

RIMWORLD

Welcome Jumper, to the Worlds on the Rim. RimWorld is a space colony survival sim in a universe where...

The best historians of the Ordo Historia believe that humanity first left its origin planet Earth about 3,400 years ago. Since then, we've spread across the galaxy on a fitful wavefront of colony ships, frontier worlds, robotic terraforming projects, and DNA-synthesizing probes.

Today, mankind is smeared across a region of the galaxy about 1,200 light years wide. Our best models indicate that there is a general trend towards greater population density towards the center of this region, where the stars were colonized earlier. At the edge of known space lie the rimworlds, drifting alone with few inhabited neighbors, mostly unvisited.

We've created many new technologies, but despite millennia of effort by our best human minds, and even the most powerful archotechs, nobody has managed to make anything go faster than light.

The lightspeed barrier separates us. Because travel times are so long, planets tend to be very disconnected from each other socially and technologically. The next star over could experience a catastrophic war, and you wouldn't even know until ten years later when the news reports arrive. If you're unlucky, you'd have already launched a journey towards that now-destroyed planet in a ship that cannot turn around.

Many attempts have been made to create pan-galactic empires and republics. And some have worked, for a time. In the core worlds, an old, stable culture can create an interstellar empire of a few systems. But there are no great galactic empires stretching across the galaxy, for the same reason that no ancient empire of Earth held more than a sixth of the planet: one cannot govern people who are years distant by all means of travel and communication.

So most people never travel between stars, and if they do, they do it once or twice, because each journey means leaving behind a life that you cannot return to for decades at least. With a few exceptions, each star system is essentially on its own.

Mankind never discovered any truly alien lifeforms. However, given the ways we've changed ourselves, and created new forms of biological and technological intelligence, the universe is full of beings as alien as anything ever imagined.

It'd be for the best if you take this: **1000 CP**.

Or...

Activate Gauntlet Mode? -1000 CP

When playing Gauntlet Mode you start with nothing. No perks, no warehouse, no items for you and your companions.

Best of luck, you'll be needing it.



Starting Location, roll d12 or pay **50 CP**:

1. Temperate Forest- A moderate location, plenty of trees and fertile clearings with many animals roving between trees and the plains. No particular hazards beyond the usual.

2. Temperate Swamp- Like above but more wet. Thick vegetation chokes movement and loose soil makes large settlements a nightmare. Disease is more common but the soil is quite fertile.
3. Tropical Rainforest- As deadly as it is dangerous, aggressive animals, verdant overgrowth, and constant outbreaks of disease are why many call this place 'Green Hell'. Plenty of wood, animals, and fertile soil but your health may suffer for it.
4. Tropical Swamp- As above but with *even more* water. Disease is a constant hazard and it is difficult to move around. Large settlements are difficult to manage but the soil quality is the best you'll find naturally.
5. Arid Shrubland- Only hardy plants and animals will survive here. Lack of wood and the less than stellar soil quality are punishing while heat and water loss become massive issues. To compensate, winters are mild and crops grow year-round.
6. Desert- Dry and only barely capable of supporting life arable land is a rarity and few organisms brave the blazing daily heat and frigid nightly cold. Loose soil makes large settlements difficult. Even bacteria rarely bother you here.
7. Extreme Desert- Extraordinary hot and devoid of almost all water and thus life, complete lack of plants and arable land makes survival a wretched proposition. Shifting sands and freezing winters keep away all but the most desperate.
8. Boreal Forest- Similar to the temperate forest with the same mix of plant and animal life, but colder. Migrations of larger animals abide during the chill of winter and the mild summers are perfect for crops.
9. Cold Bog- An unpleasant mire of freezing mud and dense vegetation. Endemic disease and loose soil present hazards, but fertile soil and decent animal populations provide ample food despite the temperature.
10. Tundra- Permafrost occasionally broken by the rare tree or animal. Large herds of elk or deer-analog stalked by predators help make up for the non-existent growth-time for crops.

11. Something Else- Perhaps you dream of fungus choked biomes, bulbous growths blocking even the light of the sun, volcanic islands, or something yet stranger. The nicer it is, the more others will wish to take it.
12. Randy's Blessing- He favours you, for now. Make your own choice of where to settle, before his mercurial mood settles again.



Backgrounds

All backgrounds can be of any age or gender, defaulting to the same as the previous jump.

Drop-in (**0 CP**): More literally than usual, you fall out of the sky in drop-pods that disintegrate on arrival. Some resources are scattered about and you can just barely make out the glare of other drop-pods nearby. Friends, perhaps?

Tribal (50 CP): Your tribe has been destroyed. Metal-men came in the night and burned your village to the ground wholesale. Taking what you could, you and your fellows escaped into the lonely night.

Colonist (50 CP): You have, whatever your circumstances before, joined a group of similar minded people. You've formed a mostly-functional society dedicated to surviving the harsh realities of life on the Rim.

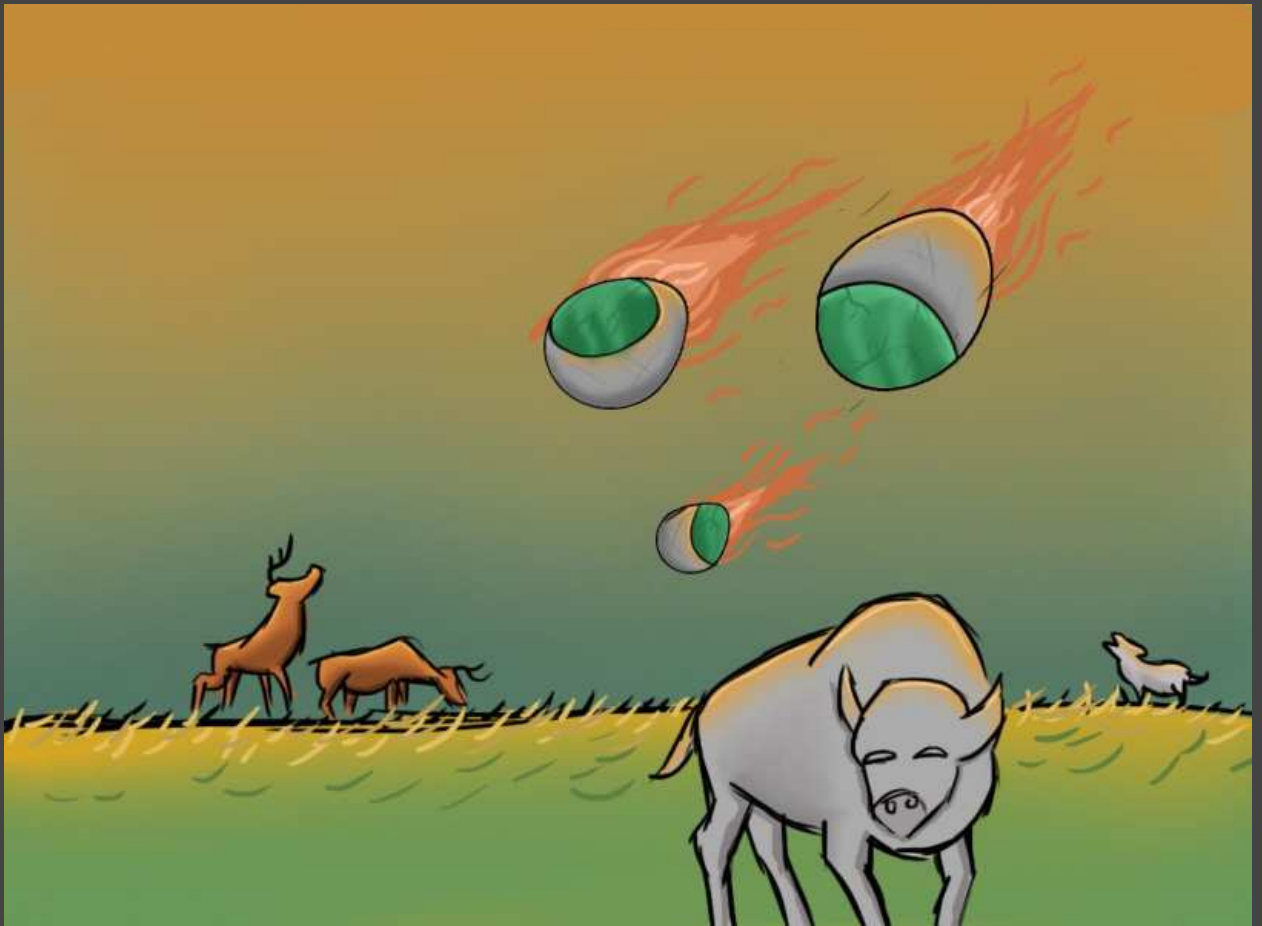
Pirate (50 CP): Why build when you can steal? A murderous group of pirates, scum, and drug addicts dedicated to their own pleasures. Your reputation for slavery, slaughter, and general sleaziness precede you.

Glitterworlder (100 CP): Life was easy, life was fun, now far from home and on the run. You've got fantastic designs for impossible machines and miraculous medicine in your head. Too bad everyone seems intent on bashing them out of your skull.

Perks:

50 CP perks are free for their origin, the rest are discounted for ½. One Legendary Master of your choice is discounted. Double discount is free.

General Perks:



New Jump Enthusiasm (Free for this Jump or **100 CP** to keep): We've been playing this game for quite the while haven't we, Jumper? Understandably, things can become routine or boring after a while. Well, now, at least for the start of any new Jump, you'll be able to work up the same enthusiasm as when you first started.

Cathartic Break (Free for this Jump or **100 CP** to keep): Sometimes things just go wrong. Everybody has bad days every now and again and now you and yours have the perfect solution: Go fucking apeshit bonkers. While temporarily abandoning all semblance of rational thought for a brief period, afterward you'll feel refreshed. It won't help you deal with the cause of the

problems but at least you'll feel a little better for getting those emotions off your chest.

Ate With Table (**200 CP**): It's the simple things really. This is a small change that helps you notice all the little things that went right even when everything else is going wrong. So what if your mother was sold to slavery and you had to eat your wife to survive? Your cat was *very* friendly today.

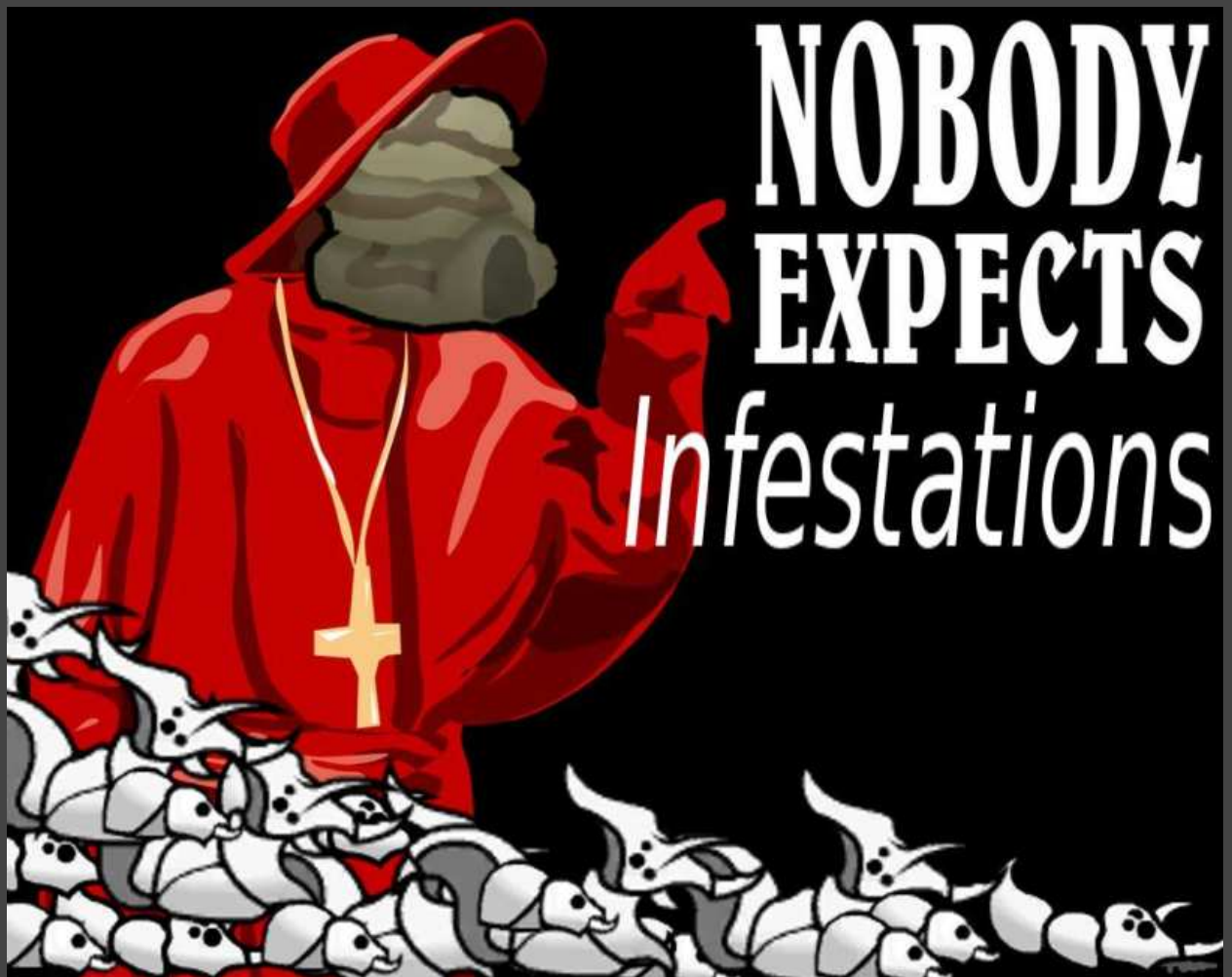
Feeling Great (**200 CP**): For no apparent reason, you just feel great right now. Every once in a while, with frequency decided by luck, you'll just feel fantastic for no particular reason. With enough luck perks, you could exist in a state of perpetual bliss. Other circumstances notwithstanding.

Former _____ (**400 CP, 1000 CP**): Select a different Origin option, paying the cost for the origin if it has an attached cost. This represents a past of working for a different faction than you are currently a part of. A raider from a glitterworld, a tribal turned pirate etc. Can be taken into future Jumps if you instead pay **1000 CP** to be able to take a second origin, paying **400 CP** or the innate cost if they have any, in future Jumps. How does that work? You're clever Jumper, you'll figure something out.

Hugslib (**400 CP**): It's not like there isn't a lot to do around here, but doesn't this feel like it could be so much more? Now it will be. Unlocks the Modding section. So many!

Legendary Master- Mining (**600 CP**): You're an expert in geology. Even the strangest and most esoteric minerals are quick to yield their secrets and any goodies their hiding under your scrutiny and study. Your personal speed when digging, as well as others when directed by you, is much faster as you tend to find the sweet spots to bring everything down in a (mostly) controlled fashion. While you manage to finagle just the little bit of extra ore, you'll be shocked to find that, so long as you're the one digging or

directing efforts, minerals from previous jumps will miraculously appear. Careful not disturb any insect nests while you're at it, hmm?



Legendary Master- Construction (**600 CP**): You're an expert architect capable of realizing truly magnificent and strange buildings. You know exactly how to balance the weight of any given structure to prevent collapse and can utilize even the weakest materials to support whole mountains. You are uniquely capable of reproducing or near-reproducing almost any large-scale structure given appropriate resources. If you know how to produce something you innately understand how to build the facilities needed to manufacture/maintain it.



Drop-in:



Extremely Low Expectations (50 CP): Situationally and strangely, the worse the situation gets, the better your mood. Specifically, how wealthy you are. The more money you possess, in any form, the less effective this is. Someone well-off will hardly notice a difference, while this will keep a poor, destitute Jumper warm on any night.

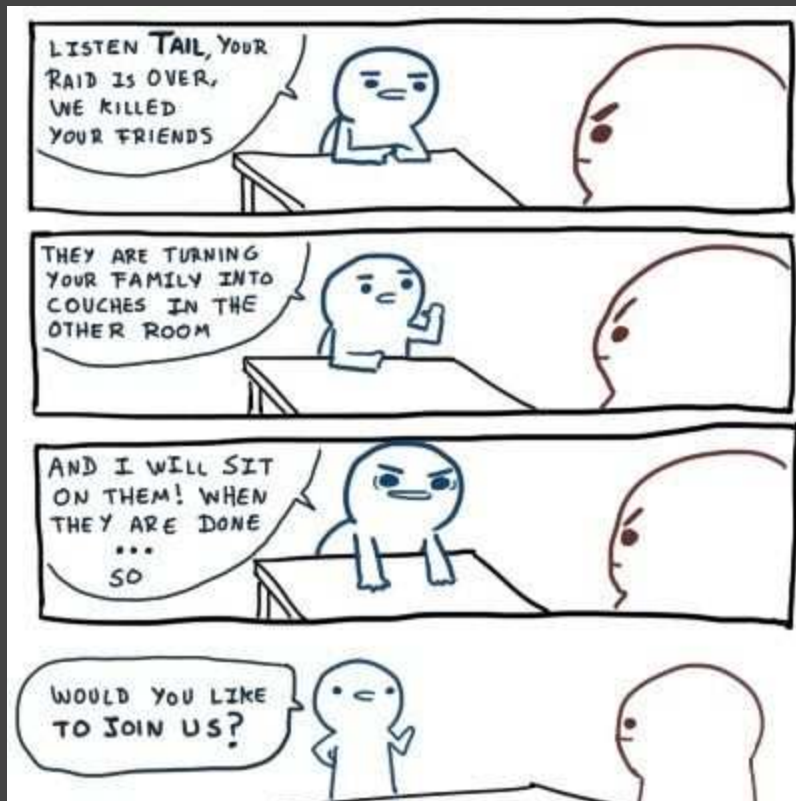
Crashed Together (100 CP): Even in the worst situations, the terrible happenstances that come your way will not break the bonds you share. Any bonds of legitimate love or friendship you possess are only strengthened by hardship you share with your fellow survivors. This doesn't preclude infighting or disagreements, it just prevents long-term damage to the relationship in question.

Build Rapport (200 CP): If you take time to talk with someone they will slowly come to like you. The conversation and its contents could be almost anything, though the old maxim of flies and honey still stands. So long as you make honest attempts to get along you will eventually come to some kind of working relationship. Working relationships, by the by, are not the same as fast friendships.

Party Animal (400 CP): You know how to party! Especially useful for keeping a positive mood in any circumstance, you can plan a shindig for just about anyone in even the most bleak circumstances. This scales with available resources, imported delicacies and luxurious entertainment would be enough to ignore all but the most atrocious of circumstance. Even the most bare-bones arrangement is enjoyable so long as you are there.

Legendary Master- Social (600 CP): You're an expert of conversation in all its forms. You could sell a merchant his own daughter and make a profit and prices are reduced by a third (No, this doesn't work on me, though I do like this dress, so nice of you to notice!). You are an expert at reading social cues so long as there is body-language for you to read, no matter how

minute. You can manipulate others to your own ends, convincing them to your way of thinking, or soothe a disparate soul. All of this comes to you naturally as breathing.



Legendary Master- Cooking (**600 CP**): You're an expert culinarian. You could make a dish worthy of kings with nothing more than dried rice and stringy wolf meat. In addition to boosts in production speed and efficiency, you will always be recognized in any future Jumps as a chef of renown. All prepared by you gives a not-insignificant boost to mood, additionally positive effects of any cooking you do are much greater. That muffin baked with trace amounts of healing root? Before it could fix a scratch or two, now it regenerates limbs.



Colonist:



Lean on Me (50 CP): You're a dependable sort, ya'know that Jumper? Now, whenever you enter a new group you are guaranteed to quickly find your niche. This works on both practical and social levels though, be forewarned, sometimes that role will be as bottom of the pack.

Well Adjusted (100 CP): Despite everything that happens on even the nicest colonies out on the Rim, you've managed to stay mostly sane. You can

mentally adjust to even the most hellish circumstances. It isn't guaranteed to be pretty, happy or leave you without bad coping mechanisms or mental scars but you will get there. Eventually.

We Live in a Society (200 CP): Similar to Well Adjusted, this operates on large groups with some noteworthy differences. It maintains function on a group-scale when it comes to labor. While each individual member may fall asleep at night screaming and weeping, they'll still function just as well during their day-jobs. Find some decent therapists, okay Jumper?

Artisan (400 CP): More than finding a niche, you excel when operating within a narrow lens of activities. Whenever you focus on performing a task and only that task, you find yourself performing it better and faster the longer you work. This wears off with surprising speed, a day at maximum for something specific, a few months for general tasks. Keep those skills sharp, and you just may make it through this.

Legendary Master- Medicine (600 CP): You're an expert at saving lives regardless of the circumstances. Given nothing but the clothes on your back you could bind life-threatening wounds in mere seconds and excise even the most virulent tumors given proper equipment. The quality of your work is definitely influenced by medical equipment available but you possess a preternatural ability to max due with even the poorest substitutes. A bit of animal fat and some glowing plants would be all you need to fight full-body infections.

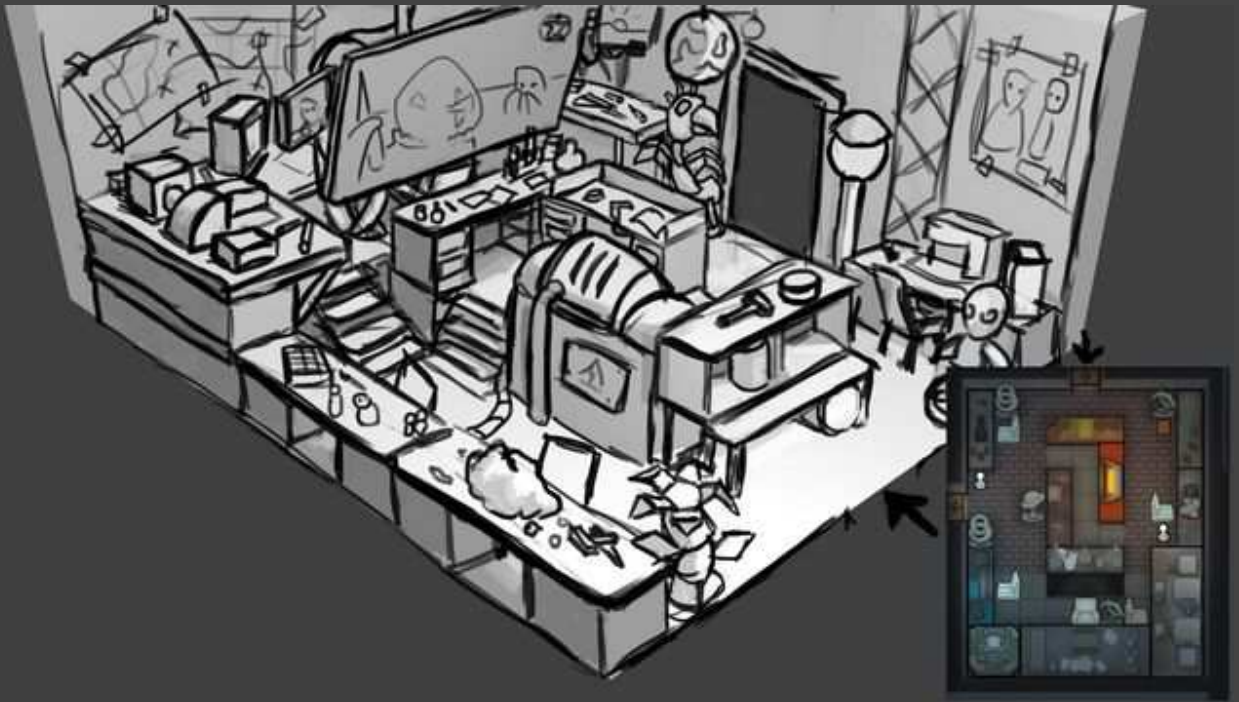
THEN



NOW



Legendary Master- Crafting (600 CP): You're an expert at the manufacture of goods of a truly staggering variety, whether its rolling joints, creating sci-fi tier ray-guns, or sewing a doll. The speed at which you create any of these implements is vastly increased and becomes shorter every time you successfully complete one. Every time you produce a copy of something you've already made it is slightly improved, a rough 1% increase in overall function. This stacks fully with successive fabrication though you must be personally involved in the process of creation. Roughly one in every 1000 of your creations will be Legendary, doubling all improvements from this perk and bearing a unique 'artwork' based on an event from your Jumps. Decided by myself, if you don't mind.



Tribal:



Sufficient Survivor (50 CP): You naturally acclimate to your surroundings with commendable rapidity. While not an actual survival mechanism, this is a mental change that allows you to adjust to sudden changes in environment. It won't make it any easier to survive in a sweltering desert, but you'll get used to heat in just a few days.

Release the Squirrels (100 CP): Not the eyes! Even your weakest attacks and maneuvers have the damndest way of making themselves effective. This is effectively a minor increase in luck as far as landing your shots. You could have nothing more than a sharpened length of wood and you'd manage to lodge it in that super-soldiers spine.

Natural Living (200 CP): Nature has a funny way of providing everything you need to survive. So long as you eschew advanced technology you will find the basic tools you need to live in almost any environment. Note, this won't

allow you to survive Nitrogen-ice seas or hard vacuum, but managing to find a non-toxic steam of water in a volcanic wasteland is doable.

A Quality All Its Own (400 CP): Despite their technological inferiority the tribes on the Rim survive by virtue of sheer numbers. You know how to utilize any kind of numerical advantage to its fullest, how best to split forces to capture or kill a numerically inferior force. This upgrades depending on the numerical difference, a three on two will yield few benefits, while a battle of 200 on 20 will have marked boons.

Legendary Master- Growing (600 CP): You're an expert at tending to and raising plants of all kinds. You could prepare and sow a whole field of crops in as little as a day given proper motivation. Any kind of herb, bush, or tree under your care flourishes as much as it can within its environment with only minimal care from you. You also possess an innate instinct for managing even the most finicky of flora and are capable of recognizing any disease in crops the moment of its appearance. Your yields size increases based on the care you give it with no ceiling.



Legendary Master- Animals (600 CP): You're an expert at working animals of all shapes and sizes. You innately recognize an animals intelligence, immediate condition, and body language given only momentary observation. If operating with you or by your instruction your animals gain a commensurate increase in competency depending on their intelligence and the complexity of the task. A bear told to move wood platforms would understand to continue until a pile is depleted while a rat understands generally you don't care if the person they bite dies and so on. Under your tender care even the most vicious and rapacious of creatures could be tamed provided sufficient effort. While this may mean as little as dropping some seeds to tame a rat, taming something like a thrumbo would require

saving its life or some other herculean effort. Like filling the bottomless pit of its stomach.



Pirate:



Psychopath (50 CP): If you're certain of one thing its that everyone on this world is an asshole and you could give a rat's ass if they died. This decreases your innate socio-empathic tendencies, withered as they are, even further. This sense of dissociation means you really don't care much for the lives of others around you. No-one around you is completely exempt from this effect but it is lessened on companions and can be toggled on/off at your convenience.

The Flesh! (100 CP): Wearing clothing or armor made from the skin of intelligent beings empowers you. This is but a minor fraction of the strength of the original beings, enough that a full suit of human clothing would only moderately increase a baseline human's strength. Garments made from

more powerful entities however... Warning: Dragon-scale underwear chafes something fierce.

Blood Lust (200 CP): Witnessing death and causing pain strengthens you. You gain a slight bonus to causing damage to other entities capable of feeling pain that increases with the amount of pain your prospective weapon will cause. Normal sword? Decent boost. Whip of Greater Soul-Shredding? Large boost. This boost only grows when a target is killed under these means.

Hats Here (400 CP): The powers of this perk are manifold. Firstly, you gain an innate ability to determine how useful someone would be to you both in the short and long-term. This is not pre-cognitive and functions off of your knowledge of the subject. Secondly, this allows you to find a use, no matter how heinous or esoteric, to turn them to your own benefit. Even if that benefit is keeping the sun out of your eyes as a hat.

Legendary Master- Melee (600 CP): You're an expert in hand-to-hand combat and excel at using any given melee weapons to great effect. Those facing you will find you a nimble opponent, capable of dodging strikes and retaliating with any part of your body with brutal efficiency. You have an instinctive understanding of any melee weapon you're given with a basic level of efficiency. While this gives you no immediate style or strength in conflict, your kinesthetic awareness of both you and your opponents bodies is flawless.

Melee



Yours:



Theirs:



What happens:

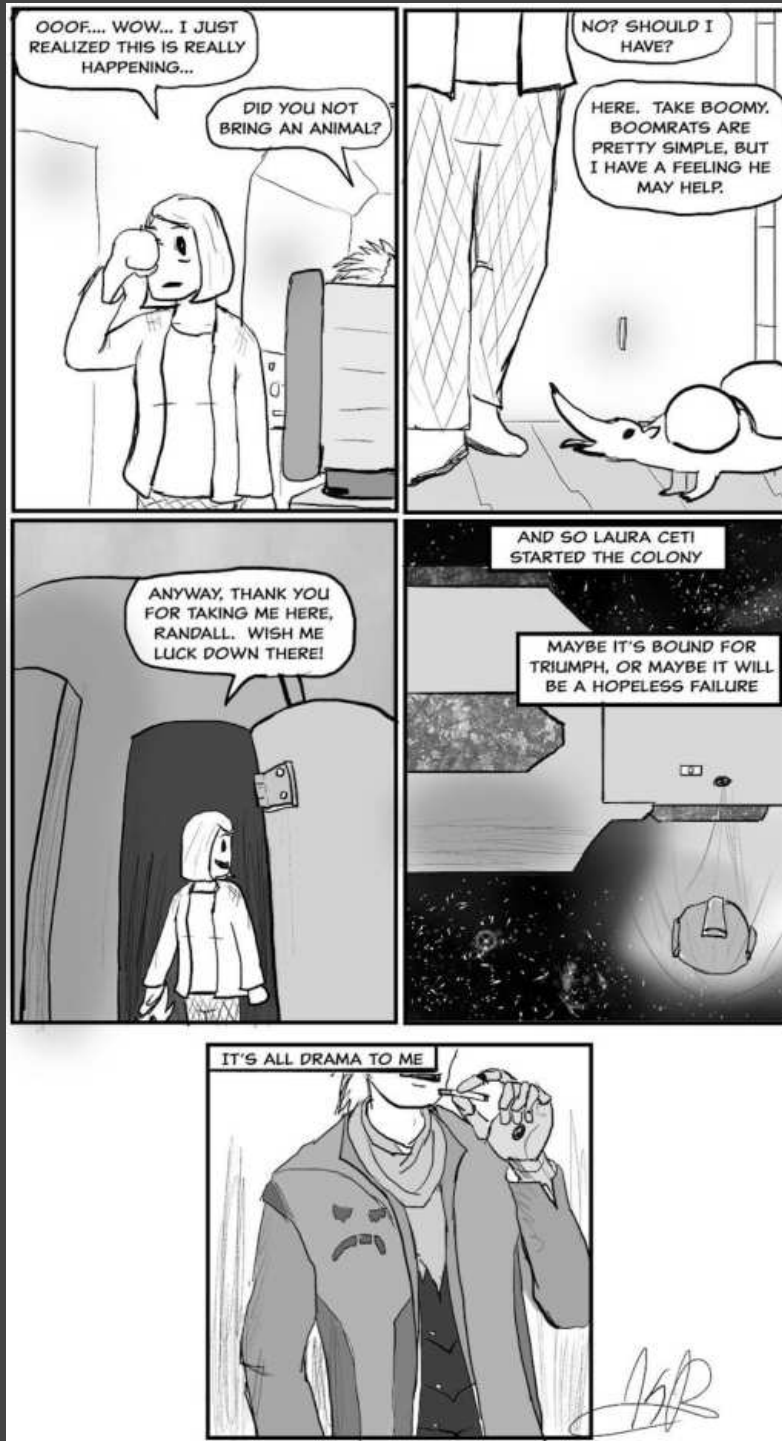


Legendary Master- Shooting (**600 CP**): You're an expert at utilizing any kind of ranged weapon to the greatest effect. Overall marksmanship and firing times have increased for all weapons you utilize, from bow to hard-light shotgun. You are capable of focusing on either accuracy or rate of fire and

enhancing either in any ranged weapon you can utilize (which is now pretty much anything) with a slight malus toward the other. Even your misplaced and wayward shots have a way of finding their way of ricocheting or finding targets you weren't aiming for.



Glitterworlder:



Everything is Chrome in the Future (**50 CP**): Your cushy lifestyle has afforded you a lofty understanding of aesthetics. You have an understanding of colour, design, and style that cannot be understated. Whatever decorations you use are sure to leave guests baffled. In a good way, I'm sure.

Xenohuman (**100 CP**): Your genome has been played with, just a little. You possess a resistance to radiation, slight beauty treatment, and a host of other small adaptations as you see fit. Perhaps you are a soldiermorph, submissive, devoted with a vast tolerance for pain and strengthened muscle. Or maybe you are someone's perfect spouse, your very appearance and personality shaped to their desire. Other, yet stranger possibilities exist... Which is to say, write-fag away!

Facile Frivolity (**200 CP**): You know just how to use excess resources. This may seem somewhat oxymoronic but whenever you possess a surplus of goods, be it food, medicine, or some crafting good, you will know exactly how best to put it to use. Maybe an extra half centimeter of plasteel insulation will make that it so your lightbulbs never burn out! Progress!

Archotech Analysis (**400 CP**): You possess memories, albeit somewhat muddled, of truly fascinating technology. The means to create personae cores, full-body cloning, controllable self-replicating nanites and mechanoids, and other marvels lie within your grasp. It will take time, study, and careful engineering to reproduce these things but this is a massive head-start.

Legendary Master- Intellectual (**600 CP**): You're an expert at research and scientific advancement of all kinds. There is no technology beyond your capability for reverse-engineering or eventually decoding. So long as you have a clear goal in mind for the development of a piece of tech you can eventually manufacture it. All research work you complete is not only doubled but is also impossibly easy to understand to even the most

simple-minded luddite. With your blueprints even a group of tribal humans could find the stars within their grasp. Sidenote: actually doing so is another story altogether.



Legendary Master- Artistic (**600 CP**): You're an expert at expressing the inner beauty of any medium. It is mere child's play to make anything you manufacture fit an aesthetic theme, regardless of function. Any dedicated statues, paintings, sketches etc. you make are vastly improved in quality, regardless of what you actually used or created. A water-colour paint-by-numbers on old parchment showing a gerbil giving birth would still possess beauty if filled by you. Also allows you to find a market for your

artwork in any setting, allowing you decent income based upon quality of work. If there exists no parties to purchase such things, I'll buy them. Put them right up on my cosmic fridge.



Items:

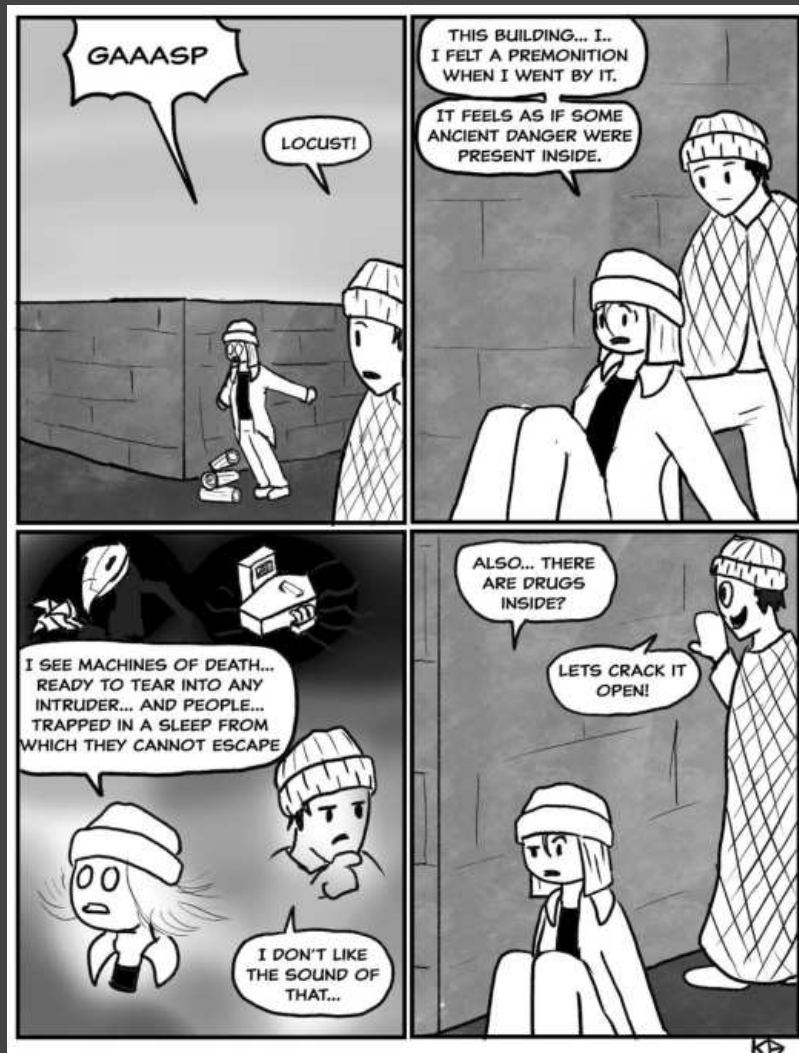
100 CP Items free for respective origin, the rest are discounted for ½.



A Lonely Bliss

On this piece is a depiction of an empty belt riding on a panther wearing a necktie. The very static structure of the image almost conflicts with its glitch-art style. There is an outpost behind the focal point.

Drop-in:



Ship Debris (**100 CP**): A small portion of the ship that carried you here, torn to pieces by the pull of the planet. For the rest of this jump regular showers of debris will rain down from the heavens. 50 additional CP to take this into future jumps. Just make sure it doesn't land on something (or someone) important.

Nest Egg (**200 CP**): A consolation prize really. Some stored up bits of lumber, steel, and the ever useful component. Enough to establish a foothold in any location. Respawns at the beginning of the jump. Can also fall out of the sky, should you so desire. I'll try not to hit anyone *too* important.

Ancient Dangers (**400 CP**): At the beginning of any Jump there will be, either nearby or in a location you will learn of or reach soon, a cache of goods. These will be wonders of ages past, ruins of ancient and powerful civilizations with technology of a scale that is truly boggling. This is a large stache, as such things go, containing many arcotech or better artifacts in addition to any other additions in cryosleep or luciferium stashes. It is large enough to make a decent home base once cleared out... It may or may not be guarded by murder-bots or Jump appropriate enemies/goods at your discretion. Mostly free stuff!

Colonist:



Home (100 CP): It's nothing much, little more than a bed, a source of light, and some decorations, but it's something. While not exactly the pinnacle of comfort, it will follow you and maintain any improvements made upon it. Can be added to the warehouse or be a location in future Jumps at your discretion.

Machining Table (200 CP): Where you will work your trade. A crafting bench of some description with some basic tools for complex item manufacture. Has the added benefit of also being able to create anything of lesser complexity than the most complicated thing it can be used to build. Will retain all future improvements and be added to the warehouse or your home/colony at your discretion.

Colony (400 CP): A place to live! A modest assemblage of structures containing all that's needed for life on the Rim. Contains at minimum: a work room, a refrigerated space, living areas, a kitchen, and a even a entertainment replete with table as well as the facilities necessary to power all of that. Will carry forth all future enhancement and can be added to warehouse/appear in future jumps at your discretion.

Tribal:



Bare Necessities (100 CP): You ever read the Jungle Book, Jumper? Well, here's the simplest amount needed to live. Some basic foodstuffs, crude weapons, basic medicine, and wood. You'll start every jump near a similar cache of resources flavoured for whatever setting your in. Starting at the bottom is still starting somewhere, right?

Growing Zone (200 CP): An area set aside for growing plants. Settled over remarkably fertile earth, the plants set here will grow faster than they would elsewhere. So long as the skill of the caretaker is enough, any plant, no matter how exotic the requirements for its growth, can be grown here. Can be imported into future Jumps or attached to the warehouse at your discretion.

Tribe (400 CP): A grouping of buildings, similar to the colony but lower tech. Lacking in refrigeration it instead features a large storehouse stocked to the brim with pemmican, jerked meats, or other long-lasting foodstuffs. This cluster of buildings is also significantly larger and spread out as it lacks the need for centralization that the colony does. Can be brought along as a warehouse attachment or imported into future jumps with all modifications at your discretion.

Pirate:



Tools of the Trade (100 CP): The basics you need to practice the second oldest profession of man: War. A melee weapon such as a machete or club accompanied some ranged firepower, a shotgun, SMG, or so. Nothing here you wouldn't find on your native Earth, but still enough to bring titans to heel with a well-placed shot.

Power Armour (200 CP): Raiding is more than just burning tables and stealing colonists, it's about getting away to do it again! This armour all but ensures you'll live to see that. Thick, if somewhat inflexible, plating slows your movement somewhat but more than makes up for that by covering your vulnerable flesh. It's a complete covering, with little to no gaps to exploit so you could take rounds from heavier weapons and walk away, not unscathed but alive at least.

Modern Tortuga (400 CP): A hive of scum and villainy. Also your new home for this Jump! You have a position of some standing with the rapsallions

and ne'er do wells that haunt this place such that you can leave loot here mostly unmolested. Similar to the Colony when it comes to accommodations but with a heavier military bent. Usually filled with some generic pirate scum who aren't loyal to you but make half decent fodder. Can come with you attached to your warehouse or be imported into future Jumps with all modifications at your discretion.

Glitterworlder:



Charge Rifle (100 CP): A charged shot assault rifle that utilizes pulse-charge technology to charge each shot with unstable energy that is released on impact. The effect this has on living tissues cannot be understated. This weapon is roughly 30% more efficient than the assault rifles of your native Earth. This sounds unimpressive until you realize the monstrous amount of

havoc that can be wreaked by such simple arms. Remind them, Jumper: all flesh is grass.

Multi-Analyzer (200 CP): A surprisingly large if impressively technological device, the multi-analyzer is a structure that makes it easier to perform research. It does this by forming a connection with a high-grade research bench and aiding in computations. More than this, it has a very weak sub-persona AI designed for learning capacity inside it. While it is not very clever and far from even sentience let alone sapience, it can be quite handy at times.

Persona Core (400 CP): A friendly AI from your past has come forth in the form of a small calculator-like device barely capable of speech that hides a truly titanic mind. Its computational capacity exceeds that of other supercomputers by several orders of magnitude and it has achieved true sapience. Against all cliches, it has decided to help you and has pointed out the location of a functioning ship, lacking all but an AI to sail the breathless heavens. It also may or may not be on the other side of the planet. Break a leg, Jumper, maybe not literally this time, no? Can be an imported companion, though they may not enjoy the complete lack of mobility.

Companions:



A Dog Named Terrorist (1 Free All Backgrounds, 2 Free Tribal, 50 CP):

While in jump you will encounter an animal, while no greater than a small horse in stature, it is an unsurpassingly cute version of whatever animal you choose. Around the same intelligence as a particularly clever dog, it doesn't take up a companion slot unless it's intelligence is upgraded.

Recruit (2 Free Colonist/Drop-in, 4 Free Tribal, 50 CP per or 200 CP for 8):

Either crashing with, starting beside, or finding shortly thereafter - you've made a friend! This can be someone completely new or an import of an old companion. They get an origin free and 800 CP to spend on anything they wish. No numerical limits, be aware, difficulty scales with the size of your colony.

Storyteller:

Choose one.

Or pay (**200 CP**) to be able to change between storytellers at will.

You know Jumper, I've decided to entrust you to some other ROB (Random Omnipotent *Being*, thank you very much) friends of mine. They're the usual caretakers for this place, though they're a good bit more subtle than myself or the usual suspects. Or you could always just let me take the reigns, no different than usual really. Okay, maybe a little different. I usually don't just give you dysentery at random. Pick me, pretty please?





Storyteller-Phoebe Chillax (100 CP): Hey, it's me, Phoebe. Describe myself? Well, I'm a pretty laid-back person, if the name didn't give that away. For the most part your time here will be pretty chill, just some manhunting terriers every now and again. Unless you turn up the difficulty. Then the kiddy gloves come off and it'll be an even keel of horror and pain with time to relax. Have you seen my pet rat? Cute little bugger.



Storyteller-Cassandra Classic (0 CP): *Hello sir, my name is Cassandra Classic. I don't know about you but I'm of the sort who loves a good story. The kind with a rising action, a glorious crescendo and the pride that cometh before the fall. The higher the difficulty, the greater the lows but, ah, won't it be marvelous? To climb from the pit to the heavens above... Magnificent.*



Storyteller-Jumpchan (+50 CP): Pleeese? See, look, I even added a little bonus if you let me tell the story! What'll I do different? Well, you know me Jumper, I'm a bit more hands-on. Expect things to be more tailor made for you. You'll find *just* the right deposit of ore you need to build that new communicator, but expect enemies to be carrying anti-psyker helms if your a psychic Jumper or anti-magic metals if you're a mage and so on. This story is *yours* Jumper, even if it is mine to tell...



Storyteller-Randy Random (+100 CP): *Hey, Names Randy. I'll Keep it short and simple now. You come to me if you want chaos. There's no rhyme, no reason to it all. Perhaps this year a pack of wolves will descend just as a pirate group raids in the midst of some toxic fallout. Or maybe it'll just be some drop pods of potatoes. I'll Keep you on your toes, every second of every day.*



Storyteller-? (100 CP): Maybe you've got someone, or something else in mind? Maybe a god you particularly like or some famous writer? I can't

guarantee what you'll get but at least it will be different.

Mods:

Those who purchased Hugslib gain and additional **800 CP** to spend in this section. Any category can be purchased multiple times, as if you were installing many mods in the same vein. Truly colossal mods that fulfill many categories can be bought piecemeal, should you desire it.

Plants (50 CP): The main purpose of these mods is to add plants to the game! Whether it adds crops that produce neurotransmitters or simply more varieties of trees, this is where to look for your flora-related needs.

Animals (100 CP): The main purpose of these mods is to add animals or modify animal behavior in the game! Perhaps it makes animal taming more logical and reduces the desire of newborn pups to chug alcohol like sailors. Or maybe it adds massive hive-structures of colossal insects, akin to termites but far larger.

Xenos (100 CP): The purpose of these mods is to add new races, either primitive, advanced, or equivalent of humans. They frequently come with minor maluses and bonuses as they specialize or bring unique advancements to the colony. Care to have klingons and krogans war with elves and goblins, Jumper?

Quality of Life (50 CP): This doesn't change much, but it adds a little something-something to make your stay here just a little more pleasant. Maybe you've figured out how to make many different kinds of bedding or flooring. Or perhaps it makes people on the Rim have more exaggerated facial expressions, as opposed to their usual (slightly unnerving) blank gaze.

Appearance (50 CP): Makes things prettier! Or uglier, I suppose. Maybe the people around here could do with some beautifying or you've decided spending a Jump only sort of having arms and legs would be annoying. There's a kind of beauty, I think, in a well-made colony.

Medicinal (100 CP): The purpose of this mod is to add more layers of medicinal care or function to the game. Maybe this adds more organs, you do seem rather attached to your spleen, or adds new bionics and surgeries to the fore. Expect to leave this place... I don't want to say healthier, but less dead than you would have been otherwise.

High Technology (100 CP): The purpose of this mod is to add vastly more advanced technology. Whether this is the pursuit of material sciences, newfound metals and alloys to strengthen what is there, or advanced genetic engineering to change your pets and colonists. The sky may or may not be the limit.

High Fantasy (100 CP): The purpose of this mod is a sideways evolution, making this universe something of a Star Wars-esque Science Fantasy. Perhaps you dream of war-ships powered by mana tearing through the void blasting all comers with arcane lightning, or maybe you just like lightsabers. Either way.

Weapons/Armour (100 CP): The purpose of this mod is to add more weapons, armour, turrets, or other militaristic advances. Shore up your defenses with ship-grade ballistics or perhaps a BFG or Spartan Laser?

Planetary (100 CP): The purpose of this mod is to fix up the planets around here on the Rim. Perhaps you dislike the limited and simplistic biome system and dream of something greater. Maybe you don't want to be bothered by all this high-technology nonsense. This is the choice for you in any case.

Rework (100 CP): The purpose of this mod is to redesign some mechanics that may have been bothersome to you. Maybe you strike offense at how little people seem to care for the death of their friends and the effects of social happenstance. Then again, you might find the combat system incomplex and unfulfilling; this is for you.

Misc (50 CP): Is your choice of mod not covered by any of the other options, you feel? This is the catch-all for anything not covered by other purchases. You have strange tastes, Jumper.

Difficulty (+100 CP): Well, aren't you a glutton for punishment, Jumper. Pick a mod that increases the difficulty of the game. Perhaps nights are so impossibly pitch-black you can barely see your hands or the raiders here are especially vicious. You're a cocky one, ya'know?

Drawbacks:

Take as many as you can handle. Godspeed, Jumper.



F*** Not Again (+50 CP): Rest assured Jumper, you're going nowhere fast. No matter what efforts you take, no matter how many ships you build or find, you will always find your way to another Rimworld in an exact mirror of how this Jumps begins. Extends the Jump duration by 10 years for each time it is taken and can be taken as many times as you wish. Drawbacks and other choices somehow follow you to each planet you end up at. How? Non-specific Jump-chan powers, that's how.

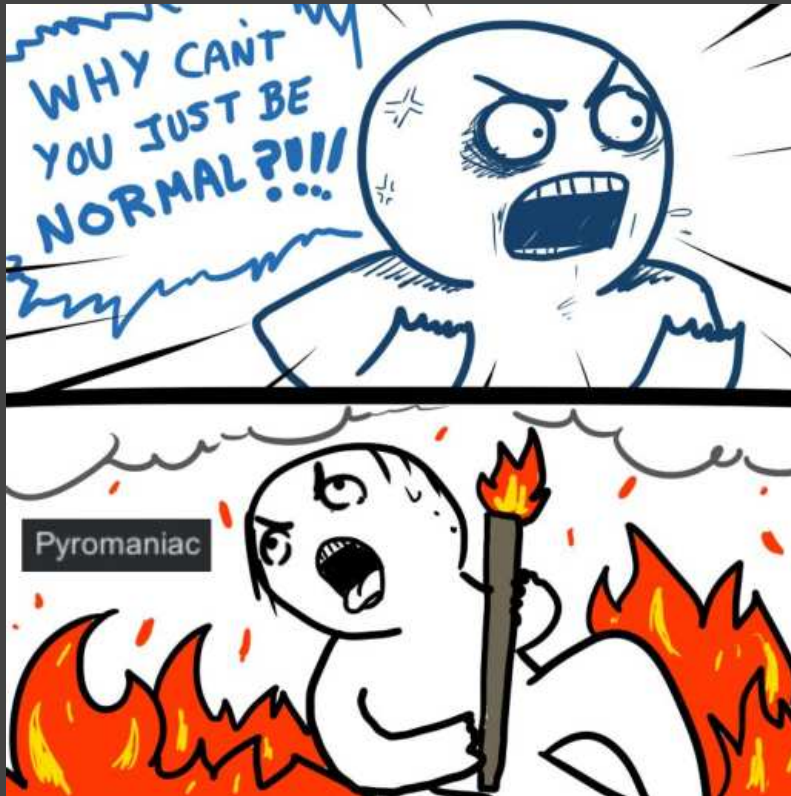
Ate Without Table (+50 CP): No! Jumper, please don't take this it's too terrible to... heh. I crack myself up sometimes. For the duration of this Jump you just can't seem to find a table to eat at whenever you're hungry. This defies all laws of logic, probability, and common sense, as if the

universe itself were attempting to minorly inconvenience you in this most slight of ways.



Biome-Ice Sheet (+200): A vast plane covered in ice that can run kilometers thick, there is no soil, there is little else besides frost and death. What animals are here are here by happenstance and there is no soil for crops. Only the truly brave or foolish would even attempt such a thing.

Biome-Sea Ice (+400): Permanent fixtures to a landmass, they are really nothing more than massive clumps of ice floating above the water. There is nothing here. No soil, no rocks or geological fixtures, and almost no animal life. Food will be scarce, resources almost impossible to come by. To come here is to skirt death for little gain.



Staggeringly Ugly (+100): No way around it, you are simply repulsive Jumper. Your face looks like a cross between a melted candle, a mutilated fetal pig, and the worst art you'll see on the Rim. People will find it hard to meet your eyes for any length of time without gagging. Even companions.

Slothful (+100): You'll find it hard to get work done here in this Jump as acedia and laziness have quite won you over. More than jewels you will covet time to laze about and do nothing, doing so as often as possible, even when performing other tasks.

Sickly (+100): You seem a magnet for diseases, both mundane and exotic, with an alarming frequency. Whether its a minor case of the cold or a deadly dose plague or full-body infections whenever you're cut, prepare to spend lots of time resting in bed jumper. Time you may not have to spare.

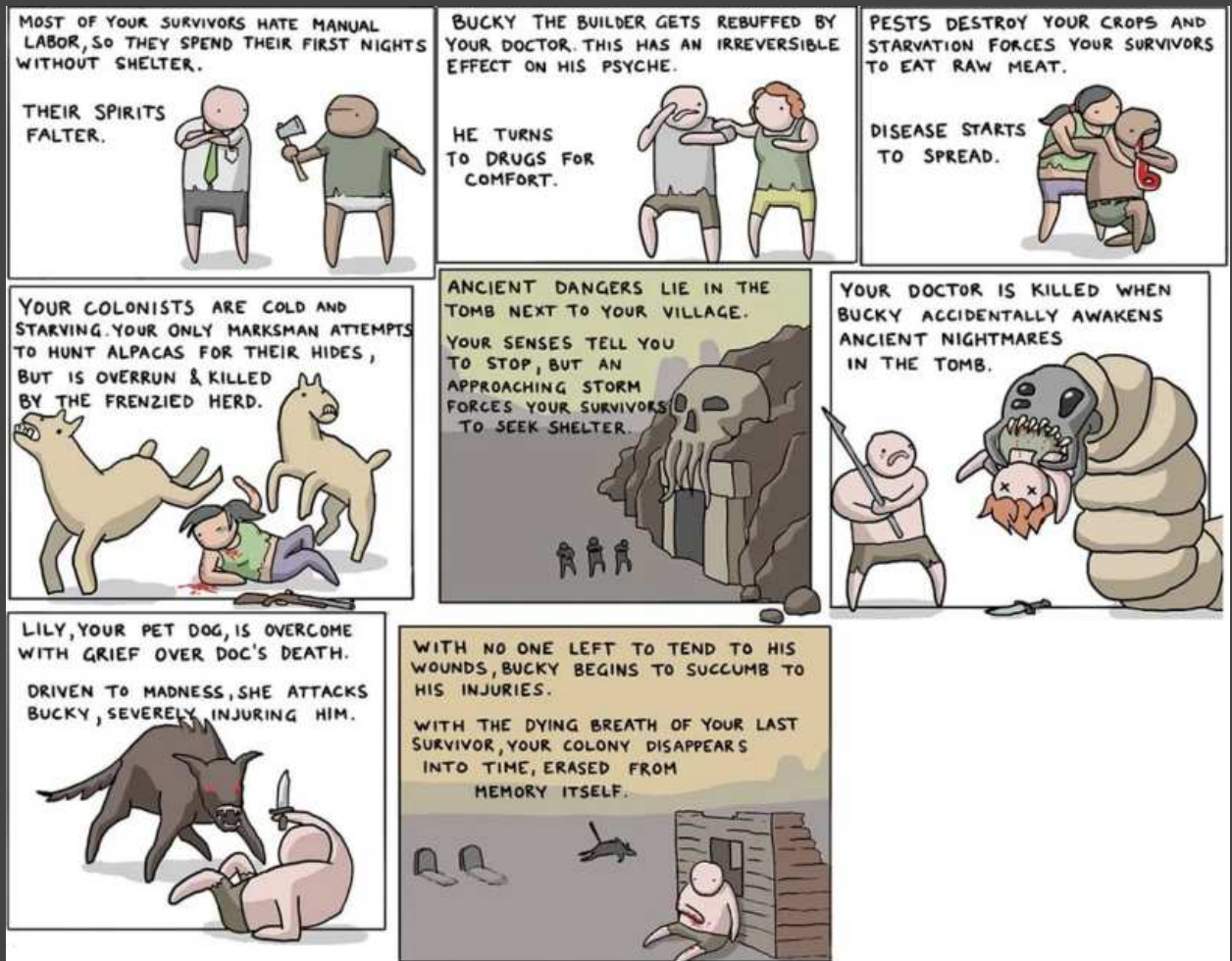
Depressive (+200): You're such a downer, Jumper. For the duration of this Jump you'll take everything the worst possible way, find the way to rain on any parade. A constant malaise of negative thoughts will hang about you, it will be hard some days to even find the desire to eat. I don't really like this option that much...

Abrasive (+200): C'mon Jumper, why you gotta be like that? For the duration of this Jump you're just going to be the rudest soul on the Rim. You will constantly insult and berate everyone around you constantly, which will bring down others and start fights. Not even companions will be spared your wrath, and expect to respond in kind. No, Randy, I'll get the popcorn.

Wimp (+200): Man, Jumper, when did you become such a wuss? It doesn't take much to floor you or have you fall to the ground screaming in mortal agony. You're not gonna be much use in fight if all it takes is a bit of shrapnel to bring you to your knees. Surprisingly annoying in mundane life to, stubbed toes are basically hell.

Volatile (+300): Whoa, Jumper, calm down. For the duration of this Jump, you'll exist on a hair-trigger. Even the slightest provocation will be enough to drive you into a mental break or start causing fights. While these won't generally be lethal, you're not quite pulling punches so broken bones are definitely possible. No one is immune to this, not even companions.

Pyromaniac (+300): Unlike most people on the Rim who have 'normal' coping mechanisms for survival you have something of the opposite. Whenever life gets you down, you'll start setting things on fire. You have no control over yourself in this state, simply intending to set fire to something and anything flammable. Hi-explosive munitions, your companions, even your warehouse will not be spared.



Difficulty- Rough (+200): The gloves are off. Pretty much everything is just a little bit worse, threats are more dangerous, you feel less happy, merchants are sticklers, crops have less food, disease is more prevalent and enemies are everywhere. Have fun!

Difficulty-Savage (+400 CP): Danger, Jumper, danger! Threats are significantly more dangerous, even more than the difficulty increase from normal to rough, but that's not all said. Happiness now feels fleeting for all who dwell here and merchants seem as misers, unwilling to part with coffer or commodity.

Difficulty-Merciless (+600 CP): Abandon hope, all ye who enter here! Eternal you shall not endure as everything becomes yet worse. Raids and

other dangers are yet more vicious, a terrible and unshakable lassitude descends and does not waver. Crops struggle to thrive, merchants hoard goods like dragons, and plague comes as a common nemesis for you and yours. Through me you pass into eternal pain, through me among the people lost for aye.

Difficulty-Permadeath (**+400 CP**, requires one-up style Perk): This is a simple drawback, Jumpers die when they are killed. Any one-ups, extra lives, resurrections, etc. no longer function as they pertain to you. Even the resident resurrector serums will no longer function on you, your death resulting in chain failure unless in **Gauntlet Mode**.



Enemy-Tribals (**+100 CP**, **+200 CP**, **+400 CP**): The vast hordes of tribal humans on this planet have declared you to be their enemy! Comes in varying degrees of hostility. The first is limited to opportunistic aggression and they will generally be amenable to diplomacy given substantial effort. The second will cause them to view you as true enemies with whom

reconciliation is impossible. The third is all-out war, they will never stop hunting you until one of you is dead.

Enemy-Medieval (+100 CP, +200 CP, +400 CP): The abundant numbers of human fiefs and kingdoms have declared you to be their enemy! Comes in varying degrees of hostility. The first is limited to opportunistic aggression and they will generally be amenable to diplomacy given substantial effort. The second will cause them to view you as true enemies with whom reconciliation is impossible. The third is all-out war, they will never stop hunting you until one of you is dead.

Enemy-Outlander Union (+100 CP, +200 CP, +400 CP): Your rough equal and opposites in the planetary Outlander Unions have declared you to be their enemy! Comes in varying degrees of hostility. The first is limited to opportunistic aggression and they will generally be amenable to diplomacy given substantial effort. The second will cause them to view you as true enemies with whom reconciliation is impossible. The third is all-out war, they will never stop hunting you until one of you is dead.

Enemy-Xenos (Requires Xeno Mod, +100 CP, +200 CP, +400 CP): Well, you paid for them, but they've come to bite the hand that feeds them! Comes in varying degrees of hostility. The first is limited to opportunistic aggression and they will generally be amenable to diplomacy given substantial effort. The second will cause them to view you as true enemies with whom reconciliation is impossible. The third is all-out war, they will never stop hunting you until one of you is dead.



Enemy-Pirates (**Mandatory, +200 CP, +400 CP, +600 CP**): While there is nothing you could do to stop the pirates from raiding you altogether, believe me, it gets worse. Initially little more than occasional raids and sieges, the **200 CP** version causes them to have personal vendetta against you. Expect far more enemies with far better enemies. The next tier will convince them you possess something that will bring them great wealth and they will stop at nothing to obtain it. The last will see you as the enemy of every wayward soul and hooligan in the sector, including the space-borne, each racing to take what's yours for their own.



Enemy-Insect Hive (**Mandatory, +200 CP, +400 CP, +600 CP**): The hive will defend what's theirs, this is a simple fact every Rimward soul learns sooner or later. But for **200 CP** that changes for you. They will covet the lands you have settled, no matter how far-flung, with gene-engineered warriors designed to hunt you down. The next tier will see a mass exodus of vermin from all around the planet, all bearing down upon you with hideous purpose. The final tier is the awakening of a Hive Queen, a guiding intellect from across the stars, lending tactics and intelligence to their endless numbers and ferocity. What shall read your epitaph, Jumper?



Enemy-Mechanoid Hive (**Mandatory, +200 CP, +400 CP, +600 CP**): The unknowable mind that lies behind each machine, pitiless and inhuman always hunts the human species. But for **200 CP** they will hate you just a little bit more. Their raids will increase in frequency as, unthinkable distance away, vast intelligences calculate you as a opponent worthy of extermination. A tier up will see that threat-rating amended and all planetary assets will be deployed against you in teeming mass of bloodless steel. The final tier will see the deployment of a machine-world's worth of resources to your destruction. Do you think you could fight a whole planet, bent to your end?



Resource Scarcity-Metals (+200 CP, +400 CP): Exactly what it says on the tin, this makes metal resources a titch harder to find. Expect metal deposits of poor quality or quantity in the area around you. Considering that silver is the go-to currency on the Rim, that is a good deal more annoying than it sounds. The tier up and this particular Rim boasts some of the worst quality and lowest volume of metals in its crust to a level that is scientifically fascinating. Trading whether orbital or merely by caravanning will be essential to your survival.

Resource Scarcity-Sticks and Stones (+200 CP, +400 CP): Wood and stone are not exactly things you'd ever imagine really running out of unless in extreme situations. In your case it will happen with annoying frequency as deposits of functional stone are surrounded with brittle and unworkable dross and trees grow with painful slowness/rarity. The tier up guarantees that most sources of wood are poor quality and rare and stone fares little better. Ever heard of adobe, Jumper?

Resource Scarcity-Food (**+200 CP, +400 CP**): Food is just that extra bit harder to come by. Perhaps all the plants and animals here have developed toxins that render their edible portions smaller or perhaps animal life is simply scarce. In either case a tier up will see the issue compounded, with animal life being extraordinarily scarce and crops taking ages to reach maturity. Long pig may be all that's on the menu, Jumper.

Resource Scarcity-Pawns(**+200 CP, +400 CP**): No man is an island, Jumper. Throughout this Jump you will constantly face challenges that feel as if they were designed to be faced by more people than you currently have. Whether that's larger raids, all of your working population falling deathly ill, or what have you. Tier up and it gets worse. Anything you set out to accomplish will be several degrees more difficult than it has any right to be by simple virtue of lacking manpower.



Permanent Condition-Solar Flare (+600 CP): The sun is angry! Advanced technology of all sorts goes on the fritz as the nearest star, well, flares. Turrets are worthless, fridges don't work, and unless you have a surplus of candles, sight is at a premium. It will be like this for the duration of your stay here. Enjoy!

Permanent Condition-Psychic Drone (+600 CP): A low background buzz that waxes and warbles in intensity, intermittently moderately annoying and occasionally thought-deafeningly loud. People are varingly sensitive to this

psychic phenomena, ranging from Warhammer Blank to tuning fork, to how well you can put up with it. Extreme psychosis common in known psychics.

Permanent Condition-Toxic Fallout (+600 CP): The atmosphere of this planet is irrevocably tainted with congeries of something unfailingly hostile to organic life. Early symptoms are limited to mildly impairing cognitive function that worsens and builds into episodes of vomiting and eventually unconsciousness. Significant build-up can have long-last effects in the form of carcinomas throughout the body and dementia in the brain. Best to stay indoors.

Permanent Condition-Volcanic Winter (+600 CP): Supervolcanoes are scary, Jumper. A distant geological phenomenon has stirred one into spewing tons of ash and effluvia into the air. The sheer amount of the stuff is enough to choke the light from the air, reducing output from solar panels, killing crops, limiting animal migration, and dropping the temperature. While it won't last your entire stay, expect any area you stay in to be consistently suffocating under a blanket of cinders.



Planet-Killer Weapon (+800 CP): Slowly, relatively speaking, it meanders through the greater cosmos. A projectile of tremendous force is headed for whatever planet you're on, the kind that will crack the world open like a robin's egg. You have three years to make it off the planet, Jumper. Then you'll do it again. And again. The first nine years (multiplied by number of times F*** Not Again was selected) in this place will be spent working to escape. The last year will be relaxing by comparison, right Jumper?



Naked Brutality (+1000 CP): You'll start and spend your first year of this place without anything. Regardless of other choices taken, no perks, items, or companions will be able to reach you for this time. You'll spend every first year you land on any *new* planets in this fashion as well. This is you, alone, naked, and afraid, versus a world that very much wants you dead. Good hunting, Jumper.

Gauntlet-End:



Well, hell. You made it Jumper. Some kind of congratulations is in order, I imagine.

Survival #42 by Jump-chan (Priceless): A piece of art made by yours truly! Anyone who looks upon will see your Chain. Yes, all of it, even the parts that haven't happened yet. Don't ask. At any rate; besides making one heck of a non-euclidean conversation-piece, it is memetically the most perfect artwork possible. Aside from difficulties adequately describing it, all who view it will feel a sense of incomparable beauty and awe overwhelm them such that they feel they could endure any hardship. Instills emotional resilience by mere proximity and can be handily shrunk down to bobble-head size.

Waiting for the Sun (Priceless, Unique): Irreplicable (so don't cheese it), this perk is much like you, Jumper. Now, bereft of all else, without perk, item, or companion, you are more. Within you lies the indomitable will that

so typifies your kind, to defy odds, to outsit eternity. It is the stubborn will enough to motivate you such that even if you were to fall seven times, you would rise an eighth. You are, as they say, filled with determination.

Storytellers Reward:

If multiple storytellers, select one. This Jump can be repeated in **Gauntlet Mode** until you've 'caught them all'.

Never Rains, Only Pours (Priceless, Requires Phoebe

Narrator): Hah! That was a good showing Jumper, I quite enjoyed myself and I think, at parts, you did to. Ahem, on to business then. First I'd like to extend my services to you, if you're ever in need of a ROB to make a mess of things for all involved, feel free to give a holler. Besides that, this perk functions as a minor boost in competence that gets stronger the more stress acts on you. In day to day life or for routine combat with mooks the boost is all but unnoticeable, but when shit hits the fan it's a nice ace up your sleeves. Catch you around, Jumper.

Crescendo (Priceless, Requires Cassandra Narrator):

Welcome, Jumper, your trials complete, your task done, and a hero's reward awaits. To begin with, should you ever require the services of a raconteur such as myself, let me be at the fore of your thoughts and I will be ever grateful to serve. This perk gives you a slow increase in general power the longer you spend in combat. While others are busy succumbing to the weakening of a failing body you will feel fresh, invigorated even, still operating at your peak. The difference between blows struck in the first minute of combat and those struck hours in will be multitudes apart. Good show, Jumper.

Chaos Crucible (Priceless, Requires Randy Narrator):

Hmmm? Guess you made it after all. That case, this is yours I

suppose, my blessing, as it were. For all intents and purposes you now possess a 'random' setting when it comes to using powers from other Jumps. While in this state you will have access to a mere fraction, say 10% of all your perks, but those 10% are vastly increased in power. Summon me as you wish, I'd love to show some other ROB's true drama. Luck to you, Chosen of Chaos.

Might as Well Jump (Priceless, Requires Jumpchan Narrator):

Jumper! I knew you could do it all along but that part with the muffalos and the bush-mill was real nail-biter! Unlike the others, I can take a more direct approach to my appearances in your chain, Cassy says I 'lack finesse' but what does she know. From here forth I can directly incarnate into your chain, I won't help much in combat, not really my thing, but I'm a dead-ringer for non-combat duties. I also give *fantastic* relationship advice. As for what this perk does in plain: it's basically a Mini-Spark, once a year you can temporarily, a week at most, Jump to any universe you've previously visited (doesn't consume time in current Jump). Not combat viable as you have to be holding my hand for the trip (I'm chaperoning!) but nice for vacations.

Choose Your Own (Priceless, Requires ?-Narrator):

Well, I'm glad you had fun at least? I'm sure your storyteller would be more than fine with joining you, possibly as a companion if they're of sufficiently mild power. I'll hit'em with the old nerfbat if you want them to join anyway. As for what this perk actually does: whenever presented with a situation giving you a limited number of options it lets you find another way. Given the choice of saving someone you love or save the city

and trust you'll find the way to do both. It won't always be easy, but now it's your Choice, Jumper.

Endings:

Heed the Call. Maybe you died, maybe you're just tired of all this Jumping business. Whatever the case, head back to your local Earth with all that you've earned. It's been fun, Kid, take care.

Hold the Line. Perhaps you found something worth protecting here, something worth all the suffering. Maybe it's just Stockholm Syndrome. Whatever the case, stay here with all your powers, warehouse, etc. I'll miss you, but if this is what you want...

Colonize. Gotta leave it all behind. Remember the laughter, forget the pain and keep on Jumping. Catch you on the flip-side, Jumper.

Notes:

Credit for art goes to various artists, such as azulcrescent, arcaderage.co, Farside Comics as well as u/CurrentlyTakenName, u/daleksdeservevictory, u/yuriychemoz, u/SrGrafo, and u/estevaopb from the RimWorld subreddit.

Rimworld's fiction primer, pretty much all the lore written for the setting: [Here](#). Generally speaking: low-tier sci-fi with sub-light ships; modding brings anything from White Wolf vampires to 40K tech and races, so keep things flexible and feel free to get creative.

F*** Not Again and Planetkiller Weapon work thusly: if you were to stay 20 years, 18 would be spent running and 2 relaxing, stay 50 and 45 running and 5 relaxing, this years can be interspersed or clumped together at your personal taste.

Jump brought to you by: JarNoob
RimWorld Jump V 1.1