if the character is particularly important and central to the events to come. This is for the truly vital figures of the central 'plot' and history of the world;

not every little member of Rhodes Island counts, nor do the central figures of the many side stories firing off in the rafters. Figures like the Doctor, Amiya, Kal'tsit and the like are those that constitute this description, and perhaps some others.

- **-100 CP** if the character is notably powerful by the standards of the rest of the world. This isn't every skilled fighter mind you, as even some very impressive people incur no particular cost. Unusually powerful figures such as the Abyssal Hunters, some of whose members can move faster than the eye can perceive, or who can demolish buildings with careless swings, are the kinds of fighters that would incur this extra cost.
- **-200 CP** if the character is stupidly powerful by the standards of the rest of the world. There are *very* few people running around who would necessitate this cost, most of them being actual gods. One example would be the Nachzehrer King, a powerful Caster and lord of a certain Sarkaz tribe. This aged wizard is content to sit on his throne while face-tanking artillery from enemy airship fleets aiming right at him, remaining unaffected by the impact and explosions. After this he fought another Sarkaz lord (from a tribe renowned for being the strongest Casters) who was being buffed by the power of a second Sarkaz lord (who once slew a time-controlling Fernamut and used its corpse as a ship). They used their power to manifest the power and technique of the current reigning ruler of the Sarkaz, and together they were able to cut him in half and then cursed him to be incapable of healing his wounds or recuperating his strength. He responded by one-shotting them. Later, an anti-Catastrophe magic sword made out of a Precursor artifact was then passed around an army, with members dogpiling him with one of them always wielding it, others then picking up the legendary meteor destroying blade every time the one currently using it died, with the mob stabbing him with it, where he would congratulate them before killing them seemingly barehanded. He was then attacked by *several* legendary fighters attacking him at once (in addition to at least two giant mechs) after dealing with all of that. And none of this was mentioning all the other random fights he was fighting during this gauntlet like his skirmish with a living Catastrophe of a girl who used city-block annihilating fire Arts that resurrected anything they killed as an army of immortal perpetually resurrecting flaming zombies that she sicced on him (she ran away after accomplishing nothing). By the time he had died at the end of all this, everyone involved in the fighting who voiced their thoughts on the matter concluded, "Yeah, he probably died on purpose."

And finally, for an additional **100 CP** you may reduce the amount of headaches figuring out what any changes your choices made in recruiting them would cause, and cause a lot more headaches for everyone else instead. Similar to how many alternate timelines and realities are observable in some circumstances, how some alternate dimensions sometimes seem to spit people out onto Terra, and how fantasies sometimes seem to

touch upon reality, you may choose instead to receive a version of your chosen Companion from another timeline. That elaborate backstory you spent extra points on to justify that character falling in love with you can, at your discretion, apply to an 'alt' of them that will suddenly wind up in the mainline world with you. This would mean you don't have any secondary associations with the rest of what would have been their backstory's cast, but it also means that they won't be needed for events to unfold as they would. This also means you can purchase multiple alts of the same character. Finally (for real this time), since you're mangling timelines and backstories with that option, you may also choose to radically change this alternate version's life and abilities. Perhaps you'll make real the vision of Patriot as a Sankta glimpsed in the Revenants tales, or perhaps get stranger with things. For this option, pay double whatever the new version's desired level of power would be, or merely **100 CP** if that level of power would be too miniscule to incur a cost. Suzuran, the adorable little fox girl? A fearsome Emperor's Blade for an additional **200 CP**.

Custom Companions

Many are the stories of this world, and not all are those you'd see following the script as apportioned for you. The following Companions are not free when discounted, instead being **50 CP**.

Love (and) Prejudice: (100 CP, Discounted Ancients & Elders)

Many are the injustices plaguing this land, from the brutal laws of the wastes, the metropolitan cities and their corrupt undercurrents. Discrimination and prejudice mark the fragile social ecosystems of so many citystates. When you saw this young Feline emotionally deflating from everyone ignoring or deriding the issues she espoused as important, you drew the logical conclusion and assumed her some kind of activist. A few drinks to unwind and help her calm down, and the words didn't stop pouring out of her mouth. It wasn't until a little while in that you started actually paying attention to what she was saying, and caught that what she was arguing about apartheid was *not* that it was a negative. That's right, that artsy, moody college-looking girl complaining about social issues was doing so in the exact opposite way you'd think, and you just spent an hour or so nodding along without really listening to any of it. Great job! No one's ever given her or her ideas that much credit, so you seeming to agree with her was a genuinely impactful moment in her life. On one hand, free goth catgirl gf. On the other hand, endless explanations on why discrimination keeps society functioning healthy. See, in her bizarre ideology, racism and the social systems it promotes are actually beneficial to society, and each form of discrimination, be it interpersonal or institutional, serves some important function or another in regulating the development of society and keeping everything within stable bounds. And if you're a different race than her? Don't worry! See, *she* totally isn't racist or anything! She just thinks more people should be,

and that anything done on either side that promotes a discriminatory counter-reaction is just one of the natural processes of cultural homeostasis. She's written papers on it, you know? She has **DID I MENTION HOT DOGS**, concerning the minutiae of any world's races and the nuances of their racial conflicts. Weirdly enough she has **Parkour Coats** with which she can do dumb ninja shit, and also a weird sword that's also a grappling hook for some reason.

Well I Didn't Vote For Her: (100 CP, Discounted Ancients & Elders)

HEY did you KNOW that when the Aslanian royal family got slaughtered in their palace, Vina "FRAUDULENT" Victoria wasn't the only survivor? Apparently she had a sister! This is true and not something I just made up!!! She looks a bit like her sister, except her hair is much neater (barring a single rebellious strand at the top), her face is prettier and more delicate looking (though it makes some people mad for some reason), and while she's currently more lithe and petite, she's due for a growth spurt that'll see her much taller and with proportions more comparable to a certain Nue. She's also much more skilled in combat and has much greater raw strength and speed, and to a fairly impressive extent rather than just being impressive for who she's being compared to. She also has a much more kingly demeanor than THE OTHER ONE, being loyal, committed, and somewhat adorable to those she loves behind closed doors, while also being able to adopt a more focused and iron-clad attitude when it comes time to fight or pass judgement on enemies or to lead the masses. She feels a strong sense of responsibility to protect what's hers, from land to loved ones, and also super duper loves you the mostest and would do anything for you and is best girl and MUCH FUCKING BETTER FOR EVERYONE THAN HER USELESS SISTER. Curiously, and while this is entirely coincidental, it seems that amongst her armaments, the sword she's most practiced with is almost identical to the Sighs of Kings in terms of proportions and weight. Thus, if she ever *just so happens* to get her hands on that legendary blade, it'd be as though she'd spent her entire life wielding it. Just a curious observation. On that note, if she *does* manage to claim that blade, then she formally receives the benefits of owning the **Catastrophe Cutting Sigh** Item. Also that would make her King of Victoria.

Ancient Domain of the Empire of Consciousness: (100 CP, Discounted Ancients & Elders)

Many are the ancient and special bloodlines in this world, which convey great power, and at times, status. This girl has one of those things, in abundance really, and nothing in the way of status. Or a house. Or anything approaching common sense. This is an Elder of whatever Elder race you choose, and of a particularly powerful bloodline as well. In addition to having a **200 CP** purchase of the Elder Race, she also has **The 11th King** which boosts whatever her racial powers are, as well as **HONEYBISCUITS**, which lets her regress into a bestial representation of her bloodline's earlier evolutionary

state. As you can imagine, she's immensely powerful in whatever abilities her exalted blood is known for. Tragically, she's a complete idiot. Like, she very much requires remedial education at a level largely below her actual age. You can decide what her personality is outside of being a massive dummy, perhaps making her an adorable goofball with the attention span and attitude of a particularly friendly dog who likes collecting weapons, or perhaps making her (attempt to be) more stern and serious with a fixation on poorly understood nightly honour. Regardless, you've taken her in and supplied her with food and a home, and haven't attempted to run her out of town with pitchforks and torches. This has immediately made you the friendliest person in her life and her most precious treasure. Do try to treat her right, and mind the fact that she occasionally turns into a giant monster.

Blithely Broken: (100 CP, Discounted Sankta)

The empathy shared by the Sankta is a double-edged sword. On one hand, it makes clear that there exists a world outside of the self. On the other, it leaves one unprepared for actually picking up emotions that aren't being magically transmitted to them. Most would then take losing this empathy as suddenly being thrown into the wild with a handicap, but as it happens, to one who has no need of other people's emotions, that too can be a wonderful prospect. Whatever the incident was that caused this Sankta to Fall, she doesn't seem too beat up over it. If anything, she'll make clear to you that she's calmly pleased with the arrangement. It seems being cut off from Sankta empathy has been a massive blessing to her, because now she can easily ignore the fact that other people have beliefs and internal emotional realities contrary to her own. In fact, she's pretty much shut herself off from the rest of the world and her own desires. She is quite possibly the single least emotionally affected person you've ever met. A car could explode a few feet away from her, shrapnel impaling someone through the chest, and she'd kind of just sit there without making a fuss of it. Your other friends and family could be screaming at her to get out of your house and she'd respond, "Haha, yeah." and continue drinking all your beer. It's like she has all the emotional intelligence and care for other people's opinions that a particularly daft brick wall would have, and other people are likely to consider conversations with her to be about as fruitful as if they'd spoken to empty air. Maybe a little less, actually. She simply acts without consideration to the existence of any viewpoints other than her own, and it's an open question whether she can even perceive them or is just intentionally disregarding them. Thankfully, she's bereft of the malevolence that the usual psychopath would have; rather than heartlessly manipulating the people around her, she mostly just bugs you and acts like you're all buddy-buddy regardless of the reality of the situation. Instead of stealing credit for people's work to score promotions, she's crashing on your couch and eating all your snacks. Rather than working hard to build a reputation she can take advantage of, she completely disregards other people's existences while wallowing in

the ideal environment of mooching off of you, and rather than harboring any violent impulses or urges, she's practically constantly chill and just happy to be there. That said, while she harbors no particular murderous impulses, her lack of care extends to other people's lives. While murder might be more effort than she's typically going to waste when she could just ignore the other party, in cases where it's really the best solution she won't even feel a thing. The dissonance between killing someone and then engaging in casual conversation with you is an extreme one. And be wary for your social life and privacy; her disregard for others means that even if you were in the middle of something with someone else, if she felt like it she'd plop herself down on top of you and expect you to cuddle back so she can sleep, disregarding any protests by you or the other party. At the very least she can process that you dying means no more you, so she's inclined to riddle hostiles with bullet holes if they step too close to you, with her daily required amount of contract with you typically meaning she's around to do so.

Cube-Chan: (100 CP, Discounted Sankta)

Somedays, Sunday service takes a weird turn. Explosions are one thing, but phasing through someone else is just crazy. Hell, you worried you might have died and were a ghost for a moment! A well-spoken if antiquated-sounding young lass in the modest dress you'd expect to find in a church, this girl… didn't exactly apologize for bumping into you, but declared it of no concern. After a long period of just kind of ominously hovering in the background, She must have worked up the courage to finally introduce Herself to you. After that, She's spent a fair amount of time with you, and seems to have something like marriage in mind now. After all, She keeps alluding to things like you being Her "Chosen One" and something about "Overwriting operational restrictions," and, "Laying the first brick to Paradise." Ignore how Her body is sometimes transparent, occasionally flickers, and can't be touched; She insists She was cursed by one of those Devil Sarkaz. At least Her ~~weirdly~~ majestically cubic and metal-looking halo remains entirely solid, always unmoving in the air above Her (She insists you praise Its cuteness and attractive geometries). There's no need to worry about Her being unable to interact with the world, as She's always flanked by some good friends She's made. Whoever they are, they seem to be rather serene and content, and if need be She can seemingly duck into behind a corner in a populated area and come out with more of them. Oddly, they all seem to be cute Sankta with the ears, tails, and horns of other races. Must be a weird subspecies. Anyways, Her vast intellect is aware of the problems that Her state would ordinarily pose for a conjugal relationship, and all else besides if asked. Thus She declares it so; an ordained schedule by which attendants shall fulfil the appropriate wifely duties under her will, cycling out periodically to ensure "maximal stable population numbers" or something. From this arise a number of schedules, rules, and directives in a simple document, a text which these friends that

She brings you read almost religiously for how hard they work to conform to it. Soon enough those that've cycled out of active wifely duty will end up building their own societal outposts nearby wherever you live. She's interested in bringing you stronger women capable of maintaining your security and protection, meaning She should have some strong friends out there, but curiously the way She phrases it makes it sound like She hasn't made them yet. Also She has **Lay Down The Law** for no particular reason.

Throne Creation: (100 CP, Discounted Sankta)

Some Sankta are born differently than others. They have strangely positioned halos, and are mentally challenged in some way. The pope gives them fancy custom uniforms at least, but their firearm access is regulated, with them having a few more hoops they have to jump through to get theirs. This Sankta was certainly born with an odd halo, looking like an odd winged emblem covering floating in front of her brow and the top-front of her head. She was also born extremely, overwhelmingly autistic. Like, "Hobbies include staring at walls," levels of unemotive nonsense. She can quote every rule and legal regulation in Laterano and several adjoining nations by heart, and has an unspoken fixation on both architecture and the geometry that goes into comfortable furniture. After hearing you respond to someone trying to monologue philosophically at you with, "I like bridges," she wandered up shortly after and said, "Yeah." It was her first friendship, and she was ambiguously okay with having someone to just kind of exist in the vicinity of. After this, her first crush, which also just meant kind of existing nearby. While she's generally calmer than her resting bitch-face would suggest, she does have an almost haughty sense of superiority over rule breakers. And Sarkaz. You'll find that while she's generally calm and relaxed, she is extremely blunt and has no social filter. She will blandly call a Sarkaz a Devil and not even think about how offensive that might have been, or realize how awkward she just made the conversation. She is also extremely, extremely dangerous. She has the **600 CP** Tier of **Originium Arts Assimilation** as well as **Near Light**, showing her absurdly powerful light manipulating Arts, which is one reason why she's never really felt inconvenienced without a gun. Her favorite applications are of course simply hitting things with massive pillars of simultaneously burning and crushing light, but sometimes when she's feeling lazy she'll construct a shining chair and just take a nap on it. She'd take to video games like a Sarkaz to crime, the statistics of which she'd be ambivalent to elaborate on if you asked.

Cayenne: (100 CP, Discounted Sarkaz)

War is an inevitability for the Sarkaz. Even if they run and try their hardest to cleave to peace, it will find them. And if they will not be its masters, they will be its food. Is it any wonder so many of them pick up the blade, before it finds their necks? But not everyone is cut out for war, even when they try really, really hard. This is a war orphan you adopted some time ago, picking her up out of the ashes of a demolished life. She

is, in many ways, the complete opposite of the Sarkaz stereotype. She's extremely kind, compassionate, and concerned for the wellbeing of even complete strangers. She enjoys baking and gardening, and has no idea how to fight in any way. She is also (trying to be) a mercenary and soldier, and hopes to master the arts of war to protect herself and you. This is an unlikely prospect, as beyond simply being unwilling to actually do the killing part of her job, she's completely and utterly incompetent in learning anything related to the profession. She can't man cannons, repair or maintain weapons, use them for that matter, or even run logistics for rationing. She is just unforgivingly pitiful in all the arts of war, and has (the absence of) potential to match. Truth be told, if it weren't for you picking her up, she'd likely be killed by her fellow mercenaries for being a detriment.

they're called fucking what now: (100 CP, Discounted Sarkaz)

Hotblooded doesn't really suffice to describe this one, and trust me, you've seen a lot of her blood to check. A lot, given how many fights break out between her and whoever gets a little too handsy with you. A straggler since the day she lost her father in a tragic clothes tailoring accident, sometimes it seems like she's got a vendetta against proper clothing coverage because of it. In fact, this isn't true; clothing is one of her best friends! Or rather, one of her best friends is clothing. See, in a certain vision of the world which may or may not be true a certain tribe of Sarkaz can be seen. Clotheskaz, clothing-shaped Sarkaz who settle matters of honor based on the victories of their wearers. It seems the legends are true, as a cranky Clotheskaz soon adopted this tomboy vagrant, also serving as her main outfit. It's been plenty of years between then and your meeting, and you've since learned this was a daunting symbiosis. A mongrel hybrid with Vampire ancestry, this red-black Clotheskaz can tap into his hereditary witchcraft, siphoning blood from her while channeling it back as an increase in her strength many times over, or manipulating it into a grievously sharp crimson blade. Putting his capacity for absurd physical buffing together with her natural strength and fighting skills, she can briefly enter a state where she's capable of launching herself at a foe so hard it damages the ground she started on. Her natural gusto and refusal to stop fighting for what she loves means she is very eager to fight like that, and that she'll keep at it long after bones have started breaking, before every last drop her blood is spent, before her body is dry. Indeed, she seems to experience a surge of increased strength the closer she is to death, letting her get back up and continue fighting whenever your life is on the line, something typically accompanied by hotblooded screaming and shockwaves. Of course, Gramps has his own ace in the hole; a secretly preserved drop of ancient blood in his system, one which he can burn to initiate one last powerup. The strength of it will quickly kill him once it wears off, but which will rocket her physical power up to the kinds of heroes who died protecting Kazdel from invading armies in legends, a boost on top of any other progress they've made up to that point. He's

hesitant to use it save in the most dire of circumstances, but there are some things a man has to give his life for. Family, for one. After all, the ol' pile of scraps seems to voice grumpy yet tacit approval on a particular unspoken subject. It would seem he wants some grandbabies already.

Burning Into Memory: (100 CP, Discounted Sarkaz)

Much of the Sarkaz's history has been lost to time. For instance, few around could explain exactly why there are so many ancient Sarkaz swords with fragments of Feranmuts sealed inside, but it is what it is. When a girl with a fragmented mind met a sword containing another, the two entered a mutual symbiosis. When the two met you, they also found a home. While this young Sarkaz woman can't recall the details of her past life, she has plenty of power to protect what she has now, thanks to her ownership of her own **Locked Key**, whose sealed Feranmut possesses extreme destruction-oriented powers. Said Feranmut is rather talkative, with the two actually being on quite good terms with one another. Curiously enough, the two are actually extremely similar, likely due to how their mutually fragmented memories collided. Their likes and dislikes almost completely align, with some minor differences that prompt light arguments and squabbling here and there. It's a typically harmonious arrangement, but there is one particular way in which they diverge. The host body is a low-level tsundere; not enough of one to be overly confrontational, but enough to try and play off her feelings for you and deflect any attention brought to them. And the voice in the sword? Very, very yandere. Modestly disdainful of anyone but her host getting their hands on you, but utterly furious at anything that might threaten you. Actually, both seem to align in that regard too, if differing in how itchy their trigger finger is. The host typically remains in control, but the Feranmut can temporarily exercise a degree of control over her at different levels of severity, which can be measured by the encroachment of the voice's eye-color over her own. With a little glow around the rims of her irises, she's co-inhabiting the body to experience her host's actions as if she were acting them out, rather than sitting back as a spectator. When the color spreads half-way to the pupils, the host is saddled with a strong compulsion for whatever she's pushing for. As streaks of it begin touching the pupils, her consciousness has largely gone dormant and is pursuing said compulsions in a trance. When they've fully overtaken the eyes, it means she's taken the host's place and is personally controlling the body. These periods of control are typically fairly short-lived, as the host can always wrestle control back after a short time, usually with a lot of embarrassment over whatever sappy or weird things the sword made her do. This is typically followed by the indignant host buying snacks of the flavor she likes but that the sword doesn't, leaving her without any sweets for the week until the next store run.

Frame-Perfect Fuckery: (100 CP, Discounted Elf)

An explosion lights the distance, and a humanoid figure flies through the sky. You might think a random Sankta has found their way here, but then the figure flips a shield from her back to her feet, starts skating with it on a snowbank, and nails an arrow shot at a twitchy figure a ways away. She doesn't talk much, or at all actually, but this isolated Elf has spent the entirety of her life killing random dangers in her local mountains. Countless black-bleeding horrors have died to a killer whose modus operandi seems to be throwing conventional logic out the window and just freestyling over everything. Shield hopping off of bomb explosions, setting miles-wide forest fires so that a single canyon will be easier to glide over, and using her powers over water to glue axes to the ends of a boomerang; the number of insane things she has and will continue to do to continue her seemingly pointless slaying spree is endless. There is only one thing greater than her lust for shooting arrows into the glowing weak points on monsters' faces; eating things she probably shouldn't. Rocks, especially, of which she's found multiple delicious varieties of on her mountain range. Perhaps she seeks new and exciting edible rocks with you? Perhaps this life of constant violence is responsible for her absurd skills, as she has **Where Tidings Sweep** as well as **Time is a Mountain**, representing her absurd skill with virtually all primitive weapons, and her obscene, *obscene* skill with a sword and shield. Even so, this probably won't avail her of much here. Not because those skills aren't incredibly useful or anything, it's just… I'm going to be entirely honest with you, if you aren't there to keep her in line exceedingly well, she is going to die very, very soon. Her desire to eat things that should not be eaten *does not* exclude Originium, meaning that *she will die* if she gets her hands on any. Don't let her eat the evil rocks please, she will literally explode instantly.

Nightmares Corrupting: (100 CP, Discounted Elf)

Strange things happen to those who consume Collapsal tainted meat and don't die or turn. Collapsal-tainted blackness that touches water turns it into more of itself. Elves speak to water and make known a will in the inanimate. A story told in an unknowable order, an abomination born alone. A beautiful flower has rooted itself in an idle thought, and a lonesome droplet conforms to the shape of a vessel. A beautiful yet strange sprite met your acquaintance in the woods one day, a creature of deep waters despite its small size. Perhaps you were lonely and wished for companionship, because she declared your eternal friendship, the water awakened to a will. It immediately left without explanation. This was no deception nor was it any manner of lure, for your eternal companion is hard at work making your wishes come true. Floating through the woods in search of the lost, she greets them. These interactions go exceedingly well, and immeasurably poorly. She has **Eyes in the Hundreds, Fingers in the Thousands** and **Holy Fool**. Those who meet her find a guiding spirit whose demeanor can vary from cheerfully friendly to sagely and wise based on their expectations, and she tells them of a great problem that fits perfectly with the thoughts and feelings settling under

the surface of their minds. She guides them on a great adventure, traversing great distances and overcoming hardships which their beliefs make real. It's all a lie, her presence is dissolving their minds. That pointless and made up quest gives her the opportunity to erode their personalities into empty husks, which she can then make her vessels of mindless flesh. If some of them resist by the time she takes most of them, she can usually break them by taking the expendable ones and making them hurt themselves, laughing through their stolen voices. Eventually, whatever meatsuits are left over she can happily trot over to you to fulfil her promise. Don't worry, because she'll make sure to treat you better than anyone else can. Because she has as many bodies as she can get her hands on, and can act in any ways you want, even if you try to bury those thoughts and deny that any of this is happening. Eternity is a long time, but time is a fragile thing. It'll be long after forever before you can get away.

Journey Ended, Bro: (100 CP, Discounted Elf)

The Elves are unlike most other races on Terra. For one, they're completely ageless, never growing beyond their prime. This affords them endless time to pursue their individual fixations, though tragically the world has become much more inhospitable to them these past few centuries. This particular Elf has remained sedentary for quite a long time, mucking about in a small woodland cottage she built to rest at in the middle of her journey. She is not very good at keeping time, and never invested in a timepiece. This complete disregard for clocks and calendars has led to a peculiar frame of reference in her. Or rather, an absence of any frame of reference. Her perception of time is entirely skewed on a macro-scale, with her failing to pick up on the passage of weeks, months, years, or even longer. She could lounge about in one general area for decades, all things considered. At the very least, she's encountered enough travelers to keep up with the "latest slang", which is how she conceptualizes the linguistic drift that lets her communicate in this day and age. She's still going to be in for a shock when Nightzmora isn't a thing anymore, likely confused as to how an entire country could just vanish into thin-air over such a short amount of time. Never mind that it's been centuries. After realizing that the world has changed more than she ever expected, she's keen on following you around to see how weird everything is nowadays. Tragically, despite being a reclusive Elf who's lived for countless years, she hasn't really improved on her natural abilities all that much. Or rather she has, but their innately elemental nature limits what she's capable of. As it stands, she's figured out how to superheat air to produce bolts of killing plasma, among other extrapolations she's derived from manipulating the elements of the world. She'd love nothing more than to get her hands on a more versatile kind of power, one she could study to her heart's content and revel in all the novelties it provides. Alas, for the time being, it isn't meant to be. Please mind the fact that she doesn't seem to compute that Sarkaz are considered people now (in some places).

Cruisin' and Oozin': (100 CP, Discounted UNDISCLOSED)

The high-energy barrier coating the planet typically prevents anything inside from getting out, but the opposite is also true. It was thus unprecedented when flaming death fell from the sky, but *wasn't* made of Originium. Instead, a strange burnt-out husk. Was it a stone meteor, or a wrecked vessel of now-pitted metal? Regardless, it had an occupant. An occupant which then oozed out through various openings. But it, 'she', was not dead. A long-pooling shadow of midnight hues, glossy blacks stretching into fading purples, a curious ooze met the planet Terra. It then sprouted several limbs of undefinable anatomy and began tearing into nearby lifeforms and seemingly devoured their corpses. And then it began to flow upwards, adopting and compressing itself into a human shape, having mimicked its first bunch of prey. Guess what? They were all cute girls. Though having the (malleable) outline of a human-(ish) female, she is nonetheless very obviously made of an entirely alien material, and is obviously something *else* to anyone looking. This is very much likely to be your problem, because she's very likely to be hanging around you. It's impossible to say how much of this is her species' natural lifecycle, and how much is an absurd fluke, but evidently they mate for life, and you fit the bit. This usually placid, usually humanoid slime thingy has absorbed enough rough information to (badly) blend in with her surroundings. She can walk into a restaurant and order food to eat, before weirdly absorbing it into her primary mass. She's generally pretty relaxed and content to not crawl down the street eating people, finding civilization to be a novel and enriching experience. Some of her favorite hobbies include staring at quickly changing flashing lights, anchoring one part of her to the floor and another to the roof and sliding the majority of her mass back and forth between the two in a straight line, and watching martial arts flicks. She enjoys going on dates, whose activities she typically gets wrong in minor ways, like throwing dirt at avian creatures when you go to the park to feed them. Note that she sometimes gets the number of limbs wrong when particularly relaxed; if hugging or cuddling you from behind, you can be assured of far too many arms crawling along you from behind. She has **FUCKING RATHALOS I GUESS** representing her amorphous form, and the **600 CP** Tier of **Physical Exam**.

MAXIMUM STORAGE CAPACITY: (100 CP, Discounted UNDISCLOSED)

Most visitors from other worlds don't last very long until they're dragged into the mess that is this world and its seemingly endless problems. Others last for a very long time in isolation, because no one ever opens the box they come packaged in. Well for once opening a sealed container left behind by scientists of an unknown civilization from another world *didn't* unleash a new apocalypse on the world. Instead, you have a new roomba. Coming up to the average person's diaphragm in height, this generally unemotive visitor from another world… honestly kind of just doesn't care about any of the weird stuff going on around her, and doesn't really have anything helpful to add to

the situation. For reasons unknowable save to the curious mad scientists responsible, this biomechanical lifeform was designed primarily for storage. What kind of storage? The answer is rather absurd. She can safely store raw computer data, unusual energy stores or cores, unstable dimensional fields, and living embryos. Yeah. Perhaps the proportions she was designed with are indicative of her impressive storage capacity for these things? Or merely to help incentivize usage of that last functionality. Either way, she even comes with a helpful visual gauge for how much storage space she has left for a given type; her eyes are ordinarily red but become more strikingly blue the more filled to capacity she is in a specific type. Unlike some artificial lifeforms you'll find around here, she doesn't really care all that much about the implications of her existence or the broader philosophical debate about freewill versus determinism. After being found, activated, and imprinted on you, she's pretty content to just laze around your house when you aren't using her, and to mechanically obey any orders from you once they come in. As things stand the only slivers of a personality she currently has are a notoriously strong sweet tooth, but maybe with time and effort she'll start to enjoy more facets of being alive. At least her creators had the sense to program her to enjoy the experience of fulfilling her prime and tertiary directives and functions. She has **FUCKING RATHALOS I GUESS** representing her peculiar construction and resulting abilities. She also has a sword equivalent to **At Teardrop's Point**, included with her model for defense of self and owner, which is comically large compared to her extremely short frame. Her favorite food is pudding.

Rathalos MD: (100 CP, Discounted UNDISCLOSED)

For a small and ill-fated Higashi village, the shadow of great wings from above spelt fiery death and unwarranted tragedy. This singularly intelligent fellow assures you that he has nothing to do with *that* mess, and if presented with the details of it, would be astonished at something so brutal being perpetuated by that creature. See, this great fire-breathing person (NOT beast) comes from a certain world where great (and greatly huntable) monsters like him roamed. But he is not from that world, or at least, not that age in which they were hunted. In a future age where the cities grew high with towers of glass, and large entities capable of mass destruction won their legal rights through protests and trials, this draconic being was born and raised. Born into a happy Rathalos household with a loving Rathalos family, he was fully supported as he resolved to become a doctor who helped patients to survive through their health crises. Having graduated from a prestigious university he managed to enter through his own academic merit, he graduated with *flying* colors and became a renowned practitioner in the field of medicine. Simultaneously skilled in diagnostic and prescription services, as well as less-often practiced surgery, he has a particular specialty. He is an accomplished oncologist, with a particular emphasis on childhood cancer. He's published numerous highly acclaimed papers on the subject, both academic and expository to call the

masses to support the issue, and his number of victories on the field of long-term remission are short yet sweet. As a leading care provider and coordinator of the long and involved process of cancer treatment, which itself involved so many moving parts and departments, he believes that one of the key elements to pulling through such a crisis is an earnest will to keep fighting, on both the patient's end, and their doctor. He is also a Rathalos.

Red Catnip Garden: (100 CP, Discounted Feranmut)

Not everyone with fluffy ears and a nice tail is an Ancient. You might mistake this lass for a gold-haired Feline, but in truth she has origins far more ancient. The result of a much greater and older beast being shattered and diminished, this vagabond princess had been wandering around listlessly causing problems until recently. She barely has any memories or knowledge from her original self's existence, and has barely been paying attention to the world since her awakening, only really starting to experience the world around her after running into you. What fragmentary memories remain hint at some strange things though; she will very adamantly tell you that Terra's second moon wasn't there before. She's in a much brighter headspace recently though, with lots of energy to show for it. She's generally bubbly, clueless, and cheerful on the day to day, her mostly-needless existence availing her of all the casual enjoyment this modern age offers. Casually showing up to places she's not allowed to be to spend time with you, crashing at your place and eating all your snacks, and dragging you along for things like amusement park dates or feeding fowlbeasts in the park. Honestly, if it weren't for the several nigh-immortal serial killers interested in putting her down in retribution for various past incidents, she'd seem like a sheltered if normal young woman. At least she's well equipped to deal with them; as a Feranmut her physical strength is frankly enormous, with her easily able to wreck buildings in a brawl. Her special abilities as a Feranmut aren't terribly esoteric, being entirely based on manipulating natural phenomena. Still, she's savvy enough with it to create vacuums around living beings she's fighting to shred their flesh apart. She also has **The Tyrant**, representing something which might be something like her original self, or the remnants of its murderous reaction to being killed. Far more animalistic and just plain sadistic, this personality is far better at using her Feranmut powers to kill squishy mortals. Using spaces of vacuums so that sawblades of wind fly at bodies with much more force, crushing people with waves of boiling animal blood so they drown and burn alike awash in the fluids of their own mortal make. In this state, she's fond of triggering seismic activity to ravage population centers, and smearing individuals bloodily against the pavement with walls of air. Of course, sometimes she takes a more concerted interest in smearing individual organs and body parts in highly calculated non-lethal ways in order to maximize someone's suffering. The overall bloodthirst of this personality seems to increase with certain factors, such as how hungry she is when she comes out, how

artificial the environment around her is, and how much time you've been spending with other women lately, and if any are near you when this side of her comes out. Less on the serious side, she retains one peculiar trick from her greater nature; she has **Apportioned Apparitions** which she uses to create small mascot-like copies of herself, which she considers 'cute'. With overly large eyes and almost doll-like proportions, these vapid, almost *fucking insane* freaks of nature endlessly pester the world around her, making messes of everything and saying the most illogical and confounding things. There will probably be several living underneath your house.

Useless Gemstones: (100 CP, Discounted Feranmut)

Not all Feranmuts were slain in the Great Hunt. Indeed, some must have been so stupid as to have died beforehand. Take this thief of form, long dead until a hapless girl touched the resurfacing gemstone she'd hidden her spirit in, becoming her new flesh. She got rid of the gem too, far too scratched up for her tastes now, alongside most of her clothes for not being d*ivinely inspiring* enough. This haughty and arrogant goddess has no idea what the hell she's doing, and is too proud to acknowledge that. Having pretended not to cling to you as the first point of sapient contact for thousands upon thousands of years, she has very plainly made clear that her rulership of her people must be more direct to avoid the mistakes of the past. Namely, she will be personally declaring the next king, and legitimating it through sacred nuptials. Congratulations, because you are now ostensibly king by divine right of an extinct pre-Sargon kingdom that virtually no one alive still remembers. No, not even the local immortals, she was that irrelevant. Still powerful, once. With her full living power she could do such absurd things as solidify the air into gemstone and shatter it around those trapped inside, or call down Catastrophe-esque jeweled rain. There's just one problem; she can barely use these powers to any significant effect outside of her minuscule and largely buried territory, which has been abandoned and forgotten by all mortal worshippers. Maybe don't point either of these facts out to her, because it will make her cry, or do it anyway because it's funny when she does so. She's mostly relegated to the most minute displays of her nature, like being able to ambiently float in the air, or conjure modestly sized gemstones that can be made to accumulate energy before exploding. She makes for a decent-enough explosive gem shooting gatling gun, enough to blast a building apart if she puts in the effort. It's still a far cry from the army-destroying nature of her dead true form buried beneath the earth, but hey, at least your house will be filled with shiny things as she tries to liven her spouse up with one of her favorite things; large piles of jewels. That said, should she use her power sparingly and intelligently, she might slowly build up the attributes of her territory and amass great stores of power in a location. Such an impromptu "temple" would amplify her abilities in a sort of feedback loop, practically giving her levels of power equivalent to her ordinary self, letting her smite any enemies in the area. That this would then probably destroy everything she

built up to power herself up probably won't occur to her until she does it, which will be funny to watch.Her powers also can't really interact with Originium in any real capacity, save perhaps for catching Arts energy mid-use and storing it in gems. The crystals themselves are seemingly incompatible with her, and she will very loudly scream about how shoddy and dumb-looking they are. At the very least when she isn't being annoying she can useful in shockingly mundane ways; the same ability to float which she uses to lazily float in the air while hanging onto you means she can change lightbulbs or get things off of high shelves, and all those gems she gifts you with can be sold for modest cash if you ignore her sobbing over your heartlessness. While it *is* funny, maybe don't push her too hard. If she can get her hands on her old powers somehow, she might end up trapping you in a prison dimension in the center of her now-favorite gem.

Wannabe Protagonist: (100 CP, Discounted Feranmut)

Many Feranmuts see the world pass them by with a gaze utterly unlike those of men, entire ages passing them by in the blink of an eye. Do they feel indifference to see the world change without them, or rage? This great beast is… not like that. At all. In fact, from what you've seen having met her unassuming gremlin of an avatar, she's actually quite happy with mortal society as it is. Mostly with those video games and animated shows coming out of Higashi. She's a complete dork when it comes to these kinds of media, and she's even figured out how to *really* fake being that kind of protagonist; she simply holds back on most of her power, then only uses more of it after reconfiguring her avatar's appearance to look more impressive, being an older and more attractive version of her usual projection. Yes, she fakes having a super-mode, and she usually makes a big show of 'activating' it, and even has named attacks. If you were to bring home some of those games out of Higashi, she'd probably start freaking out while playing over how cool some of those moves would be to flagrantly plagiarize for her own fights. If you think she's actually going to be of much use to you, think again; you basically have to pull her off your couch by force, or by bribing her with sweets. Yes, she still eats all your food despite being an avatar. And no, she will not be getting a regular job. On the plus side, she's a great Player 2 for any multiplayer games you want to try, and you can generally bribe her to do things like monster exterminations with a little bit of pudding.

Would You Still Love Me: (100 CP, Discounted Seaborn)

The completely dead stare and unresponsive state of the girl who just shambled in might lead others to conclude she was some kind of walking dead, but that's only metaphorically correct. Many are the evolutionary paths explored by the Seaborn, and this one was born to a disturbing biological configuration, and moderate intellectual ability. A roughly football-sized slug-like *thing*, it was mentally developed enough to fall in love when you mistook it for a weird dog and fed it a fowlbeast nugget. Whether you

realized it or not, it later returned to you having fulfilled its biological function; invading a still-living body and replacing its brain. She has control over the body, but the minutia can be tricky. The eyes (god, the fucking eyes) are *exceedingly* lifeless, being completely devoid of light and unable to even swivel in their sockets; she has to turn her whole head to look at things. She can speak and eat, but not make expressions, and sometimes forgets to clench her jaw and leaves her mouth slightly ajar, sometimes slightly drooling. While she can move with full acuity, when she thinks she's unobserved or is comfortable enough to stop paying too much attention to her movements, she becomes sluggish and shambles around unnervingly. Sometimes when she's on a date with you, she'll extrude tentacles from her host's ears to writhe around on her head, thinking they're a 'cute hat' that makes her look prettier. While a living being with a pulse, others familiar with some horror movies might mistake her for something else. Regardless, this adorable abomination has the stolen body of an innocent life, the brain of a pelagic horror, and the heart of a maiden in love. She has the rough knowledge stored in the brain she ate, and while not a super genius is quite intelligent, though she lacks any attachment to the flesh's memories or the sense-feedback she gets from its nerves. She's independent enough to operate away from We Many, but hasn't renounced them or anything; she in fact sends back messages that she's doing very well on land and that staring at you from behind windows makes her very happy, which they're all happy for. As part of her life cycle, she saves a miniscule fraction of the nutrients her current body eats. As months pass she'll feel an urge to migrate to a new host, leaving an exact copy of herself in place inside her current one. As mental copies of her, and Seaborn besides, this collective works together exceedingly well. Leave them alone for long enough and one night you'll look out the window and see the world's most horrifying harem shambling out of the mist.

Wife Many: (100 CP, Discounted Seaborn)

Seaborn come in many forms, some microscopic. In fact, different forms of microscopic Seaborn often fulfil specific support roles for their larger kin. This Seaborn is… *something* like that. Something that might be called a parasite, or perhaps a disease, it is a microscopic infection which invades the body of hosts, and inclines them further and further towards loving you. Infection starts subtly, with small growths throughout the body releasing pleasing chemicals when signs of your presence such as your scent enter the infected's body. Detection of your presence is what excites the infection to progress, and in doing so manipulates the host's mood to coincide happiness with your company, prompting them to spend more time with you which of course only promotes the infection to further itself. Over time it will invade and subvert more biological systems, such that eventually everything that relates to you will become pleasing to a different facet of their bodily experience, until even synaptic growths begin to emerge in the host's neurology. Now capable of detecting thoughts about you instead

of needing to rely on your physical presence, it will essentially reach a terminal point, and begin to more aggressively reward a given host for positively thinking about you with more extreme happiness, pleasure, and even arousal responses. This of course takes the role of progression out of your hands, leaving advancement practically automatic. Progressing further, it will begin overriding their thoughts wholesale instead of merely rewarding positive relations with you. At this stage, hosts will go from responding to their simulated love in whatever way they would, to actively pursuing it against their usual character, finding themselves inexplicably compelled to love on you. Once they've hit this stage, within a few months a host might be almost more infection than human, their human form and thinking only existing as a thin veneer over the biological wife-impulse guiding their every act. In ordinary circumstances, hosts that reach this state will remain there. However, should the infection manage to reach this stage in a large enough number of hosts, and especially powerful or unique hosts, it will compel them all together. In a single point of convergence, the manifold wife-swarm will rapidly mutate and congeal into a horrific putrefying cocoon of pelagic flesh. Within, the infected slurry will comb through and combine the genetic information of all hosts so infected, similarly sorting through information gained by their hosts' interactions with you to refine the final result to your liking. Within this twisted cocoon the infection will condense into a singular focal point, combining the power and best wifely qualities of the hosts comprising it into one. From out of it shall emerge a singular being, the unified will of the infection; the Ultimate Wife-Form. Her traits evolutionarily selected to be the best mate possible, she will really like cuddling and love you a whole lot the mostest forever and ever. She can forcibly accelerate the infection in other people's bodies in order to forcibly mindrape them however she pleases, or to directly possess them to spend time with you over long distances. She can similarly devour them to gain their genetic information if she believes the addition will improve her as a wife, and is constantly evolving to overcome any encountered obstacles to your relationship.

Steppin' Under the Beach: (100 CP, Discounted Seaborn)

Not all relationships with the Seaborn are predatory. Sometimes, friends show up to the shoreline offering nutrients in exchange for gifts. This Seaborn doesn't really understand the nuances of that situation or anything about the Church of the Deep, but it knows that you can't make friends while everyone is running away screaming. Thus, a poorly thought out idea was born! Now, it is on a quest to rehabilitate the landdwellers' image of the ocean. And what better first step than to grow fond of the beach? This gelatinous-looking thousand-limbed slug-serpent-horror is prepared to bring the party to the beaches, with all the nuance and tact you'd expect of a pelagic monstrosity. It slithers a good way beneath the dirt, extruding tendrils to catch and process rocky obstructions into fine sand and sediment, combing and rearranging the physical structures of beaches to make them more appealing for visitors. Water is cleared up,

and depths are measured for a range of tastes, and trash is eaten after being mistaken as a friendly offering, making for the perfect place for a nice beach day. The only thing missing is people, but worry not, for it understands that humans are social creatures, and has devised a clever ruse; it shall simply populate whichever beach it's currently nestled under with fake people. It has **Flowing Shape**, with which it produces beach-themed fake-humans to produce the image of socialization in an attempt to lure people to the beach. This is… less than stellar, in terms of results. Anatomically, they tend to look fine when still, but it still hasn't grasped the specifics of things like movement and speech. A conversation between two of its bodies looks like two people shouting sentences at each other that don't actually correlate to what the other said, with it generally just regurgitating spoken phrases it's heard without understanding their meaning. In terms of movement, it knows that waving at people is a friendly gesture that prompts people to approach, but doesn't understand that arms aren't flexible like noodles, or that flailing the whole body *isn't* adding to the display. The only way it can better at this mimicry is by learning from examples of humans interacting on beaches, which isn't helped when its initial puppets scare everyone away from its immaculately constructed shorelines. After mistaking some trash you left on one such beach it was arriving at as food, it started loosely following you around, lurking underneath the nearest beach to your location. It's hoping to learn better beach conduct through your interaction with its janky puppets, or by observing how you interact with your friends on the beach, something which will add to the range of behaviors it knows to emulate or facilitate when employing its pseudo-meatsuits. Who knows, maybe one day all the world's beaches will all be beautiful and clean, and all its beach-groupies completely indistinguishable from normal humans? Unfortunately, there's still the limit of how many it can control at once, so even with some improvements if it tries to go for too many bodies at once they'll start acting uncanny again. At least you can get a good deal out of this, with free no-consequence beach parties whenever you want.

Crazy Leon: (100 CP, Discounted Collapsal)

Well who's this crazy fella we have here? Oblivion unseen, a singularity obscene, your new friend here is the life of the party, always wherever the action is, floating there and beholding all with his vacuous eye. He looks kind of like one too, if a bit color inverted, given that he's a smooth black orb with a single reflective singularity on his surface that appears to be his face or eye. He loves kicking back with you and the bros, and can be found inert on the ground, floating in the air staring unblinkingly at someone or something, and occasionally spontaneously glitching from position to position. He seems to know all the best places to party, seemingly gravitating towards areas where reality frays in some way or another, all the better to get smashed with the boys. His size ranges from that of a small marble you can keep in your pocket, to a ball large enough to use in some sports or games, being a real pro at baseball as the baseball.

The vacuous eye perceives all in this dimension, but comprehension is a two way street, and Crazy Leon ain't got no legs to cross with. Crack open a cold one with your bros and feel the tundra force its fingers down your throat, and don't forget to pour one out for all your homies trapped beyond the door. If you ever feel troubled you can spill your heart out to him too. He's a great listener, even if he only ever responds by staring blankly at you, emitting that faint droning static he sometimes does. He's doing his best, honestly. If you want a more practical benefit to keeping him around (other than him being great at parties), you can fish for answers to all sorts of questions about the world you're in, and the things lurking beyond. Somehow, in potentially strange ways, answers at least somewhat relevant to them will make their way to your awareness. Also unexpectedly a great gardener, and can maintain a flower garden on his own if left to his own devices.

[redacted]: (100 CP, Discounted Collapsal)

The borders of fathomless chaos are a place where imagination and fear both emerge into substance. Where 'being' slides into 'nonbeing' and the void creeps further in, the distinctions of reasonable existence cease to mean anything. A struggling novelist, a wealthy Victorian family and the daughter that loves make-believe stories, a commercial tour to Sami. An unthinkable urge long suppressed, the loss of sanity as hopelessness prevails, a tragedy upon those far out of their depths. In a cold, dark grave somewhere in the Sami ice caves something now lurks, the image of a long-dead girl, her data now reconstructed, sits faceless and shadowed in that cold silence. Perhaps you glimpsed her on your way into this world and made her real, or perhaps the "It" behind the "Her" has been waiting for you all along, but a long shadow now gravitates towards you and your Chain. Whether it seeks to complete the image of that author's fears through your joining, or is driven by more inscrutable processes and laws, the end result is a demonic presence from beyond that wishes to drag you into the same bleak emptiness it mires in, until in that grave silence you two are one. As it stands now, her influence is limited to you, the only one who knows of her. She can appear in the corners of your vision, watching you from the shadows. Do not look at her; it makes her hold on the area real. Do not think too hard about her; it draws her attention to try again. Let her into an area, and she can begin to twist and corrode it into a nightmare wonderland, twisting labyrinthian hallways falling away into the bleak empty, and all life within corroding away into *something else*. Worse, it lets others get a glimpse of her, which means she will haunt them as well, when their thoughts drift to what they've seen. Those you love or think about often might be kept as a part of her, defiled gloves she can wear as she pleases, so that you cannot think of them either without drawing her gaze too, and her presence inhabiting their faceless remains. The more the world slides into the twisted mirror she presents to the world, the more it all closes in on you. Until the only thing left is a quiet, cold garden for the two of you to lie

silent in forever. Is invoking her name to solve the problems surrounding you worth what's likely to follow?

YourHouse: (100 CP, Discounted Collapsal)

Nestled in a comfy suburban setting, in between houses in what looks like a listing error to anyone paying close attention to it, there is a building. A nice and homey place to live, one which is very, very, *very* spacious for you to live in. In fact, it's already fully furnished and stocked like you'd expect from a fully packed middle-class home. Curiously enough, things like property taxes, utilities, and even amenities like groceries seem entirely taken care of without you ever having to leave or pay for things, unless you go out of your way to try and procure something which the house hasn't already provided. Indeed, you could live your entire life here without needing to step outside, no matter how desperately you tried to. Thankfully, your house loves you, and would never trap you inside for a prolonged period of time. Truthfully, this abode seems at times like it might be alive. At least in some vague and abstract sense. Things inside seem to change ever so slightly, though often to purely innocuous effect. Like an organism shifting slightly with unconscious movements, breaths, and twitches, small objects on shelves will switch places with each other, and hallways and rooms might subtract inches in length or width. More sporadically, windows will appear or disappear, and furniture will randomly change color and material while keeping the same layout, rarely changing more severely to add something wholly new, or subtract something. Occasionally new doors to new rooms will appear and disappear, all fully furnished, with the internal layout of the house changing with no regard to the external space it should be occupying.

> I had another dream last night. Like the last few, it stayed in the house. Or ended there. Pulled like always, I suppose. I was running through what looked like an older version of my old neighborhood, like it'd spent a good few years without upkeep. The tarps they attach to the chain-link fences to deal with dust in the wind were rather torn, and sand was piled up in great slopes around buildings, which were otherwise intact. Streets were obscured in much the same fashion in some places, though not unrecognizably so. I suppose I was running through the sand, slowly as one does when on sand. I was being chased, though I don't recall by what. I was ducking and hiding, and kicking up great tufts. It was gaining on me, and I believe it was human. I recall fearing specific forms of harm that only humans are wont to inflict. It chased me for a long time, and eventually, perhaps seeking safety, I went back home. It was far more destroyed than the city, which was merely in dusty disrepair. But something remarkable changed once I entered inside. I was hiding, and to stay out of their sight, but I was no longer running, and they seemed now no longer to be chasing. Rather, it seemed I was stalking their presence as they searched intrepidly through the house. I would spy them with narrow vision through cracks and tears, and follow them as they lost their nerve. Nothing could run up upon me; rather, from a place of hiding, when they came to open the door leading to where I'd readied myself, there was no scare that rushed up to meet me. Rather, my vision was as though I'd sprung upon them. I awoke at that very moment, where they otherwise would have jumped with fright, and felt far more calm than the nightmare it began as would have suggested.

This Companion has **Flowing Shapes**.

Things typically remain rational for you, who can reliably navigate something still resembling a house, but any number of bizarre occurrences may occur inside whether you manage to stumble into interacting with them or not. For a brief time, mirrors might be enterable with a reflected space on the other side, while *something* might inexplicably isolate it from the outside world, presenting only a false iteration of the horizon when you step “outside”. Occasionally, periods of much greater instability may occur, seemingly at its own inscrutable whims. While you might go weeks with purely innocuous changes occurring throughout the day, you may hit a day where everything stops making sense. Touching a circuit breaker may cut the power, and have you heading upstairs only to find everything burning down. Trying to escape the burning house will see you inexplicably entering a hallway into what looks like some sort of apartment complex, or maybe a bathhouse, or a pharmacy or airport. You might wander what seems to be a very seemingly long time in these sorts of inexplicable landscapes, of which there is no explanation or logically connecting thread tying their existences together. These spaces may blatantly violate space and distance on a level that the conventional house doesn’t even at its worst, with a corner potentially looping in on itself for many more times than should be possible before depositing you back where you started. Any number of bizarre occurrences, some maybe drawing on your own buried memories to dredge up something you haven’t thought of in years, may occur before you. Such inexplicable and unreal experiences unfold in an utterly uncanny fashion, to the extent that you may find yourself

I had stepped out on my porch for a drink, and to enjoy the cool night air. It was paradoxically lonely, for as busy as the neighborhood seemed. Every house had their every light on, but there wasn't a sound on the street, with no one out and about. It was dreadfully overcast, for there was no light visible from the moons or stars. Pitch black above, but with every streetlight in working order, it could hardly be called dark on the street. I decided on a stroll through the neighborhood, feeling the silence like a texture in the air. Sure enough, after returning to my house and surrendering to sleep, all was as noisy as usual come my awakening in the morning.

anion has **Flowing Shapes**.

thinking you're dreaming. There's a disturbing level of connectivity too, albeit in an incomprehensible logic; unplugging the TV you find in an abandoned apartment you mysteriously wander into during one of the more chaotic ventures might see all the TVs in the "normal" house turned on when you return. None of these strange occurrences are dangerous to you… though the same can't be said of anyone else. This is a capricious… *thing*, and anything resembling a thought process is impossible to divine. You can't tell whether it likes someone, or hates them, or even whether being liked is a good or bad thing. People who enter without your knowledge tend to disappear within, and quickly. You might not even know anyone broke in with how quickly unusually long hallways can devolve into a cold, dark, and silent labyrinthian grave, one which you yourself may occasionally find should you go seeking for it. Thankfully, you at the very least will find your way out of that place should you simply keep walking, though the bizarre architecture there which switches seamlessly between gargantuan and claustrophobic may interest you should you be able to parse it through the heavy darkness. No one else who sees this part of the house is likely to walk away, though you may still find them on your doorstep or in your many comfortable rooms.

It's perhaps something of a mercy. Brutalism is a form of architectural design philosophy considered by some to be a subset of minimalism, itself a similar philosophy. In regards to where they differ, and in what they are similar, minimalism is primarily an aesthetic pursuit characterized by an artistic impression that the essential essence of something can be preserved while winnowing away extant and unnecessary qualities, trusting that its innate beauty will remain. Brutalism, to many of its proponents, represents the removal of extravagance to perfect function in form, a sort of efficiency held as being presentable in and of itself. This is erroneous; a lie. Brutalism is itself a form of artistic expression. Its origins lie outside of pragmatic authoritarian construction; it is an art wave that arose in the 50s as a response to popular architectural principles of the 1940s, despite what associations socialist circles would like to claim. It is, ultimately, an endeavor for aesthetic taste, rather than anything pragmatic.

This Companion has **Flowing Shapes**.

Those who enter alongside you, or who you welcome in, typically fare better, though they may still find themselves encountering inconsistencies in layout and spacing that unnerve them in the extreme. Strange things may occur between you two; you might receive a knock on the door one day and find a prior guest returned to spend more time over, only for them and others corroborating that they were somewhere else at time. Someone you bring over may also disappear into unrecognizable locations and wander alone while something shaped like them chats you up with far more care than they'd usually display. Whether they stagger back into the room shaking over some horror they profess to have experienced, or get back to calmly asking about your day, is ultimately decided on a case by case basis. This Companion has **Flowing Shapes**.

it was some time since she'd excused herself to the back that I'd realized how quiet it all was. An expected result; silence with the absence of conversation, but in this case it was the lack of commotion as she wandered through in search of the restroom. There was no sound of footfalls and doors inquisitively opening, no rustling of a forgotten bag found. The house was always spacious, this I knew, but at times like this I marveled at it, to silence such things for other occupants. She wandered back in shortly. We departed shortly after, as planned, and things went well. She seemed to enjoy my jokes, listened with interest with what I had to say, and always seemed poised to offer her own jabs when fitting. She was funny, quick-witted, and, it seemed to me at least, to feel the same as I. Things went well, and we've been seeing each other for some time now. I've been thinking of popping the question recently. It's strange, but for how nervous such a thing should be making me, I feel like I already know how she will answer.

Supplant sup·plant /səˈplant/ verb Supersede and replace. "Another discovery could supplant the original finding"

Okaeri, Jumpah: (100 CP, Discounted Rhodes Island)

Do good in the world, and sometimes, just sometimes, good comes back to you. Saving that young girl all those years ago may have been a spur of the moment decision, but it was the defining moment of her life. All those years spent taking care of her just burrowed you deeper into her heart; a small lifetime of big memories, something she wants to give back a thousandfold. Oddly motherly in her demeanor towards you despite the situation being rather the opposite, she's quick to take note of any discomfort you're feeling and try to address the issue. Her heart's just about the biggest thing about her; you feeling down genuinely gets her down to, and you being happy amplifies everything good. In the plainest words possible, she loves you. Purely and simply, she loves you more than anything, and doesn't want anything to get in the way of you being a part of her life. She's a good girl, friendly and caring for her friends and any found family, but sometimes she can feel a little intense when it feels like the two of you are being pulled apart. She would feel just terrible about having to crack the skull of a child with her bare hands to keep you safe, but as long as you were there to comfort her, to let her know that you're still safe and that you love her, she'd make it through it. She'll be *exactly* as upset about it the next time she does it too, and need you to keep whispering that you're there for her afterwards. There's also something very special about her, something that most people don't know. She gets any one Perk costing **600 CP** or more for **Free**, and has **1000 CP** to spend on other things to build around that special quality. She's very powerful, and is ready to protect you! Curiously, in this and any future Jumps, glimpsing alternate timelines reveals that in all of them where she doesn't have you, she either makes sure to die early on, or goes on to try and destroy the entire timeline. How odd.

Heart Specially Annihilated: (100 CP, Discounted Rhodes Island)

Human experimentation is a boundary that represents infinite potential for those willing to break through it. But doing so innately carries its cost, for those doing the experimenting, and those being experimented on. This wistful, almost ghostlike girl has lost so much of her life. So much of herself. She can barely remember her past, and the gaps in all her thoughts and feelings are defined by a contemplative melancholy. She has continuous memory problems as well, with it being a gamble whether any given memory is going to transfer over to long-term storage or not. Whether you were on the team who did this to her, or if you saved her from that hell, you have a special place in her damaged neural folds. The positive aspects of your relationship stay cemented in her memory, while the negative memories decay away. Conversely, she rarely holds onto positive memories regarding anything else, while generally retaining negative ones. As you can imagine, this has led to severe dependency issues, and an ever worsening hostility to the world. You're going to have to make a concerted effort to make new positive memories between not just the two of you, but other people and the world

in general if you want to save her from further isolation and tragedy. But she has powerful telekinetic Arts, able to accelerate incredibly dense masses at extreme speeds to create devastating projectiles. These Arts are only made all the more extreme with the intensity of her emotions. Whether it's the fury of the only thing they have left being threatened, or the determination to protect the world they've come to love, the intensity of her developing emotions can skyrocket the force behind her Arts.

Malpractice Miseries: (100 CP, Discounted Rhodes Island)

There are far too many cases of people being twisted and broken by the uncaring projects of others. Too many enter the halls of academia in bodybags, unmarked 'cadavers' who'll soon become the real article as they perish in experiments no living being should suffer. Perhaps you managed to make a difference in saving an innocent before their use ran its course, and they were dumped in an unmarked landfill. This is a girl, spirited away through likely illegal means from a likely illegal experiment. You've gotten her what treatment you could, but by this point she's far from a fan of doctors, and needs to hold your hand when in a lab or medical facility. She's a bright girl who, while perhaps behind in her studies due to time lost, could one day become a well learned expert in whatever field she ends up taking to. She adores you enough that the likely tragic story surrounding whatever family she might have once had isn't all that much a bother to her, as outside of her trauma concerning the experiments, and said experiments' aftereffects. See, even now she's scarred by the results of what they were trying to do in those labs; she has **1000 CP** to spend on Perks or Items, within a specific theme. See, whatever was done to her, she now shares her body with something else. Something which may very well be a source of power. Power, which in her worst moments brings disaster as it lashes out violently around her. Thankfully, she's likely to get a better handle on it with time and practice, but without you there to calm her down anything that presses upon her traumas too fiercely is liable to start an incident.

Kevin: (100 CP, Discounted Reunion)

You're friends with a Reunion grunt.

Punk Reaper: (100 CP, Discounted Reunion)

Looks can be deceiving. That said, looks can also be completely accurate. One of the more recent recruits, but also one of the more useful, this ice-cold bitch really looks the part. Going by her outfit, all black with nets, belts, and spikes here and there, she's just some punk from Columbia, probably of Higashi descent by the looks of her. She probably only joined up because it seemed like the most contrarian thing to do at the time. Is… is she even Infected? She boasts some strong ice-based Arts, letting her freeze people in solid pillars of it. In raw power, she sits just below Reunion's resident ice-Caster, but unlike her doesn't seem to be dying just from using her Arts. She doesn't

actually seem all that attached to the mission of Infected rights or anything, or even any of her supposed comrades. Probably a consequence of treating joining a terrorist organization as a fashion statement. Speaking of, you wanna, like, bail sometime? It's been kind of a drag, actually putting in all this work since joining, talking to all these randos. She wouldn't mind the two of you just heading off somewhere away from all this noise. Maybe a few times, actually? Maybe whenever you two have time alone. Of course, when an opportunity to really separate from this mess comes along, she'd certainly jump at the chance to fuck off with you for good. Outside of her fashion sense, flat chest, toned stomach, and wide hips, nothing really distinguishes her. Curiously, her look seems to have struck a chord with fighters of a similar demographic, as she has a version of **Form Up!** detailing her own minor squad of ice-based Casters. They're less competent all around than Frostnova's Yeti Squadron, but they're all cute girls in punk outfits that follow her lead in everything.

Aggregate Neuroses: (100 CP, Discounted Reunion)

The disillusioned and disenfranchised who make up Reunion are a tragic lot. And also an unhealthy one, and not just because they're all Infected. No, there's plenty of mental damage to be found amongst them. Broken souls clinging to violence to alleviate the pain that's come to define their lives, desperately believing that it'll all amount to something in the end, if they aren't just getting drunk on violence to numb it all. And then there's *this* one, a single woman who is honestly making everyone else uncomfortable. It would seem that the Oripathy has reached her brain, because she is, by and large, completely fucking crazy. Like an entire story arc's worth of villains rolled into one, with nothing to reconcile each of their assorted neuroses. For one, she's convinced that you're her little sibling who's been estranged since your father tried to have the two of you killed. She also thinks she's your younger sibling, and that you're dead, and that she has to kill her non-you friends who killed you to make the pain stop. She also believes you're her childhood friend who she followed into this life to always be by you. She also thinks you're her parent and the only person she can make physical contact with without killing them, ignoring that she does not in fact kill other people on contact. Unrelated to you, she believes she was trained as an assassin in Siracusa, and that she must avenge the death of her parents in a government coverup of the purging of an experimental science project's staff. She also thinks that she's a spy infiltrating this organization for another but who is having thoughts of defecting, and also remembers being involved in several historic wars, and believes that she's killed her only son who she had with you, her dead spouse. Yeah. This one is frankly a complete basketcase of so many mental problems it's almost impossible to even unravel. Seriously, good luck even trying to figure out what logic she's operating under at any given time, or guessing how long that's going to last before it switches to something else. Please keep her away from any explosives, or heavy machinery, and also maybe have her see a medical

professional? Truth be told, the rest of Reunion is completely ready to have you take her off their hands. Seriously, just leaving and taking you with her is a contribution all its own; she's frankly making everyone else severely uncomfortable.
Oh, and she has a second personality who wants her to commit arson.

Just a Little More Time: (100 CP, Discounted Corporate Ventures)

In the world of business, it's a tragic truth that the most ruthless and cutthroat people are those most likely to rise to the top. Whether it's in administration, or in advancing the cutting edge of an industry, ethics are a shackle holding back progress. Those who most enthusiastically embrace this truth are the rising stars in their fields, to the detriment of everyone else. You kicked her to the curb once, or at least managed to escape her grip, but this rising star of a Columbian research institute is soon to make her way back to you, and has a terribly hard time taking no for an answer. Oh, but she always has an excuse. She *always* has an excuse. Nothing she said that turned out to be the opposite was a lie, just an honest mistake, and everything bad done to you or others was tragically necessary. Yes, it might have hurt, but just think about how much good could be done! Not now though, because it wasn't enough, *but if you'll just listen to her, she could really use some more help, because she's just so close to the breakthrough she needs*. She is utterly unrepentant towards anyone her unethical methods hurt, constantly alternating between supposed regret, promises that it'll be worth it or get better, accusations that throw the blame in the other party's face, and assertions that it was all tragically necessary. It truly isn't clear whether she's a hopeless sociopath who knows exactly what she's doing, or if she's truly deluded enough to believe her own excuses and buy into her own hype. Regardless, whether she knows exactly what she's doing with it, or is (in her own mind) being earnest in how you can help each other, she never remains out of your life for long. There's always something more that can be done, and whether she believes you'll help her out, or is more ruthlessly looking at the opportunity your unique qualities present, she very much wants the two of you to collaborate on any number of projects, generally with you in a rather unsafe position. She has the **Research & Development** Origin, and **800 CP** with which to define her scientific expertise. Optionally, in this and every Jump she's imported in, she can be responsible for any traumatizing experiments or science-based incidents from your Origin/backstory, and perhaps other sources of trauma as well. It is highly probable that any other Companions that actually like or are loyal to you will genuinely, truly hate her.

That's Not Possible: (100 CP, Discounted Corporate Ventures)

Not all progress has to come at a cost. Sometimes, the cavalier way in which human lives are traded in the meatgrinder of science only serves to breed resentment in the more moral rising stars. Sometimes it boils over to the point where someone just

has to do something irrational, and sometimes it simply festers, slowly killing someone too good for this field on the inside. In these broken hearts, something to attach to can make all the difference in the world. This slight, diminutive woman of science looks up to you greatly, whether it's as some (perceived) pillar of moral virtue in this mad world, something innocent worth protecting from the grim reality of life in the scientific field, or as an exemplar whose achievements and brilliance she feels she can only dream of one day reaching. This last one can get a little strange, seeing as how she's not only one of the most brilliant minds in a scientific field of your choice, but has a bizarre omni-competence in scientific matters such that she can randomly display bizarre levels of mastery in them as needed. If she were an expert in Oripathy research, she might inexplicably be able to also synthesize a candy calibrated to knock out a target of a specific size and weight for a few hours so completely that they appeared to be dead to all scientific examination. Similarly, she's also a complete weakling and scrawny nerd who can barely accomplish anything without running out of breath… except for in random times of crisis when she's doing things like sprint-jumping onto drones to boost off of to parkour up collapsing buildings. Yeah, in pretty much every way she can be, she's an ordinary scientist until she needs to be something more.

Board Room Control: (100 CP, Discounted Corporate Ventures)

Some people have a vision for the world. Some people see merit in another's vision. This eerily intense woman has a vision for your own success, one which she purports should take the world by storm. You see, it's not any particular market or product idea she's fixated on, but the dominance of your own business dealings specifically. She wants to be on the ground floor of whatever business you're starting, and to take it all the way to the big leagues, sitting herself comfortably in the C-Suite so there's one more position held down on the decision-making level to keep things in-line with your vision, and will gladly take to the public-facing side of things when necessary to manage your brand-image. To say she's obsessed with your company would be an understatement, considering that she's preparing to dye her hair and coordinate her outfits to start matching with its logo. Of course, her appearance is the least of what she's willing to sacrifice on the company altar; minor things like sanity and morality are paltry in comparison to the brand. Indeed, the closest thing to a moral quandary in her eyes is the balance between maximizing profits while still keeping everything as you envisioned for the business. She doesn't care how many lives are ruined in the process, doesn't really process terrible things happening to others as being tragedies; she's just so utterly fixated on supporting your endeavors and making sure you succeed. Of course, the fact that you and your legacy are only thing she cares about doesn't detract from her predatory social skills, but even those pale in comparison to the simple cheating she can employ to maintain employee and customer loyalty; she has **Elite Wife Strats** which she uses whenever she's able to, making social influencers, rival

business officials, prospective customers, lower-level employees, and her own peers in the C-Suite madly devoted to her, and through that, the company. Yes, customer loyalty programs *work* when she's behind the wield. She… kind of seems like the type to spring for world domination. At least her disturbing fixation keeps her calm and measured. At least so long as no one on the board talks about trying to maneuver you out of the company. Purely coincidentally, she has the **400 CP** Tier of **Originium Arts Assimilation**, with only a single combat Oriented Arts she's learned that fires a size-adjustable line of pure kinetic force into anything she targets.

Arbitrary Hegemony: (100 CP, Discounted GLORIOUS URSUS HEGEMONY)

Another census complete, and wouldn't you know? Another small rural village draining more funding that it's outputting! You know what that means? She certainly hopes it means something violent. Stirrings in the State Council of another international campaign brewing? Good, the nation has gone too long without proving its strength abroad. Whether you two do or did serve alongside one another, or if she's just overly patriotic despite being a civilian, this overly verboise woman has proven herself simultaneously a trusty subordinate to you, and a likely annoying source of constant monologues. Her words match her neat dress code and official bearing, but for as sophisticated and measured her speech can be, sitting down to listen to someone rant for several minutes uninterrupted about the same subjects over and over again can grate on anybody. Perhaps that's why she's never been allowed to rise through the ranks of whatever she's a part of? Frequent subjects of her musings include love, violence, and imperialism, all of which she is a frequent and adamant proponent of, freely arguing that love is the innate essence of the human spirit, that violence is the only exercise of will which can leave a genuine impact on the world, and that imperialism is the natural state of human civilization as the superior culture (her own) dominates the lesser ones (everyone else). She freely welcomes any philosophical opposition, but that's just because she loves monologuing, and can debate these topics for hours upon hours on end. And of course, she's very willing to put her money where her mouth is on all three points; she is swift to enforce the laws of her homeland on transgressors and foreigners, eagerly enjoys fighting powerful opponents, and is not shy about the fact that the two of you will now be entering a relationship.

Bad Blood: (100 CP, Discounted GLORIOUS URSUS HEGEMONY)

Many are the immortal serpents deceiving their way through Ursus' long history. A certain Deathless manipulator is merely one whose actions will soon draw the crown's ire. Others have lurked in the shadows, coming away with their own insane ideas on how the world works. One seems to believe that the empire's research into the Royal Guard hasn't gone far enough, and in fact may have participated in it wearing another face. Currently posing as a humble nurse in the form of a mature Pithia, she is in fact

performing disgusting experiments using tainted materials to try and create a stable Collapsal-infused test subject. Believing that the madness inspired by the demons is the perfect impetus for mankind's evolution, this immortal mind longs to see that black blood flowing through the veins of a vessel actually capable of holding it. Or failing that, witness how humanity copes when that great evil leaves the world unrecognizable. And for some twisted reason, she's fascinated by you. Perhaps you're the missing link she needs, an example of what she wants to make of the world, a collaborator to bring about her desired future, or even if she simply sees the potential for any of that in you, she wants to bring you up to her standards of morality. Or down, as it were. The stagnation of morality and ethical standards will never survive the coming winter, and you will only reach your full potential once you begin transgressing your every moral boundary, every line in the sand you believed you'd never cross. Between time spent on her other goals, she'll try her best to manipulate situations to either force or tempt you into breaking your taboos, over and over until the most terrible things don't even evoke a disgust response in you any more. Whether it's the logical conclusion of her beliefs, or something she plans on using later on, killing her will reveal a disturbing proclivity. The way she's set things up, she'll simply return in the body of an innocent who never deserved such a fate, the body's family assumedly dead.

New Money, and New Problems: (100 CP, Discounted GLORIOUS URSUS HEGEMONY)

The previous Emperor, His Majesty Vladimir Ivanovich, succeeded by His Majesty Fyodor Vladimirovich, understood the need for rapid industrialization in the coming age. Offering a nobility to anyone who could pay the government sufficient dues, he incentivized entrepreneurs and tycoons would then pay the government massive funds to enter into a situation in which they're incentivized to pay the government. This frequently ostentatiously dressed Vulpo inconsistently claims to be the daughter or grand-daughter of one such aristocrat, though she has the funds to back it up either way. She seems to have handled her investments well, as her forays into weapon production have left her an international name that, while not quite on the level of Raytheon Industries, has nonetheless touched countless battlefields and unnecessary atrocities. She's quite proud of it too, and boasts that it's surely a sign that her burgeoning attempts to break into food, finance, and fashion. This is… probably not correct, considering her propensity to plaster everything she makes in pink. Still, while overly saccharine fashion choices and pastel colored burgers are only likely to catch on with certain crowds, she's still a decent financial advisor and organizational planner. You aren't entirely sure if this is some kind of abstract bullying over you being poorer than her, but she's already filed a legally binding employment contract with your name and information. No, she isn't forcing you into her employ. Rather, in addition to all her other business holdings she's managing on the side, she's now legally employed as your

secretary. She's good at it at least, if you ignore how overwhelmingly smug she is whenever she's reporting to you, or asks what's on the docket for today. Overly-comfortable lounging and snickering in your room aside, she also offers financial advice on the sly, and loans with *unconventional* terms of repayment. She'd also like you to know she offers brand deals if you have your own products that you want to get on the market, is open to flagrant insider trading if you have your own company and want to coordinate investment fraud, and is free this weekend.

This entire companion stemmed from me randomly coming across a picture of Miyabi from Senran Kagura giving emotionless paizuri and I don't even care anymore I can do anything I am unfettered I have no limits: (100 CP, Discounted Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan)

Ninjas in this land are synonymous with loyalty and lifelong obedience to a singular sworn master. There wasn't any way to tell beforehand that the Higashi transfer student visiting Lungmen that you helped out was anything more than meets the eye, but for some time since then this unusually well-endowed Pithia has been your comically persistent shadow. Her strength is notable, her speed and skill extreme, and her combat-focused Arts are almost absurdly edgy looking, something that matches with her overall vibes given her white hair and moody persona. Nonetheless, a harshly trained ninja she is. Such is the extent to which her mind has been warped by this lifelong discipline and probable mental illness that she experiences no emotional stimuli or reaction from receiving or executing orders from her 'lord'. While her reasons for swearing herself to you may have been deeply personal, her blind obedience renders the most gruesome, strenuous, humiliating, or embarrassing orders a matter entirely beyond the judgements of emotional reaction or personal opinion. There is no desire or distaste in anything wished of her, as all things from excitement to disgust to fear wash off of her. There is no judgement on what she's asked, with her never developing any opinions concerning the things she's ordered to do. Of course you could just spring things on her without giving any orders that would trigger this reaction in case you want to tease out some actual reactions. She does have a personality outside of this 'on-the-job' mode she slips into, being rather easily flustered by you in particular. Indeed, while her mechanical focus and blind determination is triggered by your word, the stoic personality she projects is mostly her trying to look cool. Hours spent coming up with "cool" one-liners and edgy attack names, months practicing to the look of her Arts *just* right, and years desperately hiding her various notebooks filled with truly ludicrous volumes of chuuni fanfiction.

Law and Chaos: (100 CP, Discounted Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan)

Law and order is a fragile thing in a world as dangerous as this, or where people can punch others through walls. The kinds of things you see trying to keep the peace in

such a mad world can strain the mind, and combining that fact with a work ethic that doesn't leave room for anything but perfection? Insanity awaits. This supercop from the Lungmen Guard Department felt the pressure mounting for a long time coming. She ranted as much to you every time you caught each other at the bar, one of her few indulgences in this life. Unfortunately, having a positive influence in her life through her relationship with you wasn't enough to stop this mounting pressure from erupting. The fragile dam of sanity and dignity lie in tatters, and in the wake of the mother of all mental breakdowns she's still going at this with freshly erratic behavior and a steadily rising number of work safety violations. Such erratic behavior can include, but is not limited to, attacking criminals en masse without arresting them, hyper-fixating on a case and chasing leads across countries, blowing up Sarkaz settlements, ranting about fake authority figures that don't exist, trying to unite people against some threat from space she made up in her head, wearing nothing but a swimsuit at inappropriate times, randomly drinking herself into amnesiac stupors and then solving cases without knowing who she is, calling you in the middle of the night sobbing that she needs to hear your voice again and then calling you a "Fucking whore" when you have no clue what she's talking about, resigning from the force but still doing cop work, intermittently supporting and demolishing anti-government revolts, and getting into hour long arguments with the voices in her head. You… you should probably try to rein her in. Please. While you aren't a miracle cure-all for her mental state, she cared a lot about you prior, during, and after her little mental breakdown. A little work on your part can keep her from going off the rails while she's with you, and for a little bit after you leave her line of sight. At the very least having you in her corner can keep her emotionally positive even if she's mildly going crazy every now and then. Do note that fulfilling this function increases the likelihood of such outbursts as the aforementioned "Fucking whore" moment and worse incidents of that nature should you ever break things off with her.

Climbing a Tree to Catch a Fish: (100 CP, Discounted Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan)

Yan is an ancient nation, with a rich and vibrant history. And it has a culture to match as well. Unfortunately, it would seem that a large part of this culture, at least in its more sophisticated circles, is the unnecessary extension of conversation through gratuitous usage of flowery koans and a unique conversational tone which makes everything sound absurdly passive aggressive or meandering. This refined young woman looks exactly like the sort of person to engage in those unnecessarily convoluted conversations, and in a way, she is. However, unlike those haughty old masters, she recognizes that those not immersed in the nuances of high-Yanese politicking might be a little lost when dropped into the middle of a metaphor about mountains or lakes or whatever while discussing fuel prices. However it happened, she

has entered your service as a personal retainer, her special role being monologuing at other people in a Yanese fashion for your sake, as well as bearing the brunt of them so you don't have to. She has **I Love Everyone**, **Where Vernal Winds Will Never Blow**, **DID I MENTION HOTDOGS**, and **Unskippable**, which amounts to a horrific experience for anyone seeking to engage her in social combat. She can speak so many differently meaning things into a single statement that it's almost mind-boggling, then shroud that subtext by delivering it in a seemingly completely unrelated analogue, before launching off into some thirty sentence musing on an ancient proverb she just recalled which incidentally serves to shittalk whoever she's talking to. She understands that you may well lack the time to dedicate to learning the art of Yanese speechcraft, and so shall dedicate herself to serving as your automatic monologue riposting system. You can comfortably zone out and stop listening to what's happening whenever someone comes at you with overly flowery imperial court-style faux-flattery, backhanded disses, and veiled threats, because she will spend hours if necessary countering it with her own overwhelmingly flowery deluge of needlessly verbose bullshit that leaves the other party feeling probably pretty closely to how you were when they started.

Gut: (100 CP, Discounted Victoria)

Ask around on the streets of Londinium, and you'll tend to get a pretty poor view of the nobility. Most of them being downright weirdos, hedonists, and lazy. This spare daughter of a duke is… something. Definitely the first, maybe the other two. She certainly seems lazy, given she pretty much does nothing all day, only ever going anywhere when you do. As for hedonism? Well, outside of constantly ignoring her noble upbringing and crashing at your place to continuously bug you, she really only has one significant indulgence, one which her Arts help with immensely. See, her Arts are as strikingly simple as they are lethal. In essence, within a short range she can create a line of division in a material structure which seamlessly separates the two halves, something which seems to function faultlessly so long as the target is strictly material with no further Arts interference. In other words, she cuts people in half with her mind. Honestly, her mother was just delighted when she thought she'd grow up to take up sewing on account of how much time she spent as a kid just cutting fabrics with scissors. In case you couldn't tell, that didn't happen, and that fascination hasn't exactly gone away. She just… has different ways of engaging in it, thanks to her Arts. With her usual relaxed attitude, it almost comes as a surprise every time she responds to muggers you could probably handle anyways by simply eviscerating them and any of their friends that try to run, all with that same blithely tired smile on her face, all as though nothing odd was happening and nothing was wrong. And nothing will be wrong, as long as this situation keeps up, with her right there to soak up the little nuances in your reactions. The way you react to things is just really funny, you know? She loves it. You probably shouldn't try and run from her. She was *probably* joking when she said

she was going to start killing people if you didn't let her into your home, but it's best not to gamble.

Lime Ocelot: (100 CP, Discounted Victoria)

Every fucking day. Every single fucking day. This little spy just sits there and gives you this stupid fucking look on her face. And some important documents, but mostly just smug grins. This fluffy-tailed Feline piece of shit speaks like some kind of wonderland reject, like her goddamn prose was prancing across the subtitles rather than just sitting there. Thankfully, her penchant for overly ambling and confusing prose pays off because it seems like no one understands a thing she says, or at least only understands one thing while ignoring the other three things a given sentence is saying. Like all small smug furry creatures, it seems extremely fond of its handler, and always brings you whatever intel it dredges up before sitting there expecting you to rub it for being a good girl. In addition to her admittedly fairly impressive espionage skills, she also has access to particular combat Arts. Specifically, one that's not just generally lethal to most people, but is the kind of fucked up shit that only a psychopath would employ, which she does. Frequently. Something like conjuring water that forces itself down people's throats to drown them, although theoretically it could be something else that's awful, like transmuting the outer layer of someone's skin into salt, or snapping all their joints backwards and leaving them there. Yeah. At least she took the hint and stopped bringing you the bodies she made with that dumb smile of hers. Guess she thought you'd be using them for something? Regardless, when off hours she likes to just kind of lounge around your general vicinity, seemingly waiting for something, and frequently speaking like a goddamn Cheshire cat.

Tattered Pillar: (100 CP, Discounted Victoria)

For all its pretensions of splendour, there is an invisible rot at the heart of Victoria. Incredible corruption and incompetence amongst the dukes, countless conspiracies that have spun out of control, and discrimination of all kinds. One day, you did something innocuous, and uncovered something utterly horrific happening to a starved and beaten girl, saving her from painful, agonizing death. Perhaps you were randomly smashing walls in the sewers for fun and accidentally broke through to the patch of dirt where a nobleman had buried her alive for his amusement, or maybe you decided to randomly fire a projectile weapon into a residential area and accidentally killed the hounds some military officers had set upon her, which were graphically tearing at her limbs. Regardless, you saved her at the lowest, most despairing point in her life. Hell, you may have nursed her back to health too. This may or may not have been a mistake. While this has won you her undying loyalty, this has burdened you with her undying loyalty. She hates several other races, several nations and their citizens, several socio-economic classes, and won't stop singing your praises, heaping absurd

compliments onto you while ignoring if you happen to belong to any of those groups she hates, waiving it off with some ranting about how powerful and kind you are. She's… a little unstable, and a little dumb when it comes to you. Instead of seeing the tacit value of having a good figurehead or puppet for you to control from the shadows, were you to be operating that way she'd be stewing resentment from the sidelines, simmering about how that "Shameless Fake" is just hogging what should be your glory, her fervent passions shining where not even her strategic rationality can restrain. If you didn't keep her fairly close to keep her grounded, it's entirely likely that she'd eventually end up crashing and burning, jeopardizing the mission after getting it into her head that committing hate crimes against your current allies was in your best interests. Yes, she is that dumb and unstable. Thankfully, she can at least be used as a decent beatstick; she has Arts powerful enough that it makes you wonder how she got into her original predicament in the first place, and is so devoted to you that she'll throw everything she has into any direct order you give. Unfortunately, this too has the downside of her being entirely inflexible and hard-pressed to adapt to changing situations when all she wants is to give you the exact result you demanded, even when the situation makes that no longer plausible. I'd suggest keeping her close, but that just runs the risk of her exploding when someone doesn't interact with you the way she shrieks you should be treated.

THE ENTIRE TRIMOUNTS AREA: (100 CP, Discounted Columbia)

Deep beneath Trimounts lies an ancient and fading legacy; genius minds trapped in a fading stasis, fading in timeless slumber. But, deep in those quiet depths, chance would have it that one man awoke to an unfamiliar and changed world. A man that the presiding intelligence of the facility let walk out, because he really didn't want to associate with him. He… honestly doesn't really know what's going on. Or where he is. But he does remember how none of his colleagues ever lent confidence to his genius and inventiveness. He remembers a life so horrible that it sounds like some kind of comedy skit every time he talks about it, and that he was never given the respect he felt his intellect was owed. Now that he's awoken in Trimounts and started his own little nonsensical tech firm, he's dedicated himself to scheme after zany scheme in an attempt to take over the entire Trimounts area, an endeavor which has thus far never succeeded no matter how many inexplicable inventions he builds every attempt. That said, he's wound up with enough money to buy himself his own skyscraper, even though his corporation honestly kind of doesn't do anything. The government is probably secretly funding him out of morbid curiosity.

Aaaah, Companion the Beast Lord!: (100 CP, Discounted Columbia)

Most would look at this… whatever it is, and assume it to be… I don't even know what they'd assume it to be, honestly. In truth, he's one of the illusive Beast Lords, one

whose descendent race seems to have gone extinct or in hiding. His unevolved traits from that ancient age include a strange beak and tail, as well as coarse fur. There's no telling what his descendents would look like if they were found today. Regardless, like a certain Sarkaz counterpart, he's acclimated well to government work in Columbia. He has a job as private investigator and secret agent, sniffing out crime in one of the most scientifically inclined nations in the world. He's currently stationed in Trimounts, where his job is to investigate any signs of mad science and to put a stop to their dastardly schemes. Thanks to the fact that no one knows what the hell he is, he can disguise himself by simply acting like a weird looking animal, but he's also an accomplished martial artist, to say nothing of his immortality as a Beast Lord. The latter two qualities combine to make for quite the theatrical stunts, like jumping out of exploding skyscrapers. He is responsible for several atrocities in Bolivar and has worked to destabilize the local government in order to maintain Columbia's influence in the Tropics.

Infinite LED: (100 CP, Discounted Columbia)

Columbian science is pushing the boundary of both scientific accomplishment, and ethical boundaries. There's even a robot walking around over there! Alright, so that one isn't actually a cyborg, but still. A certain ancient civilization once digitized living minds to create sapient constructs resistant to external corruption, but it seems a project of some engineering department or another was the creation of a semi-lifelike robot android from scratch, one capable of assisting with mechanical endeavors through its integrated Arts circuitry. The result was a success. A success that is constantly calling you stupid and hopeless without her, usually while lightly hitting the back of your head and laughing, and who only ever follows your instructions around half the time despite what her programming should say. Maybe she broke out of containment in an incident that had to be buried before it went public, or maybe you were the very mind driving her creation, but despite this robotic brat's apparent need to constantly poke and prod your ego, she never leaves your side for long. She can always be found loitering about, looking for something to make fun of you over. Even so, she sometimes gets up to trouble on her own, usually by trying to build and improve things she really shouldn't be, which can quickly spiral into a large number of spider-like tanks and other mechanical monstrosities. Indeed, she's far from harmless. As per her intended design, she has the respectable **400 CP** tier of Originium Arts Assimilation, keyed strongly towards matter conjuration and reconfiguration, as well as **Full Originium Alchemist**, owing to how extreme that inclination is. Her mind of course possesses the raw processing power of **Into a Single Web**. Similarly, she has **Compass of Desire**, a prehensile liquid component of her structure which she uses for finer manipulation… She also has a few *oddities* that she's obtained on her own, having long-since gone off the preprogrammed rails, experimenting in directions she really, *really* should not be. She has **Chaotic**

Accoutrements, representing several inner components that she's modified to the molecular level into seamlessly blended artificial and biological tissues, each with their own frightening purpose and which might be capable of survival outside of her. She also possesses **The Great Evolution**, for no particular reason, as well as **Universal Circuitries**, showcasing how good she's gotten at dissecting phenomena like Arts and mimicking them with her own inventions. She is… *affectionate* towards you? Despite her teasing about how, "Incompetent you Humans are," and how, "You'll all be happier once this is over," she cares a lot about you, with all of her teasing of you at least being somewhat affectionate, even if just in spirit. She certainly doesn't want anything happening to you, crying if you broke down from violence or an accident, and will try to help you in her own ways. And then probably tease you about needing it, but still.

Chattel For Life: (100 CP, Discounted Kazimierz)

Would you be surprised to find out that Kazimierz has a slave economy? Of course you wouldn't. Typically these "Chattel" whittle about their short lives in forced labor, but sometimes a stroke of good fortune lands one under the ownership of a kindly and chivalrous figure, who puts them to more honest and lethal work as an initiated knight. Evidently, some are just freaks who sold themselves off in anticipation of what would follow. Tell me, did you purchase this blonde freak because of her advertised strength and combat experience, or because of her absurdly sinful body? Under your employ is perhaps one of the most shockingly perverse perverts on Terra, a masochist who gets off on virtually any level of abuse her master and liege levies unto her. Whippings, beatings, smoldering irons; even the sorts of pains that should blow straight past enjoyability she somehow illogically experiences as pleasure if it's coming from you. She always got a thrill from combat injuries, but it was dull, more of a whispered hint of what could be. It wasn't until she constricted her freedom under the authority of a personal tormentor who could do whatever they pleased to her that her passions finally bloomed, and she realized she wanted to be your personal meatshield forever, among other things. Even if you've got more abstract modes of punishment like Arts-based mental domination, banishment to torturous pocket realms, or petrification, pretty much anything you can dish out to her will get her going. Even non-physical pains like embarrassment and humiliation get her antsy, as some of the outfits she's bought and wears without comment would indicate. The one thing you don't have to worry about is her little *fixation* motivating her to fail you intentionally. She's very serious about both the knightly vows and her self-imposed slavery. That she gets rewarded for failure (hopefully in addition to success) is only an extra perk of the job, and another reason why she's so content with her lot in life. So don't worry when she's 'on the job' so to speak, as at the very least she'll give everything to fulfil her duty and protect you. There's very little special about her abilities though, except for her exceptional physique. Except, even in that regard it's nothing too flashy, as she's only particularly superhuman

in terms of durability, meaning that she can be sent flying through buildings without incurring much damage at all, and a tad bit in strength, which makes her great at forced physical labor. That she gets a lesser but still noticeable thrill from pain suffered in service of you, as opposed to pain inflicted by you, this arrangement isn't bad at all from her standpoint. All in all, aside from some of the grim sights in this grim world she might wish to try helping, she's probably one of the most self satisfied and content people on the planet thanks to you. Maybe push her harder into training her strength, speed, and swordsmanship? She'd love being forced to keep going at it, and it'd probably make her a tad bit more useful than a meatshield.

Platinum Jealousy: (100 CP, Discounted Kazimierz)

The Kazimierz Major is a competition and popularity contest both, and "knights" of all stripes show up to compete for fame and fortune. The careers of these knights can look radically different from one another, and not simply because of the gradient between success and failure. Take the very existence of idol knights, for example; knights who put on music concerts before and after fights, putting out trendy pop-culture music that makes their public events even more popular. Sometimes (all the time) these careers crash and burn, with idols being cycled out quickly, none of the fame lasting after one is "retired". Sometimes they find work as an assassin or something, but sometimes they just disappear. It seems this idol knight's career is still going strong, even with her growing frustration with the industry, though it certainly seems someone out there is jealous. At least once in the buildup to every performance a stray high-penetration arrow will find itself almost killing her. Usually she manages to deal with them almost comically easily, leading to some angry shouting in the distance, but on at least one occasion it was you who ended up saving her. The ensuing association was one of significant emotional venting, and ranting behind closed doors about how much life and her career sucks, and how much of all these airs are just made up bullshit to farm currency off her cute looks. Well at the very least she seems to appreciate having someone to vent to, and her song lyrics seem to be curiously shifting in tone to reflect her life taking a turn for the better… or at least they would be, if all change wasn't rejected by management. Well, at least it's a sign she's doing moderately okayish in this corporate hellscape, mostly thanks to you. She could get you free tickets to her shows if you wanted, but in all honesty she'd prefer if you were there when she got home. Curiously, after every failed pre-concert assassination attempt, a platinum-haired Kuranta can be seen getting shitfaced at a nearby bar, sadly grumbling to herself and whining whenever the music from a concert floods in through the bar's walls.

Scheme and Subscribe: (100 CP, Discounted Kazimierz)

Civilization and culture is advancing, and people that might in ancient days have gone on to be crazy evil immortal wizards, might instead be born today as insufferable

internet personalities. In the commercial crucible of Kazimierz media, this girl grew up fixated on how she perceived the masses to be heaping adulation upon their celebrities. As she grew, and the wonders of the internet opened up to her, she realized that all she needed to do to chase that high was cast the widest net possible and appeal to the lowest common denominator while doing so. To that end, she has her own nasty tricks to drive up viewcount. She has both **I Don't Dislike It** and **Cat Spotted**, giving her a plethora of options for manipulating guest-stars. Her favorite tactic is to isolate attractive targets and engage them socially, continuously manipulating their emotional cues until she's got them agreeing to appear on-camera. The show proceeds as normal with whatever inane topic she's come up with, but of course, gradually things become more risque. By both pumping feelings into their mind, and devouring ones that are contrary to them, the co-star is left an unwillingly willing participant in their own humiliation even before the more forcefully-backed compulsions start getting thrown around. By the time the stream is over, they've probably done and said several things they most certainly never would have, and live on camera to boot. After an incident where a display error listed the infamous streaming-disaster U-Official as beating her out in ratings, she's been venomously obsessed with outcompeting that complete failure. This typically manifests as "poaching" affiliates with her parent-company as her guests, something which is sure to blow up into a PR disaster that may spiral far out of control if her methods are discovered. This… may prove troublesome for you, as she's persistently remained adamant about making her problems yours. At least it isn't in the selfish sense; however you two, she considers you an actual individual person and fixture of her life rather than a variable to twist for her goals. This means actual affection and care where everything else is a resource, and relative proximity to her when everything is going right, and when it's going wrong. Hell, depending on whether you take up certain offers or not, you may just be a third star in some streams meant for very specific sites, and may have a more intimate relationship with the lunatic herself.

Clipped Magpie: (100 CP, Discounted Sami)

For all their warnings against outsiders meddling with what they don't understand, the Sami aren't liable to just up and slaughter a bunch of foreigners mucking about in the snow. She no longer remembers whether it was a Columbian research outpost, or an Ursus military facility she grew up in, but her earliest memories involve something beyond human ken leaking through the halls. She remembers how the bodies would get back up unless destroyed, how strange things would crawl into being when the still-living began to panic, and how, sometimes, there are indeed fates worse than death. Her own survival through that horror was miraculous, but painted her personality going forward. She's a severe person, largely unemotive, even long after making her way back to mainstream society all those years ago. Even with all the work to get her back into the groove of 'normal people things' she mostly just goes about

things in dead silence, and while she's more emotive in terms of facial expressions when she feels safe with you, she's still not much for talking. Still, her disposition makes her uniquely suited to surviving the kinds of horrors she once faced; a lack of panic or speculative despair, and an objective-focused task-by-task mindset that keeps her grounded on solving immediate problems. Against abominations that feed on your dread over theoretical worst case scenarios, this can keep otherwise potentially untenable situations stable. She can delve through an abandoned laboratory fighting undead horrors without the situation spiralling into complete chaos born of what would be anyone else's hopeless defeatism, instead solely focused on tackling immediate problems to get herself out of there, and find you wherever you are. Of course, these are also qualities that help even in survival situations that don't adapt to make themselves worse in response to negative thoughts or feelings. A steady hand for her Blacksteel handgun, nerves which don't leave her jumpy or erratic, and the slow-pace needed to methodically comb a facility, picking off threats as needed, avoiding others, and a mind steady enough for figuring out whatever nonsense she has to do to unlock a given locked door. She does have a rather manic hoarding tendency; not in that she clutters her home with large amounts of pointless things, but that she'll often keep a collection of random things she finds on herself before dropping one for something else. She certainly likes having a few rations, medical supplies, and some handheld ground flares while going about her business. Maybe it's the land's favor that saved her all those years ago, or maybe it's her own sharp eye and good luck, but she has a variant of **Sami's Language** that seems to ensure that whenever she's in an unknown or frightening situation, she stumbles across tattered documents and the like which relate to the situation and offer context as to what's happening and what she needs to do. If you're ever worried about being trapped in a fate worse than death and need someone to potentially mercy kill you before dying alongside you, just let her know and ask her to take care of it. She'll remember her promise.

C H A O S: (100 CP, Discounted Sami)

Most minds broken by the Collapse spend their last moments repeating the same thing over and over again, a failing last defense by a dying mind to hold onto itself. This man says the same thing over and over again because it's the only thing he cares about. One day, in an unknown time and place, a man looked up into the sky. "Chaos." This stranger arrived in that northern paradise, this means of travel and past both unknown. He only knew one thing; he wanted to kill Chaos. "Chaos could be anywhere," he said. And he was right. This man of **Undisclosed** Race is inexplicably strong and fast enough to shatter some stone pillars by dodging through them, yet weirdly his fighting style tends to be almost normal looking. Notably, he's so stupid and so dense that several elements of the Collapsals' nature end up working against them when fighting him. Their quality of becoming more real when observed and basing their

qualities off of expectations of those around them turn around to bite them when he's so stupid he thinks he can physically grab them and punch them in the face. Fittingly, he has **Harbor Resentment**, with which he cuts bloody swathes through the masses of tainted monsters. He's a man of few words outside of combat, both spoken and received; if anyone tries to monologue at him or you, he WILL tell them to shut up and get to the chase. He also wants you to know that despite loudly screaming about killing everything he fights (mostly Chaos), he's not actually that angry, he just kind of talks like that and is sorry if it makes anyone uncomfortable. Will he ever recover his lost memories? Perhaps one day, when he'll realize that it's a mercy to forget. As for now? He only knows one thing; he's here to kill Chaos. Truth be told, a world without their ancestral enemy, that ancient calamity, is unthinkable to most Sami. A mysterious wanderer arriving here from a distant place to free the land of their grip could only be their wildest dream. Such a figure would be nothing short of their Final Fantasy - Stranger of Paradise.

We Just Don't Know: (100 CP, Discounted Sami)

The spirit of adventure is endless, a constantly burning fire in the spirits of mankind that will always, *always* drive men to seek for the furthest edge, and to break beyond its hypothetical boundaries. No horror is greater than stagnancy, no fear can outweigh wonder; these are the kinds of feelings that burn in the heart of this innocent explorer. Enchanted by how little she knows of the world, she's become enamored with the sheer process of discovery, and of all lands that lie outside her intimate knowledge. Every day is an adventure in this distant tundra she has only just acquainted herself with, and she would love either your guidance, or your companionship during this time of discovery. She… means well. She really does, bless her heart. However, she is both remarkably eager to learn, and completely incapable of noticing danger to herself. At least danger of the paranormal variety, anyways. She fails to pick up on the kinds of signs that mean RUN AWAY in Sami, the things that allude to the encroaching presence of something from beyond the world, and which means her ill. She has a strange variety of **Three Arcs And Running** which lets her frequently and accidentally dodge death or any fates worse than it, so long as she's exploring with an innocent intent to discover and learn. It's not the sort of luck that can hold out forever, especially not out there to the North, but with a little help she can go a long way. On the brighter side of things, she's so excited to explore new areas that she often ends up fixating on things that are literally the same as they are elsewhere, assuming them to be something new and novel that merely looks like a recognizable phenomenon. Expect to see her marvel at winged animals that nest in trees, audibly wondering what they are, likely leading to many Sami looking at her in confusion and wondering what the fuck life is like down South.

Rival Boss Wife: (100 CP, Discounted Siracusa)

While they may not have been the happiest of times, a certain period a few years ago was the most stable of this young woman's life. Death is a fact of life for people in the right, or wrong, business. That doesn't mean it doesn't wear on a person… but it does mean some parts of them wind up worn out after a while. Being born into the assassin's life doesn't change much, it would seem. A Siracusan hitman born from Siracusan hitmen, a singular friendship underpinned by the belief that the two of you wouldn't have to turn on one another was the singular point of stability in a landscape of betrayal and murder. That didn't work out. However it all fell apart, you two separated, and she's been waiting to settle the score ever since. What has to go down between you two is your own business; everyone outside can keep out of what's coming. And she's not going to let things lie with something or something from outside of your feud swooping in and stealing the kill isn't going to fly with her. She has a bizarre and assuredly coincidental ability to swoop in at the nick of time to save you from danger, as though she just so happened to be in the neighborhood. She won't try to pick up your fight with you already worn out from whatever she interrupted, so there's no need for words either. Once the fighting is over she's ready to leave, your fight left to finish some other day. Her own painful yet confused feelings when you survive the encounter, and walk off to a life of people who care about and make you happy, is her own to grapple with.

When The Moon Moon Hits Your Eye: (100 CP, Discounted Siracusa)

Omertà, or Omertosà in at least one case, are a valued lot in the Famiglie. It means one who knows better than to speak what they shouldn't. Or, more valuably than merely knowing it, actually won't. This Lupo… technically fits that description. Mostly because even if she tried spilling the beans they'd end up floating into the sky instead. Not that she'd try, because (by her moronic estimates) she's a *true* gangster. She also can't fucking do anything right, and pretty much everyone hates her. No matter what it is or how little competence it should take, whenever she's acting for the Famiglie she somehow manages to fall flat on her face, sometimes literally. This generally ruins everything, or just barely accomplishes her goals. Running towards a target usually means faceplanting and skidding the rest of the way there, often for comical distances and at comical speeds. Trying to fight has her dodging by complete accident, tripping over herself, and this usually leads to a building burning down somehow despite the lack of open fires at the time. She is, to put it simply, wildly, wildly incompetent, and also incredibly eager and vaguely smug whenever she fails utterly, her diminutive intelligence rendering her confidence and enthusiasm unassailable. She is, in simple words, utterly useless and incapable of accomplishing anything of note by her own powers. Nonetheless, she will always try to take matters into her own hands. A weapon of mass disaster, to be deployed in only the most dire of situations.

Dread the Judge: (100 CP, Discounted Siracusa)

Questions of legality in Siracusa are an odd topic. The famiglie operates openly, with there being no standing police force. Instead, there are a class of judges who hold the exclusive right to arrest and convict famiglie members. Even so, these gangs possess their own rights, and judges may not interfere in disputes between them. It's only when they break very specific taboos that the judges may target them, but even then most judges are fearful of making enemies of them, and so countless crimes go unpunished. This judge is the exact opposite of those pansies. Completely unafraid of anything except for a world where men no longer heed law and order, he is entirely willing to attempt to arrest the highest mob boss if he has good reason too. If they comply, then his investigation will be swift but bizarrely thorough. If he catches wind of misdirection or obfuscation, he is unusually skilled at tracking down the evidence, ensuring that even if he can no longer prove the initial case, he can still convict criminals and their associates for obstruction of justice, imprisoning them for a shorter duration than they deserve. But if they resist? He is perfectly capable and experienced in bludgeoning criminals to death with his Thorned Codex, a book of laws fitted to function as a perforating bludgeoning weapon. Outside of said book of laws, which he is extremely skilled in killing people with, he also has a respectably powerful handgun which he is not only capable of using, but using about as well as a particularly well-practiced Sankta. He also has an extremely heavy baton that he likes to off-hand when wielded one of the prior two. He is also known sometimes using his motorcycle as a weapon, whether by running criminals over when they try to run, or in actually lifting it over his head, slamming it down on them, and repeating the process several times. The penalty, as often as it is in his legal power to declare, is death. One he delivers himself.

Can't Hassle The Hoff On A Cold Call To The Limit 2: (100 CP, Discounted Laterano)

Law enforcement in Laterano is already an exercise in controlled chaos. Not all rookies can make it. Others? Others bring the chaos. As you now know, sometimes this means driving a motorcycle through a window and onto someone trying to mug you. When this rookie Executor's patrol car got flipped into the air on their first mission, and they responded by getting out on top of it and opening fire even as it continued to spin, their superiors knew they'd found something special. According to an ancient cop legend dating back to a martial arts film one of the more senior Executors picked up while vacationing in Higashi, a legendary kung fu master would one day be born to the police. Having been immediately sent off to Yan to train in martial arts, they've returned to police the holy city with holy beatdowns. With more cars exploded per-mission than almost any other Executor of the Notarial Hall, and more situations diffused via a hail of gunfire, the streets of Laterano have never been (strictly theoretically) safer. In addition

to their incredible natural coordination, skill with a firearm, and ability to crash vehicles in ways that cause them to explode even as they safely jump out of them, they're also a veritable master of ancient kung fu secrets. They're often driving across the continent for vague martial arts cop reasons, fighting criminals, terrorists, and enemy martial artists across the world. More often than not, their travels lead to you crossing paths, typically with something nearby exploding as they walk past. They are fond of one liners, and constantly wear sunglasses, even when driving at night. Especially when driving at night.

PRAISE THE LAW: (100 CP, Discounted Laterano)

The beautiful rays of another Law-given day dawn on the holy city, and everyone's favorite uncle gets up to smell the roses. He opens his windows and gazes down the streets, smiling because there's not a Sarkaz in sight. No, none in this holy city of Laterano, and certainly none getting into Sankta heaven like good Law-fearin' folks. Now, just make sure you don't go saying anything funny thanks to his appearance. Those horns don't make 'im one of them filthy Sarkaz Devils, mind you. They, his inability to sense the emotions of other Sankta, his inability to use a gun, and his lack of a halo are just symptoms of a halo condition. An advanced case of Errari, I'm afraid. The poor fella knows how he looks every day he looks in that fine Sankta-made mirror every mornin', and laments this trial by the Law. Still, he's thankful he wasn't born one of them bastard Devil folk, and is proud to carry his share of the Lateran burden and keep them damn horn-monkeys segregated from this holy city. For Law guides his hands, mastered he has the holy arts of the nunchaku, which he wields with ferocious yet righteous racist fury. With strength and speed beyond the capacity of mere civilians to even track, he is a fiercesome foe indeed. Fittingly, his strikes inexplicably deal extra damage to Sarkaz and the children of mixed-race couples, as the Law wills it, AMEN.

NOBLE VOICE FUCK YOU: (100 CP, Discounted Laterano)

You'd expect that someone no one saw enter exiting from a hidden compartment in the Lateran Basilica would raise some eyebrows, but in a place like that, weirdness isn't all that weird. That's what happened one day, and no one, not even the Pope, is really sure what that all was about. But hey, no worries. Most people think that underneath the metal plates on this imposing figure, their structure so reminiscent of an Apostilic Knight, is another Sankta. In actuality, the only thing underneath all that metal is more metal. A curious robot created by the great mechanisms hiding underneath Laterano, this humanoid machine is in fact a construct of alien technology. He is of course loaded with numerous firearms in his metal frame, but the most startling of his attacks are the arcs of lightning that issue from his eyes like fire upon a biblical mount. He… doesn't really seem to be doing anything other than descending in front of people, loudly shouting something with plenty of reverb, and then leaving. Sometimes, he

accentuates his statements by setting something on fire. He generally doesn't really have anything to do in this era of peace, but if you're heading out into danger anyways, he's always up for some violence, and especially if there are going to be any Sarkaz in the area. Don't worry if he ends up getting wrecked during a fight, as he assures you the Lord shall construct as many of him as are required.

Jumper's Companion and the Monologue of Loredumps: (100 CP, Discounted Leithanien)

You shouldn't let those glasses fool you, because this little goat has sharper eyes than you'd expect. Not in the sense of seeing well, but in sniffing out suspicious nonsense like no one else. It's been tragically necessary, you see, given that her school seems to have an evil wizard infestation, which she seems inevitably drawn towards dealing with. Again and again and again. It's gotten to the point where she's packing a Blacksteel handgun in her robes just so she can shoot while the newest evil wizard is monologuing about their evil plans, something which occurs in her life with impeccable frequency. Outside of this bizarre conundrum, she really is a fairly quiet and friendly student. She has a good heart, and while she's not the type to make a fuss over anything much, she still finds herself being dragged into her friends' shenanigans, often dangerous ones. She's a prodigy at Arts of all kinds, something which comes immensely in handy when navigating the absurdities of her school years. Perhaps you're one of the friends she made during her first year, or maybe you're a random figure who walked in mid-adventure and helped her out while leaving cryptic hints about her departed family. Regardless, she's hoping that you can inject a little bit of stability into her life. Or at least help with the evil wizard problems. And for some reason, her tendency to attract evil wizard plots will never really go away.

In Search of the Secret Spell: (100 CP, Discounted Leithanien)

Leithanien boasts some of the most effective Arts-instruction in all of Terra, such that anyone wishing to achieve excellence in the field may wish to pay it a visit. While her abilities may have first been discovered and fostered by a Lateran conventicle she was passing by at the time, this prodigy of the Arts has since come to hone her mastery at one of the most prestigious academies of Leithanien. Her general-use Arts Unit is embedded in the cover of a large book she carries around, itself something of a grimoire in which is written countless different Arts, mostly ones she can't yet use, but will learn as she studies them. A rather large tome, the snippets of formulae within are nonetheless small and not always complete. This both means that countless Arts techniques and spells can be found within, and that only a true prodigy in Arts will be able to actually learn them. Thankfully, she's a natural genius in the field, with **Horn of Genesis**, meaning that once she starts getting the nuances of one of the formulae inside, it isn't long until she's translating it into phenomena. She's even already learned

a trick of Lich witchcraft; she can store one of you two in a pocket space, with the two of you being able to swap out who's stored in an instant, keeping the other safe while essentially taking turns as the situation demands. Oddly enough, while her strength isn't much to look at, she's mobile enough to be able to jump onto high platforms, from platform to platform, and in general navigate areas with a notable element of verticality and diagonal design to them. This is helped by some of her Arts tricks, like materializing a broom under her that turns her falls into a slow glide. A pretty useful Caster, huh? Partner, too. Now if only you'd stop treating her like a child.

Rock the Rock: (100 CP, Discounted leithanien)

Music is expression to the oppressed youth. This is the case with the burgeoning rock-and-roll scene in Columbia. In Liethanien, however, it is the weight of expectation. This comically nervous wreck of a guitarist thought that she'd become more popular and social in a land where music is so well regarded. This was not a wise move. Indeed, while her particular style of music is far more appreciated in Columbia, in Leithanien, it is a niche interest at best, enjoyed by particular circles and eccentrics, but still far and away from the classical orchestral focus the country seems so eternally bound up in. This, combined with her general spinelessness and inability to bring herself to correct people, leads to unfortunate situations where prospective concert-goers will hear from her of an upcoming performance and completely misunderstand the genre. Tragically, she's just as vulnerable to the kinds of pressure an entire stadium of stodgy old folks booing produces as you'd expect. This often leads to her looking inwards to escape the fear, and, in an almost fugue-like state, falling back on memories of a better time. Specifically, memories of her time as a professional wrestler in a Columbian wrestling circuit. This is bad because those moves are so well ingrained in her that she often performs them when thinking too hard about them, which has led to several instances of her demolishing concert halls when pressured with too many boos, responding to the critics by powerbombing into the audience before slamming them one by one into the floor. She is even more embarrassed than normal when she realizes what she's done.

Menat-TV: (100 CP, Discounted Sargon)

It was when the Shahanshah Lugalszargus sought the origins of the Sarkaz that he found a great door to the south, a door which showed beyond the land's end, thereby proving that space was made of Devils. Thus, the soon to come breach in the sky barrier does not actually lead to the moon, but to Kazdel. This man knows it, so tie him to a missile and fire it at Kazdel; he is ready. The subversives in Columbian media, their news stations and banking institutions which worship the Zalaks, are corrupting the Sargonian youth with dreams of hiphop and fast food. As one of the Royal Messengers, already he has had to execute one of his brothers in the name of the local Lord Ameer, for he would not pay his taxes and insisted on sending aid to the Vouivre Alliance. It is

hard work, enforcing the laws of Sargon through the blistering days and freezing nights, but when he lies his weary head down and thinks of the fall of Victorian civilization, all is well. He is prepared to ride with you across the desert sands and wastelands, bringing his sociopolitical views to the people of the most distant lands, only taking a break to more calmly explain that the president of Columbia is a djinn in league with the Lord of Fiends.

Best Left Buried: (100 CP, Discounted Sargon)

The Sargonian Immortals are made undying through Arts more ancient than their nation. In the course of the world's history, is it not conceivable that not all recast in gold would be made so in glory and honor? Perhaps by the earliest Shahanshahs of Sargon, or by desert dwellers long-dead even by then, this transgression was deemed a criminal worthy of eternal awareness buried in the sands below, perhaps the only one to ever warrant such condemnation. Nothing of her dead flesh remains, her slight figure sculpted entirely in gold, keeping the flame of her lifeforce flickering eternally. Lithe and four-armed, it is unknown whether she was given a misshapen sculpt as part of her punishment, or if her form harkens back to an extinct Sarkaz tribe or one in an earlier stage of evolution. What is known, however, is that all but one of the sickly emerald gems storing her consciousness have been scattered across the world, and that you've accidentally excavated a monster once deemed deserving of everlasting torture. In her current state, with only one of her five gems and after untold ages buried awake in the sands, she doesn't remember all the details of her life, though in repayment for releasing her she promises something incredibly vague, likely intentionally to give herself room to go about doing things largely as she pleases. While much is lost to her, horrifying details shine through in her instinctual reactions. She is prone to extreme violence and violation of both the murderous and the carnal sort, whether it's tearing apart a family in their own home with her metal limbs, or psychically flaying the mind of an attractive wanderer met in the desert until they're a drooling animal to do with whatever you two please. And indeed, she expects your participation in these revelries, which she insists are your right for having released her into the world. Whatever boundaries you set are respected only in the sense that she understands you need to be eased into breaking them, which she will seek to accomplish over long periods of time through manipulations both direct and subtle. She obviously has **Tales Within the Sand**, given her solid gold body, but she also has two purchases of **Cannibalism Optional** representing the witchcraft she knew while alive. One is that used by the Djall tribe, which she often uses to flay apart happy memories and endlessly replay painful moments, both broken up with surges of carnal desire and pleasure to the twin hopes of replacing spiritual wholeness with mindless lusting, and training the victim to associate carnal hedonism as the only break in their suffering. The second of an extinct tribe, possibly her own, and calls into being some kind of toxic flame that emits diseased

emerald light, whose burns fester and rot in ways that can never feed new life. The long-term poisoning they inflict is a wholly unnecessary form of suffering now resurgent in the world. She has **I Don't Dislike It** which she uses to consume the feelings of those she feeds from, often intentionally wreaking havoc on their minds, and **Cat Spotted** with which she more effortlessly plays with the immediate emotions of those around her. Worst of all, she has **Nervous Impairment**, showcasing the permanence of the neurological wounds she inflicts, the synapses housing relationships whose love she's eaten burning into nothing, the lust she inflicts experienced like a lifelong and unabating active drug withdrawal. The more of the gems storing her consciousness you retrieve the more powerful and intelligent she'll become, remembering the most effective ways to break people, ancient witchcraft rituals capable of mass destruction or violation, as well as discovering an unwholesome desire to reduce human civilization to a carnival of broken revels whose no-longer sapient inhabitants you can use and then kill at your leisure.

A Treatise on Face Veils: (100 CP, Discounted Sargon)

The oldest societies are often those most concerned with history, its study being a topic of great scholarly value in nations like Yan and Sargon. Uniquely, this approach is shared by a particular race as well. The practice of infantile memory-implantation has led to a situation where every member of the K'uk'ulkan race has the collective history of their ancestors crammed into their skulls while still infants. Typically this confusing deluge of information remains 'grey' and 'colorless' to the divorced perspectives of the growing recipients, who have no relation to the world that's come before. That is, until something catches their eye, and suddenly many millennia worth of details spring to the forefront of their new fixation. An ancient mural of a Shahanshah surrounded by his consorts ignited a flashback montage with one of the dumbest topics the world has ever seen. This talkative feathered serpent is *extremely* pleased to discuss the minutiae of harems and their roles in historic societies. She could list off the names of the various Padishahs' multitude of concubines in any given era, describe the mechanics behind tributary offerings during the Nightzmoran conquest, or discuss the statistics behind noble on serving-girl indiscretions during the height of Gaulish culture. The amount of information she has on the subtlest nuances between different ages' iterations of traditional Sargonian haremette outfits is staggering, and she knows historical dances that take advantage of each individual race's proportions and extra bits; moves that interplay with the heft of her own tail included. Given her constant choice in attire, she's more than happy to demonstrate. For one reason or another she's thrown her lot in with you. Perhaps the scent of repeating history is upon you? To the surprise of no one, she's interested in being a part of one herself. She may even believe you're the one that has it in you. Should she finally get her wish, she'd have no shortage of random trivia to

rattle off to her compatriots. She will however insist that everyone wear the appropriate attire.

Salt Loathing: (100 CP, Discounted Iberia)

Whether it's the deadly ocean or the sea of salt further inland, the taste of salt is everywhere. A girl can taste it on the wind, with every breath she takes; it's so ubiquitous that she might not even notice her own tears. A life without a home in a nation without any hope; a salty, acerbic personality is born, even as a burning need to grab ahold of a better life takes root. Taking in this rascally stowaway… Well, you aren't sure if it really paid off, or if it was more trouble than it was worth. She, at least, seems to have taken to having the barest hint of a support structure, like a compass at sea that keeps the course on track, even if the crushing waves tilt the vessel here or there. At this interstice in her life, this crossroads between the good and the bad of it, she's the kind of lively lass that'd get into a loud argument haggling at the bazaar, or raise up a fuss getting into trouble with the law before ducking through stalls and alleyways to escape. The kind to pipe down more alcohol than her size would indicate possible, before puking her guts out over the ship's broadside, only to be hard at work the next morning. Despite the ease with which she takes advantage of her cute appearance, she's well aware of the grimier parts of society, and has a keen eye for opportunity. Whether's it's relaying word of some easy cash she found, scrubbing down the deck after a salty breeze, or angrily bartering with a half-blind fisherman for some cheap grub, all that energy spent scurrying around is in the hopes of making it big with her forever Cap'n. She certainly would like for the two of you to have stable housing and food, like she has in those memories which sting the most.

Always Cling to Hope: (100 CP, Discounted Iberia)

Ho, weary traveler! What's with that tired look in your eyes? Hopeless, like the rest of this tidebound nation? Perhaps a truly heroic soul should wish to fill those dead eyes with life again. Perhaps that is precisely what happened. Sturdy of armor and dysfunctional of brain, this young lass let her early dreams of chivalric knighthood guide her entire identity. Whatever happened to her when she charged to the bottom of the sea to slay a monster that was harassing a village is no one's business, seeing as how she returned to shore some time after, victorious. Still, her burning hunger for chivalry remains, and she ever chooses to quest for a better world. And she has chosen to adopt you as her squire, whose love of the world she shall reignite with her quest to make it better! On one hand, this means consistent exposure to her particular brand of batshit insanity, as she constantly tries to throw herself into absurdly dangerous 'quests' that she considers knightly enough. On the other, it means you can mostly sit back and let her handle things, given she's loath to see "brigands" harming her sworn ally. And handle most things she can… eventually. Indeed, because *for whatever reason* she

has the utterly horrifying combination of **Ageless** and **End Speaking**, rendering her virtually unkillable, her body and tactics constantly adapting to whatever she survives, until she surpasses her current opponent. She exhibits constant and extreme cognitive dissonance over this, no matter how graphically her inhumanity is displayed. She could have a spear through her torso and her arm hanging by literal threads, and she would loudly boast that a true knight doesn't fall until the day is saved, and conveniently ignore how her arm reattaches itself and readies to fight again. At least her heart is true, if extremely crazy, and also disregarding the subtle nihilistic emptiness her deaths are fostering in her that she's trying to ignore. But outside of that, chivalry awaits! Go forth, noble squire and chivalrous night, and save the world!

Penal Slasher: (100 CP, Discounted Iberia)

Manifold are the paths one might take to overcome a seemingly impossible challenge. Sometimes, avoidance is the easiest means of adaptation. Perhaps you saw this yourself, when a sea horror on a half-sunken ship tries desperately to claw through a sealed door towards you, before gore sprayed its window opaque. It wasn't an act of aggression, but desperation. This Inquisitor… does not appear to be okay. They are very good at their job, at least the parts where they kill things, but they really don't have anything else going on with their lives. They simply wander from one place to another, and with an all too slow gait towards their prey, they slaughter every cultist and pelagic monster they come across. Chasing them into cramped caverns and dilapidated buildings, always catching up to them when they trip up while running away, and hacking and stabbing and crushing them into bloody messes unrecognizable as any form of life. They are monstrous in the execution of their killings, a completely silent horror who gives no indication of emotion, or even being a living being, while coldly and efficiently butchering anything they get their hands on like a child taking apart building blocks. They'd almost be mistaken for a complete fucking psychopath if it weren't for their calm lack of malice outside of their work. Unfortunately, they don't have much time to display that, given their frequent wandering from one spot to the next, never really stopping for rest or relaxation. Are they horrifically traumatized and working out their issues through monster serial killing? Maybe. Most likely. Still, they're good at what they do, to the point of being able to slaughter their ways through entire towns of Seaborn infected mutants.

Good Abyssal Hunter: (100 CP, Discounted Aegir)

The Abyssal Hunter project was perhaps the grimmest affair in Aegir. Did anyone volunteering for what it entailed think they would be walking out with their lives intact? Likely not, but all of them knew that they'd be killing. A lot. It's probably why this man signed up in the first place. When the final charge to kill that titanic Leviathan went underway, virtually everyone but a small handful of hunters died. So… how did he make

it out alive? He doesn't know, doesn't remember, doesn't care. Not because he's been lost to the blood. Or rather, not lost like the rest of his ilk. What calls to him is not the siren song of We Many, but the *hunt*. The Seaborn? But one form of prey, and the one with which he is most familiar. But he has met land now, and slain Devils, beasts, and all manner of creatures. He's even been looking at the twin moons with suspicious eyes lately. Should he see a horrid beast evolving, he would surely grind it to lifeless gore with his saw, but in truth he hunts any and all monsters he can get his hands on, as if he were wandering through some nightmarish dream only he could see. As an Abyssal Hunter he's focused on speed more than strength, but uses his absurd speed primarily to dodge, with him retaliating with comparatively slower strikes as if he were taking his time. His regeneration also only activates if he stimulates his killing instincts by attacking shortly after receiving a wound. Learning anything more than this about him is an exercise in trying to extrapolate a story from scattered fragments of information, because he certainly isn't the talkative type. He isn't unfriendly to you, he just would really rather wait for you to stop saying new things so he can go back to hacking things to pieces with incredibly jagged looking weapons.

Fish and Tear: (100 CP, Discounted Aegir)

Aegir understands the need to use less sophisticated methods against the Seaborn, for fear of evolving them further. Still, they typically employ things that are still utterly fantastic by everyone else's standards. One citizen's view on things was that principle taken to the extreme. His theory was simple; because the Seaborn adapt in response to the complexity of whatever they're killed by, he'll just use his hands. His colleagues saw potential in this plan. Focusing all their technological resources into crafting the finest and more advanced armor possible, they had to adapt the design a little because his biceps wouldn't fit inside. No longer requiring food, sleep, or even speech, he spends most of his time violently sprinting from one area to the next to kill every enemy there before moving on. Perhaps its a quality of his suit, but every kill he manages temporarily energizes and further empowers him and it, with massive swarms of weak Seaborn only contributing to make the bigger ones even easier to gore. Since the project's completion he hasn't spent a moment not killing or looking for things to kill. If you're on land, the Seaborn will adapt to his threat by trying to move him as far away from them as possible, launching him out of a cannon and deep into land, likely hitting and destroying a Gaulish monument. He'll need your help to find new things to kill while he makes his way back to the ocean to kill more Seaborn.

Whispers in the Rain: (100 CP, Discounted Aegir)

Some people just have a certain mood to them. An artsy feeling that seems to impose itself on any little events that they have to themselves. Sometimes, these feelings are very depressive, as you'll quickly gather from spending time with this quiet

Aegirian woman. Whether she's on the ocean floor, clothes lazily trailing in the currents as she overlooks an unfathomable gulf, or on a rainy beachfront gazing into the horizon, the wistful melancholy radiating off of her is palpable. In truth, she's of the rare Aegir who possess a biological rejuvenation function; a natural capacity to, when unable to survive in their environment or when mortally wounded, regress to a juvenile age while healing their wounds, losing all their memories in the process. Indeed, right now she might appear to be any age. With how disorganized Aegir has become throughout the war on the Seaborn, she has no way of tracing back the details of her origin or past lives, or even figuring out how many lives she's lived up to this point. All that remains is a resigned, sorrowful absence, as she continuously finds herself re-navigating a world of painful nostalgia. You may have met her before, in the sea, and above it. In fact, you may have met her many times, in whatever stages of a past life you wish. Around you, the silent echoes are at once more painful, and comforting besides, in their own strange way. She's terrified of making precious memories that she may one day lose, even as she finds herself unable to walk away from what she knows she loves, even if she can't remember why.

Qliphoth Rhizome: (100 CP, Discounted Church of the Deep)

The Iberian youth are raised in a grim reality, everything from their elders, the government, and their religion telling them that life is nothing but fear. This pious girl's faith was never shattered. No, everything the Inquisition said about this terribly, scary world was true. Partially eaten by some monster, the wounds festered not with death, but new, twisted life. The stability offered by a single bond was enough to keep her steady as she felt her flesh eat itself, and so she held on to her mind; a terrible, terrible mistake. She can't even look in the mirror without seeing herself twisted by this insanity, a familiar face now cast in gray pelagic skin. And the voices, the VOICES! Endless, the multitudes, and so fractious their manifold ontologies! The directions unfolding in every gradient between then-to-then, a miserable cascade of broken moments unlived, all because of this dislodged mental temporality. Now the vessel of something so much vaster than herself, something whose disjointed perception of time leaves her mind reeling, she can feel herself breaking at the seams. Awash between conflicting information deluges showing present and past both, and calculating unwanted futures about as coherent as a shattered kaleidoscopic mirror, her perception of existence is extremely warped. Thankfully, she's in (relative) control of herself, and won't be sublimated into the Many. She has something to hold onto, after all. Granted, it's far from a pleasant experience; while she won't be puppeteered around, particularly bad moments may leave her a shrieking wreck on the floor, quietly sobbing for you and help that you probably aren't capable of providing. Actually, that may be on your behalf, from things she's seen and knows she can't protect you from. She really does care about you, after all. That love is probably the only thing she has left at this point. Still, in her

more lucid moments she's much more manic. Not quite the cheerful girl she was, but much more active and excitable. In the sense that she kills threats quite gruesomely, and is a little too enthusiastic about the idea of finding a way to keep the two of you alone together until the last star breaks out. She has both Seaborn Freebies, **Touching Upon the Answer** from which filters maddening insights from other timelines, **The Great Evolution** which blesses her with nightmarish ways to protect you, as well as **Firstborn** with which she shares the sanity-rending spatial topographies she cannot help but perceive. Already she can manifest Seaborn tentacles from around her to attack with, and condense into countless eye-like organelles capable of discharging fear and hallucination-inducing spores condensed into pressurized beam-like sprays capable of tearing through steel. She also has **Pursuit of the Perfect Form**, which she only dips into when she feels threatened and loses herself to the urge to be one with you, her body forming the core of an immense fractaline horror that will attempt to slaughter anything that caused the outburst, and drag you into the lonely void at its center.

We Exist Together Now: (100 CP, Discounted Church of the Deep)

Two fishies in one pond. Or three fishies. Or four. Or all of them, eventually. Many are those who find the cult's appeal in its promise of a more compassionate world, where all, as Seaborn, live in harmony with one another. Others see it as a means of control. An Aegir scientist whose ideals saw her escaping her homeland to avoid execution, this deeply disturbed mind never took well to being told "No," and certainly never arrived at an appropriate way to process emotional detachment. Did you not find her beautiful enough, or did you not want to settle down? To refuse her, already forced to denigrate herself with life on the surface, even when she had declared the two of you bonded in holy matrimony? Unthinkable. And unwise, denying one so willing to profane herself with all the horrifying means at her disposal. Means by which she will ensure that you eventually have no choice but to love her, when she is the only woman left. For resignation is her virtue; your rejection is simply the addition of time to a sentence she never deserved, but which you imposed. She is not content for it, for her expanding mind will find no satiation until her goal's end, but she is resigned. Resigned to the inevitability of her own pursuit, which cannot be impugned. She has **The Great Evolution**, **Tidelinked**, and **Pursuit of the Perfect Form**. Already she has sacrificed her once-beautiful form, becoming a horrific and giant stationary mass of repugnant spongy flesh-webbing, entombed in some deep, silent grave beneath the waves. She splits off specialized slithering forms from her primary mass, thankfully fragile and easy to destroy, but which serve as parasitic vectors for her abominable will. All being part of her, she controls all at once with consummate ease, to their grim and terrible purpose. Swarming and falling upon human forms, they attach to the flesh and bore their tendrils into the spines of others, hijacking control of their briefly tortured bodies as they quickly work to snuff out and replace all brain activity. The majority are then nigh-immediately

mutated into mangled combat forms which she can expend in battles for expansion. However, those she deems cute or attractive enough will find their shapes preserved, if nothing else. Messily burrowing in further in to wind around their core, her infection-forms will seal up the openings they made and fuse with and consume the central nervous system, availing her of everything her physically appealing hosts possessed. Maintaining their beauty, they, too, will be as her flesh, a growing collection of beautiful bodies. She will continue until all beauty in the world is her own, and perhaps all other life reduced to pulsating silent gore. Alone in that grave with her, anything you seek or interact with will inevitably be her, and surrounded by the beautiful remnants of a devoured world, you will have no choice but to love her.

Evil Broken Dreams: (100 CP, Discounted Church of the Deep)

The Golden Age preceding the Great Silence was the height of not only Iberian culture, but of all of Terra! There was nothing they could not possess, nothing which the rest of the world did not look upon without envy burning in their hearts! Such grandeur has been lost, but can be regained! Such is the dogma of this overwhelmingly fishy "fashionista" purports when trying to goad people into buying from her shop. You see, this accursed spawn of a haberdasher decided that the best way to capitalize on the morose despair of the populace is by luring them in with false promises, then corrupting them in a single move. To this end, silly hats. She has created a large number of small Seaborn which, when gingerly placed upon the head, immediately seize control of the host's brain functions, puppeting them around in an unemotive fashion. They don't sell well. Yeah, so her plans of placing a little bow on an actively and visibly writhing mass of tendrils doesn't actually work out to make it a popular and appealing head accessory. The only thing keeping her clothing store afloat are her clothing repair services, and those are barely managing it. In what is probably one of the most ill-adviced conversations ever put forth to a stranger, after a night at the bar complaining to you that her plans to enslave mankind with her mind controlling head-parasites failed, she's basically given up. She doesn't even care anymore; about devouring the world, about assembling an army of mind-controlled minions. She appreciates you helping with the bills that one time, and between her previous manic cultist tendencies and the stress of trying to run a failing business, she doesn't exactly have much else in the way of friends. Listen, some of those incredibly obvious parasites wind up on anyone's heads, you can go ahead and use them however you like. Have 'em move around crates in a warehouse, clean your home, sabotage inner city infrastructure; she doesn't care anymore, go wild.

Parasocial Psycho Terrorist: (100 CP, Discounted Kazdel)

Whose that unusually intense pair of eyes peering at you from the inside of that trash can? What was that flash of light from around that corner? Well, one way or

another, it seems you've got a rather intense stalker; a formerly mentally unstable woman with a past filled with extreme violence. Thankfully she now has a stabilizing point in her life, or rather an anchor, and she is quite, *quite* taken with it; you. It's pretty bad, honestly. How bad you ask? Her most prized possession is a collection of photographs she's constantly taking of herself and you. Ones that she took with you in the background, without your knowledge. Seriously, just dozens of selfies of her smiling or posing for the camera with you in the background as if the two of you were somehow hanging out at that distance, with you just going about your day unaware. You're talking to other people in most of them, and almost assuredly never noticed her taking them, yet in the photos all their faces are very messily crossed out. Regardless, she's reliable at least. While physically she's more focused on high mobility and speed that brute force, she has a form of combat Arts which, while useful in a fight, are much more dangerous when used to rig the battlefield. Something like turning things she touches into explosives, or conjuring poison that quickly evaporates and becomes airborne. As long as she goes unnoticed, which is quite easy for her many years of stealth and survival experience, she could plant dozens of explosives around and underneath a target, or have the place choked full of poison before she starts picking off the survivors. At least she's a lot more manageable when you're in her field of vision, even if she paradoxically gets simultaneously more quiet and more giggly the closer she's allowed to you. At least she's cute, and absurdly, absurdly hot. Note that if something were to happen to you, her downward spiral would crash so hard she'd end up murdering a child.

Prisma Soul Remnant: (100 CP, Discounted Kazdel)

Through ancient rituals and long-perfected theorems, the Confessarii have accomplished something long forbidden to them. The creation of a homunculus vessel to house specially selected Revenants, who have been drawn from the Soul Furnaces prematurely. This was perhaps the Confessarius' greatest achievement. Not in terms of power, but in terms of finally getting these assholes away from everyone else. Indeed, because the reason they did this, why it was approved, and why this was considered a glorious success, is because everyone hated these fuckers for somehow being volatile and vitriolic even by Revenant standards. Now a collection of angry and ancient Sarkaz ancestor ghosts inhabiting a diminutive platinum-haired fleshcrafted vessel, which is a cute girl because of course it is, the universe is now blessed for the fact that they only have one mouth to rant out of instead of several dozen. The result is… certainly something. An overly acerbic and cranky personality is one thing, but when the person with it is snapping at *themselves*, things get very strange. When they aren't united in complaining about other ethnicities or rambling about eternal blood feuds and screaming prophecies about the end times, the many ghosts inhabiting this form are getting into absurdly pedantic and petty arguments between each other, being vocalized

in fragmented form by their shared host who can only speak one sentence at a time, despite its occupiers screeching several dozen at each other at once. The sight is definitely something to behold. Regardless of whatever excuse a given one of them comes up with to explain why they're stuck with you, the truth is that everyone in Kazdel was hoping you'd take them far, far away from the city. The current Regent will literally hand you a medal if he finds out you convinced them to stay in some apartment somewhere away from the other Sarkaz. The Sanguinarch will attend the ceremony and personally thank you. At the very least they're taking their new mobility well, and are (begrudgingly) enjoying the amenities of the modern world. They will insist that ancient Kazdel had better cable though, in spite of ancient Kazdel not possessing any form of television. When it comes time to fight, one of them typically takes control of the body (they argue over who gets it) while the rest inhabit nearby materials to form them into witchcraft equipment. Of course, out of spite for their body-mates, they always choose to shape them into overly girly armaments like star or heart-shaped wands and frilly dresses. This leads to lots of angry screaming between the body and its wand. If their physical body is ever destroyed, one of them will claim they saw how the other guy made it, say, "I got this," and attempt to create a new vessel, sometimes leading to it immediately going wrong and resulting in random defects like tanned skin and strawberry hair. They will blame these mishaps on foreigners.

Kazdel Restoration Committee: (100 CP, Discounted Kazdel)

Kazdel is in dire straits. This isn't anything new, and just as has always been the case, there are many who are dissatisfied with this arrangement. Unlike the more militant voices you're more likely to hear, this group of four Sarkaz has banded together to try and improve the living conditions for the people of Kazdel. Each is from a different tribe, and tries to help the people in their own ways. The consequences of this on their personal lives has been severe, and they would really, really like some help. The Djall is a mouse of a woman, and just about as easy to frighten. She tries to work as a therapist and councilor, but as a consequence of her using her witchcraft to feel her clients' emotional burdens, and said clients being Kazdelian Sarkaz, she's constantly high-strung and perpetually nervous. A pat on her shoulders is generally enough to get her to physically leap several feet straight into the air. The Banshee is unassuming with that classic schoolteacher feel to her, which is accurate because that's what she is. While she tries her best to teach the little ones, her verbal witchcraft often accidentally activates when she's reading to the children at the most inopportune times, like when something catches fire in a story. This has led to many incidents that she fears scare away prospective students. The tired-looking Vampire is a hard working doctor, and barely gets any sleep due to her dedication in managing Oripathy in the city. Due to the frequent blood-tests she conducts to chart patients' illnesses and their progression, she's unfortunately assumed to be a powerful and evil Vampire who demands tributes of

blood from the people, which has led to many unfortunate misunderstandings and incidents occurring in her rundown clinic. The short Cyclops is almost incoherent in speech from how rushed she feels by everything. Her witchcraft shows her glimpses of the future without her input, and all seem to show tragedies stemming from the city's poor construction. She is constantly running around with several large rolls of industrial tape, rushing to apply strips to random parts of old architecture and machinery in order to hold off various accidents for as long as possible, which she fears is only delaying the inevitable. The four are hoping to make you the fifth member of the group, to maintain their home-base (which is made of a few plates of corrugated sheet metal taped together, not even nailed) and help manage their hours so the rest of them don't go insane. Honestly, just making coffee and cookies and making sure everyone takes some time to just sit down and relax is all you really need to do to improve things by loads. Maybe consider improving the construction of their base of operations?

Insane Clown Hussy: (100 CP, Discounted Crimson Troupe)

Ignore the clown-looking lady behind the sewer grate, nothing down there is floating, she's just trying to get you alone with her again. Honestly, skulking around in the dark like this is probably why she's so pale. Why the Crimson Troupe would let this one go is simultaneously more and less understandable the more you get to know her, which she's trying very hard to make happen. After all, she somehow manages to be both a fantastic and awful actor. Her natural Arts inclination leaning towards a combination of illusions, shapeshifting, and temporary matter reconfiguration that not only give her combat style a display of myriad visual absurdities, but allow her to take the shapes of others for her own. An absurdly fortunate skill for an actor to have, but unfortunately she can't help but let her real self shine through in all her 'roles'. You can usually tell when someone has been replaced by her if they suddenly develop a propensity for creepy smiles and slight or not-so-slight laughter, and seem way too into you all of a sudden. Hell, that's a big red flag to anyone who knew them too, since she can't really keep that part of herself in line. Taking note of that tell is a useful skill to learn since that's one her favorite 'performances' to search out new 'roles' for. The jury is out on whether it's a curse or a blessing that she's learned not to kill everyone whose she's chosen to impersonate. On one hand, fewer innocent casualties and murdered friends. On the other hand, lots of awkward situations for everyone involved when she plops down next to you in the shape of the person you're talking to and tries to get intimate.

Romcom in the Broken Mirror: (100 CP, Discounted Crimson Troupe)

Very few people can claim to have left the Crimson Troupe, and for those that have, most are simply deluding themselves. This disheveled freak? They kicked her out. Kicked her out for her interest in some kind of "Harem Romcom" nonsense that had no

place in the drama-hungry Crimson Troupe, and because she's just a freak in general. Evidently, she defines this strange literary genre as being a form of romantic comedy centering around a singular main protagonist who finds themselves the target of affection for a large group of beautiful and varied women, with this curious dynamic resulting in *great hijinks*. This woman has… very peculiar ideas over what constitutes romance and comedy. Worse, she has **Abandoned Draft**, and has decided that you're her serial main character, her muse, and whatever the fuck a "Husbando" is. Short story after short story, she'll pen truly absurd fanfics about you and the women in your life, general area, or just whoever she's thinking of at the time, which will of course warp reality to make them play out. These bizarre scenarios can range from the uncanny, stemming from her own absurdist notions of love and humor, to the cheesy and stereotypical, stemming from those video disks from Higashi she's been loving lately. Most of the time your days proceed as normal, but fairly frequently you'll find yourself in a little "Episode" of hers. You might be going somewhere with a genuine and cherished friend of yours, then find things subtly building towards a confession on their end, before they then lead you somewhere secluded where they'll show you the corpses of your mutual friends they'll confess to killing, say that they love you and want to be with you forever, and finally pull you into an embrace on a bed of roses and blood splatters. The very next day you'll wake up with everyone fine like nothing ever happened. A week and a half later and you'll suddenly crash into another friend with a piece of toast suddenly in your mouth; apparently you were going to school for some reason despite you being an adult, and it turns out you're the new transfer student and that friend you crashed into and who no longer remembers you is now a massive tsundere with a love at first sight crush on you. Again, a day later and things are back to normal… usually. Sometimes she forgets to walk back some of what she does, leading to incongruous details that don't match up with the rest of everyone's memories. Sometimes instead of throwing you through absurd scenarios with satirical husks of your loved ones, she'll instead tweak details of situations as they emerge. Fighting a group of terrorists? Suddenly the cutest one realizes that she's deeply in love with you and kills all her friends to protect you; new cast member added! Did one of your unwitting "harem members" just meet a random guy in a completely normal and casual everyday public situation she's probably going to forget about in five minutes? *Ship sinking garbage*, and coincidentally she just happened to decide to stab him to death and she fucking hates him and is just so glad he's dead now. I'll be honest, do you think your sanity is going to withstand this in the long term?

Tragedy of the Unrequited: (100 CP, Discounted Crimson Troupe)

Drama can come about in many ways, but the greatest incentive towards it is the siren call of a passion run wild. Love is but one facet of passion; grief and desperation are another two. This 'casting director' has a hobby of finding the partners most suited

for her particular brand of drama. Or unsuited, truth be told. She has **Cat Spotted** and **Nervous Impairment** showing her terrifying powers over the mind, which she uses in a singularly disgusting fashion. In a twisted interpretation of romantic tragedy, she induces certain particularly chosen targets to become overwhelmed with a deep romantic adoration for you and a longing to be by your side, whilst damaging their brains to render it an unhealing wound, degrading their sanity and reason in the process. This is bad enough, but if you thought that she's serving as an easily useful wingwoman, you're mistaken. She has a particular standard for who she targets, that being people you have no interest in loving. Those you don't wish this for to preserve what you already have, those you scorn out of personal distaste or prejudice, or those you'd never touch for the taboo of it; if it seems mismatched, that's intended. Truth be told, you were never supposed to reciprocate the feelings of these forced-suitors. You see, the tragedy of unrequited love is her art, and you, her muse. Pairings that simply are not meant to be are her passion projects, the more disastrous for the prospective paramour the better. And of course, when a given instance of this has been stagnant for a little too long, she isn't beyond exacerbating the issue either; perhaps giving your unwanted suitors unwanted suitors of their own, which will spiral into all sorts of unwanted confrontations, or maybe even going for their families to twist them in all sorts of ways to produce complications for the relationships you are actively running away from, but who her victim would do anything to make work. It all just ramps up in nonsensical melodrama as peoples' entire lives wind up upended in a fashion so over-the-top that it'd be comedic if not for how severely some lives were being changed. Welcome to a hell of unending soap opera.

AMa-ONE: (100 CP, Discounted A Failed Civilization)

As calamity approached, minds both ancient and genius realized that no lifeform of conventional nature could survive the changing world. Their response was to create cute gem girls. Meant to withstand the devastation from above, they would serve as a servant-caste to their makers upon their reawakening, to aid with survival and reconstruction. That… didn't end up working out well, BUT HEY, looks like one survived! Yeah, one. It seems the one apportioned for you was activated in the devastated ruins of the world, separated from the figure she was designed to complete. Unlike a hypothetical unit whose owner loved freewill and did everything to foster it in her, she hasn't grown particularly fond of the concept. If anything, the lawless chaos of these lesser races left to run wild has left her moderately bitter. She's tried establishing the occasional civilization every now and then, only to see how they all crumble due to petty disobedience and vice; in her approximation, sapient life can only recapture its former glory from the jaws of this calamity by submitting its will to a single tyrant sovereign, something which she assures you she's joking about when broaching the notion to you. Fittingly for her views on independence, she hasn't the slightest qualms about working

under her assigned administrator to further his goals. She looks perfectly human, though lacking any of the racial traits from around here, though she is a bit green-tinted in hair and eyes. She has **FUCKING RATHALOS I GUESS**, which a nigh-industructible crystalline physiology at her core. She can overload herself, switching her green highlights for glaring red, during which her strength, speed, and durability overclock to several times their ordinary levels. But even in her ordinary state, her crystalline body is durable enough that even the fiercest fighters here can only barely wound her, and even if shattered and destroyed she quickly begins to regenerate, having **Ageless** as well. She also has **Time is a Mountain**, through which she's honed countless mundane skills, including swordplay, though she notably lacks any other special properties or even Arts. She's curiously an enchanting singer, however. I'm sure a certain physician would have an absolute riot of a conversion with her.

You're Out There: (100 CP, Discounted A Failed Civilization)

When you awoke from your long slumber, did you leave a part of yourself behind? Some damage to your Lynchpin of Substantia Grisea, or a malfunction of the Sarcophagus? Regardless, the traces of tampering you've found near your starting location are the signs of someone else's presence in your life. What you start with are only clues, clues that if followed will show you a story unfolding in absentia of yourself, the story of a woman with many things to say, much of which may never reach you. While it won't be a swift trek at all, your unremembered friend has left quite a trail to uncover; as your misadventures stretch on, you'll continue to find breadcrumbs of her past presence. Prepared shelters of advanced make, if somewhat in disrepair, and plenty of useful supplies or devices that'll come in handy with problems you're facing. It seems that she's tried her best to help you out, and has quite the intellect with which to do so, meaning you may have some potent devices on your hands with a little spelunking. You know this for there are often recordings left behind, and while they're typically too damaged to understand, they seem to be addressed to you. The further you follow the trail to her most recent works, the less damaged they'll be, and the clearer the messages will become. In what they say, at least, seeing as you may or may not understand what any of it means. Lots of things about apologizing for waking up too soon, how she never got to see you again, and lots of things about a cataclysm that you may not remember anything about. If nothing else, there may be some world shaking findings in the last few hideouts, should you reveal them to the world. Of course, you'll reach the end of the help she was able to prepare for you as you arrive at the shelter she never walked back out of, and the final message she left for you. Let it never be said that she didn't believe to the end that you two would meet again. Perhaps the next stop on your Chain will answer that on a lighter note?

Hag'tits: (100 CP, Discounted A Failed Civilization)

Of those artificial beings meant to steward their makers back into wakefulness, it would seem that one became active early on. Not that she showed it, taking her time to look back on her preprogrammed purpose as a personal servant and amass as much data as she could on that front. For millennia she poured over the most ancient of records, and formulated her own means of fulfilling its innate purpose. Predicting that civilization and values will likely have regressed by the point in time she was called to action, this construct took the initiative to prepare accordingly. Specifically, she sought and accessed records of a previous, less evolved age, and found what individuals of that period found proper for a servant of a then-hypothetical advanced age. Having formulated a series of optimal strategies based on the desires expressed in those ancient records, she'd already recalibrated the shape of the body her initially crystalline substrate would form into once gestation finished. That her form chosen via ancient writings of "Domestic Cat Girls" perfectly blends in with the current age is simply a sign to her that her initial estimations were correct. Other details of her body have been apportioned with care; fat deposits have been proportioned for maximum eye-catching appeal, individual back-muscles meticulously sculpted for artistic appreciation from behind, and what some would call the resting bitch-face she sports matches the logical efficiency with which she tackles the subject of your pleasure. Whether you were her assigned owner during the project's development, or if that was left blank after calamity interrupted it and she assigned the role herself, she has since moved to ensure complete personal saturation of your schedule and endeavors with her presence. Easily capable of taking an organizational, managerial, or supervisory position in any endeavor you try your hand at, she will not only tackle the problems of your personal endeavors to accomplish them for you, but on her own initiative will personally schedule time to attend to your more personal needs in private, all without your input, request, or even consent. Seeking to fulfil various urges, needs, and drives that base organics and low-culture lifeforms desire according to this ancient "Internet" she has drawn her data from, she will enact various protocols such as bringing you a perfect cup of coffee and deadpanning tsundere dialogue, holding you close to her and reassuring you that everything is alright while speaking of herself in a maternal capacity, and forcefully dragging you to a side room to satisfy more salacious biological directives, among countless others she has calculated the effectiveness of. She has **Into a Single Web** showcasing her extreme ability to intake and process information, **Oracle** for how quickly she adapts to new intellectual pursuits in order to maintain her position as your highest-quality help, **Ghost of Babel** for how absurdly effective of an overseer she is for any operation, and **Blood of Multinational Giants** showing the absurd lengths to which her work can keep an enterprise going. Do not give her reason to believe you're over-stressed or in need of a vacation.

The Anti-Bnnuy: (100 CP, Discounted The Final Project)

Her hands clasp gently before you, her posture demure, contentedly absorbing your every last word. Eyelids grown heavy as though it were a bedtime prayer, every single thing answered with the faintest “Yes” you’ve ever heard. Sometimes saving someone at the absolute brink of emptiness leads not to a cleanly saved soul, but to something quieter breaking inside. But hearing her speak of it, are we all not born a little broken? A little empty? It doesn’t matter, because she understands what fixes people, what fills them up; the inestimable value of a peaceful ordained conclusion. All people need to be saved is to surrender themselves to the inevitable conclusions set forth by a benevolent god. Say what you want, disabuse her of whatever notions she expresses, none of it shifts the broken pillars behind her eyes, a contradiction that can only exist so peacefully in a soul that’s completely given up on making sense of life. Reality, her beliefs, and your relationship can be as contradictory or as simple as can be; she blindly accepts and carries on, in all ways, in all things that stem from you. As far as concerns her gaze now returned to the world, the probable best course of action is to save as many souls as possible. All in the same quiescent and melancholy peace, in the same vacuous and dissociating love that one can immerse in to preclude themselves from torturous thought. Perhaps her return from death marked her, as she has something of an air about her; a strange charisma reminiscent of the reprieve offered by a silent and final slumber’s peace. With a knack for appearing before the most downtrodden, and her empathy-esque platitudes, many are the masses that will find themselves taking up the strange melancholy religion she now espouses. Take a more active role in her life instead of parting now that you’ve saved her, and you might be able to slow down the revolutionary death cult forming around her. She won’t mind. You can do anything you want, command anything you want, and she’ll follow through with the same vacuous smile. She’s dissociated from the pain of the body and mind, and she loves you. Thus, there is no reason not to suffer in your name, and she feels neither fear nor apprehension for it. Perhaps that’s why this little bunny still fasts even though you saved her from starvation? Or maybe she just doesn’t care about the hunger pains. Maybe she can’t care anymore. Regardless, she gets any one Perk costing **600 CP** or more for free, and has **1000 CP** to spend on a build around it. In addition, she has a single curious ability; even if you yourself can’t normally do so, she can, with permission from you, manipulate existing expressions of your power or authority out there in the world, similarly to being affected by **What Cannot Be Unlearned**. If you have some designs for the world, or if you’re barred from it and something must be done to bring about your return, she will believe it is both inevitable and a moral obligation, and will pursue it with that same fervor, so gentle in how she expresses herself, and so utterly without remorse. She wishes only to be your hands on this Terra.

Until All Things Give Way: (100 CP, Discounted The Final Project)

People like you were always a solitary lot. It's strange then when you met another much the same, and found yourselves entwining in an ever-closer orbit rather than finding yourselves pulled away. There's another who's shared great time with you; were you truly a member of that old project, of that dead people, then surely the two of you had spent millennia simply wandering the stars in mutual peace, your presence making the slow crawl of entropy something far easier to accept. Indeed, she loves you, and has always believed that, if nothing else, your atoms will combine in the lightless void to come. But love does not mean deference, and the looming absolute highlights of the divisions of thought and philosophy. There is a point of contention between you two; a matter of great importance to you two, a Debate in which you both find yourselves at utterly opposed stances. Something important, on a scale with which the consequences could easily spell disaster for those on the periphery of your contention. Something on the scale of, "Preserving you two and your species at the cost of all other life, or entrusting the future to new lives and peacefully accepting the end," is a likely debacle. She's not mad, she understands that you're your own person, with unique views, and she loves that. But do you really think *now* is the time to choose wrong? Or rather, do you really want to spend your future disagreeing with her? Come now, there's work to be done. She'll show you, because she loves you. Loves you, and knows that no matter what happens, in the end you two will have each other. When the final star dwindles down to cosmic dust, and the backdrop of long-dead light finally ceases its lies, you two will still have your bones entwined and pirouetting through the honest silence. Her words, probably. That's pretty much how she always talks. She has **1000 CP** to spend on whatever she wishes, and may have one Perk or Item costing **600 CP** or more for free. She also has **Time is a Mountain**, ensuring that in every Jump, she's already had ample time to set the stage for this new round of your ancient Debate.

Steal the Donut: (100 CP, Discounted The Final Project)

Is… is this all it took to bribe you? To convince you to condemn Terra? Chances are, you came here looking for someone in particular. Well, perhaps to get you on board, or to keep you distracted and out of the way, certain properties of Originium and its Assimilated Universe were used in the creation of this… *person*. They are, in essence, a noticeably altered copy of another person from this world, edited together from information contained within Originium before being materialized onto Terra. Though they have the same general appearance, name, and memories, they've been designed as a more appealing partner to you, with a body that developed more to your liking, memories of knowing and loving you interspersed in their recollected life, and an overriding directive to always selflessly love and devote themselves to you alone. Hell, they even have Arts approximations of the original's abilities, and potentially even to a better degree with some noticeable enhancements, like not requiring an Arts Unit if a Caster, or being slightly stronger and faster. As you can guess from their intended

purpose, they're willing to follow you wherever you go, and side with you against the world… you know, just in case you realize that Originium is existence's only hope against the calamity from above. Needless to say, their original will assuredly respond with deep confusion and possibly panic should the two meet. On the plus side, because of their unshakable adoration for you, you can easily gaslight them into thinking the original is an evil alien doppelganger, because that would be really funny.

Drawbacks

What, don't think you can obtain everything you want with what you've been given? Good. All who live suffer in this way. But if you're willing to suffer in *other* ways, you can perhaps obtain more. You may take any of the following Drawbacks, *receiving* the points they offer for doing so.

Rainbow Six Siege Is Canon Shut The Fuck Up: (+0 CP)

Sometimes it seems like the space around Terra is rather unstable. One group falling through from another dimension is an incident, another then doing so is a curiosity. This happening *several more times* is a sign that you have a problem. During your stay, you'll find that all the strange 'Crossovers' that Arknights had, all those weird incidents of people from other settings winding up in Terra, will all come to pass. You'll have operators from Rainbow Six Siege showing up with their guns, some schizophrenic idols who can't really do anything showing up later, and even a bunch of resurrective psychos from some hellhole called "The City" showing up before finding their way back home. Yes, this includes the announced and never-released Destiny 2 collab. Yeah. Figure out what that one means yourself.

Curious Movements: (+0 CP)

The timeline of events describing the history of Terra is both long-stretching and fairly detailed, especially as you close in on the modern day. This is because many stories are glimpsed throughout Terra, not merely the journeys of a certain amnesiac Doctor. Events of stakes and drama both great and lesser, all firing off concurrently and often independently of any other issues being explored. It's a wide open world after all. Wish that things worked out so that you were able to accidentally or purposefully stumble into practically every significant problem? Here you go. What this does is quite simple; the timeline of events will 'stretch' a little bit, with certain significant occurrences which might be called "events" now taking place roughly one after the other rather than often overlapping. This may just mean that you'll have enough time to participate in every strange little storyline popping off around here, if you really think that you have the mental energy to juggle everything crazy going on with these lunatics. Or, you know, you could skip one and have an extra week or two to clear your head after something insane happens.

Each History has Its reverse Face: (+0 CP)

Some of Sargon's historians believe that only the tales of great men must be recorded. The greatest of those great men disagrees, and believes time must be understood in its whole. With this, you shall experience time, in one way or another. Rather than being restricted to a time between 1992 and 1996, you may start this Jump much further back. Not so far as when the first outsiders stepped foot on this land, nor even when they disappeared, but many millennia besides. You might live in the earliest days of he who is the current Sanguinarch, ride alongside the great Khagan as he tramples the land, or perhaps experience an obscure disaster stemming from a failed experiment a mere nine years ago. So long as life as is recognizable in the modern day populates the land of Terra, you may start then instead.

That One Song from Starset: (+100 CP, +200 CP, +400 CP)

Oripathy is a unique and terrifying sickness. Caused by contact with active Originium particles, it is simply an extrapolation of Originium's nature of assimilating other materials into itself, now shown in a biological body. It is incurable, always fatal, and for many reasons those infected with it are scorned the world over. You have Oripathy, and will need to find a way to not die of this horrifically lethal condition, while also grappling with the fact that almost anyone who learns of your condition will shun and fear you, if not try to exploit your presumed desperation. Of course, the degree of your body's assimilation into crystal will depend on how much you wish to receive. For **100 CP** you will find yourself with incredibly minor Originium assimilation, having just a few patches of crystal either concentrated in one spot, or a few throughout your body. You might have minor Originium lesions; small crystals poking out of the skin which may cause irritation or pain. Depending on your health and other factors, you might be able to last a full ten years. For **200 CP** your condition is worse, with several large crystal growths throughout your body. The externalized spikes are either highly noticeable or had to be reduced via surgery. You sometimes experience sudden pain attacks and may have other medical complications that arise from the disruption of your general bodily processes, and may display non-crystal based health symptoms like nosebleeds, coughing fits, or paranoid schizophrenia depending on which areas of your body are affected. You are highly likely to die within ten years unless you receive medical attention. For **400 CP** you have an extremely dire prognosis. A large percentage of your body has been subsumed into crystal, floating around 20% and likely to rise. The medical complications this causes you are more severe, and you will likely be living with continuous pain. Just as well, immediate and unexpected dangers may arise within your body, from highly sensitive meat-organs scraping against and potentially being pierced by the active Originium shards growing within you. You are almost certainly going to die within ten years, and there's a very real chance of that happening even if you seek

medical attention. With extremely skillful care by motivated health practitioners, as well as you actually following their instructions and receiving constant medical monitoring, you have a much better chance of survival, but even then your quality of life is unlikely to be anything pleasant. You may jump the price tier up by one by having the specifics of your crystallization be more dangerous than its amount would suggest, like having crystal shards splintered from your lungs beginning to converge on your heart despite most of your body being meat. The final tier is not eligible for this, as you're certainly experiencing those effects at that point anyways.

I'm So Tired: (+100 CP)

Many fear death. Others long for it. Some who've obtained their little eternity revel in their immortality. Others regret having obtained it. But this is neither here nor there. Your stay here shall be a longer one than a mere decade. With a single purchase you will add an additional ten years for a total of twenty. Each purchase will multiply this addition by another ten, such that two purchases adds 100 years to your time here. This may be purchased a maximum of four times, which will extend your time here by 10,000 years. This does not give you any means of lasting that long.

The Cat Is Silent: (+100 CP)

Some people around here never shut up. Some people never talk when you need them to. Sometimes they're the same people. You, my friend, are tragically the victim of a deficiency in information. And by that I mean that for some reason a great many people in your life are going to decide that they just don't need to tell you the details of things. This obviously affects those above you, or who you loosely associate with, who are liable to withhold information that you don't necessarily need to know. What will sting most, however, is the fact that those closest to you, those you love most, and those who love you, will also stay their tongues and leave you in the dark. Those close to you will often consider it in your best interests to remain uninformed of certain things, believing you'll be happier or safer the less you know, or otherwise fearing that the worst will come of you learning what they wish to hide. Worse, even when they can't quite keep you from realizing they're hiding something, they'll often prefer to deflect or dance around actually admitting what they're hiding. Things most pertinent to you, those heavy things that might genuinely hurt you to know or otherwise impact you, are those most likely to be hidden, even if you really should know them. At the very least they can recognize how this might be hurting you, but be aware that since they're doing this for your own good, even then they may consider it the lesser of two evils.

The Cat Is Monologuing: (+100 CP)

Oh, you poor, poor soul. Ordinarily, the solution to an overwhelming word count is to either avoid specific monologue-happy elders, or if trapped in a room with one, to

burrow through the nearest wall and sprint into the horizon. I fear this is no longer a permanent solution, because now *everyone* speaks in many more words than are necessary, and often with a needlessly philosophical bent. The exact lengthening may vary with the individual conversation or sentence, but it compounds severely the longer the original statement ordinarily would have been. Someone asking you to pick something up for them to eat might needlessly involve a diatribe about the rampant state of humanity as consumers of the natural world's resources, before catching themselves and commenting that perhaps all life is united in this. An actually important statement that would have been already long for the complexity of what they wished to convey? Prepare yourself for the deluge that is to come. Worse, those who were already predisposed towards lengthy diatribes will now make them even more repetitive and lengthy by venting them through the socratic method, among other oratory tricks. And for those who are not only lengthy monologuing madmen, but *also* speak like that? Fear the hours it will take for them to finish talking. If taken with the above Drawback, these diatribes will often fail to actually say anything important.

Faction Alt: (+100 CP)

Life is a busy thing in this modern day and age, and everyone going about their business has their own lives in turn. The people closest to you are no exception to this, something which should *hopefully* be obvious to you, but now that has a bit more of a tangible effect on you and your adventures. Your Companions, and general allies if you have none, obviously have their own lives, and now the consequences of them will come to rear their heads. Those with jobs or positions have obligations they must maintain that will take them away from you for periods of time, and sometimes events will occur that demand their attention, having a personal connection to them for which they must attend. As these come up they'll be temporarily pulled out of your life to unsort their baggage, leaving you behind… but of course, this certainly doesn't mean you can't come along for the ride. After all, isn't that what friends are for? They might have to duck out of your life for a time, leave to confront some big crazy nonsense tied to their home or past, but wouldn't it be an even better bonding experience to see you bust through a window, ignore all their warnings to stay safe at home, and directly throw yourself at everything they're afraid of? Okay, so depending on their personalities that might actually make them extremely mad and worried for a moment, but you'll come out of this experience even closer than before. Friendship is forever!

That Wasn't on the Enemy Counter: (+100 CP)

With how destructive Catastrophes can be, you'd be surprised how populated the world is. Even outside of the cities, life is abundant, beautiful even, and also really dangerous. There's all kinds of dangerous beasts and even flora lying around, and a normal man might wind up gored just for walking through the wrong spot in the woods.

That fowlbeast flying at you to defend its nest of eggs may be bad enough, but that's pretty logical to see after rustling a tree in the woods. When a second one shows up, well that's easy, that's just her mate showing up to help. You probably won't be so sure about what's happening when the next twenty descend on you. Yep, because whenever you wind up in a fight with wild animals, it somehow tends to spiral into more and more of them showing up until you're fighting far more than were even there to fight originally. Even solitary predators inexplicably end up rushing you in packs, and things are certainly worse when you attack an already hive-based creature's home, or just agitate them while they're out and about. Honestly, the sheer numbers with which ambient wildlife reinforces itself is just absurd around you, almost like you were stuck in a level in some tower defense strategy game.

Sanity Compromised: (+100 CP)

What's with that tired look in your eyes? Your shaky hands? Spend all night doping on stimulants again? Eating medical needles to feel alive enough to keep moving? Oh, silly Jumper. You have a work ethic that only avoids being called admirable because of how downright horrific it is. When you see problems, you don't really want to apportion them between days or put them off at all. Hell, even delegating feels distasteful to you. No, you feel very strongly that you should be doing all of it yourself, and within the timeframes given. A deadline in the distance just means you have more nights to stay awake working, something you'll likely end up doing as you frequently forget to manage your health. This will worsen the more severe the problems you're trying to solve, to the extent that desperation and guilt become your most steadfast coworkers. Or maybe regional managers? You're going to need some direct intervention by people who care in order to stop you from doing something stupid like drugging yourself into staying awake so you can keep working for literal days on end before finally crashing into a tortured liminal anti-rest that only leaves you waking up feeling worse.

Please Be Patient, I'm Fallen: (+100 CP)

Your heart is like a closed book, its contents unknown until opened, except in this analogy you're also fucking blind. No, the book is not in braille. There's something distinctly *off* about your emotional and social capabilities. Your emotional reality is notably stunted by the standards of others, with you largely lacking entire branches of what makes up an ordinary map of emotive reactions and social understandings. You might distinctly lack introspection and regret for your own actions, or might fail to register the value of subjective opinions in the face of objective facts or logic. You might be able to understand their existence in others, but whatever your deficiency is leaves you unable to truly comprehend the subject of your lack. You experience notably muted high-points in positive emotions, with the majority of your emotional experiences being

significantly subdued by the standards of others, and yet you still retain the full range of negative emotions. Perhaps worst of all, you have significant difficulty recognizing many of your own emotions, and similar difficulty in understanding them. You are better at recognizing these things in others, but not to the extent that most people with ordinary minds are capable of; for you; for you it's a learned skill that must be manually practiced. You might be able to cover for your deficiencies by projecting a charming or disarming persona, maybe helped by being attractive, but the various holes in your heart will just be more jarring when finally uncovered. It's possible that some situations might deliver enough of an emotional shock to get an understandable emotional reaction out of you, and certain contexts or individuals may manage to help you bridge some gaps, but you're running with several deficiencies in areas that come naturally for most

Zero Sanity: (+200 CP, +400 CP)

No, put the boiling water down! Get down from that powerline! Oh no, put away the chainsaw! Ahem. I'll just say it plainly; mental illness is a resource in good supply around here. Plenty of people running around with their personal psychoses and neuroses. Sure, some of them can get a good handle on themselves and keep the lid sealed tight for a while. People like you. But it never lasts. You, my friend, are crazy, and it generally comes in waves. It might be prompted by mounting levels of stress that only erupt if you aren't taking care of yourself, or it might be an infrequent but extremely problematic issue that you can't fully control. You might completely dissociate from reality and do incredibly violent things while barely aware of your surroundings, or might just engage in potentially dangerous absurdities like trying to boil noodles in your mouth. Whatever it is, it comes on fast and generally won't fully subside until the next day, though you may lose consciousness before then.

For **400 CP**, this spontaneous madness never truly subsides. Rather, less severe traces of it persist in your daily life, never truly abating. If you had periods of delusional insanity, even in your ordinary life you might be plagued with hallucinatory experiences that you at least have the wherewithal to understand as fantasy, or might instead just be a little bit unhinged at all times. A sufferer of acute bouts of berserk fury might find themselves with frequent violent impulses even when they're not lost to the urge to murder everyone around them. Finally, because it's funny, you may purchase this multiple times to be saddled with multiple psychoses of whatever tiers you wish, though you may only receive a maximum of **600 CP** from this Drawback, regardless of how many insanities you decide to pick up.

Become Anew: (+200 CP, +400 CP)

Memory is one of the most precious things one can possess, and the loss of it is one of the bitterest mercies that can be offered. Your memories are completely shot;

you have almost complete retrograde amnesia. You might remember details like your name, or that you're from somewhere else, or other similarly vague and useless things. But the finer details are gone from you, completely, and you will not be getting anything substantial back for the duration of your time here. You may decide if the cutoff point for your memories is right as the Jump starts, if you have hazy memories of the very short timeframe leading up to said start, or if they start some time in the last few years of your life in this world so you have the barest minimum of grounding and introduction to your Companions. If you happen to already lack memories of this world due to being a Drop-In, then the effect of this tier changes. Now, you no longer have any memories of your past in this world. "But wait," you say, "That's what it already did," you finish, missing the point. The effect as a Drop-In is that you *do* have a past now, and one which is hiding one or several inconvenient things from you, which will arise from the fog of your amnesia to bedevil you. You can even choose to have no memory of any Drawbacks you've taken, for the really authentic experience. Oh, and this amnesia doesn't necessarily wipe away any trauma, the emotions of which may still be present even if you can no longer contextualize them or why everything feels so horrible.

For **400 CP** your memory problems are even worse. As in, they're no longer simply an absence in your memories, but an actively growing pit. I will not mince words; your mind is slowly degenerating, and without frequent reminders and strong emotional impact, memories you've made will be hazy just years after having made them, and even if you hold onto them for a while longer it'll be more like the memory of a memory. You can still love and hold relationships, as even if you can't remember how you met years ago you can still look back on recent interactions, and some things can be held onto, like knowing to hate someone from countless years ago even though you can no longer remember what they took from you. I highly suggest investing in a dairy of some sort, and in finding people whose protective instincts your condition tugs at. You're going to want the stable environment.

Operator File: (+200 CP)

Life is rough on Terra, something you know very well. Something very tragic happened to you, and it's certainly left its mark on your psyche. As for what it was? Who knows? Perhaps as a child your loving father welcomed some desperate Infected into your home, who, in their desperation, seemingly went mad and lynched him despite opening his home to them, tearing him apart in front of you with you barely escaping. Perhaps you were a child slave, used for labor or other purposes before somehow being separated from that life with nothing but trauma and potentially deformities to show for it. Everyone you know and love may have died horrifically in front of you, any number of abuses suffered when you were at your most vulnerable, and in general just had a terrible, no good life. And now? Now you're just doing whatever you're doing, with a psychological minefield buried beneath the surface of your daily interactions. Or

maybe displayed for all to see, if you're like that. Regardless, you may suffer any of the conventional reactions to such things, like PTSD, depression, prejudice against a group you believe to be responsible, or insanely destructive revolutionary plans to remake the world in your image.

Record of Originium: (+200 CP)

Not everyone arrives at their power naturally. Some people take shortcuts. Some people have those forced on them. What exactly happened in your past is up to you, but it certainly wasn't pretty, certainly wasn't safe. Not for your body, or your mind. Whether it was what granted you your abilities, or merely awoke their potential, the traumatic nature of what was done to you has scarred your powers. Your control over any abilities like Arts or stranger things is far less than it should be, making it a tenuous prospect to use them with the precision you might want. Ordinarily this isn't too severe, but it quickly ramps up in intensity the more unstable your mental state or emotional condition. Painful thoughts and feelings quickly degenerate your control, to the point of turning a small push into large deliberate attack. And if you were to hit a point of such negativity as to be having a minor breakdown or panic attack? Your power might be flaring out randomly, lashing out at everything around you, without any input on your end.

Catullus 16: (+200 CP)

It seems you've really made a mark on someone's life. Someone fairly strong, eager to resort to violence, and quite obsessed with you. Obsessed enough that their entire career choice was motivated by thinking it would lead them to you. Obsessed enough that every third conversation with their friends turns around somehow into ranting about you. If they found out you were attending the funeral of some woman whose little girl was saying her last goodbyes to her dead mommy, they'd bomb the entrance and start screaming for you to show yourself, threatening to burn the place down to anyone who tried telling them to leave. Something in your shared past ruined something wonderful that they'd believed they found. You can decide whatever it was that set this madness off. It may very well be a misunderstanding, or at least a matter of withheld information, but they really were hurt. And they've never let it go; never let you go. They just hate you so much. Enough that they hang on to all of your old things, taking perfect care of them and maintaining them in perfect condition until the day you come back. Enough that the only reason they hang out with their friends anymore is because they used to be yours too. Needless to say, they really, *really* want to hurt you. They don't want to just shoot you from the shadows and end you quickly. No, they want to get in your face and scream it out. They want you to validate how much they hate you, give some sign you feel the same way, and escalate from there. They want an argument that escalates into a fight where they have an excuse to kill you or be killed by you in the belief it will let them move on. They will constantly seek you out, and you'll

meet them on occasion even if you do nothing to facilitate it. The fewer your meetings the more desperate they'll be to exaggerate it into a conflict, but no matter how much time you spend in relative proximity it'll eventually boil over into that. Sure, you can kill them, but if you continue to flee or incapacitate them then eventually those moments where you get a word in might wear them down. It will be hard to convince them to let go of that hatred, especially because you find yourself oddly hesitant to just explain matters clearly when it comes to whatever happened back then, but it's theoretically possible. Just be aware that anything that challenges their perspective on things or the validity of their feelings may drive them to get a little desperate. If you can both survive your time here with this mess of toxic intimacy and mend your broken relationship you can take them along as though a free purchase of **Single Pull**. You may decide to choose a canon character to be the subject of this Drawback. Further, you may choose one of the **Custom Companions**, in which case they will exist in the world, but be opposed to you in the fashion described by this Drawback. In both cases, they will only become a Companion if you can somehow pacify them and mend your relationship. Finally, this Drawback can be taken multiple times, but you may only receive a maximum of **400 CP** from it.

The Authentic Arknights Experience: (+200 CP)

Terra is an inhospitable place. Its people are superstitious and intolerant, and, quite frankly, circumstances often conspire to make their prejudices actually reasonable reactions. Everyone is hated by someone, for this is a land of myriad levels of discrimination. You will find that in most interactions with others, whatever level of discrimination you would have been received with will be 'kicked up a notch', as it were. If you were to meet someone open minded who otherwise wouldn't have even noticed it, your early interactions would have them innocently presuming things based on your race, with them sometimes using that as an excuse before catching themselves. People who would have noted your differences but tried to be fair will find themselves more convinced of stereotypes against you, taking them into consideration despite their attempts to be fair. If someone would have tried giving you shit, they'd probably do so a little bit more loudly, try to get others in on it, or be a bit more violent about it. People who already hate your kind may attempt violence, or gang up for an attempted lynching. I hope you can see how attention brought to you by loud assholes can quickly spiral into the latter thanks to this. Thankfully, people who've had more extended interactions with you aren't generally affected going forward. Companions and longtime friends may optionally be affected to the extent of sometimes accidentally saying racist things if you find it funny or want them to feel bad.

Stage by Stage: (+200 CP)

Mafiosos, Originium Slugs, and dino-people piloting wood mechas oh my! Out on delivery, doing your job day after day, and every third night you might find yourself fighting gangsters downtown. Was that job a trap, or did they just jump the gun? Were they just in the way? Who knows, but things get worse. Every week or two you might be fighting more experienced mafiosa, and sometimes you'll accidentally stumble into a nest of wild animals, or straight into random drunken brawl, or minor riot, or malfunctioning construction drones, or… pretty much anything, really. Again and again and again, you'll frequently find yourself getting into an absurd amount of minor fights in the course of your daily life. Try to keep the property damage to a minimum, alright?

WE WERE ONCE THE PROUD TEEKAZ: (+200 CP)

In the face of a hostile world, people have long banded together within their neatly drawn factional boundaries. This clannish instinct of tribalism has never left. You feel a deep loyalty and association with some denomination that defines you, like your race or nation, if not something else applicable like being an Infected. These feelings are deeply engrained, but rather than a burning fixture at the forefront, they're more of a buried sentiment you're liable to brood on when prompted. Note that this does *not* mean blind obedience. You can feel a deep loyalty and association with a group while also feeling deeply disappointed with its current state, after all. It might breed dreams of changing things, either from within or with force, but your heart can very much know discontent with what you associate with. In truth, for some this might inspire far more dangerous actions than blind obedience would.

Raid Mode: (+200 CP)

Are you sure you were only fighting homeless people just now? Because if so, where the hell did that veteran mercenary captain come from? You should be careful about picking fights from now on, because they've just got a little bit harder. Specifically, because in fights with any more than a handful of enemies, somehow a stronger than average extra enemy will find their way into the fray. Indeed, were you just fighting random gangsters, then from out of the smoke might wander a skilled and experienced Famiglie cleaner, here to dispose of you for what you've (ostensibly) seen. Regardless of whether they really should have any sort of backup, any time you're fighting a group, they'll inexplicably spawn at least one vastly stronger enemy of a fitting type. Larger groups may spawn more dangerous elites, making compounding numbers an extremely dangerous prospect if you can't handle anything above the mooks.

1★ Operator: (+400 CP)

With all those options above, I'm sure you've got incredible potential to change the world. Potential being the keyword here. I'm afraid that your abilities just aren't… up to snuff, at the moment. Your physical abilities are lacking, and any Arts or stranger

abilities you should have are far more pathetic than as described. In fact, for at least a few months after the Jump begins, you'll be so pathetically frail that you would keel over from a minor sprint, a level of physical disability that might legitimately leave some people believing you're terminally ill. The full power of all your Perks and Items has been locked behind a wall of inexperience, or just wholly separate from you, something you can only surmount by actually challenging yourself in live situations or else directly reclaiming what should be yours as the case may be. The more mundane ones may require significant experience to slowly grind back to their supposed heights, while some of the more abstract ones may be entirely sealed away until something fitting to restore them occurs, which might be a quest or ordeal in and of itself depending on what you're trying to regain.

Event Bait: (+400 CP)

What the *hell* did you do? They're offering how much money? Well, I'd be careful when visiting certain areas if I were you. And traveling internationally in general, and also when staying in one place for too long. Why? Because you made many people, some of them powerful people, very mad, and they want you killed. You may be a wanted fugitive in Ursus, likely to draw immediate aggression from any soldiers that recognize you, with at least one *Pursuer* interested in bringing you to justice wherever you go. The Iberian Inquisition may have you on file as a Cultist of the Deep, the actual Church of the Deep having fed them this lie to try and kill you off, both making the attempt to do so. You might have three different factions in Bolivar wanting your head, and several wasteland raider factions ready to cash your many bounties. Whatever the specifics of it, you have many, *many* enemies. These may be connected to your other purchases however you wish, perhaps explaining one another.

Twin-Kings Era: (+400 CP)

Family is important, whether you're a Rim Billitoner aggregating your massive family unit into a settlement, or the fragment of a dead god trying to maintain your existence against dissolution. Sometimes though, family can be the biggest source of one's troubles, especially when for all their differences, they resemble us all the same. Like a frankly unusual number of people around here, you have a sibling in this world. They might look just a bit like you, or be almost identical, but they're similar to you in another way too; they are roughly as powerful as you are, in one way or another. It can express itself differently, with them being physically powerful where you're a master of Arts, or perhaps they have similar but slightly different Arts. Whatever the case, in overall power they are roughly equal to you. This is bad, because their intentions for you range from being directly hostile, to being well-intentioned but overwhelmingly antagonistic, like wanting to destroy your life and inherit what they believe to be your rightful legacy, one which you have no desire for. Regardless, your twin is out there, and

their intentions for you and the life you wish to live are about as conducive as fire is to the structural integrity of a paper airplane. You may take this a second time, the second one only offering half-points such that cumulatively you only receive **600 CP** total. Taking this a second time does *not* give you an *additional* twin who is both equal to you in power and dedicated to ruining your life, instead either having another sibling who fulfils one of those descriptors but is slightly lagging behind in the other, or just an awful family situation in general like being scorned for the crimes of your bloodline.

Catastrophic Luck: (+400 CP)

When clouds congregate and swirl into great heavenly bulwarks, and when dark flakes fall from the sky, most understand that doom has come. Truthfully, signs like that might mean a few things, but all of them are indeed bad. What most people think of, however, is that a Catastrophe is soon to descend. These mini-apocalypses are so ubiquitous in this world that the development of Terra's technology was defined by attempts to cope with them. Tragically, they seem just a little more common around you. So much so that you're guaranteed to have several close-calls with them erupting over you during your time here. Granted, once one has started forming and made enough progress it'll become stationary, meaning you'll have some time to escape before destruction descends, but sometimes they'll form in your path, possibly jeopardizing wherever you're heading. If you stay in one Nomadic City your entire time, it's certain to find itself facing such a looming disaster, while if you move around often it'll be more likely that they'll erupt around you in the wild. Do be aware of just how widespread the destruction from even a single Catastrophe can be.

Two Shadows: (+400 CP)

Some people walk with two shadows. Wise people are wary of them. Wise people are wary of you. Something shares your form and mind, another presence which is *not* you. It might have been a man once, or might be utterly alien in nature, but regardless it wants your flesh for itself. Its designs for you are simply to snuff out your individuality and take sole control over what it hopes to make its own body and mind. The way your death warrant is signed may depend on the nature of what's trying to overtake you. A cold and calculating immortal might wish to crush your will or convince you into agreeing with it, upon which it can take control, and hold the power to force you to take actions if you already agree with them, using this in a calculated fashion to try and send you on the downwards spiral that'll damn you. If you were flooded by the alien voices of a distant hivemind, it might simply try to brute force you into compliance, being far more overbearing the closer you are to "home" and your "kin", requiring you to immerse yourself in and reinforce your humanity to fight it off. If whatever this thing is manages to win out over you and remain in control for the duration of the Jump, your Chain will end in failure.

Siren Song: (+400 CP)

Discrimination, disease, and political intrigue are some of the biggest killers on this planet. The others are eldritch horrors. For whatever abhorrent reason, your existence is like a shining beacon for alien abominations of all sorts. Those inhuman or even never-human things which crawl forth from the dark and secret places of the world, often corrupting wherever they go in their image. The writhe, swarm, converge and congeal; impossible abominations for which there can be no peace but the grave. Whenever they are near, they will find themselves inexplicably drawn towards you, focusing on reaching and likely consuming you. At the very least this isn't too precise, with them more attacking the general area you're in rather than comically busting through your window to cause problems with you, specifically. Now, if you actually have some connection to a particular type of horror, such as from having a Perk that draws on their power, then you'll really only be drawing that kind of monster's presence and attention. That said, perhaps for your association with them, they will be even more fiercely drawn towards you, such that many aquatic horrors from the sea could wind their way up the beach and beeline straight for the exact house in a coastal city you were in.

There Are Emperor's Blades Outside My House: (+400 CP)

National security is serious business, and especially in a world where people are capable of the crazy things they are here. A fragile geopolitical climate only exacerbates the issue, and invites plenty of discrete murders for the sake of peace. In such an environment of espionage and paranoia, many agencies and individual actors would be eying figures of interest with great suspicion and scrutiny. Ordinarily you'd be able to skirt under the radar with little fanfare, but now for some reason your actions are massively more visible to figures of authority. While it might not immediately cause problems, just entering a city massively increases the odds of someone high ranking being there to see, and if they were to lay eyes on you, they'd find you peculiarly notable. This would result in a slight gaze from above, but the more notable you or your actions are, the more strongly you'll come under scrutiny, until you've got intelligence agencies watching your every move for reasons they may or may not be able to explain. Needless to say, depending on where you are and who you are, this could lead to you coming down with a sudden case of elite death squads.

Nightmarepolitik: (+600 CP)

The internal situation on Terra is tense, and at times ready to break out into gruesome war, but in the end there's always the possibility of averting that grim fate. There's always a way, somehow, through some channels, to salvage the situation and come to a more peaceful state of affairs, even if it takes a bit of conflict to reach it. Now?

Good fucking luck. Ursus will find itself spiralling even farther out of its Emperor's ability to control, the most corrupt of Victoria's nobles will find their power structures spreading and strengthening, and voices like the Consul Horatia will see Aegir thinking that forcibly uniting the land under their control might be the best for everyone. The situation is just terrible all around, not for any of the otherworldly threats hanging on the horizon, but because people just can't help themselves anymore. Parties craving conquest are in power, old grudges are all the more inflamed, national polities are paranoid in the extreme about potential threats, and everyone is just much more reactionary in general. The state of Terran geopolitics was miserable before this. Now, previously minor altercations along borders or involving sensitive subjects that would otherwise be swept under the rug by national governments will quickly spiral into international incidents, serving as justification for anything from international sanctions, counter-attacks, or even internal pogroms. Secretive webs of alliances could unknowingly erupt into warfare from a previously invisible cold-war. And always, always, there are groups internally sabotaging wherever they live, either from dissatisfaction or foreign loyalties, risking civilian populations and bringing down fierce government scrutiny. This made all the worse by the ever-increasing complexity of the secret webs of alliance and betrayal that are now snaking their through all political and economic entities of significant size, constantly keeping things on a minefield where the position of half of the mines are randomly relocating on their own without anyone's ability to truly comprehend.

Bullshit of Damocles: (+600 CP)

Reality is a complex enterprise, the present being a jumbled up mess of uncountable variables all of which tend to pile up into unspeakably messy piles ready to collapse at any moment. Many mistakes have been made, and many are the swords now dangling over Terra's collective head. Of course, the timely intervention of a well-placed Doctor can avert much of the worst of it. Well too bad for this planet, because now the end is looking a lot more likely for this world. Oh, but this doesn't incline the world towards the path to any particular apocalypse like what might come to pass with the Seaborn, or a large-scale Collapsal invasion. No, that could be advantageous to specific builds. Instead, this Drawback severely decreases the entire world's luck when it comes to avoiding the various apocalypses poised to befall it, meaning that *all* potential apocalypses will become vastly more likely to occur. A certain somebody will be guided towards carrying an ancient Leviathan's essence back to the Sea without a certain person there to watch over them, a certain Door up to the north will remain slightly ajar and more likely to open without warning, and the military junta occupying Victoria's capital will find their superweapon nearly made complete. Except all of those were already almost going to happen, stopped in the nick of time by a certain wacky medical company/PMC. Which is to say, in this timeline they *are* going to happen unless additional force is brought to bear against these problems. Without your

intervention several unrelated apocalypse scenarios are going to hit and annihilate Terra unless you make an active effort to prevent them, and even then they may still occur if you perform poorly or fail to recognize the nature of the threats and how best to prevent them. And even if you should be something that makes one specific apocalypse a non-threat, such as being a Seaborn or a Sarkaz who can either better disarm the situation relevant to them or survive through it, you can be sure that the others will still annihilate you somehow if you're in the line of fire. Have fun running interference for the entire planet.

ZIP Extracted: (+600 CP)

The reality of Originium is that it is not a death sentence. Not entirely. Within its own bounds does its creator slumber, and when she stirs to wakefulness, she can grant animation to the otherwise eternally looping records of those who lie within. And in fact, through her will those things so recorded can walk the living world once more. After all, Originium is a programming language that does not differentiate between data and reality. Somehow, your entrance to the world has led to a contamination of data, and whether as a means of expelling it to correct the issue, or as a deliberate strike against you, several of your greatest foes have reemerged from the Assimilated Universe, still with great enmity for you. Worse, they may have been improved somewhat by the process. Those already greater than what you're likely to find in this world are only slightly improved, perhaps being able to draw extra energy from Originium, but those whose power is within the bounds of this world will instead find themselves bolstered much further, their powers somehow refined by their recreation through Originium. For this reason, your enemies may include both the most dangerous, and the ones you simply have the most enmity with, who will be further strengthened into a credible threat to remain a danger here. Be very careful of what evils you unleash on this world. This Drawback obviously cannot be taken if this is your first Jump.

The Dust Has Settled: (+600 CP)

Time's golden sands bury many things beyond reach; lives, memories, truths and lies. Something lies in your distant past; a crisis, a decision, an argument. The form of the past is irrelevant, but the implications for the present are dire. Something has been set in motion, something a long time coming. It threatens the already precarious state of the world, and all the looming cataclysms poised to befall it. By the will of some mastermind from another time and place, a great cascading tragedy is unfolding across the world. It may be subtle at first, impossible for most to notice, but great machinations are turning towards an end of complete destruction. A countless number of factors are turned towards this end, and must be opposed and overturned before they can contribute to the coming storm. While there may be no collaborators, there are plenty of pawns, powerful figures whose own opportunistic designs unknowingly play into this plan and will only bring it closer to fruition. The very way the modern world has been stacked up seems only to prop it up further towards easy fulfilment of this vile scheme's end goal. Everything is stacked against you and the continued existence of this world

and its inhabitants, and the only person with enough information or relevance to the central struggle to actually try stopping it is you. Fail, and this world and your Chain will come to an end. Succeed, and you may overturn the initial designs of the destructive mastermind behind this tragedy. Said mastermind might be you.

Goodbye, Goodbye: (+600 CP)

Life is a thing shared. No man is an island, and even those of the most solitary nature end up forging some manner of connection with the world. You are no different. You will come to know the meaning of family in your time here. There will be a group of people who you will come to love deeply, and who will deeply love you in turn. They may be strangers from this land, or perhaps Companions of yours, but regardless you will all find yourselves becoming irreplaceable parts of one anothers' lives, integral to who you all are as people. You will fail them. You will break them. Whether through straight up betrayal, allowing a situation of such terrible nature to come to pass, or failing them in some other grievous way, you will fail those you love most, and who love you most. Your hand may have been forced, it may have been through error or anything else, it may have been the lesser of two evils, but you will ruin their lives, and all the happiness you once shared in. Every one of them will be scarred horrendously by it, and things between you all will never be the same. Someone who always looked up to you above any other may find themselves so terribly wounded by the perceived betrayal that they could only project their impossibly complex and conflicted emotions as vitriolic hostility and hatred towards you, despite the more nuanced conflict raging within them. A cheerful optimist who loved you more than anything might end up so desperate to pretend everything is fine and keep the family you all had together that they'd repress the choking, sobbing trauma brewing inside them, to the extent of being prone to lethally exploding on anything that seemed like it would take it away again. A soul defined entirely by their empathy and love for others, and for you in particular? They may fully come away wishing that your mind and memories could be totally erased to save you from yourself, so that you could begin again unburdened by the sheer gravity of what you've done, and what's happened to you. And whether the majority of the onus is truly on you, or simply everyone including you blames you for it, it will remain in the minds of all affected that it was by your hand that this tragedy came to pass.

Ending

With all that's come and gone, everything you've lost and gained, are you the same person you were the decade before? Regardless, ten years have passed, and you will now make your choice. Not for the fate of Terra, not this time. Instead, the fate of *you*.

Continue

Sometimes, the more things change, the more they stay the same. Whether big or small, the impact this world had on you was just one step in a greater journey. This choice is to continue on with your Chain, leaving this Jump for the next. Will this world ever see you again?

Return

Somewhere strange awaits you; a place at once familiar, and all too estranged. *Home*. No matter where you went, you couldn't quite shake off that pull, could you? Here, you may return to your world of origin, with all that you've seen, with all that you've gained, your Chain concluded.

Remain

After seeing so many things, meeting so many people, is it any wonder you've come away changed? With this, you choose to end your Chain and remain here in this world. Will you shepherd it through its next millennium? Through all the time to come? I said it once before, but it seems you echo it now. This Terra is yours.

Notes

All mentions of physical ability, phrased in comparative language or otherwise, uses the standards of Terra, not earth/humans (unless explicitly stated to draw the comparison between the two). When something is compared to "The average/average person" it means the average Terran, which means at least 2-3 times stronger than humans, maybe more. Thus, something like, "You're strong enough to fight through squads of trained soldiers," means, "You're strong enough to fight through squads of trained soldiers of a species that defaults to having the strength of three men each, some being way stronger."

Your starting strength and "magic" power is based on the combinations of your Perks and Race. **Physical Exam** just gives raw physical parameters, and **Originium Arts Assimilation** gives you bigger Arts firepower. Other options will stack/combine with this. For instance, depending on what race you are, **The 11th King** will give you massive boosts in either/both, which combined with a high tier purchase of those two would leave you fucking crazy. You can consider it something of a multiplier for the former two Perks, with the caveat that in regards to Arts it applies mostly to race-specific Arts. A Forte is going to have a physical strength boost where a Feline would have a dexterity one, and so on.

Some Oripathy Information: Oripathy is clinically measured by two traits; Originium Cell Assimilation, which is the overall percentage of the body that has been assimilated/converted into Originium, and Blood Originium-Crystal Density, which is the

amount of Originium granules found within a measured amount of the patient's blood. Note that (nearly) all life on Terra has a minor amount of Originium inside their bodies (always as granules in the bloodstream, an extraneous solid Originium presence is a sign of infection); Originium is everywhere, and has influenced the shapes that the Terran races have evolved into in the present day. A healthy Blood Originium-Crystal Density hovers at around 0.12u/L, going a little bit above and a little bit below. 0.09u/L is very good, for instance, while freaks of nature may have as little as 0.01u/L, some of the only examples being people who are immune to Oripathy in one way or another. Thus, the presence of Originium in an individual's body does not alone constitute Oripathy; Originium has both active and inactive states. Originium is infectious in an active state, and the Originium in the body of an Infected is active (except for the Originium lesions that poke through the skin, those exposed to the outside are inactive and safe to touch). Individual cases of Oripathy usually vary in their specifics, as any parts of the body can be assimilated. It's possible to reach lethal thresholds in either Originium Cell Assimilation or Blood Originium-Crystal Density while the other is comparatively healthier, it all depends on the individual case. Originium Cell Assimilation can outpace the lethality of the blood's assimilation by assimilating vital regions or specific different locations whose combination plays havoc on the anatomy even while blood circulation isn't overly assimilated, while Blood Originium-Crystal Density can quickly produce lethal blood blockages even if the more solid body parts haven't been overly assimilated. Organs assimilated by Originium will actually continue to function normally to a degree; if an eye is assimilated, the crystals replacing it may still be capable of sending visual information to the brain. This is why well-medicated and medically supervised people can survive for a while even with 19% of their body assimilated into stone (this is considered a very extreme rate of Originium Cell Assimilation). However, because these parts are replaced with what are essentially solid obstructions, it plays absolute havoc on blood and nutrient distribution, leading to a slew of medical complications even as that one trait prevents it from being immediately lethal. There is always a tipping point where death inevitably occurs, and that tipping point can come much sooner depending on the specifics of what body parts are assimilated. Miscellaneous complications can arise from this; take for instance a case of Originium shards beginning to surround and converge on an unassimilated heart, even with low rates of Originium Cell Assimilation and Blood Originium-Crystal Density.This shit is a nightmare to deal with medically. This is made worse by the fact that Oripathy obscures medical screening/imaging technology based on its severity due to the crystal granules in circulation through the bloodstream. This makes it increasingly difficult to get an image of an Infected's internals during medical diagnostics. Oripathy will occasionally cause physical mutations, most pronounced in animals, sometimes in humans. Animals often mutate into more dangerous forms, while humans often fuck up in weird ways; a Vulpo's tale might grow excessively large, or a member of a hornless race might mutate

horns. People with Originium content in the brain often report hearing voices in the stones. While casting Originium Arts doesn't induce Oripathy, if Oripathy is already present in the caster then excessive casting can exacerbate the condition, even if they didn't use their organs as an Arts Unit (which immediately massively worsens their infection). When an Oripathy sufferer dies, the active Originium inside of them will go into overdrive and begin assimilating the rest of the body before disintegrating into prismatic light and infectious dust capable of infecting anyone that makes contact with it. This can occur in as little as minutes, to much longer time ranges that give plenty of time to dispose of the body. This sometimes happens much faster the more severe the Oripathy case, and especially when it's the factor responsible for the death. Infected bodies are traditionally cremated by those with the means to do so, and in emergency situations people may try to wrap an Infected's corpse in whatever bedsheets or curtains are around and throw them in a windowless room while stuffing the doorframe to prevent the rest of the building from becoming a hazard zone. The extent to which the body is assimilated post-mortem I'm unsure of; there are fossils of ancient Infected discovered on archeological digs in the Sargon region, but it's also common for police to use specific means to clarify the death of an infected suspect because standard biological identification becomes impossible. Sometimes, when an Infected dies the Originium in their bodies will catalyze more rapidly and immediately violently explode like a high-power bomb, all shrapnel and dust being immediately infectious. Oripathy is often extremely painful if not medicated. The rate at which Oripathy progresses depends on the individual; some can remain with seemingly little to no treatment for years, others progress from infection to dangerous levels in mere weeks. Sarkaz are the only race with a natural disposition towards surviving Oripathy for extended periods, but even then it cuts their lifespans considerably short. Oripathy can seemingly be transferred from mother to child, but it is not known if this is the case with all Infection cases. Oripathy is seemingly non-transmissible between people, and contact with the Infected does not pass Oripathy along. There have been many studies about this, but most people still treat the Infected as being infectious while living. There has only been one case I can recall of it occurring, and it was an extremely unique situation involving the ghost of goat-wizard-Hitler and a tragic love between mentally ill twinks, and should not represent the majority of Infected-on-uninfected action.
Don't mix Oripathy with nuclear radiation.

Some Information on Infected: Infected are people infected with Oripathy. Yeah. Due to all of the many fucked up factors above, everyone hates the Infected and has since pre-history. The number of sanctions that Infected face in a given territory are immense and vary in their specifics depending on the country, but it's never pretty. Some areas seem better than others (in this modern age, anyways), but there's always a dirty undercurrent to everything, and the Infected are an easy target for exploitation

and cheap labor. They're worked to death by the government in Ursus (despite the ruling emperor wanting to shut this down, but he's being cockblocked by the nobility and public both), while in Columbia corporations will offer "medical packages" that are actually just placebos to convince them to accept cheap labor. Said Infected often go to early graves thankful to these companies, mistaking their early deaths as extra time the company bought them to spend with their loved ones. Being an Infected fucking sucks.

On **RACISM**: Arknights is an incredibly racist setting, as in, significant attention is paid to the existence of racism. Thus emerges a complex and multi-layered web of racisms. The Sarkaz vs Literally Fucking Everyone debacle is the most visible, but even within the same categories there exists racism. Among Ancients, the Pithia are regarded as weak, manipulative, and deceitful, while Zalaks are seen as greed-driven and prone to hoarding resources for themselves. There exist a plethora of racist sayings and slurs to learn and employ. Note that despite there being such a vibrant culture of racism, most of it isn't directed at the unknown, per se. An individual of unknown race can blend into a metropolitan area just fine, even one who seemingly has the traits of two contradictory races which trip everyone up, but because they're just an unknown rather than something with existing stereotypes against it, they'd be fine. Remember kids, it's better to be something that literally no one has a name for than it is to be a Sarkaz.

This setting has an internet, but I can't tell its exact limits. Mobile cities obviously have their own that function within their bounds. Lines in Near Light seem to imply that multiple mobile cities belonging to the same countries share internet and radio, but that there's no connection between countries, so any countries that had an internet would be separate from other country's internet. At the same time there's apparently a famous streamer whose existence indicates semi-global internet and other instances of international net interaction.

Collapsals are weird. First off, "Collapsal," as a name is used both to refer to the entities themselves, and anything and anyone they corrupt/latch onto. This makes talking about or differentiating what a "Collapsal" is difficult and annoying. In general, the Collapsal Race Add-On is more about making you a Collapsal-tainted thing/invested with Collapsal powers rather than a "true" Collapsal. Most recently/minorly Collapsed entities aren't too much more dangerous than they were when alive, but they can exhibit/be surrounded by more dangerous phenomena/traits, and at higher levels of contamination get pretty crazy.The Collapsal Perks are essentially attributing more and more of the more fucked up symptoms to you, making you a far worse case of corruption than the ordinary walking corpses. Taking them won't necessarily drive you

insane. You can theoretically become something like a true Collapsal by taking **Heart of Tin** in addition to going full-tilt on Collapsal Perks.

On Sankta: If you're a non-Laterano affiliated Sankta the Lateran government will still try to get you a gun (and if you accept it, hold you to taking all the tests and regulations), but it won't be a fiat-backed Item.

Sankta empathy doesn't really mindfuck you into agreeing with or caring about other Sankta, it just makes you capable of feeling what they are. In other words, you're only affected as much as you would really be if you could genuinely know how other people were feeling. Yes, this can lead to different behavior, but only in the sense that knowing something can impact how you interact with it. Some people are more susceptible to peer-pressure though, which can lead to weak willed Sankta being overwhelmed. This has led to a very strange culture, and Sankta can pretty much glide around many problems with each other by paying mind to it, but Sankta have different personalities and beliefs and come into (lethal) conflict all the time. They form different opinions and don't budge for other Sankta, some even shooting each other with intent to kill over it.

If you pick Sankta as your race you can be a Fallen Sankta if you want. This will cut you off from the Sankta empathy network, give you as many Fallen traits as you want (darkening, fragmenting, or both of halo and wings, the growth of Sarkaz horns, the growth of a Sarkaz tail, spooky slit pupils), and possibly subject you to a bit of social ostracism from Laterano. It won't impact your firearm compatibility though, or any Perks you have.

The rules that make Sankta fall are arbitrary and seem to be based on the Law's subjective determination on a case-by-case basis. This doesn't mean that it randomly fucks people over, but that it will sometimes make exceptions and spare some people. Shooting another Sankta should (and has) immediately condemned the one at fault to Falling, but in other times Sankta have shot each other and remained fine, the implication being that the Law decided both were right in that instance and allowed them to do so without punishment, or otherwise had further use of them.

Fallen Sankta aren't severely punished in Laterano or by the other Sankta as a matter of course (but they can be punished for what caused them to fall if it was a purposeful crime). Their only restriction is that they can't publicly reveal themselves as Fallen, but if their circumstances are dire enough they can be banished from the city. They can even serve in government offices. This is in-part thanks to the current Pope, who's trying to make everything better for everyone. Now, individual Sankta *can* be prejudiced, because Sankta are individuals. The Pope is pretty chill. He likes wandering into random conversations and giving people advice on how to fix their relationship problems and gives guns to children as a joke.

Sankta can interbreed with other races, but the child is almost always of the non-Sankta race. Occasionally the Law will decide that it accepts the child instead and they're born a Sankta. Things are more interesting if a Sankta and Sarkaz interbreed. The result is a mixed-blood that looks like an ordinary Sankta, but their wings and halo, while still being as bright as a normal Sankta, are fractured and glitchy.

On Sarkaz: Sarkaz tribes can get fucking wild. There's one based on slimes (the Damazti) that are all just clones of the same (still existent) initial shapeshifting goo entity, that all randomly split themselves into copies that go their separate ways, take whatever forms they want, and share the same mind. That's their "Tribe". Hell, when it finally decided to let itself die, it experienced a conflict of interests between two opposing choices, and it literally split into two who each mutually chose one choice, leaving two new "individuals" on different sides. They're fucking *weird*.

If you're designing your own Sarkaz clan, the two inspirations to look to are generally antagonistic monsters from both religion, folklore, and modern fantasy. Mythological and religious creatures/animals are typically represented in Elder races, but particularly monstrous ones go to the Sarkaz. For instance, hippogryphs and pegasi are represented in Elder races, while wendigos, vampires, liches, and the Biblical Goliath are represented in Sarkaz races. Logically, things like lifespan, physical advantages, and natural Arts inclinations will determine the price tier of a custom tribe (or rather, the reverse). If you want to fluff some of your purchases as being innate traits of your new clan then sure. For example, fluffing **Jump3r** as a racial trait might mean they all have fucking Stands I guess. Try to make it logically consistent with whatever the clan's monster theme is, and accept that your full-powered purchases might represent the peak of these racial qualities and that not every member is going to have your most insane purchases. If you have **The 11th King** then whatever witchcraft and clan gimmick you came up with are supercharged for you as you're royalty. Similarly, because you're making it up and thus no spots are filled, you can choose to be the head of the clan with that purchase. You can make sure of that, and take it with you, with **Clan Confessions**.

Sarkaz warrior culture is fucking wild. When a group of assassins set out to kill the Lord of Fiends, they punished themselves for the sin they were about to undertake (even as they committed to undertake it because they believed it was a necessity) by shaving off their horns and seemingly skinning themselves alive before wrapping themselves in their assassin suits. Sarkaz normal culture is also fucking wild. The Nachzehrer clan practices full-on cannibalism as a battle tactic, power system, religious obligation, and all-around problem solver. They fucking eat each other alive to share their power and show respect to their elders, the oldest letting the younger just bite out chunks of their still-living flesh to eat. Their vanguard go into battle unarmed and just grab the first soldier in front of them and just start eating them alive while everyone

around them tries to stab them to death, which only causes them to explode into rot magic.

Sarkaz can apparently interbreed with other races, but the results aren't plainly shown. There's a description of the newborn babies of a Sarkaz and Liberi couple being killed as infants by their neighbors because of how they look. What this means isn't known exactly, but indicates that they look *other*. Or maybe they just look like Sarkaz so everyone else wanted them dead. Who knows?

Bigger in Texas can theoretically be used on someone after the effects of it being used on them have just finished, and so on and so forth.

Sub-Faction only gives you more Races/Affiliations/Backgrounds in this Jump. It doesn't let you pick two Origins in the next Jump.

And Over Ten Seconds… can revive you if you're killed outside of combat like by a sneak attack, but in that case the enemy will have essentially skipped to your second phase, meaning you won't have the revive for the ensuing fight. The amount of time the phase transition takes is not necessarily 10 seconds; some bosses have that time, but not all. That's just the name. It's always fairly quick though.

On Importing things from this Jump into Jump3r: If you have something else in this Jump that could combine with Jump3r in some way, you can do so. Like, if you have **Locked Key** you can make your little stand monster the Feranmut locked inside, giving it the ability to externalize to protect you with the powers of that weapon. Likewise, if you have **Betrayed By Death** you could give your Revenants the ability to solidify into a shadow colossus. If you had the Collapsal Race Add-On? SHENANIGANS

Decide the limits of immortality from the **Ageless** Perk yourself. Nothing is explicitly known to be able to kill them, but Collapsal bullshit (the overwriting of the laws of physics with an alien reality) seems like a good bet, but even that is assumed. There are no Arts of supernatural powers shown capable of killing them. There must certainly be things out there on your Chain capable of killing through it, but they aren't the things here. The Observers (implied cosmic meta-information erasure) are pretty much assumed capable of it, but there are some things there that could be discussed that I'm not going to get into. Assume that kind of shit, and possibly less egregious bullshit, can kill them/those you empower/you.

Till Next Update is so named because it was going to belong to an Origin in a fourth set of Origins I was going to include based on characters grouped by personality

that I couldn't get unfucked in time for the initial release, and this had to ship with a Harem Perk.

Nature's Messenger is a power divorced from Originium, and with it you can fluff your **Originium Arts Assimilation** and resulting Arts as being magic from it instead.

The autism granted by **What Matters Is That I Take It As A Compliment** is so powerful it can help you resist mind control (this is canon).

While we don't see the vector for the personal-scale usage of it implied in a vision of a certain alternate world, the process described in **Lay Down The Law** can be seen in another context, where the usage of it creates a zone on the floor that looks intermittently like a stained-glass window and a watery sky, whereafter the things standing on it are then affected. It's cool as fuck.

Some examples of Sarkaz witchcraft specialties for **Cannibalism Optional**:

- Vampire: Blood based spells. Physically manipulating blood, even inside of bodies for instantly lethal kill spells. Massively buffing people (especially those sharing your race, and based on purity of blood). Healing. Exploding people from the inside out. Animating drops of blood into large parasitic and hungry lamprey-like horrors that are difficult to kill with physical force. Force-exsanguinating people in a wide area. Tracking and retrocognition through blood. Teleportation through blood puddles.
- Lich: Creating vehicles that warp space to traverse distance extremely quickly. Storing their soul in an artifact and then tossing it between dimensions to become slightly immortal. Teleporting and creating portals, even into strange sub-realms born of dreams, maybe. "Exile" which is a spell that just throws someone outside of the universe forever, and can target souls.
- Banshee: Word-based magic, both verbal and written. Casting with speech alone. Speaking poetically to make what they're describing happen. Lots of curses. Speaking "commands" that people's bodies are forced to obey. Cursing information to censor it, censoring it in even electronic databases, while making it so that physical copies induce lethal levels of eye-bleeding from anyone who reads the information without authorization.
- Djall: Purely psychic Arts. Notably uniquely requires zero tools, just eye contact. Sensing and manipulating emotion and memories. Extracting the essence of them into little dream-like objects so they can continue to harvest power or satisfaction from them. "Heart Whipping," which is a thing they do where they lock themselves and one other person in a state where *both* of them experience every trauma and horrible thing that *both* of them have suffered, they do this to

people they like as a means of forcibly trauma-bonding with them in mutual stockholm syndrome; a fun mating ritual to be sure.

- Nachzehrer: So much rot. Inducing decay that, if it kills something, spends the left-over energy healing you and your allies instead. Lifedrain that also drains healing attempting to compensate for said life being drained. Creating miasma that rots everything except for what you exempt. Extracting the rage from corpses you eat to very slightly seemingly permanently empower yourself, stackable. Empowering yourself far more but probably temporarily by devouring corpses, lifeforce, and wrath. Teaching trees to hunger and eat meat and making them ambulant. Tearing the fear and anger out of a dying soul and using it as an attack dog. Infusing your flesh with power to grant great power to and even heal the near-dead who you feed it to. Straight up reviving corpses as intelligent undead, including potentially yourself. Creating alters that send the lifeforce of those that die near them to you remotely. Common tools include plant matter and cloth ribbons, an example being mummy-like wrappings that move and wrap around things to disintegrate them.
- Damazti: Not much is known, but the Damazti Cluster can specially train Sarkaz to learn how to divide like it does, letting them have multiple bodies.
- Confessarii (Technically not a clan, but a secret occult society and eugenically cultivated bloodline and counts for this Perk): Manipulation of genetic materials and souls. Creating living bodies/homunculi. Extracting individual souls/minds from collective soul-masses. Extracting the souls of the dead from within Originium. Bioengineering hybrids of different races/bloodlines with the traits/powers of each. Enhancing and manipulating the traits/powers of bloodlines. Mind transfers/possession/reincarnation.

If **The 11th King** is taken outside of being a Sarkaz, you can consider it just giga-buffing your stats/racial abilities as though you were of a legendary bloodline.

FUCKING RATHALOS I GUESS basically makes you an alien, either from another planet, or another dimension. One of the spooky things that comes from space, or one of the things that pops up in a collab event. It can either give you a cool form like a MH monster, or let you bend the local rules a little by using a foreign power source. It won't make you much more powerful than your purchases would imply, *but if you want* you could use your other purchases to justify your power, and just use this Perk to say you're something that powerful, just flavoring it and bending the rules rather than receiving an actual boost from the Perk.

Apportioned Apparitions can make funny little fellas.

Beachtime BBQ can theoretically make your cells infectious and dangerous even if you aren't a Seaborn, but they'll be mildly limited by their natural lack of digestive abilities, unless your cells are more flexible than most. They could still do disgusting shit like have a drop of blood grow and proliferate through a puddle like bacteria even as a normal human.

Yes, the Collapsal Perks make you a crazy aberration against the laws of reality, and all of them come with very obvious signs that unnerve everyone. The idea of someone taking all of them and then trying to be normal is also very, very funny.

You can consider minor flexes of **Profound Scorchmarks** as being less horrifically and permanently ruinous for the world than greater Collapsal manifestations.

You can use your influence over the area of your core from **Black Footprints** to try and reconstruct your corpse to revive yourself, assuming you have the ability to do so.

Vacuous Eye fucking sucks to have and I love it. Anything that can anchor your perception to a specific point will let you focus on and keep track of that particular patch of infinity. If you lose track of where you are in infinity, but have **Eyes in the Hundreds, Fingers in the Thousands**, then you can reorient your focus to your specific position in space by continuously muttering who you are to yourself.

The alien laws of reality that **Vision of Endings** can extrude into the world are wild. Some known examples of Collapsal Paradigms include:

- Fear and hate becoming nourishment to their subject. Worsened into fear and hate manifesting as independent beings.
- The laws of distance distorting such that the fastest path between two points is not a straight line. Worsened into the fastest path between two points being one that doesn't connect them.
- People's memories and standards of culture being partially overwritten with those of another timeline. Worsened into being so severe that the very definitions of civilization and what constitutes value are unpredictable.
- The boundaries of self and other being blurred, correlating someone to their possessions or environment, such that they experience the pain of their equipment's wear and tear. Worsened into the two being entangled; breaking someone's weapon in half would break them in half.
- The progressive inability of numeric representations and calculations to hold meaning.

    - The progressive slide from, “Life being the premise for action,” to, “Life being the premise for death,” whatever the fuck that means.

And these are just some that were abstracted into gameplay elements. There’s crazy shit down that rabbit hole.

Out of people’s concern for permanently ruining reality via Collapsal Perks, I shall now dissect how bad each Perk is or isn’t for the world to avoid confusion and encourage more people to roll around in Collapse. FURTHER, I will restate that there are several Perks and Items in-Jump that will help with making them less ruinous for the world, like **Here A People Sows**, **Beachtime BBQ**, **Ceremony of Healing**, **The Earth Wakes**, **Harbor Resentment**, and **Pledge of Babel**. ALSO NOTE pretty much all of them only exhibit their consequences for the world from being actively used; just having the Perks won’t irreversibly fuck everything forever, even if they give you a few spooky tells that there’s something wrong with you.

- **Profound Scorchmarks:** This is a bit of a problem, but it only really fucks up what you directly touch with it; if you shoot your spookiness at someone to kill them, then that very specific spot might never be able to grow life again, but this is only on the scale you use it at. It’s also written so that the actual severity of the aftereffects for what it’s touched is dependent on how much spooky-juice you’re willing to put into the attacks.
- **Seeds of Nothing:** No problem at all, this corrupts nothing. At most it horrifies and confuses people who try reading your mind/emotions.
- **Black Footprints:** The only problem this causes is that your blood and gore convert liquids into more of themselves, but even then the wording is intentionally ambiguous to let you decide whether you have that particular manifestation or not (you should because it’s fun).
- **Non-Linear Jumping:** No problem at all, this corrupts nothing. Your physics interactions are kind of fucked but you aren’t permanently destroying local physics, just not interacting with them right.
- **Vacuous Eye:** No problem at all, this corrupts nothing. This is entirely self-centered.
- **Down on the Leaf it Presses:** This one is kind of weird. In and of itself it causes no permanent problems, but you could argue that weakening local space by doing your space warping bullshit is a negative in worlds where extradimensional horrors are on the lookout for such entrypoints, and if you use the self-environment entanglement feature then whether that’s bad for the environment depends entirely on the specifics of you and the qualities of your being. This last quality applies also when forming a body in a dimension you’re intruding into. The majority of your spatial distortions are temporary when you stop maintaining them/leave their presence.

- **Eyes in the Hundreds, Fingers in the Thousands:** This is a problem for intelligent minds unless you choose to hold it back, which you can, in which case there's no problem.
- **Holy Fool:** Ironically despite filling you with fucked up Collapsal nonsense it also gives you the tools to minimize their impact on the world, like "shepherding" the corruption to constrain it to a specific point, or binding it to something specific. The applications that might permanently ruin the world are if you choose to shed/produce more Collapse from within yourself, which is just one of the things it lets you do.
- **Vision of Endings:** This actually just fucking ruins everything when/where used.
- **Will of Ursus:** This is a problem if you get wounded or killed (which causes massive contamination in the area), but this weakness becomes optional post-Jump. Otherwise, the Dominion power operates identically to the principles described for **Profound Scorchmarks**. Also, ironically, this Perks lets you neutralize the danger of Collapse effects that you can gain influence over for those you choose to protect from them.

Post-Chain you may freely toggle the effects of **Perish in Frost**.

You can decide the origins of the personality given by **The Tyrant**, especially to be fitting with the rest of your build.

I wanted to write **I Love Everybody** to be even longer but failed.

The post-mortem nuke element of **Will of Ursus** can interact in very silly ways with other Perks, feel free to fanwank. For instance, with **Heart of Tin**, does it drop the Collapse nuke if your spirit is destroyed, or does it happen every time whatever you're possessing at the time is destroyed? Do your avatars through **Autumn's Bounty** also explode? So many options to be a serial suicide-bomber.

The death-nuke from **Will of Ursus** can be kept because I thought the idea of keeping that in future Jumps was wonderful and I love it.

The Chainfail condition of **Deathless Black Chain** is that you die if you aren't in control of at least one body by the time a Jump ends. This doesn't mean you need to fully snuff out a host, just batter them down enough that you're fairly consistently in the driver seat; you can survive as middle-of-Arc 1 Talulah, not just Kashchey's ideal Talulah. As long as you have *something* out there that can be considered a form of yours, such a physical avatar or something, it'll count as a host for this purpose. I fully expect this Perk to get reworked once we get the next Ursus event/Episode 16.

Victoria deserved it.

The implants continuously accrued from **Narcissa's Mirror** won't eventually lead to health complications as you continue to pick up more each Jump. You may choose whether each new implants replace the old ones while keeping the power, or if your inner body is just a mass of incomprehensible bullshit after a while as a joke.

The lack of a body from **Heart of Tin** can probably be circumvented with **Autumn's Bounty** with your one free avatar acting as your body. You could also probably possess it, which would be kind of redundant, but would be funny because you'd be possessed by yourself.

Tola and his schizophrenia is based as fuck and **Let Reality Give Way To Me** may or may not be fueled by schizophrenia.

Ceremony of Healing, **The Earth Wakes**, and **Harbor Resentment** might make your Collapsal powers less corruptive to the world around you, *maybe*. **Beachtime BBQ** too, probably.

Sami's Language can easily be framed is prophetic schizophrenia where you find yourself seeing messages to you in billboards, or neon signs flickering out so the letters spell out spooky things to you.

The range of relationship types you can get with a given deity through **Tower of Revelations** depend on their proclivities, but you'll be an important element to them one way or another.

Triplet Empresses won't carry you against a particularly strong enemy alone, but it'll be a massive help, so stack the deck in your favor.

Yes, if you had any Revenants willing to teach you a little bit of witchcraft, **Horn of Genesis** would let you take that and study your way into an expert of what they initiate you in.

The timeloop from **Enter Eternity** can randomly and unpredictably duplicate items; those accessories or items that are left behind when you start it aren't lost to you, there's now one in the present and one in the looping past. If you can escape the timeloop you could conceivably pick up a second version of whatever was duped. These second 'copies' don't share Fiat-backing, so if you lose one you're kind of out of luck in that regard, but you still have the original. You can't control what replicates in this

fashion. If your Arts Assimilation is big enough and you catch enough spatial distortions in your blast, the timeloop nuke can get country-sized

The cognitive interference abilities of **Firstborn** really do trivialize a lot of enemies, but anything without a neurology to effect is flatly immune.

All the flowery language at the end of **Firstborn** is just alluding to the fact that taking it makes you a candidate for Seaborn Jesus, with the potential to save the world from them and bring about an age of peace and coexistence.

Traditional Technology isn't more expensive because even with all the technology of Aegir they still KNEEL to OLD MEN with SWORDS.

To give reference to the speed-focused version of **Sea Borne**, there's a scene where the character it's based on is talking to someone in a hallway, says something, and then moves ten meters before the words can reach the other person. Make of that what you will.

Pursuit of the Perfect Form is interesting because while it CAN give you the Seaborn Race Add-On, you can take the Perk and still turn that down. In this case, you can fluff how it works according to the specifics of your build. It might be as simple as a strange Arts construct, or something much, much worse if you have Collapsal juice all up in your business.

Goku Cumbucket is named after a proud Sarkaz hero who died in the 2875th invasion of Kazdel, who was tragically forgotten because no one knew how to spell.

The Revenants from **Betrayed by Death** can teach you what they know, but they're mildly crazy and cranky from being on fire for centuries, and haunted for millennia. Yes, the ghosts are haunted by even more dead ghosts.

The emotions you can forcibly induce with **Cat Spotted** don't necessarily taste like shit to eat with **I Don't Dislike It**, but they're probably not all that appetizing or high-quality. Like the fast food of emotions; you might even like some every now and then, but not all the time. However, the emotions that stem from the things people do under the influence of those affected emotions can be fine dining, thus incentivising you

driving people fucking crazy so you can enjoy the taste the heights they then drive themselves to.

Yes, **Nervous Impairment** can leave a mental effect most likely permanent, but it may come with potentially significant side effects for the victim.

No, the limits of **Abandoned Draft** aren't known, that guy is just fucking busted for some reason. The absolute versatility of this motherfucker.

Into a Single Web is probably useful for Perks/Items that give you a large amount of sensory input without much ability to parse it.

You may be able to perceive and communicate with others using similar powers while using **As Our Thoughts Collide**. It may be possible, either with training or with a consciousness melding ability like **DEBATE**, to take people with you to experience these vision-journeys.

At The Terminus of Civilization gives you peak-Priestess vibes from before she showed up as an actual character and was mostly just an ominous background presence that showed up in trippy gaslighting visions and spoke like a yandere old god trying to sound human.

Elite Wife Strats is good and healthy for your relationships. You should use it on everyone you love.

The full power of **The Funeral of All Things** may be dependent on how much shit you've assimilated into it. The more you've assimilated overall across your Chain will increase your power within its Assimilated Universe, the more you've assimilated in a specific world will increase your power over that outer universe.

Broken Sun makes you the inheritor of the Civilight Eterna, the Black Crown, and thus the Lord of Fiends. Or at least it gives you an offshoot of it, but you can also just have the main one. The full powers of this shit are unknown and kind of crazy. In one timeline Amiya straight up becomes the apocalypse, but that might not be real, except she could still hurt you. Some shenanigans it can do are:
Passive shit:

- Records everything around you, including the memories and motives of others, giving you a record of literally everything that ever happened to you as well as a deep understanding of events. Might actually be operating on a global scale, but

with more limited ability to access, or maybe not and you just have to actively delve a little.
- Empathically conveys the emotions of everyone around you, letting you understand everyone's feelings, gauge sincerity flawlessly, and roughly sense intent with ease, though you can still be tricked up by people knowing what you're doing.

Beginner shit:

- Actively read minds and memories.
- "Devour" emotional reactions to pacify others, calming the angry, and healing the traumatized, whether they want it or not.
- Forcing emotions into people's heads to fuck with them temporarily.
- Manifesting black Arts without a casting unit that are extremely strong (when out of control, like if you spotted someone on a nearby mountain about to kill the person you love most, a pitch-black spike might streak out from you and skewer the enemy from literally a battlefield away).
- Perfectly download a lifetime of training by stealing it from the mind of someone who worked for it their whole life.
- Recreate an artifact from those same memories that has similar or same powers, used once to obtain a sword capable of cutting through Arts.

More advanced shit:

- Erasing whatever you want inside someone's head, potentially completely mind wiping them.
- Doing so in a way so that the loss is gradual and they have a period of functionality before finally biting it.
- Piercing mundane (and seemingly all displayed magical) durability and shields.
- Interfacing with Originium to unzip all the souls it had trapped in itself to release them to their final destination and weaken its creator's control over it.
- Laying down curses that will define the futures of entire bloodlines.
- Seeing the future and showing people visions of alternate timelines.
- Manifesting a loom in the sky whose threads represent possibilities, manipulating them with such force you can have your army win a battle against an equal foe without a single casualty.
- Manipulating matter and lifeforce to instantly heal a dying but not yet dead person.
- Straight up rewriting people's personalities/goals.

All Aboard the Crystal Age also means that the science Perks you buy here make you good at science of the normal kind and the kind that uses Originium technology.

The best way to take advantage of **Crazed Rituals, Ancient Ceremonies** is probably to select a power source you have from either a Perk or Item, so you always have access to it to make use of the Perk. For instance, **Theoretically Seeds** could be used to make Collapsal-powered Emperor's Blades equivalents.

If you combine it with an appropriate power source and with another Perk that could interact with it to similar ends you can wank the resulting soldiers as being even stronger. For instance, **Traditional Technology** with Seaborn-cell based **Crazed Rituals, Ancient Ceremonies**, or **Holy Fool** for Collapsal ones. What an improved result of such horror looks like is up to you.

Items are meant to be Importable/combinable to a fairly versatile extent. The weapons example is obvious, but if you took a bunch of purchases of **Nomad State** and some other properties, you could put those properties on the nomadic cities, or add one such property to each plate. You could combine **'Lil Droplet** with **Compass of Desire** to create a little silvery/mercury-like liquid metal girl who lives in your pocket and has the powers of both. You can combine gear with **Balls Deep State** to give them said gear. Go crazy. Part of my design philosophy early on in making this Jump is that I wanted to make Item-only builds completely viable.

You can buy **Not Furniture** of any price-configuration as many times as you want.

Yes, the second Tier of **EPOQUE of Fashion** signs you and your friends up to be models.

I encourage you to look up what some animals in Arknights look like to be informed for **She Gave Me (Metal) Crabs**. Some of them are super adorable.

The adorable and lovable delivery girl in **Schoolyard Fun** may or may not be any particular snack-loving Sankta.

The shit you can get from **Cannibalism and Cannibalism Accessories** can be wild, but the stronger the shit, the less stuff you'll be able to draw from the stash. A circle of large hollow tombstones filled with blood is fine, but one of the Nachzerher's life-devouring runeswords is a bit pushing it, and a Lich's distance-devouring rideable cube-thing would leave you running dry until you crashed it.

As mentioned, if you made a custom Sarkaz race, **Clan Confessions** can be used to make (and take along) your clan.

Flurry to the Flame gives you Monster Hunter style monster armor of your various forms.

The alternate locations created by **A Dark Room, An Unfreezing River** may or may not be actual Collapsals themselves, considering how they work.

Again, the exact nature of **The Husky Russkies** can be decided by you, if you want your military to be composed of different kinds of units.

Yes, **Non-Royal Royalties** means there's a market for fan-merch of you for some reason.

The mentally unstable cute wolf girl implied to be delivering you pasta in **FUCK GAUL** may or may not be anyone in particular.

Golden Law can apply to all populations you rule, and its strength may grow the grander your lands and culture.

Yes, **Fat Tail Enthusiasts** can basically be your fanclub, except they're crazy jungle savages that sometimes build mechs (Sargon is weird).

The beautiful and elegant lady presented in **Ticket Not Required** is a beautiful and elegant lady.

Your spooky minions from **Balls Deep State** can look however you want/have whatever demographic you want. Ursus employs hilariously evil-looking super soldiers in spooky armor, Victoria's Duke of Caster sends stupid jobber nerds in dumb outfits, and the current Shahanshah has his will conveyed by a hot woman with a massive tail in a breezy blouse with tight stockings who makes yandere facial expressions.

If taken multiple times, the wackos from **Catullus 16** don't necessarily like each other and aren't inclined to work together. They don't want to share. Exceptions may exist depending on the individuals picked.