



FALLEN LONDON

Jumpchain

By Prester'sAnon

In 1861, Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince Consort of the United Kingdom, died of typhoid fever.

He left behind his widow, Queen Victoria. In *your* reality, his death left her emotionally devastated - she wore mourning black for the rest of her life.

In this world, however, she was granted an opportunity.

A year after Albert's death, she was approached by strange individuals, wearing long cloaks and speaking in shrill, high-pitched voices. They explained that they were merchants, and they wished to make a purchase - the city of London, in exchange for her beloved's life.

She accepted.

Overnight, the city of London was swallowed up by a cloud of bats. The exact details of what happened during the Fall are rather shaky, but somehow, they pulled it beneath the Earth, down into an enormous cavern a mile underground. It landed on the western shores of a vast underground ocean - crushing an existing city beneath as it did.

One building from the previous city, however, survived the fall perfectly intact - a monstrous, hulking agglomeration of black spires, covered in strange red symbols. The cloaked figures explained that this was the Echo Bazaar, and they were its Masters.

Things have mostly calmed down since then, down there in the underworld. Hell is close, immortality is cheap, and the screaming has largely stopped.

Welcome to Fallen London. Perhaps you- hm. Where are you, again?



Ah, yes.

You're in a cell.

From up here, freedom seems so close, doesn't it? This is New Newgate. It is a prison-carved into the body of an immense stalactite, clinging to the roof of the Neath.

Escape-proof? They say so, but we'll see about that.

Fallen London sprawls below your little cell; vast and illuminated by a thousand flickering gaslights. Only the bars of this prison keep you here – and not for much longer.

It does not take much time until a man in a suit steps in front of them. He coughs politely. "It seems there has been a... mistake." He presents you a bulging, heavy envelope. "Higher forces reassured us of our innocence."

Soon enough, the gate is unlocked. Prison guards escort you to a dirigible, which descends below, and into Fallen London. In the meanwhile, you open the envelope. A few papers, some trinkets, and a piece of parchment.

A seal burnt is into the note as marks are branded on livestock to claim ownership. It is a cheque, perhaps. Something close. You take it out of the envelope. It smells of lacre and sadness. There is something else- a burning scent of *possibility*. You trace the leather with your fingers-

+1000 CP

And look out of the dirigible, gazing into the streets below.



Things To Keep In Mind

After the Fall, London found itself in the Neath, an enormous underground cavern located roughly a mile underground and below the Mediterranean.

Much of the Neath is taken up by an enormous body of salt water called the Unterzee. In addition to several islands in the zee, there are two major continents - a western one, which Fallen London is located on the eastern coast of, and a southern one- frequently called the Elder Continent. There is also the Is-Not, or Parabola; Parabola is the realm of dreams, located beyond mirrors.

London is currently owned by the Echo Bazaar, the creature that stole the city three decades ago. Of course, only anarchists and revolutionaries say "stole" any more. Everyone who matters has grown to know and love the status quo. Rubbery Men- men with faces of squid- walks the street. Strange creatures are everywhere. All those jewels and mushrooms and all that black water. What could be better?

The Bazaar... it is a gigantic creature that carries the city upon its back, a crustacean that is both ruler of London and its greatest market. Some call the Bazaar a 'he', others a 'she'. Either way, the Bazaar is spoken of as a single, living thing. The Masters of the Bazaar are its servants, though in practice they rule London in its stead. The city around the Bazaar is called the Fifth City because, they say, it's not the first the Bazaar chose as a home. You can still turn up bricks from the older cities, now and then.

The Masters of the Bazaar - Mr Wines, Mr Spices, Mr Veils and the rest - speak in high-pitched whispers, and under their concealing cloaks they seem winged or hunchbacked. Fallen angels, stunted pterodactyls, mobile colonies of fungus? They dismiss all personal questions with an airy wave of their gloved hands. They style themselves as 'Mr' - though no one seems to think they are actually men. They rule London with an iron fist- though the Empress is still allowed a measure of wealth and authority. The Masters are also known to apply peculiar customs duties: to fish below a certain size, to green ribbons but not red, to speckled eggs but not plain. Perhaps their strangest tax is a heavy duty on stories of love: but it only applies to stories leaving the Neath...

Times, People and Places

Currently, it is any period of your choice in the 30-40 years after the Fall of London, starting from 1885 and ending in the current year of 1899 and all iterations thereof. A number of noteworthy events may occur in those years while you explore this transfigured London and its intrigues, ventures beyond the city's docks to the Unterzee and the lands beyond- or even explore the territories out to the west, in the Hinterlands.

Now, you might have changed something, if you visited this place before. Was Hunter's Keep set ablaze, the last time you went here? Has the nobility of the Empire of Hands departed for the Uttermost East? Do not worry.

No matter what horrible crimes or great deeds you've performed amidst the Zee or up there in the High Wilderness, rest assured this world will remain unaffected. If this displeases you, forward all complaints to the Treachery of Clocks.

Your gender interests us not and matters not, choose it as you will. Sir, Madam, Citizen, Deacon, Lieutenant, Professor, whatever it may be the title you wish to be addressed by, you will be so.

Neither does your age matter especially much: though one might note that the urchin gangs do not allow those of adult age into their fold, and there might be other such concerns.

In addition to this, you might not desire to start your journey here in Fallen London. Perhaps another place would be to your liking. The dirigible still hasn't landed- if you would start in a more unusual place, here is the time to make a request to the driver. Ah, what is this inside the envelope?

A map! Unusually accurate for the Neath, one might note, though this will surely not last for much longer. Maps tend to become... inexact, with time, down here.

So, what destination to pick?

You may roll an 1d8 or simply make the choice. Does it really matter much?

1. **Fallen London.** City of a thousand stories. Enough of dilly-dallying, let us simply descend into the streets below!
2. **The Tomb-Colonies.** Dismal place, really! Those who have died many times or were simply too unpleasant to the eye for polite society live here, and they are known as tomb-colonists. They party the days away, fight or simply rot in a corner, waiting for their time. Scandalous Londoners tend to come to hide in this hole until the whispers dies away.
3. **The Hinterlands.** Depending on what year your arrival takes place in, some enterprising entrepreneur might have built a railway through those territories. Otherwise, you'll have to take the twelve-fifteen to Moloch Street should you wish to return, and there are quite a few extraordinary flaws with Hell's service. From the rivers of Jericho Locks to the woods of Balmoral, or even the terrifying sight of the Very Walls of Hell in Marigold Station- there are many of places to visit!
4. **The islands of the Zee.** There are many of them, from the desolate, to the common, passing through the strange and terrifying. Mangrove College, the Isle of Cats,

Gaider's Mourn... though one might note, you'll have to find your way out of here yourself.

5. **Port Carnelian!** The southern wind blows; the sweet aromas of the fungal jungle wash over the Port. Many things to see and taste- delightful teas and Khaganian marvels brought over by traders! Sapphires upon sapphires, and the secrets of the Court of the Wakeful Eye in the distance! And the tigers. Many tigers. Quite a number of tigers. Try to avoid them during the time of the hunts, if you will. They get peckish.
6. **Apis Meet.** The entrance of the Elder Continent. The airship can't go much further, unfortunately. It is a shouting, feasting, thieving, riot of a port, at the entrance to the red route into the heart of the South. Here, and nowhere else, foreigners are permitted to touch the Presbyterate's soil.
7. **The Avid Horizon.** NORTH. The wall of ice at the end of the world.
8. **The Khanate!** Ah, much warmer. A warning, if you will: the innermost parts are not supposed to be accessed by foreigners, not without an expensive and complicated to obtain safe-conduct. But you may not have much reason to care...

Ah, almost arriving. What else is there, in the envelope?

Choose one.

...A black book.

A handwritten collection of notes on fighting techniques, styles, and dirty tricks. How to dance out of the way of blows, where to hit so the enemy is sent reeling. Proper footwork for fighting on rooftops, on the mud, under the sway of a boat. The relative merits of various types of sword, firearm and improvised weapon.

Gives you discounts on Dangerous perks.



...A torn journal.

A partially charred notebook with half the pages ripped open. Perhaps truths are contained herein - obscured by riddles, misconceptions and near unintelligible handwriting. Proofs, calculations, notes on cases? Difficult to understand, difficult to decipher. But to finally comprehend each page is nothing if not satisfying.

Gives you discounts on Watchful perks.

...a penny dreadful.

A spate of reckless thefts and chases inspired this book. What the author lacks in characterization and theme she makes up for with breathless action, violent imagery, and extensive descriptions of various places, persons, law enforcement patrol routes...

Gives you discounts on Shadowy perks.



...a weighty romance.

"A favourite among devils, and a masterful study of the human effects of the Fall." The recommendation in the front says. The frontispiece, meanwhile, reads: *"Being the collected fascicles of one R. Landau, assembled here for the delectation of readers for the first time following their serialized release in the Lily."* It has quite a few bookmarks.

Gives you discounts on Persuasive perks.



...an intercepted cablegram.

A scrawled transcription of a seemingly harmless conversation, done by an agent listening on the wire, hurried and scratched.

Gives you discounts on Studies of the Strategy perks.



...a schematic for a pipe.

Extraordinarily meticulous specifications and instructions for the manufacture of a single pipe. What it was supposed be used for, you can't tell.

Gives you discounts on The Great Chain perks.



...a guide for captains.

M. Demeaux's Advice for Captains's lesser sibling. Not nearly as useful. Not nearly as accurate. Trying to zail past London's home waters using this as a guide would get your ship sunk before you could say "Eastern Wind."

Gives you discounts on The Vast Zee perks.



...an anatomical study of... something?

Absolutely no animal in the planet has a biology even remotely approaching what this study claims to have dissected. What creature could even have that many tentacles?

Gives you discounts on The Regretful Shapes perks.



A storybook.

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little snake, no bigger than your finger, who lived behind the mirror. The little snake was very lonely, and the only friends he could find behind the mirror were old memories and strangling roots and the grumpiest bee above or below the world. And so...

Gives you discounts on The Parables of Parabola perks.



...A library card.

Long since expired.

Gives you discounts on Chthonosophies perks.

New Flesh, New Beginnings

What an interesting read! Oh, you're here.

You step off the dirigible and look at the scenery. It's quite notable. But your introduction package to this world still isn't finished, it seems. What else is there in this envelope? A few more papers- what is this? A dossier? A dossier and something else.

It's a small object, wrapped in leather. Once you uncover it, you see a hand mirror- where you can see your face.

Has it changed, since the last time you've investigated your reflection? What do you see? What would you call this?

Perhaps you feel different, now. Perhaps something changed, deep inside you. As you skim through the dossier, does your mind fill with memories of a new past, a new history?

Unless stated otherwise, all Origins are free.



An unchanged human. (Surfacer)

A human of the Surface! Fresh off their descent. No prior history in the Neath, and free to explore in any direction you might please!

Human, but there's... something different. Not the usual. (Londoner)

Have you been here since the Fall? Have you been born in this place? Have you simply been here for long enough to consider yourself a true denizen of the Neath?



Human. Though you look- you feel more rugged, somehow. (Hinterlander)

Ah, you've spent a lot of time in the zee? Or in the Hinterlands? Perhaps you are one of the Gondoliers? Perhaps you've lived with a certain band of Scottish marauders? Perhaps something else.

Human, but- you're wrapped in bandages. You can only see your eyes. Your face, your body- you feel new scars, new wounds that never quite closed. (Tomb-Colonist)

The dead, the near-dead, the forgotten. Perhaps all end up that way. You've gotten... harder? Are you decrepit? Unappealing? Too scarred for polite company? Whatever it was, it was enough for you to hide yourself behind all those bandages.





Your eyes- red and yellow. Your teeth feel different. Your body isn't quite your body, is it? (Devil)

A devil! Some madmen claim those red eyed purveyors of souls are, in fact, colonies of bees cleverly disguised as humans. Do you feel courteous, rapacious? Perhaps a bit less merciful, a bit more beguiling? No matter what you feel like, rest assured that there is a room in the Brass Embassy waiting for you.

A face carved from stone. A sigil in your forehead. (Clay Man)

A Clay Man. Are you really stone? Some would say this is an impolite question. No one asks if humans are really flesh, do they? Nevertheless, you are far, far tougher, more resilient than any common man- a body capable of tireless labor. Some of you miss a piece- those are called Unfinished. Perhaps you would fall in that territory?



The hollow eyes of a drowned corpse. Asphyxiated skin and features. Your lungs are thick with brackish water. (Drownie)

Have you had a few too many genuine Rubbery Lumps? You're a Drownie! You're quite used to the Unterzee, it seems. It feels like home- you can hear it calling. Your lungs are already quite full of water, even if you speak without issue. And you have a delightful singing voice, though most sailors would disagree.

What- what is this? Your face is a squid! A squid! (Rubbery Man)

Homo cephalopoda! Rubbery Man. Rubbery for short. A humanoid being with the face of squid. Squid! How can this be? Do you feel more mutable, perhaps? More flexible? Keep in mind that you are most definitely entirely boneless!



Your face- it doesn't fit quite right, does it? Is it even yours? (Snuffer, +200 CP)

It is not! You are a Snuffer- a faceless horror! You can pull off a man's face to wear it, should you wish to hide your monstrous form. Better get to work in finding the wax that gives you sustenance! A little extra catch, though- do recall that clause on deathlessness? It does not apply to you anymore. Forward any complaints to the Mountain of Light- or perhaps to the Prester? It is unclear.

Has this mirror ever been this large? Have your hands always been so... furry? (Rattus Faber, +200 CP)

You're a rat! Or mouse. An unusual, bipedal species of rat, in fact: a Rattus Faber! Your kind is famed for craftsmanship and thievery, and generally operate like tiny cunning humans. Be careful to not end up as somebody's lunch.



A cat! A cat! (Cat)

You're a cat! The papers are a bit difficult to read with paws, but it seems you also have a noble title. It's quite a bit long. You feel a sudden urge to laze around. Does anyone have any fish?

A... serpent? (Fingerking, +200 CP)

Where are you? Where is the world? The sky is lit in a strange, nostalgic colour. You are strange. What happened to your body? This feels so strange. There are mirrors all over you. They lead somewhere, you know it. Somewhere in those mirrors is the place you want to be.



A... bat? (Master of the Bazaar, 400 CP)

You feel... large. Your body is enveloped by a large cloak, and your back is weighed down by wings. Your teeth will not stop jostling over who gets to be at the front of your smile. Your back left molar has an assertive disposition. What sort of change has swept over you?

As expected, anything under a species' header is half off for that species, with anything costing 100 CP becoming free instead. After the Jump, you may keep that particular species as an altform.

Perks

Discounts reduce costs by half, and your chosen discount source grants three discounts that may be freely used in the respective origin. 100 CP perks become free, and perks that are purchasable multiple times are affected by one discount in all purchases. The following perks are always undiscounted.

Boatman's Opponent (Free, Cannot be taken by Snuffers and Rubbery Men)

The Neath has... a number of peculiar properties, and death in the Fifth City isn't necessarily the end- it is longer quite as permanent as it once was. This ability is that nonpermanence- and it will not follow you past this jump. As long as you remain in the Neath, you will eventually recover from almost any injury.

Dying will simply send you to the Boatman, where you will have to earn back your life- be it through games of skill and luck or simply forcing your wounds into recovery with nostalgia and willpower. There are a few exceptions: disease, extreme old age (in some cases. And there are, of course, ways to get around that), and being violently cut into pieces tend to be permanently lethal.

You can still recover from drowning or dying at zee, but rather than coming back as yourself, you may or may not become a Drownie, a sort of sea-zombie who stubbornly believes that they are definitely dead.

In all cases, however, the effect will immediately be ended by direct exposure to sunlight which will reduce you to how you *should be*- that being, a corpse.

Thus, once you die in the Neath, you're generally stuck down here forever.

For the purposes of this jump, both are true: as said before, dying will simply bring you to the clutches of the Boatman, of which you can escape without that much difficulty; and thus, a "false" death does not activate 1-up perks and does not trigger chain failure unless otherwise stated. A permanent death will be as death would be in any other place, and subject to the same rules.

Chained Wanderer (Free)

What charming little nicknames people tend to use here! Have you wanted one of your own? Well, you might take it, and you might change it freely- but people will always remember and call you by that same title. And in any subsequent Jumps, you will find that people refer to you by that very chosen name, should you wish them to. Curious.

Time, the Healer (Free/100 CP)

"Memory fades; pain departs; rewards arrive!"

You will find that, each week of this jump (and for a fee, further jumps) you will receive a subtle but noticeable healing effect- any of your troubles will have been decreased, just a little, with this extending to even more abstract concerns such as scandal, suspicion, or even some manner of curse or infection. Time heals all wounds, indeed. In addition to this, you will find that your affairs- jobs, lucrative ventures- will provide additional weekly payoffs from now on. Never anything unbelievable, but always something worth having.

Making Your Name (100 CP)

When you land in a new place, you may be left without anywhere to go- unknowing of what to do to begin your journey. Fear not- with this ability, you will always know the first steps needed to make a reputation. No more than that, but knowing where to start is always useful.

Material of the Immaterial (Free/100/200 CP)

Visions of the Surface, stories- my apologies, *stories of the zee*- tales of terror, dangerous gossip. Implications and identities. Feelings of fear and stalemates, opportunities and mortifications of great powers. Testimonies and memories of roads not traveled. In your time in the Neath, you will acquire heaps of things that should by all means be impossible to sell. Things too *abstract* to sell.

With this ability, you may convert those strange, abstract things- like collecting screams or turning a favor someone owes you into a physical token you can give to someone else to expend- into objects that, while not physical, can be exchanged with other people. A sort of abstraction of an object that can be bought and sold, given and traded. It's free for your stay (everyone does this, and we wouldn't have you be put behind) but you can keep it outside if you pay a little tax. Pay a little more, and you may share this ability with others who partake in transactions with yourself.

The Altar of Ascendance (Free/100 CP)

This one is a bit more complex. Imagine that you have a number of... journals. Infamous, dangerous knowledge. You sit to study them with a learned colleague. The glim-skimming captain who wrote the journal had seen eerie things on the oily black waters. 'Icebergs' of black coral. Angler fish the size of churches. But, but if he was right, then-

Oh? What is this? You've found yourself with an implication. Extraordinary, despite how common it is nowadays. It's a small thing, but quite valuable. It's not an object, but it can be bought and sold, as you've seen- and used for quite a few things. But the object is not important. The important is what you just did- what you can do. Exchange things for something of higher value- the process does not matter. You can do this with anything, in some way or another. You have an instinct, and the sense of how to do this for a great number of objects in your collection- how to make great amounts of chaff into more valuable treasures.

With this perk, for here at least, you may exchange a volume of objects for another, of equal-tending-to-slightly-higher-value. But more concentrated. Exchange a great quantity of wine for many less bottles of much pricier wine. For here, it is free- but again, you may pay a little bit- just a little bit- to keep it beyond.

Keep in mind that some goods are also much more difficult than others, while some are more common- though all of them have their place. You can pluck the sights witnessed in your dreams right out of your head and compile them into almanacs of what lays beyond the glass without much issue, or exchange memories beyond the mirror for stories of the Zee with some zalty fabulist without a problem, but perhaps it will be more complicated to find a man that accepts payment in an affection written in lacre or some other curiosities. Nevertheless, keep trying- we're sure you'll find it out one day.

My Trove of Possessions (Free/200 CP)

Those notable people of Fallen London are wandering with a truly unbelievable amount of things in their pockets, are they not? Where did that Marvellous Gambler pull that Corresponding Sounder from? Do they have some secret? Of course they do! And now, it's yours.

For the duration of this jump (and others, if you choose to pay the tax), your pockets are an endless space. Your collection of goods can fill three Warehouses' worth, and it would not even come close to filling that space. Not only that, but you can at any moment call at hand something you would need for a particular task, as long as you possess it. Truly convenient, no?

Watchful

Observation, intelligence, deduction.

Every Last Citation (100 CP)

It's not easy to make headway in science without a good sense of the academic field. With this perk, you have a bit of headway. A good sense of the formatting needed, of the particulars of publishing, of the politics of universities, of how to dot the i's and cross the t's so your conclusions find their way to the right journals.

Unlikely Connection (100 CP)

You have a knack for finding uses for specialists of different fields, and finding occasional, novel ways to benefit from someone's help even if it's outside their direct expertise. Some can provide references, names, unusual and unlikely connections; some others know where the right bodies are buried.

Some people would say this or that expertise is "unsuited to this case" or "not useful in this kind of research," and sometimes, they're right; maybe this is too far afield. But who knows, maybe cheese *is* the key to the whole affair.

Sudden Insight (100 CP)

Failure can prove instructive at times. There's nothing like a conclusion falling completely flat to provoke an "Aha! What about-" sort of moment. This perk ensures you'll learn from your wild guesses and hastily-cobbled together theories, even if just a little bit, and even if just subconsciously. The harder you fail, the more you'll learn; sometimes it's good to reach for the stars.

Keen-Eyed (200 CP)

You have an excellent eye for detail. Almost nothing escapes your sight. When you step into a scene, you'll find yourself noting down everything and everyone present, and committing it to memory. Reconstructing the scenery later will be trivial work for a mind as yours.

The Implacable's Lesson (200 CP)

As long as you are searching for the solution to a mystery, you may decide-

"I am on the case."

From the moment you are on the case, you will continue to be so, whatever the case may be; however tempting it may be to ignore it. No matter how bleak and hopeless it may seem, you will be able to do something about it; the trail will never get cold as long as you continue to care about those answers that should be gotten at.

As long as you continue to fight to get those answers that need to be reached, you will still be able to do so; clues will continue to arrive as long as you keep searching, there will always be enough evidence left buried as long as you continue to dig. There are answers that should be gotten at. And by g_d you will get them.

The Treachery of Labs (200 CP)

You are devoted to scientific discovery like nothing else. So much, neither death, nor madness, nor a well-deserved arrest will steer you away from research.

As long as you are in a prepared laboratory, persuing a particular line of inquiry, any danger waiting for you will have to wait for you to finish, as will any deadly circumstances you've invited upon yourself. As long as you *can* continue your experiment, your body and mind will simply not give up, and consequences will not persue you;. Even as charred pile of flesh that can barely move, a criminal wanted by every country in the planet or a gibbering wreck, *nothing* will stop you from finishing your work.

However, the second you turn your focus away to something else, or when your work is at last finished, this perk will deactivate; and consequences will fall upon you with as if they had never stopped at all.

The Intrusion of Unwise Thoughts (400 CP)

There are visions of science that no self-respecting academic would approve of. It would be wrong of you to pursue them- wouldn't it?

The benefits of this perk are threefold. First, you can find those most unwise ideas that gather in the corners of your mind far more easily. Unsafe experiments, unproven theories, wild guesses and unthinkable lines of inquiry will come more naturally to you.

The second, is that those experiments will be made viable for you, and will in fact be more and more effective the more unwise they are. Your ability to discern valuable insights will increase two, three or ten times as your experiments grow more and more suicidal and terrifying, though it only a truly, vastly reckless idea would be able to reach the greater heights of brilliance this power may afford. But would it really be so wrong to persue those sorts of ideas? Maybe it would.

Third and last, you will not be negatively affected by the side-effects, at least not in terms of research. An academic that only avoids being plagued by terrible dreams by not having slept for a week, sustaining themselves on coffee and obsession, verifying and re-veriifying their conclusions day and night, would normally be less capable then one that is well-rested and in not in the verge of being confined into the Royal Bethlehem Hotel- but not in your case. The shape of your nightmares coalesces into the best sort of research. The more exhausted and plagued by horrors you are, the brighter your mind will shine.

Muckraker Par Excellence (400 CP)

Investigative journalism is more then writing! It's also about fussing around. Preferably unnoticed, though sometimes, when push come to shove, you just extract the interview and damn the consequences.

You possess a sixth sense for the next story, instinctively looking for the juiciest gossip the world can offer- there's never a slow news day with you by near- and when you go through a place to investigate, you'll find yourself with an uncanny knack for avoiding the likely consequences of that hasty investigation before that investigation actually pays off.

A grumpy interviewee will find themselves held back from strangling you until they've let slip a secret that they really shouldn't let out of their mouth; ancient tombs will not start collapse until you've finishing decoding those scribbles in the walls. Who knew rushing for data was indeed the correct way to go about things? Who needs *caution*?

An Eagle's Ascendance (600 CP)

You understand the truth – that *all* problems are engineering problems. You are a brilliant engineer, and your skillset has expanded to engulf the mystical. Your trade must always take into account all laws of the world and all resources; why should this one be any different?

You are a genius at exotic technologies. Given a source of power, psionics, magic, whatever it may be, you will learn it extremely quickly, approach it through unusual ways with very little trouble and find a way to integrate it into any other kind of technology. You are also excellent at approaching esoteric problems by the means of pure engineering; your response to a schism in a church might be working on a machine that may quantify sin and vice- your response to Icarus's failure is simply to build a better pair of wings.

The Silken Thread (600 CP)

Archaeology is a complex endeavour. Navigating through ancient tombs, avoiding traps, or simply actually finding anything worthwhile that hasn't been looted thrice over; all of that goes into the skillset of the ideal archaeologist.

With this perk, not only are you remarkably skilled at all of this, you also are, in a way, "insured" against failing to find your desired reward. It's not to say that each tomb you explore will be bulging with riches and each chest you open will be bursting with treasure, but the fact remains that there will always be *something* to find at a location you decide to explore, as long as it remains mostly "unknown" and "abandoned" by the general population.

You'll have an instinctive sense of where to find that piece of loot that has survived the erosion of the centuries, and it'll always be valuable enough for the trip to be worth your while. Hooray for grave robbing!

Experimental Object (600 CP)

There is nothing that cannot be approached through the scientific method. Sometimes, adjustments may need to be made, but a bright mind can unravel any mystery. And your mind is a blazing star, shining unrivaled over the Neath. You are a true and utter genius of a scientist, and your brilliance proves itself no matter where you go.

Through research and study, we discover the fundamental principles of the world. This is true no matter where you are, no matter what shape the world may turn. From the shaping of the body from the memory of the mind, to the reversal of the chain of cause and effect so that the past may have no hold on the present- as long as you have a sufficiently equipped laboratory, no mystery is beyond you.

No arcane, sorcerous or mystical knowledge will remain beyond your grasp. No psychic phenomena will remain unraveled. You will construct a theory and test it, and nothing will stand in your way- and you will, with sufficient time and effort, figure out *any* system- be it magic, psychic power or even something more esoteric, with enough research you will unravel it and master, and even replicate its effects yourself. Because there is *always* an answer.

Shadowy

Stealth, subtlety, cunning.

The Devil's Aftermath (100 CP)

Some people make mistakes, and thanks to those mistakes they end up dead. Sometimes, very dead indeed. But what happens to their things? They go to you, obviously.

When scavenging on some recently deceased fellow's body, it's a sure bet there'll be something valuable left for you. We're not talking about organs, obviously, oh no. It is something that the vultures will always forget to take. Even if it's just a few pennies, each little body will still have something for you, even after others pick it apart. Think of it as a scavenger's talent.

An Evening's Dipping (100 CP)

Where does one go to pick pockets? At the crowds. The streets! Is there a place more full of rich, unsuspecting citizens? Are there richer pickings for the skilled pick-pocket?

While you are approaching a target, you can disappear into the crowds with almost supernatural skill, with your inconspicuousness growing the richer they appear. An ostentatious fellow in his way to his townhouse would mean you're almost completely invisible, as long as you remain in a crowd, of course.

Mournclimber's Hands (100 CP)

The Corsairs that climb of the rough-hewn, zee-sharpened cliffs of Gaider's Mourn sometimes bind their hands with with puzzle-damask to render their hands safe from sharp fragments, and to scale the sides of ships in utter silence for a surprise attack.

Your hands have some of that talent. You have a natural instinct for climbing surfaces, and make no noise while doing so. It is as if your hands stick- unless you want to drop or someone forces you to fall, you will find that there are very few walls that you can't scale.

The Grand Illusion (200 CP)

Some people would call you a mentalist, a medium, a magician. These people believe you can bring them messages from the Surface. They believe you can manipulate natural science, conjure fire, move through the layers of reality. Elemental forces, magnetic fields, spirits manifesting in ectoplasm.

...if you have any of that, it's not from this. What you actually have, now, are cheap, mechanical tricks. Rods for manipulating curtains and levitating objects. Fine strings attached to pulleys that play a violin with invisible hands. Sheets draped over mannequins, all of that- and the skill to orchestrate them all perfectly.

In the Shroud, there isn't anything in the slightest bit supernatural or scientific - unless mechanical engineering and psychological manipulation count. But they perform their craft with extraordinary skill. And you're a part of that, now.

Bats and Cats (200 CP)

Trained bats are used as messengers in the intrigues of the Neath, and cats are known merchants of secrets and purveyors of gossip. You have a talent for extracting information out of them, and any sort of... unusual animal that might come your way.

It could be considered a skill for the handling of beasts, but it is more like an unusual insight; you know when an animal knows more than what they're letting on, and you have some limited awareness on how to *extract* that information, be it through interception, choice meals, bribes, or training a beast of your own to get in the game.

Pickpocket's Bane (200 CP)

There is no such thing as thieves' honour, no matter what the Cheery Man might claim. No target is too sacred for a robber, and other thieves are no exception. Perhaps you should take precautions- and this ability is a fairly good one. Simply think of something you carry- your wallet, some trinket. One thing you hold on your person, and that you truly do wish nobody would take.

Needle-sharp whispers of shadow will line around that object, utterly invisible to all but you. They settle cool and harmless against your skin, adjusting themselves to never harm you under any circumstance. When the touch of a thief is felt, they spring with strength twice your own, sharpened into a needlepoint- though you could wish for them to be weaker, should it be needed- leaving an unpleasant surprise for that poor sod.

The Editor's Privilege (400 CP)

A story! A story! You need a blasted story. Misery and squalor in heartbreaking detail. Scandals! Salons and passion in the wings! Alarming evidence of a toothy menace living in the sewers! Mad-eyed scuttling creatures in attics! It doesn't matter if it's true or not, shove it in anyways!

You are quite adept at the art known as "lying." Or, as some other people call it, journalism. Aside from all that boring, mundane knowledge you need to write a quality article, you know exactly how to bend a story to make it *sound* utterly veracious, even if it very much isn't. Or to make someone's words sound like the incoherent screech of a madman. Or even to evoke panic and terror from things that should be utterly normal, even conservative. What defines that is "veracious," indeed? Who decides what is or isn't "outlandish," or "salacious?" That's you. That's very much you. You could spin the barest of facts into the story of the century. Huffam beware when you are on the scene.

Disappearing... (400 CP)

The brilliance of a criminal is measured on their skill at covering their tracks. With this perk, you're quite a genius! Confuse anyone who might be studying you. Obfuscate what you've been up to. This skill is a must for anyone who wants to avoid long-term suspicions!

This perk is a repository of knowledge and ability aimed at a highly specific field. At any moment, you will know who to redirect the fallout, blame for, and censure of wrongdoing; in any given situation, you know who to throw under the bus in such a way that you'll walk away clean. What evidence to plant, and where, and what steps to generally take to make sure you aren't fingered while executing the frame job. What to say, and in what intonation, to make people believe or at least not interrogate you transparently flimsy alibis. This is a power works best when actively and intentionally used to someone else's detriment; though it can muddle through if there is no obvious scapegoat.

The blame has to go somewhere; *you* can disappear, but the things you did *still happened*; you'll need some other ability if you want to make it so they didn't.

Forgotten Footsteps (600 CP)

Do not be found, or the evening will end badly- this is usually how a heist goes. You have the privilege of a second chance. Even a third. A fourth is stretching it, though who knows how things may pan out?

Your footsteps are utterly silent, and you are an unrivaled master of stealth. You could nick off a king's crown while he marched on procession, and neither him nor the crowds would notice until you were well and far away.

In addition to this, while attempting to evade attention, be it for the purposes of stealth, escape or infiltration- you will have three "strikes." You can mess up once; and it will not matter. All eyes will turn away for just the right amount of time for you to correct your mistake. You can mess up twice, and it'll happen again. Mess up a third time, and, well, you'll be left to fend for yourself.

That said, a wise cribsmen always watches his flit-gate, if you take my meaning. Once per jump, you may have one truly magical opportunity lining up for you to give up on this and run away, always available; just call upon it and it'll appear. Even if something went truly, deeply wrong- you'll find a way out anyway. A door propped open, a window over a mushroom-cart, a coal-cellar with a ladder. Something to help you escape will *be there*, should you need it.

Fabricator of Past Lives (600 CP)

You are a great mind at backstories- being capable of creating false identities, and perhaps something more. A legendary set of skills, and a power beyond those.

The first thing to know is that this work is half research, half invention. First, give your cover a background. What would such a person be named? With that name, where would they have been born? To what parents, of what class? Each answer sends you to another reference book.

Endow your cover identity with eccentricities, give it texture; make people notice that "you," and how to turn that notice towards respect or fear, as the situation demands. Be seen and remembered, but imperfectly; to be unquestionably part of the scene. File the correct paperwork, and make it look respectable. Endow your cover with a backstory, fill it with a past. Lost dynasties, players of the game, nascent democracies. You'll find it is swelling, taking up size; becoming physical.

It has taken up shape; this is your true power. A skin with a past. Wear it, and as long as your disguise holds, as long as the tale holds, none can distinguish you from that entirely fabricated person; no instrument nor lens can tear your veil, and no scrutiny will rip the skin apart. As long as the story, that past, as long as it holds, all of the world will believe you are that person; and to all but you, it will be true. Not only you- for you can use this disguise yourself, or pass on all the documents and elements of it to someone else, the skin coming along. An invaluable ability for a player of the Great Game.

Beyond the Glass (600 CP)

Ah, Parabola. Home of dreams and falsities. Many would kill for a way into this place. You've found it, and it is truly yours.

The first part of this perk is the ability to cross dimensions through mirrors. Ordinarily, you'd need a steady supply of prisoner's honey to blur the lines- but you're better than that. Simply touch a mirror, and slip through the threshold to any mirror you've been to

previously. In Fallen London, you might use this ability to connect to Parabola and any such dimensions you have found- some people say that there are others, others say that those are merely attachments to Parabola, and that something either Is or Is Not. To you, that is an immaterial concern; in summary, don't think about it too hard.

Outside of this setting, mirrors may be used to cross dimensional barriers to *any place of reality*; as long as you know the first mirror, and you can touch it, you can use it to slip into *some* place of this other dimension, stranding yourself in strange lands. If you have a second, definitely known mirror to slip into, you can cross the threshold to that one; all you need to know is its precise location. Much simpler and less of a hassle.

Dangerous

Strength, ferocity, soldiering.

Blood and Treasure (100 CP)

You've got a long history of shedding blood and being paid for it. How else would you explain your talent for turning corpses into gold? You will never live a day without work in the trade of death available- no matter where you go, as long as there's enough people left there- *someone* will want *something* dead, and they'll be willing to pay good money for it.

A Notable Absence of Scars (100 CP)

Scars? As if you'd let anything mar one of nature's better creations. Imagine what they'd say at the Singing Mandrake!

As long as this ability is active (and you may deactivate it at any moment), you don't scar. Activating it will banish any previous scars from your flesh, and from now on, nothing may stain your skin. Should you be branded, or otherwise forced a mark, it will vanish in a matter of days. (This will not banish its effects, should it be cursed or similar; it will simply not be visible.) Your skin will remain flawless and perfect, as it should.

Is Someone Here A Doctor? (100CP)

There are few better ways to heal yourself than having an acquaintance tend to your wounds. Do you trust their skill? Their intent? If so, you will find it that, for that evening, their abilities will have been greatly magnified. Where did they learn to do those kinds of stitches?

A Courier For The Dead (200 CP)

The dead sometimes wish for a second chance- if not that, at least an opportunity to do one last something, or to pass on a message. For those injustices have been ordained as the Courier of the Dead, and your authority does not come without reward.

Should you happen upon a corpse that you yourself did not create, you may ask it for its last words, or any message it would want to pass to the living. Should they have died with such a desire in their heart, they will pass it on for you, and grant you a few of their last breaths as payment- renewing your flesh and dispelling your exhaustion- just enough to get a defeated man back on his feet, but no more.

Deliver those words, and you will receive that same payment another time. And perhaps some peace of mind.

Riding the Savage Cobbles (200 CP)

Some say the Velocipede Squad looks ridiculous. They are right.

You, however, don't. You are an expert at cavalry, and your horse can be anything; you excel at keeping your balance, and you'll find yourself more effective of a fighter whenever you are on top of something running faster than you walk. Some say it's hard to steer a complex contraption while holding a firearm; you say those people are pathetic.

Dramatic Tension (200 CP)

Sometimes, it's best to let things... develop, to say the least. Shoot to wound, rather than to kill. Let your foe slip away bloodied, rather than dead. Let the enemy win a battle, if they are to lose the war.

You have mastered the art of raising the stakes, of keeping the game *moving*. Imagine someone wants to murder you. That someone has expended a great deal of time and money on the project. Would it not be much better if they were to expend more? So it all ends as it should? What use is a war if it doesn't end *satisfactorily*?

Considerations of Fighting Aesthetic (400 CP)

You simply know violence. Your travels are (or will be) extensive, perhaps more extensive than anyone else's. The truth is that you definitely pick things up quickly, and perhaps you'd always had a knack for violence. You are a learned man in the arts of fighting, and facing a foe is enough to know how they fight; and with that knowledge, you could fight that way too.

Street fighting in the rough Americas. Chinese and European swordsmanship blended into one. The Silken Sword, elegance and skill in the tomb-colonies. An immortal warrior's horse and lance. You witness, and you absorb; given a single fight, you could flawlessly replicate any move that you witnessed being done, as long as you have the necessary parts for it.

Making Your Moves (400 CP)

The duelists in the shadow leagues of Knife-and-Candle (back when they were still active, obviously) adopt stances- to both refine their performance to a sharp point, and to defend against each other's blows. With this perk, you may, once in a day, switch your stance to one of four, or abandon your stance entirely and return to what you were before. This shall sharpen in time, and perhaps with sufficient practice you may change multiple times in quick succession?

The **Fatal-Clawed Bat** is a stance for the savage and brutal. Not a subtle form, the Bat- it permits knife-movements more suited perhaps to a dockside brawl. While you are in the Savage stance, your assaults become stronger by a significant margin- while attacking, you are stronger, faster, more agile. But it is a stance of momentum; not only you will become highly focused on the foe you are pursuing (perhaps losing focus on rest of the world), it also offers none of its benefits when on the defense.

Some say that the **Spiralled Shadow** was brought to London by an Elder Continent assassin. There's something un-English about the informality of the technique, certainly. While it is active, you are highly elusive- few can snare your shadow. While you are ambushing a target or have the advantage of surprise, you are even more difficult to grasp. Blows dart past your form and enemies misjudge ranges- it is almost as if you are enveloped in shade.

Some commentators have called the **Night-Lamp** unimaginative. Others have called it disciplined. It is a defensive stance; while it is active, you will both have a natural instinct warning you of incoming danger, and a general increase to all of your capacities; it is not a stance suited for any pursuit in particular, but it does cover all your bases.

The **Egg Imponderable** was outlawed for seven years from mainstream Knife-and-Candle for its eccentricity and peculiar beauty. The Underground Leagues were not so exacting. For the Egg, consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds; it thrives in the unpredictable. Your mind will be sharpened to a point, and you will have a natural inclination towards

doing what nobody saw coming, and preparing to make sure all things that they *did* see coming land anyway. It, however, punishes consistency, and as such, possesses a decreasing benefit; the more you prove your intellect, the more it will diminish, returning to normal when you swap to another stance and back to the Egg again.

Were you to *lose*, though, it would grow even sharper. The Egg loves nothing like a dramatic comeback.

Agony And Desperation (600 CP)

The only wound that matters is the last. Until you are definitely felled, your wounds will simply not decrease your performance. You might end up feeling listless. Lacking in your natural vigour. But will it really matter? At best, you will feel a bit of pain- and that is fairly immaterial.

Until you are dealt a decisive finishing blow or a crippling strike, you will continue to do things and live your life as if nothing had happened; until the spirit has departed, who cares about wounds? Even if you've spilled a gallon's worth of blood, you will keep fighting- nothing else would be enough.

Chirurgical Touch (600 CP)

Sometimes, you need not end your foes' lives entirely. It would be enough to arrange that they can no longer serve a certain purpose- and it would be a kindness to leave them with something.

You a gift for dividing things from their closest fellows. Not only are you adept with a knife, both in the ways of surgery and in the way of murder, you can harm more than people- you can cut out and kill parts of them, chunks of their flesh removed cleaving qualities as they are removed. Killing the flight in a bird is only a matter of cutting select muscles as so they cannot be removed; what is the problem is killing the poetry in a poet? Killing the scheming of a mastermind, killing the thriving of a businessman, the publicity-hounding nature of a journalist. Precise murder. The most precise there is.

A Bringer of Death (600 CP)

Death follows you, even the true death.

Killing comes to you as naturally as breathing. Your weaponry cannot be diverted from your foe- your blade is whatever it needs to be to continue your predations. A foe that is only touched by silver? An embodiment of nature that can only be harmed by a branch of an ancient tree? A walking metaphor that must be slain with poems? No matter- you care not.

Your teeth will harm it either way, whatever form those teeth might take. And should you wish to slay a foe *permanently*, you will always know how- the right way to slay this person or beast to ensure they will not come back. Death follows you- even the true death.

Persuasive

Wit, charm, plausibility.

A Valet's Impressions (100 CP)

Some of the rules of high society make sense. The rule about the soup, for instance, is just reasonable prudence. But there is so much to remember! One could take a lifetime absorbing it all. And dangerous, too- reputations are forged and broken at these salons. One must be witty, but not too witty. Forward, but not too forward. And so on. The carnival has fewer tightropes.

Fortunately, you'd had it all crammed into your brain already- for here and for whatever places you might find yourself in. You can truly say you know which end of a scone-fork to apply to the scone. You're welcome.

Competitive Indictments (100 CP)

"This work is foul. It will infect your children with dropsy, wither your chickens,] put your weasels off their game, will see morals lowered and hems raised before the month is out..."

See? The world of art is a cutthroat one. You excel at what is needed for it; namely, the skill and ruthlessness to cut your fellow artists out of a job. You know very well what to say, and when, you get your work published at someone else's detriment.

Prismatic Inspiration (100 CP)

You can draw inspiration from nearly anywhere. Writer's block? As if! Simply ask a friend for their outlook in the world. Priests and nobles and bohemians and devils- all of them see the Neath in such peculiar ways. The stranger and most peculiar, the more beautiful the form your insights will take.

You could write symphonies of unrivaled beauty off a devilless' whispers, or write at a feverish pace through the exuberance of the skin of cephaloid pet. Can't you see? The weak glimmer of the false-stars becomes a sea of dancing, kaleidoscopic jewels writ upon its skin! Now *this* gets the imagination going...

A Fine Piece (200 CP)

You are an artist! Ballet, fashion, opera; in one of these arts- you are a master, and in at least two others you are more than serviceable. May be taken multiple times, with each successive addition costing only 100 CP (or 50, with a discount) making you a master of one other form of art and a good student of another two.

Overlapping masteries and studies will, respectively, make you increasingly brilliant and a master. Stacking three masteries would make you an once-in-a-generation genius, stacking four would make your artistry great enough to be recorded on the Bazaar's flanks- and to surprise Devils, charm Masters and move imperial courtiers. After this, unfortunately, diminishing returns would set- there's a point after which even genius cannot reach.

A Diplomat In The Making (200 CP)

Diplomacy is a complex trade. It's about balancing needs, it's about saying the right things at the right moment. You are adept at this trade. You know how to sound like you're not a

threat, how to flatter, how to snub, how to manage other people's suspicion to present just the right sort of image.

And most of all, how to leverage relationships. You can perceive those little threads- were you to snub this person, who would look upon you more favorably? Were you to praise someone, who would gaze at you with definite disdain? It's an ability to use with care. You wouldn't want to be hated by *everyone*.

Addressing The People (200 CP)

If you intend to leave a mark in history, you must give the people something to remember. You always know how best to present yourself to come across the way you desire. You are you are an excellent public speaker, with a honed sense in what to say to appeal to this or that person, this or that group, or to a great amount of vastly different people at once. (new beginnings, words of Queen and Country, visionary words. And sometimes, if they can't take promises of peace and prosperity seriously, perhaps you could just appeal to their greed).

It includes the clothes you wear, the tone of voice you use, everything. The truth is- aspect of your presentation can- and *should*- be tailored and manipulated, for the sake of conveying a point or presenting an image. You know how to do that, and you know how to do it well.

Mithridant Cycles (400 CP)

The best thing about being a historian is that sometimes you get to write a history that supports a side of your choosing. You are an expert at arranging facts. Even while never technically lying, you can spin a tale to uphold any conclusion you might like. Write how many died, but not how many lived. Write how much was spent, but say nothing of the size of the coffers of those who paid. You have learned to say simple things in complicated ways, and lead your reader (or listener) where you wish them to go. You are an artist of implication, allowing people to think what you are not willing to say.

Perhaps... you would do the opposite? Write Truth back into shape? Put conveniently-omitted facts back in their proper places? You may. Shed just a little light on triumphal victories, until the brutality of Empire comes into relief? Squeeze some of the tidy tales of patriotism until blood drips out? You could. *Should* you? That's another question entirely. But write enough, and it will become more than a text as the water of the Waswood seeps into the paper. It will become almost a history of its own, able to convey *meaning* into the reader as if it were injected directly into their veins.

The Ratty-Saint's Baptism (400 CP)

Why did rats and cats grow so bafflingly eloquent, so suddenly talkative, when they fell into the Neath? Some joke about it- why were humans excluded from this phenomenon, why did the dullards of London not find immediate insight? Perhaps that is a more pertinent question to ask then they realize.

The beasts themselves aren't talking- perhaps they themselves don't know. But rumours whisper of a rat-saint who taught their folk to speak, of the words of Stone to the tigers- where does the truth lie? Some say an employee of the Ministry of Accounting and Recounting- now defunct- conjured those narratives out of nothing. Perhaps that's even true.

With this ability, you may take something which cannot speak- some animal that is not *possessing of a mind*- and then you may weave them into a thinking being. Teach them.

Whisper in their ears until those words take root in a brain that should, by all account, not be able to handle them. It's a worrisome power- who knows what all those animals will do, with the power to think? Do humans not abuse it enough?

Private Debating Lessons with the Jovial Contrarian (600 CP)

We apologize for the inconvenience- this perk has been... outsourced, for a lack of a better word. Our dearest friend will be helping with it. I believe he has already ordered his aides to clear his schedule for the afternoon, and to ignore any orders he might later give to the contrary.

It will tell you- it will be, no matter how many worlds you have visit, at the very least among the three most infuriating events of your life. It will be an invaluable experience.

You will gain an unbelievable talent in mincing words, and a mastery of all the arts that make actually reaching the truth impossible. But that said, what does one even mean by truth? Can one convey truth? To reach a conclusion, they must establish what they seek to know. But first, they must understand what it even is *to know*. What *is* knowledge? Is knowledge conveyed through language? But language is a tool of the mind; it is not the mind itself. What if language is what makes reality, though? If you say the word 'God' to your opponent, they understand what the word 'God' means. Which means that God must exist, no? If you had not noticed yet, this is a quick way to be thought as infuriating to be around. I presume that you don't care.

Some could convince their fellow man to elect them for a posting- but an orator of your level will find no issue turning people to your side. You know exactly how to best express and communicate even the most complex and nuanced of ideas, and you could talk your fellow man into or out of nearly anything. Your grand speeches could sway the masses, and your arguments could sway even the most hardened critic- and you are nigh-impossible to persuade yourself, dissecting arguments and finding flaws in even the most perfect of logical reasonings.

A further benefit: while you are here, the Contrarian will be delighted to spend the occasional afternoon tutoring you. Your rhetoric will be legendary in both polite and impolite circles. Some people will hide behind sofas when you near.

Captivating Fascination (600 CP)

You are an intensely alluring person. Legions of admirers kneel at your feet, and a single raised eyebrow sends the crowds fawning.

Your charms are so vast and grand that everything you do sounds alluring- no matter how scandalous or terrifying your actions, whoever watches will have to resist the thought of reinterpreting them as beautiful, and you as perfect. Your face is utterly beautiful, and whoever gazes upon it will find it beautiful as well.

You are impossibly skilled at the dance of romance and love, and love stories manifest from the ether at your mere passing; your tales will surely quickly fill another copy of the Crimson Book as you pass through London. This charm stretches to any sort of creature that can comprehend romance as a concept, and even those who don't will steadily start to understand it as they dwell near you.

]Even when you don't intend to be charming, you do so effortlessly; every action of yours is tinged in fascination and universal appeal. Your expressions, your tone, the universally melodious and wondrous tone of your voice- and should you devote your affections to one

person, they will never find you wanting, for you will always know how to bring them into your orbit- and keep it there.

Coruscating Majesty (600 CP)

Your soul is a grandiose one. Devils lick their lips at your passing. Spirifers may hound you day and night, looking to claim this legendary treasure that is your spirit. Do not be worried, though, for this comes with benefits, too- for your soul's majesty extends to you as well. Your charisma and grace are those of a king. That majesty will never burn you and turn against your person- you are immune to the dangers of a blazing soul, Animescence has no claim on you.

Beyond mere rhetoric, you are inherently appealing. You are fascinating. You charm people without the slightest issue. No matter how attractive your actual appearance is, people will be simply *drawn* to you, as planets orbiting a star. You know where to stand, and how to hold your head, so that you most resemble your portraits. You know how to seem grateful – even touched! – when your admirers shriek in delighted recognition, and by g_d there are so many of them. You are so glutted with letters from adoring fans, invitations and well-wishes that you may be forced to hire a new secretary. When you make it known that something enjoys your approval, it flourishes as never before. You may need to become very well practised with scissors and red ribbons. Your smile, however, will never need work.

And beyond- beyond those ten years- you will continue to grow. Your soul will shine brighter as time proceeds, brighter and more glorious. One day your words may be more than magnetic- they may one day become Law. Perhaps when that spark lights in your heart, your soul will be lit ablaze- and you will ascend to the stars above. Perhaps even beyond.

Studies of Strategy

The Black King's horses and all of his men put the White King back into check again.

Not A Personal Matter (100 CP)

When spies greet each other as fellow pawns in the game, they do so knowing each and every one of the persons they meet may stab them tomorrow. They have long since gotten used to it- there's no use keeping grudges. Everyone's just doing their job, and now, so are you.

You possess the awareness to always put your feelings behind you for the sake of cooperation. With this, even the most fierce of anarchists would shake hands with a hardened supporter of Empire and not lose a wink of sleep over it. It's all part of the job.

A Fine Piece In The Game (100 CP)

You have observed, stolen, followed, decrypted and occasionally murdered. You are a stellar spy. You know enough to begin- you know of ciphers, secret plots, the language of tattoos, how to observe without being observed. A hundred years from now they'll call this tradecraft.

Universal Safe-Conduct (100 CP)

You possess a good knack for forgery of documents, and for cover stories to provide a reason why, exactly, you should be in that place that you clearly shouldn't be in. It may not help you if there's real scrutiny, but well, that's what the rest of your skillset is for.

Clathermont's Intrigue (200 CP)

The players of the Great Game signal secrets to one another through tattoos. Most of the time, it's not difficult to crack those sorts of ciphers; but those who pay well get the cream of the crop.

You are now a skilled tattoo artist, you have comparable skill in the field of ciphers, and a talent for being understood. Should you write a ciphered message upon someone's skin, and think of a desired target while doing so, it is guaranteed that, when the person gazes upon the message you left for them, they will understand its meaning.

A Priest's Austerity (200 CP)

Nobody's ever seen you lose your cool, even in a fight. Your demeanor is five degrees colder than your dead heart, but that's the mantle of a professional like yourself. You could cut down your own grandmother without so much as a flicker of an eyebrow.

No matter what happens, should you wish to, you can maintain a facade of perfect innocence. The appearance may be deceptive - you could be screaming inside for all anyone knows - but it is quite complete.

Comings and Goings (200 CP)

As expected of a city of secrets and intrigue, Fallen London's spy network is infamously complex and multi-threaded. Spies often hide in plain sight, though their disguises and reputations often speak for themselves. An Inconspicuous Bureaucrat wears his toupee askew. A Clattering Dame seems all too keen on supplying a distraction.

You have learned to see those traces. You have a fine sense for detail; and you are a good sense for those things that are just a bit out left field, for those things that are out of the normal, for the marks that someone is hiding something. That couple by the fountain, exchanging a briefcase. That governess pushing a pram, which does not have a baby inside.

Everyone has their Gazette. Every Gazette has two eye-holes clipped out. Secrets hang like ripe fruit in the air. You only need pluck one and bite.

Epaulette Mate (400 CP)

Few zealots have a rational justification for their ardent feelings, and few agents lack a reason to betray their master. Find the right pressure points, and you can persuade anyone to hop over to your side. (A corner of a coffee shop; one small argument at a time, until the enemy's certainty is chipped away.) The stronger the loyalty, the more time you will need to turn them; but everyone has a limit.

Soon enough, your enemies will find themselves boxed in those thought were their allies. Knives will come from the most unexpected places. And you, at last, will be victorious.

Deciphering... (400 CP)

One half is the code; the other half is breaking it.

You possess a natural sense for codebreaking. For the work you need certain skills in patience, focus, and negligence of the outside world, skills that are now yours. You are a font of likely ciphers, common passphrases, and precise addresses, and there is very little in the world of encoding that is novel to you.

Not only this, but, the more you know about the documents you decipher, the more easily other connected solutions will arise; after finishing your work on some document, the world unfolds upon you- and you might even be able to extrapolate the exact circumstances, the time and place where it was written- and perhaps even the character of that person who wrote it.

A Player of Chess (600 CP)

The Chessboard is the part of Parabola where the Great Game plays out. And you know the way there- two steps forward, one to the side. Again. The path is a matter of oblique approach.

In your dreams, you may dream of that dream of spies, the move and countermove that controls the politics of the Surface – and sometimes of the Neath. And you get to choose the pieces.

In those dreams, you have what could be called clairvoyance. You witness the Game of politics as a gigantic chessboard, and you can extract enormous volumes of knowledge from it if you can decode the barrier of metaphor. What is the knight preparing? Why did those ships deploy to a new position? Has Venice called upon its old forces again, after so long?

You can also *play* in it- manifesting as a presence, as an organization in those games. Through dreams, you may seed well-placed pawns in the world and pit them against others. Manifest as an ethereal presence in mirrors and dreams, and bring followers to your causes. You will gain a sense of who is vulnerable- the ones who, with just a little judge, will

organize their obedience to you, and shortly after that, begin exchanging messages written entirely in cipher. Control them as well, as a vast arrangement of pawns in a board.

The perspective from which you witness the Board is the color of your pieces. Should you play as **White**, you will align yourself with the powers that be, and have the first move's advantage. You will play for the Church and Constables and the light of the stars. Your pawns will have resources. Play as **Black**, to play second. To react. To rebel. Revolutionaries and rebels will be at your side. And at last, play as **Red** to play for yourself. No one will truly be on your side, and neither will you be on theirs. Assert no allegiances. Remain a free agent, and witness the Board from a discreet, third-party perspective.

In new worlds, even should there not be a Chessboard, you will gain the ability to manifest one, through your own dreams.

The Lessons of St. Joshua (600 CP)

There are many secrets in this world. Some are not meant to be kept, only passed on.

Through this perk, you have learned enough of the arts of irrigio, the unremembered colour. You know what inks to mix and what colors to join to create the Neathbow's purplish shade, from any ingredients you might have at hand; and most importantly, you know how to use it.

With irrigio cloth and irrigio ink, it's possible to make one forget; but it's much more difficult to be selective. You can erase knowledge and memories from someone's mind (including your own, should there be some weight you wish to relieve yourself of), and as long as you have some inkling of what you're supposed to be removing, you can specify *what* with near absolute precision. You can apply this erasure through anything that can be stained with the colour; a letter, your own clothing. There is very little the drowning violet light cannot erase.

The Seat In The Board (600 CP)

So hard to achieve. Even harder to retain.

When you are acting as the mastermind of your network, your identity- your true identity- is simply shrouded. The people of this world only know you by your reputation. None know you truly, unless you reveal yourself to them- and should they go out and say your name, few will believe them. The powers of the world will have no idea of your name or your purpose or the source of your influence. They will know you exist only when you choose to block their moves.

Even should your network be rooted out and every single one of your agents interrogated, your true identity will remain safe and secure. No one will know who should be on that seat. No one will know who was.

The Great Chain

All living things are joined in the Chain: men and apes, bees and roses, messengers and stars. When the Red Science breaks it, even time is scarred.

The Edicts of the Sky (100 CP)

Your head is brimming with knowledge of Celestial Law. Mathematics. Formulae. Principles that dictate how the planets move, how apples fall, how confessions can be compelled. You can correctly assess a given thing's place in the Great Chain, and you can identify violations and blasphemies against it with but a gaze.

Do not worry about your expertise losing relevance. In future worlds, the laws of any future heavenly realms will also be in your reservoir, meticulously archived.

Seeing Through The Eyes of Icarus (100 CP)

You have a vigilant mind. An instinct for information that would harm your brain or your soul is fiercely engraved; should you come across any such kind of secret, you will instantly know it is dangerous, and that it will harm you. Should you attempt to read it anyway, well, it's on you.

Engraved Seal (100 CP)

You work is protected against copy and censure- you are the nightmare of the Ministry of Public Decency. Not only is cracking your secrets a very difficult task, for your writing tends to feel more and more difficult to understand without guidance the more hostile the reader's intentions are. Attempts for thieves, plagiarists and other ill-intentioned people to decipher, edit or destroy your research and work will be far more difficult; even if they set fire to your house with everything inside, a surprising amount of things will remain; and they'll find their way back to your hand, soon enough.

Flame-Proofed Epidermis (200 CP)

Much like F.F. Gebrandt's Flame-Resilient Paper, your skin is guaranteed protection from incineration. Your body's outer layer is proven to withstand up to three Correspondence sigils, and fire-based mishaps will barely heat your epidermis, nevermind reach your flesh. Someone could dangle you over a blazing furnace and you would barely be singed.

Note: Your skin will retain this capacity if should it be removed from your body. Does not protect from bullets, blunt-force trauma, cold and flaying knives. Having fire shoved in vulnerable areas such as eyes, mouth, and/or genital openings will still be as painful as it would normally be.

Maniac's Prayers (200 CP)

There is understanding to be found amidst madness. You are plenty capable in distinguishing ghastly truths amidst incoherent nonsense. The more drivel you let into your ears, the more potent this grows. There's power in this ranting doggerel, and you'll have it yet.

That said, sometimes there just isn't anything there. Sometimes it just rhymes funny.

The First Principles of Language (200 CP)

The Correspondence is a language. Many things communicate on it. Many things also understand language in wholly different ways than you; and to understand life amidst the Great Chain, you must cross that barrier.

If you are ever given a sentence- a word, a text- that you cannot understand, or if you mean to communicate with a being that cannot understand you, you may dissolve words- break words into fragments of *meaning*, either to speak, hear or read. It is brutish, and simplistic. Wholly insufficient for complex sentences or intricate concepts. You cannot explain nor be explained much with it. But what scant words can be told- *conflict*, *disagreement*, *stop*, *continue*- will be told.

Inks of the Undernight (400 CP)

The Neathbow is the collective term for seven colors which cannot be seen on the Surface. They are commonly observed in the Neath, hence the name. As Lilac did before, you have mastered the practice of the inks of the undernight, of the practice of wielding those colours. With naught but mundane materials, you may craft dyes for the seven colours of the Neathbow, and that paint retain the colors' arcane properties.

Lilac wielded those arts in the shape of her tattoos, but you are not limited to such practices. While they will not survive under a Judgement's light (returning to being mundane colours), any other light source is fair game; including unthinking suns of other worlds.

There are seven colours of the Neathbow.

Violant indelibly lingers in one's memory and is often unnerving to stare at for too long. It is very difficult to forget anything written in violant ink. It is a colour associated with Red Science and Correspondence; and with the more fiery aspects of light and Law.

Peligin is the colour of the monstrous; darker the darkness; the shade of deep zee. Peligin light and radiation tend to induce mutation. Were one to have a peligin light shining in what was otherwise utter darkness, things would grow *brighter* if that light went out. Exposure to peligin tends towards changing beings into new forms; this is wild and uncontrolled process, akin to evolution, and it often tends towards the twisted and beastly.

Cosmogone is the colour of remembered sunlight- the glow of nostalgia. Cosmogone light encourages the growth of flora and fungi alike. It is the color of the Parabolian sun, the Skin of the Sun. Cosmogone lenses are helpful for seeing into dreams, and the glow of its light is incredibly alluring. It oftentimes induces dreams of the past as you perceive it- messages tinted in cosmogone are seen through rose-tinted glasses.

Apocyan is the color of coral, of memory, and of the Zee's waves. Its glow has healing effects, and flashes of apocyan light can capture images, creating "daguerrotypes" of dreams and certain memories. It is a colour suited for *holding* memories- shining it over someone may produce shadows or images of their dreams and past. If Cosmogone is the color of remembered past, then Apocyan is the color of envisioned future. It is the color of the possible and the potential, of the pathways of destiny that we can conjure and conjuncture.

Viric is the green of shallow sleep. It is heavily associated with the Fingerkings, as the eyes of Fingerking-possessed creatures often burn with viric fire- and a box of dream-snakes will

shine that same light. Viric light is associated with growth- when comes into contact with vegetation, it causes it to flourish and grow at an exponential rate. It tends to cause drowsiness and prevents short-term memory from ever going into long-term- objects stained in viric can be difficult to notice or perceive, and it's even harder to realize there is something wrong at all.

Irrigo is the unremembered colour. It clings to objects and people and brings forgetfulness. Exposure to irrigo causes severe memory loss; overexposure to it can result in total ego death. Continuous exposure to irrigo can also cause thick, bony plates to grow over one's eyes, creating disgusting eyeless skulls. Objects stained with irrigo tend to be forgotten immediately by those who look at them; Midnighters use shrines and robes that are draped in this color to perform their rites, learned and then immediately forgotten. It also Irrigo seems to internally retain the memories it steals; in the Cave of the Nadir, centuries-old memories hang in the air, their original holders have long since forgotten how to even breathe.

Gant is the light that devours; it leaves things duller, consumes other colours. It is what remains once all colour has been erased. It is often used to remove tattoos, and objects stained by gant feel lighter. It is akin to eigengrau; within gant light, there is perception. But it's hard to describe this as *sight*.

There are rumours of an eighth colour, but if it exists, it is not of this world.

A Scholar of the Correspondence (400/600/800 CP)

You know far more than most do about the Correspondence. You are well-versed in the language of stars, in the grammar of solar revolutions, and you have a perfect, if mundane, skill with calligraphy.

As one of the most all-encompassing and versatile languages in the universe, this comes with a wide variety of applications; the most obvious use being allowing communication between two highly disparate parties, or convey concepts that cannot be easily explained in lesser tongues, for a single sigil can carry oceans of meaning.

The Correspondence is capable of shaping the world and composing thoughts of its own accord, for the meanings of sigils of the Correspondence that represent concepts can be especially notable, as they can be used to convey certain characteristics onto the objects upon which they're written; inscribing the Correspondence sigils for "Light" and "Constancy" onto a waxen cylinder can create a candle that never loses its flame. The influence of an inscribed sigil can even extend beyond the object on which it was inscribed; an alluring sigil carved into a load-bearing pillar or in the owner of a house might give the entire territory an unnatural charm, warp space so ships can sail through impossibly narrow gaps, enhance, upsize or duplicate objects.

The applications of this burning language are practically endless; sigils can grant life to flesh, compel pacts and manipulate time, space, and causality. With the right grammar, sufficient supplies and enough skill, the Correspondence can untangle space and restore nearby surroundings to a prior state, though of course, such endeavors are no easy task. Something to note is that this language is the language of stars; and as so, it burns. A failed or improper sigil will most likely explode into flame, and sometimes so will a successful sigil; write in lead or flame-proof paper, and keep a close eye on what you are writing.

For an additional 200 CP, you may amplify your base of knowledge- more than merely writing the sigils, you may dance them to convey their meaning- or perhaps even more. Perhaps you could play some manner of instrument, perhaps you could recite verses that

are light and Law, perhaps the footsteps of your cricketing strategies shall be immortalized in Hell's brass halls forevermore. As long as it is complex enough to convey meaning, the Correspondence can be said through it- such is the nature of this immortal language.

And for another 200 CP, your knowledge extends to beyond the mere usage of the Correspondence as a language; you know to use as a tool for your sciences- you know how to apply it into the shape of the Red Science, the knowledge that breaks chains and makes new links. It translates both the Correspondence and the laws of the universe into mathematics, into principles that can be applied. Into reasons that can be wielded and understood. Does love have an integral? Hatred a limit? Can time be a form of space, and motive a form of gravity? When you comprehend and use those tools, the sky is the limit- or perhaps, you could reach even beyond.

The Forgery of Law (600 CP)

Through sweat, grit and fuel, you are capable of enacting Laws on territories. By crafting Law-furnaces, strange Hellish devices capable of fashioning Law, you are capable of enacting principles of reality- such as altering the constants of gravity, distance and movement, altering what is concrete and what is false, and manifesting short-lived objects seemingly from the ether.

This is a process that requires a most unusual fuel; souls. To create and enforce a Law, souls are required. You can utilize background Law as an element, to make this vastly intensive; creating devices that simply strengthen and enforce the Laws of physics with their light. Those can run on any fuel, as the Khanate's Xanthous Bulbs often do; but to create true Laws to play around, you will need souls; and to maintain those Laws you will need a constant upkeep of them, otherwise they will decay.

Laws created to affect beings capable of thought seem to be more complicated, and more energy-intensive; the simplest thing is to distort or bend space, but altering the minds or bodies of living beings is significantly more complex. It is far from impossible; but perhaps the intensity of fuel may be too much for you to bear.

Douse the Lights (600 CP)

"Society's law is unjust because natural law is Unjust. Tyranny begins at the top. Not from the factory-owner; not even from the palace of a queen. But in the arch of heaven itself. Those who join us should be prepared to defy the suns. And prepared to win, for our grievances are immeasurable."

The Liberation of Night is an anarchist plot to blow up the Bazaar and extinguish every light in the Neath. And this would only be a test run, because its supporters aim to extinguish all the light in the universe- and with it, all Law, for even physics itself is tyranny- the tyranny of the Judgements, who have declared what Is and what Is Not.

You are a living emissary of Liberation. Devote your attention to a Law, whatever it may be- from mundane laws of property and punishment to the laws of gravity and velocity- and it will begin to decay. It will become less finicky- violations will come more easily. Strange circumstances where the Law bends to allow your passing will occur more often as you focus on that Law.

Gravity will have less of a hold on you, and when you focus, you will fall in impossible ways. Law-Furnaces crack and splinter. Correspondence sigils flicker and die. Beings forged of Law will continue past the vanishing of the assumption of the Judgements that composes their beings- that being that all things Are Not, and things must be ordained To Be- should

you wish to keep them alive. The concepts that formed their nature will be gone, but their selves may remain, and you may teach them another way. You may prove them wrong. Live in the impossible. Begin the Liberation within yourself, and spread it to others- for this is your greatest power.

Should you spread doubt on a Law, people will be less inclined to follow it, at first. They will begin to view society's codes as mere suggestions, and question the "why" of the laws of physics, fiddle with scientific understanding. Doubt will settle in their heart as they are exposed to your own distaste for those particular laws. This power that you hold will slowly but surely slip into them, as well.

They will make their own reasonings, but as long as you remain focused, they will continue to make them. Past a point, those reasonings will become self-perpetuating- and should you and them continue to invest with this power to deny power, this unpower that they have been granted, they will spread. And so, the Laws themselves will begin to decay and rot. They will become mere suggestions as the doubt settles in the population's heart.

It will take years to finish, until isn't enough to say that the light is gone. Until you must say the darkness is present: thick as cream, dark as a Midnight Matriarch. But when it does so, there shall be no glow of Judgement.

No Light.

No Law.

Only the dark, forevermore.

The Vast Zee

Strange truths are told of the waves and what lies beneath. The lies are even stranger.

To Find A Route (100)

In the Neath maps tend towards unreliable. It is to be expected, with Alterations, earth-powers and so many shifting streets. You, however, gain the unerring sense of returning; as long as you have been in a place before, and the route has not closed, you will be able to make your way there again.

The Nautical 'Z' (100 CP)

You have good knowledge of sailing. You can reliably pilot a ship and command a crew. It's not much, but you'll need this if you want to find your way anywhere at all.

Zeazoned Zailors (100 CP)

Your crew is emboldened. When you are in command of a group, especially when you are in command of a vehicle, you will find that your crew is simply better. They perform excellently at their jobs, and you are all in great sync. Rarely do they lack confidence, and sometimes they start doing their jobs a little before you're done issuing an order.

Listen to the Wind (200 CP)

You possess the innate ability to hear the voices of the wind. Sometimes, those voices speak of ships and captains and currents. It takes patience and luck to pluck out the interesting morsels, what is recent and what you can rely on, but with enough patience you could hear your way to your destination and gleam some great secrets from the depths.

The Monster's Encyclopedia (200 CP)

You know the properties of monsters. What this organ does, how many teeth it sheds a day, where it makes its nest in broken dreams. If a monster's precise name eludes you, you learn extraordinarily quickly, and you can adapt on the fly to make a good plan.

All Manner of Thing (200 CP)

The zee is dark and full of terrors, and you banish them with your presence. Your crew finds it easier to connect with you, and just by you being here they find the depths less of a terrifying certainty. No matter the situation- a betrayal, a fire, an accident, a monster or the looming threat of starvation- you are a light in the darkness, a reminder that they will get home. Your presence soothes, vanquishes night-terrors, dispels nightmares. For all shall be well.

Written in Bone (400 CP)

You are adept at finding what is edible, and what is useful, in any sort of carcass. You know the best parts, and how to waste as little as possible, be it in the kill itself or otherwise.

Not only can you can scavenge food and perhaps even fuel from any beast or foe, you know how to preserve its powers- you grasp what its bones and skin can be used for, whether a bone harpoon or a fancy coat would fit better, preserving the creature's abilities and properties in the weapons and artifacts that you craft out of their remains.

The Eye of the Storm (400 CP)

Sometimes, the zee is turbulent. You have the means to deal with any such turbulence.

Through the dark depths of the deepest Zee, through the sharp stones of the Snares, the insides of a beast or the Sea of Spines in Parabola, or perhaps even stranger shores- the Elder Continent, the High Wilderness, other worlds- no matter the place, you will always see the way to safety, the plan that will save you all- though executing it is up to you, and it may sound utterly insane at times, you will know. You will always know.

The Hierarchy of the Hunt (600 CP)

"It was you who crushed the heads of Leviathan

and gave it as food to the creatures of the desert."

The Monster-Hunter winnows the lesser terrors from the true – and here you stand, the greatest terror of them all. You are an apex predator, an apotheosis of what it means to be a hunter, and all prey is a sacrifice and honor to yourself.

You possess an instinctive sense for violence. As long as something can be felled, you will arrive at the path that is needed for it. Your instincts are sharp, and you learn extremely quickly- your technique adapting to face virtually any creature in virtually any environment in a matter of seconds. This knowledge spreads; you could effortlessly teach a whole crowd on how to kill a beast, you could raise an army common men into vicious vanquishers of beasts.

The instinct of the hunt may also propel you forward- if a beast you vanquish was powerful, powerful in relation to you, you will grow stronger as you exult on its death, you are archbishop of the hunt-god that is, too, you. Sometimes you will grow stronger even during a battle itself; techniques refining, muscles tearing and knitting back together with far greater capacities. Your instincts whisper in your ears of great hunts and the beasts of this world, their locations, their weaknesses, the preparations that you must follow.

Your harpoon thrills with numinous hunger, an incontrovertible animal pull. You are a hunter, and you *shall* hunt. If you rise as well, so much the better.

The Chain-Gilled Shipwright (600 CP)

You are adept at restoring, repairing, and most importantly, *designing* ships. Well, you're probably going to need materials. Many materials. Expensive materials. And labour to get the work done. But they could not do it without you!

As long as the ship is even remotely recognizable, you can restore it to full condition. Even should it have spent a century under the waves, being eaten by rust and crushed by the water- as long as you can unearth it, you could bring it back, better than ever. While you serve as captain, you and your crew could repair a ship in the middle of the zee almost as well as a trained team would do it in land.

And the ships you can design! Zubmarines, elusive zubmarines rated for the darkest of depths, zubmarines that would lead Lieutenant R. F. Harris to hesitatingly nod and approve. Camouflage methods a century in the future! The Admiralty would drool at the thought of employing you, and your blueprints will be coveted by nations. You could create a ship to sail anywhere! Through a volcano. Through the air! Through solid rock! The sky's the limit, and- no! The High Wilderness! Find something beyond even that!

A Monster's Anatomy (600 CP)

The practice of a Monster-Hunter is to both punish and embrace monstrosity. Your ability to absorb knowledge has expanded much further.

The first part of this ability is the most mundane part; you know monsters. It merely takes a good look and a half-minute for you to know that steel knives won't work on this enemy, or that stabbing it in the lower back is likely to pierce the venom-sac. An entire encyclopedia's already in your head, and it will only increase as you learn more; with each and every monster factoid being remembered with clear fidelity in your hindbrain, alongside the skill and instinctual awareness to use each and every of them. The rituals, the signs, the movements of animals are all yours.

The second part is the change. Unlike the Shapeling Arts, this is more gradual; more adaptation then slipping the chains that compose "you." If you are exposed to stimuli, you may reshape your body to handle it. Pressure results in a stronger spine, darkness in sharper eyes that can catch even the more minuscule glow. This is a gradual and freely reversible change; though an adaptation dismissed will require the same stimuli to be redone.

The third part is but an extension of the first and the second. Your anatomy may become more monstrous; you may, at will, move closer to a creature that you are facing. Witnessing a bird's flight may slowly but surely lead you to develop powerful wings that can raise you above, witnessing the unnaturally sharp claws of some beast leads you to a revelation on how you should rebuild your hand. Your body will never reject those changes- in fact, it is so capable at adapting foreign objects into itself that you could slice off another's species' limb entirely and graft it into yourself- and it would continue to function without any issue. Even supernatural abilities and mystical organs can be learned and held on to, as long as you truly saw- and *understood*- the mechanisms of their function.

The Parables of Parabola

"The Silverer changes the course of events with truth and lies. Hers are the hidden arts by which the Gallery of Serpents was made. She has ventured into the Marches beyond the sight of all glass, and uncovered the source of the Writhing River."

Dreamer Beware (100 CP)

You are a lucid dreamer; that being, you remain in lucid, aware state in your dreams every night. You also have an extraordinary amount of control over your sleep- being capable of sleeping anywhere, and of dozing into dreamless night. You'll even maintain some manner of awareness of the waking world while asleep- were one to try to catch you while you should be defenseless, you'll always wake up alert and ready.

The Answer to Nightmares (100 CP)

You are capable of protecting yourself against nightmares and fears. You can conjure a resting spot in your dreams- in that place, you may rest peacefully. Whatever night-terrors your mind conjures to plague your rest, they do not reach you in here- and you will always awake entirely cleansed from stress, anxiety and burgeoning pains.

Having Recurring Dreams (100 CP)

When you go to sleep, sometimes your dreams are... peculiar. You might frequently find your sleep assaulted by cryptic, if informative dreams. Amidst the maze of dream-logic and twisted metaphor, those dreams will often contain information about things of the ancient past, of affairs of the sky, of strange things that happened, will happen, or may not happen.

Most of the time, it'll be difficult to extract anything useful; but what secrets you bleed out of your time asleep will almost always be surprisingly interesting.

Waswood Almanac (200 CP)

The Waswood contains possibilities; of what Is-Not, but what Might-Have-Been. You are capable in dwelling in those shadowed spaces between possibilities; at any moment, you may revisit your memory as a daydream, and recall some event where different courses could have been taken.

You are not capable of extrapolating the full consequences of those different choices; but their immediate effects, yes- that you can see. That is within your grasp.

Allure of Cosmogone (200 CP)

The cosmogone lenses of Silverers are told to be irresistible to the creatures beyond the mirror, and the Ushabti plague that F.F Gebrandt accidentally created (though, to be entirely fair, one could blame the Empress for this) was foiled by the means of a lure of honeyed cosmogone.

You may, too, create lures like these; lights that grow in the air, shining with remembered sunlight. People who see them can be drawn to their glow, nostalgia and remembrance settling in their minds as the shine reminds them of past things that they see with a pair of fairly rose-tinted glasses; whether this will lead them to their doom is up to you.

Seeking A Mirror From The Far Side (200 CP)

Many are capable of gazing into dreams through mirrors, to see the world of Parabola. Fewer move into Parabola just to see the real world. You are now one of them, for your dreams are lined with mirrors; and those mirrors are gates into the real world.

You cannot cross them yourself, but you can see, and hear- and the same is not true from the other direction, as the most they will see is a faint outline of an eye, or an ear- barely noticeable at all, unless one pays close attention. The mirrors that your dream-glasses lead to will always be different each night, though some will often be relevant to you; the information you can get out of them is limited, as you will have to search through a mirror that has what you seek.

Do not worry much about someone cutting the connection. It is a danger, but not as much as you might imagine. They can cover the mirror with a tarp, but you will still hear through it- they can move to another place, but surely even that one will have some kind of mirror- even if just the reflected glint of someone's eyes.

And think of it- what happens when you break a mirror? Snap it into shards, and gaze at the broken pieces in your hands. See, they glint jaggedly.

When you break a mirror, you simply *make more mirrors*.

The Curved Line (400 CP)

In Parabola, the size of things is easily lost; the large becomes small and the small becomes large. What might be built on such principles, if they were brought out of the Is-Not?

You possess a great grasp of distances and dimensions, and how they may be twisted. By devoting your effort and will to the space between two points, into a piece of dimensional space, you may cross it, lengthen it, shorten or even twist it into painful curves. This effect is not permanent, but it is difficult to banish; Remember that the trick isn't convincing an object in space to occupy one fewer dimension than normal, though that is certainly something that will consume effort, it's not difficult to you; The problem is convincing it to go back and face the tyranny of volume once more.

The Garden of Nightmares (400 CP)

You are adept at squeezing out other people's dreams.

Imagine that someone is asleep, and interesting dreams suffuse their mind. You will have an instinct for finding such a person, and the ability to gaze within their dream; and then, pluck the dream out with your fingers.

You could quite a bit with those stray dreams. Perhaps keep them in a garden of mirages, perhaps house them in your mind. Perhaps send them off in the shadows to torment or soothe the dreams or another, or have them fight by your side. Many things are possible. Just make sure you can tolerate their presence yourself.

Oneiropomp (600 CP)

You are an expert in dreams, nightmares, and waking trances and all the forms in which they manifest; to the level where you have mastered the path of entering the dreams of others. You may enter dream-worlds or other similar places through this method; but you may also simply walk into an individual's dreams. Some dreamers are merely passing through, towards deeper reveries and nightmares. Will you intervene with them? To what end?

As you work with someone on their dreams, two things will change: the dream's duration and intensity. You can extend the duration of the dream almost indefinitely- keeping them locked in their own sleep as long as you may desire, or until their body gives out.

The intensity of the dream, however, is what changes when you shape it. You may nurture ideas, beliefs, things that they will carry into the outside world when they awake. Strong concepts are necessary to increase intensity; feeding the dreamer your own memories, or powerful, evocative poetry or literature functions well. As increase the power and effect of the dream, it grows more intense and more etched in their memory- from a mere mirage, forgotten immediately, to a night carved into their very bones, lessons imparted and forever remembered.

Intensity can be spent to harness secrets from their mind; forcing the dreamer to unknowingly reveal information or answer your questions. It can, too, be consumed in order to harness objects from those dreams- take the fruits of dream-trees, nick the books of dream-libraries; consuming the intensity of the dream to materialize those objects into physical shape.

You may then return to the waking world, as yourself, as the dream reasserts itself in its natural state. The scent of sap is heavy; the jewel-toned insects hang in the air. This may have been a simple job for you- but to your target, it may have been much more. Take this secret, and go: every dream imprisons its dreamer.

A Bringer of New Things (600 CP)

The lands behind the glass have been explored by poets, fools and visionaries. And there is always more to find- the place is constantly shifting, after all. And now, you may shape it at your leisure.

You may touch the skin of dreams and enter them freely- or even separate them from a person's mind and keep them with you in your own little slice of Parabola, or whatever dream-worlds you might encounter. Even should there be none, you may keep those little dreams and visit them as you please- hanging off in the void, little protective bubbles of night preserved for your use. Those bubbles, at your command, will seep into the dreams of the populace, into groups and select people of your choosing- and each day there will be a chance of bringing them into this place as they dream.

You may also shape those dreams- under your direction, the earth shifts into place and stones pile themselves. Erect castles, bridges, whole kingdoms- as long as you have enough dream-territory to work with, you can carve your way into Parabola as you please- though keep in mind that this is not an unique talent. The lands here are alive, and they will defend themselves from your manipulations- as will the many powers of Parabola and other dreamworlds beyond.

Is Someone There? (600 CP)

You have a Double in Parabola, in your dreams. A Reflection. All people have one, but yours is most definitely a separate entity.

It is like you and yet not; defined as the You who took different choices and walked a different path; so, in a certain sense a reflection. To some notable Londoners, this was often seen in the shape of the ending of their ambitions, of different choices that they made. Other reflections have been seen- and they have been something else. One's self-perception, one's desire to be in the future. One metaphor, one destiny.

Through mirrors, you may contact your Reflection, that of your allies or enemies, or even that of rooms. You can step through, bring others within, and speak to the entities that reside within. The reflection of a room is typically a distorted version of it, though there are always insights and shadows of notable events that occurred in that same place.

Your own reflection will typically obey you, and it can freely move through mirrors to communicate or drag others into similar mirror-rooms as you; think of it as having his same power. The reflections of others will not be so cooperative; though they will always have gleaming insights on their "real" selves, it is up to you to extract them.

Keep in mind; a reflected locale is always full of the people that live, work, or are connected to that place. Should a place be empty, leave, and bring some new things, wait for some events to occur, perhaps make some hires. Then, the reflections in the mirror will be waiting for you.

The Regretful Shapes

The depths will open to you.

Amber Ambassador (100 CP)

You are extremely receptive to to benefits and issues that different outlooks bring. You are a person wholly without prejudice in your assessments; you know how to judge a person's character and their abilities without taking any of your own personal beliefs into consideration. A necessary skill for this vast and wide Neath, some would say.

Something Changes (100 CP)

There is only so much alteration the body will bear, at any one time. Your threshold, however, is larger then most. You may alter your body with much less issue then usual. Should something bring mutations, alterations, should foreign objects be implanted and outside material be brought in, you will adjust to it with much less facility.

Alterations to your nervous system bring less confusing feedback and surges. Phantom sensations are pratically nonexistent. You will simply deal with any change better- it wouldn't do for a new limb to send your sense of balance into disarray, would it?

OTHATAROOTH! (100 CP)

You possess an instinctive grasp of language. Not only can you learn new languages unnaturally quickly, you can pronounce that which you should not be pronouncing- syllables that require multiple tongues, accentuations that require organs startlingly similar to drums or chittering sounds only an insect could possess- all of that can come out of your mouth with no trouble. Now, let's all chant- OTHATAROOTH!

Boneless Shapes (200 CP)

Stretch, then drop down into a low squat. Something has changed in your movements. In the bend of your knees. In the rotation of your hips – ah, the things you might do with these hips! Nobody's gonna clap irons on *these* wrists for sure. You wriggle with boneless flexibility- almost like you were blessed by a certain Saint in the Rock.

In Possession of a Peculiar Personal Enhancement (200 CP)

Ah, an alteration. Bought at a *significant* discount, I'll tell you. Is it a third eye? A second tongue? A lashing armpit-tentacle? Maybe only your most intimate friends know. Choose any you please each day. It will begin to fade as you use it, and be gone by the week's end. But wasn't it charming?

The Pliable Arts (200 CP)

You are a master of sensation. You are capable of invoking feelings through your works, more then usually. The Pliable Arts are where the art is experienced by touch – and, if you're brave, by taste- it is the burgeoning field of Shapeling Art.

You are a pioneer of the nascent field. You could carve and paint and write in just the right form to evoke the synesthesia of touching metaphors and hearing colors beyond this world. Your art is impossible to understand, the critics say- but perhaps they are simply limited.

The Pilgrim's Path (400 CP)

As the students of St. Stalactite, you have learned the lessons of change.

You can, by simply concentrating on yourself (though a bath of amber would *vastly* speed up the process), change yourself.

Some would say this is a mere meditative method to assert the mind's dominance over the body. Perhaps it is wholly unnecessary, should you have developed a flexible enough self. But the fact remains that this is how you will begin. First, understand that your thoughts are a shape for your body to inhabit. A pattern, a blueprint. Understand as an architect who draws both the building and the landscape – as if to order the construction of both.

You may, in a matter of seconds, minutes, hours, days, or weeks (depending on how skilled you've become and how complex, far-reaching and radical the change), reshape your body and mind. Without practice, you could not do it freely- but there is very little you *can't* do. Dissolve off unwanted parts or imagine new ones. Three breaths— *snap*. Each deeper— *snap*. Than the last— *snap*. How many bones do you have? Name a number. Start to move, coiling and twisting like a snake – flat, boneless, and perfect.

Wider eyes that see far, far, and with more precision than before. Or perhaps no eyes at all- are soft, malleable. Easily reabsorbed. And there is a veritable Wunderkammer of other sensory organs from which to choose. Your steps are unafraid. Your senses, electric. Where do your muscles attach? Wherever they want. You could slither, or hop, or brachiate on your way back home. Your mind, too- fascinatingly novel outlooks can be considered. Your skin could change shape to accommodate entirely new organs.

Perhaps your body once felt ill-fitting- but it fits all too perfectly, now.

Monster Nurturer (200/400/600/800 CP)

With amber and blood and metal, Cornelius crafted a mammoth that laid track, and many Londoners nurture creatures out of eggs in Whitsun. You may not have his Prehistoricist inclinations, and you may not have a steady supply of eggs. but you have the skill and ability to create entirely new creatures. There are four methods that you can access; each costs 200 CP.

The first, is to construct them wholesale- the **Prehistoricist** path. Amber is the most potent material you can use for it- it can bridge the gaps between anatomical concerns in impossible ways- but, as long as most of the whole thing remains organic, you could use essentially anything to create your beasts. You may, too, give them a purpose. A beast given a purpose will grow with each iteration of it you make, refining and improving in unexpected ways that nonetheless work much better than you could have imagined, evolving with each generation produced.

A beast that lays train tracks grows from a slow behemoth inferior to even the most inexperienced team of Tracklayers to a living machine that outcompetes entire industries. A bird that carries messages slower than conventional mail, to a living telegraph that swaps messages instantaneously with birds spread all across the Neath.

The second method, the nestmaker, the **Whitsun** path. Create nests, and craft eggs to put in them, and hatch creatures; by doing it correctly, you will harness the same power that a purposed creature would have, and the more investment and care you put into those eggs, the stronger the creature. Egg-creatures look up to you as children do to a parent, but keep in mind that, unlike purpose-given creatures, they are mostly independent, and must be

taught like a child, if they are to amount to anything; do not let life be their only teacher, or they may not amount to good things.

The third path is of Southwark's ambitions, the **Monster Breeder**. Combine creatures and meld them together by... the traditional way. The resulting child will have either some of the properties of the two creatures, or none at all. For this, you can breed any sort of animal with any other, no matter how impossible it may look; all that is required is for them to be a breeding pair. The only side effect is that the spawn tends towards sterility, and sometimes (or all the time, if the pairing was strange enough) the parents cannot handle the strain. You could breed multiple of the same animal to create stronger versions, breed animals to create hybrids, or create entirely new and fascinating creatures that look absolutely nothing like any of the parents. The only limit is your own ambition, and your own patience.

The fourth, and final path, is the **Lagoonian**. Derived from the practices of Monstrous Anatomy, it was made with the goal of creating the unstoppable Hunting Beast- the worthiest foe there could be. It is based on stimuli and grafting; combine the parts of numerous beasts, and stitch them together to create a veritable abomination- and submit it to the correct stimuli to meld those parts and induce mutation, evolution, adaptation! The others may be faster, cheaper, or more reliable- but this one was made to create the most perfect of monsters.

It will take time, and you will have to practice your skills- but one day, you may create enough creatures for a Chain of Being of your very own.

The Rivers of Amber (600 CP)

To reshape the limbs of *others* is, too, an art the Shapelings know. During the Horticultural Show, it was their decidedly INflexible nature that led their armies to convert anything in the way into something more pliable. Stone became wood, or walls of pulsing flesh, and if it was a human before them, well. The Rubberies of Flute Street and Helicon House practice this as well, favouring dead matter- joining and twisting, creations of bone and cartilaginous inclusions that never existed before. And now, so can you.

As long as it is organic, you may twist the anatomy of anything you touch. A tap of your fingers, and humans become mere gobs of living, breathing architecture, all of it writhing, perhaps all of it screaming, limbs twisting, *changing*. You cannot twist the soul beyond the typical superficial, aesthetically-displeasing flaws that a Shapeling change leaves on it, though alterations to the brain are certainly possible. The more of your own skin is touching the own person's own, the more you can change. Their mind may be inflexible, and refuse to give way. But as long as their flesh is yours to command, they can't stop you- only slow you down. The Starved Men shaped people into furniture, into living cameras, into groaning walls and into whole citadels- and into weaponry, too. Such as that one eye that channeled the Sun's light from a fissure from above. Remember its power. Remember what it almost did.

That, too, is in your grasp.

Turn The Key (600 CP)

You may, once per Jump- if you ever feel the need- cast off yourself.

The Starved Men claim that to become one of them requires shedding every unnecessary part of oneself. Even if you're not fond of that path, sometimes, radical arrangements must be considered. Imagine that something would kill you- is that not a good time to stop being that thing?

Imagine. The shock of red on your hands. Pain, your skin going cold and clammy. Contemplate all the threads that end in blood. Knife-and-Candle, Licentiate, agents of the Prester. A building collapses and falls. One thread has you impaled on Feducci's lance.

Imagine. A jumble. The rotting flesh around a viper bite. The sharp pain of neurotoxic shock. The complete cessation caused by Cantigaster venom. Imagine all the threads of your future that end in poison.

Imagine. Water down into your lungs; creeping numbness; darkness. Understand all the threads that end in drowning – in the depths of the zee, in the Stolen River, in the Cumaeen Canal, in vats of wax, in bloody water, in the lacre pools beneath the Bazaar, in wells.

All so different from one another; all ending in the same place.

Death. Cessation.

This is the power to- once per world you visit- evade that.

If something would kill you, this power will let you become, instantly and definitely, something that would not be killed by that fate, and then- burst out. A lesser fate, perhaps a possibility of death, would let you attempt this preventively, and burst out with adaptations that are suited for facing and enduring that death; this will not consume your one turn of the key. But should death knock on your door, wield this power to escape it; Cast off your old self, emerge out of your own flesh, a new you. It is a strange sight – that desiccated thing, cleft open at the back, empty and inert. See how dies.

Do not mourn that shell. You are no longer that person.

Chthonosophies

*The study of the root of things: a river's source; a dynasty's ancestry; a mountain's bones.
Knowledge that hails from the ancient parst.*

Inerrant (100 CP)

Maps are treacherous, distances unreliable, and directions always shifting. But something reminds you of where you're going.

Close your eyes, and think of where you must go- of your next step, or your next adventure. You will feel a gentle, but constant, tug towards that place. A helpful reminder in disorienting situations.

Neathproof'd (100 CP)

You are deeply aware of how proof yourself against danger. Not only are you blessed with a small bit of sturdy resilience against numerous dangers- gloom, damp, icy chill, extraneous dreams, transmogrification and lost gods- you also just know at least one bit of the sort of danger you will be facing, whenever you set out on something that might be dangerous. Never again forget to pack that winter coat!

The Slow Path (100 CP)

You seem to be good at learning things from trial and error. Whether you fail and succeed at coming up with a theory or an explanation for something, the mere fact you made a theory at all will give you a little bit of instinctual insight into what really is out there. You'll learn as you go- has there even been a better way?

St. Erzulie's Blessing (200 CP)

Long ago, the Lady of Lilac learnt to tattoo in all the colours of the Neathbow... And then she came to the Nadir. She gazed upon herself, at the parts of her self which did not fit- and they sloughed off like a snakeskin.

Now, you can see those things, too. The parts of you that you don't want to carry. You can free yourself of that, now. Concentrate, and let those parts melt off. Emotions, memories, parts of your personality. You'll fill in the void, soon enough, the hole closing as if it was never there, and live again- but those things will be gone. Specters, haunting the location; specters that you don't care about. They're things that you discarded, after all.

Katalepsis (200 CP)

The field of Kataplectic Toxicology of study dedicated to the toxins and alchemies of the Neath. Now, you possess a natural inclination towards that sort of chemistry; you are skilled dealing with a wide variety of compounds, you have very steady hands, and you are capable of applying them; efficiently, and discreetly.

The Cedar's Edict (200 CP)

"Where there is no sun, the cedar roots in faith," they say. You know the meaning of those words.

You may employ a special oath- an oath under the planting of a cedar-tree, or under its branches. The two parties clasp hands; the contract is sealed. The Cedar is a guarantor of oaths and promises. An order between persons, not made of laws. An oath made for the

heart of the law, and not its words. Concerned with intention and the spirit of the agreement, rather than the agreement to the letter.

The Cedar Seed is the anti-thesis of any legal loopholes that can be exploited, and any agreement bound by the Cedar will last aeons. There is a reason the Cedar is favoured by the Creditor; its terms are absolute. Both parties will keep to the meaning of their agreement, and if they aren't, the punishments they agreed upon shall fall upon them; there is no loophole, and no clever bending of the law. The terms are as the terms are. A guarantee of word and bond.

A Kitchen For An Artist (400 CP)

You are a brilliant cook of the Neathy sort, skilled as if you had spent years doing nothing else. You can distinguish between the minutest flavours and smells (an ability that does not leave you vulnerable to sensory overload- you've oftentimes smelt and tasted so much worse), and you possess the ability to understand how to prepare anything so it will taste good, no matter how ghoulish or terrifying.

Not only this, as the Bandaged Poissoner once evoked the sensation of drowning itself for a feast, you possess that wonderful ability to evoke emotions with your cooking; a course is not merely food, it is an *experience*. Your food can cleanse wounds and banish nightmares; if sold for the highest bidder, it will go for ginormous sums. You are a cook worthy of the Neath; and perhaps, only the Neath could have been worthy of making you.

Knowledge of the Crossroads (400 CP)

You may grasp the threads of fate. When you stand at a great occasion, you may focus- and see futures unfold. First, a near future; possibilities measured in months, in recent events, in the immediately possible.

Then, see; this future is a crossroads. From that future, you may catch the threads of fate, and see the possibilities that unfold. Futures of war, futures of death, futures of love and futures of change. Each time you use this power, there will be seven futures that you may access; some more difficult to find in the tangle of threads than others; and they will always be different as time moves forward. They are but threads of the future

Each of those seven Destinies offers grand and powerful Destinies you may choose one of them to move towards- with that destiny empowering you just a little, and your actions subtly influenced to orient themselves towards that fate. Aside from that, you can do few things but watch, and contemplate- and know that there may be another path.

An Alchemist's Anguishes (600 CP)

Station VIII is the current hotbed of the Masters' alchemical industry; but there are others, and the practice has existed for a long time. And now, you are aware of it; not aware, but knowledgeable enough to call yourself a scholar.

By assessing the history of an object, you can assess its properties. You have a good sense of what emotions and feelings an object carries; if it was created with the expectation of a child that never came, if it was made to destroy a hated foe, if its owner spent their entire life soaking it in their own desire to change, if it was lovingly embroidered and then carried the memory of heartbreak. And then, you may harness those properties, and convert the object into a potent material for a sort of potion; an alchemical ingredient capable of inducing similar, or connected emotions; or of inflicting supernatural effects based on them.

You may also refine and alter pre-existing supernatural properties; people have been converting Hesperidean Apples into alcohol since the Elder Continent was young, refining their potent healing properties into more than that, into the extension of life. By using mystical ingredients in your alchemy, combining them with emotional components and other fuels, you could expand, modify, hone, combine and sharpen their powers. You will require instruments, tools, assistants; a laboratory. And be always reminded that the potency is in the contrast.

Poisoned Sacrament (600 CP)

You have taken a step beyond Kataleptic Toxicology; you have become it.

Much like the Cantigaster and the Poisoned Priestess, your body is soaked in poison. Your blessing is not as agonizing as the former, and perhaps more powerful than the latter. You are now immune to the vast majority of toxins, and resistant to the ones that you are not capable of ignoring. In addition to all of this, your blood is intensely poisonous- and the poison is of your own choice.

As long as you have been exposed to some manner of poison before, your blood can have its properties; and you may select at any moment which ones it manifest. Those properties will never harm you; having sulfuric acid running through your veins will not eat you from the inside out, and making your blood thick, toxic tar does not lead to any sort of vascular issue. But otherwise, your new blood is what it claims it is, and it carries all those nasty properties that venoms tend to have; they just aren't aimed at you, this time.

The Vulgate's Garden (600 CP)

The Vulgate, guardian of the breach, once kept a little garden of a failed timeline- a history where London never won the Starved War, and was annihilated. You have been granted this power.

You may perceive time's length in a different way. You can notice burgeoning divisions in time, ways that the course of events is parted; not enough to prevent events from occurring and changing the course of history, but you can notice that something is important; that the timeline has divided, and the other history is soon to be consigned to nonexistence. You will perceive that division, and keep little fragments, if you so desire. A city, a house. A moment, a day. Part them from their original timelines.

Those fragments may be kept in books- books that can be opened by anyone, transporting them instantly to this little fragment of timeline- or they can be kept in the outside world, as if in a bubble of time, perhaps even unaware of the world it lost, of the fact that it lost the race of history.

An Encyclopedia of Kin

Gaze at your body- at your flesh. See that it has changed. Who are you? Who will you be, down here in the Neath?

As said before, anything under a species' header is half off for that species, with anything costing 100 CP becoming free instead. After the Jump, you may keep that particular species as an altform. You can take some special properties that do not fit anywhere else for your body as undiscounted items.

Sorrow's Tears (200 CP)

Your tears are as the Bazaar's tears; concentrated, distilled lacre. This odd substance has the air of ammonia about it, and is indeed liquid sadness: even touching the cork of a bottle of the substance will induce weeping, and if drunk, these tears will consume the drinker with melancholy. Very few living things can survive a lacre-bath, which is why the Bazaar uses it to dispose of Fallen Cities before dropping the next one, for a sufficient quantity of lacre is capable of obliterating even souls.

A Clay Arm (200 CP)

A clay arm, mottled grey. Or leg, should you wish to. Or any other part. It is heavy- though never a nuisance- resilient, though it heals like flesh does. It is noticeably unnatural- the fact that it does not kill your spine and posture with its weight at all should clue you to that- and it is quite strong.

Infected Eyeball (200 CP)

Your eyeball- or eyeballs, should you choose so- are infected by the eggs of Sorrow-Spiders. With a command, they will hatch, twenty or thirty of the spiders emerging from your eyesockets bound to follow your every order. This is a thankfully painless process, and your eyes will grow back in a few minutes or so.

Steeped In Honey (200 CP)

Your blood has properties of honey; have you consumed a little too much of that product of the Exile's Rose? Nevertheless, you can move into Parabola on command while here; and your blood sends those that consume it physically into the world of dreams. It is also wonderfully sweet, and can be controlled with willpower to become a mere tranquilizer, hallucinogen or even simple sugary sweetness.

Tree-Roving Teeth (200 CP)

Your teeth are sharp like a Vake's teeth. They are free-moving; they float in the air; they seek hearts; they have a terrible disposition.

Special modifications can be made for non-human persons- perhaps you will end up with a second set of teeth, or perhaps you will end with something that your kind does not typically have. They could also be delivered in a box, just waiting to be implanted into a friend of yours. The surgery will be left to your care, in that case.

Pleatic Sight (200 CP)

You possess a natural capacity for hypnotism. Your eyes dazzle and hypnotize; they induce drowsiness and leave a target in an awfully suggestible state. Those powers are formidable, but personal; if a target does not look you in the eye continuously, there is little they can do.

Surfacer

A Long Way Down (100 CP)

You have grown used to your present circumstances, by whatever means they may be. You may be a stranger in a strange land, but you always manage to land on your feet. Strange and bizarre events happening do not throw you off your game, and you are unsullied by regrets; even if you have them, you will never allow them to prevent you from moving forward to the future.

The Neath is a dark place for you to have chosen. But chosen it you have. You'll carve a life out for yourself here if need be.

A Good Start (200 CP)

You have a knack for landing good first impressions and making the most out of your first days. You tend to look relatively unthreatening at a first glance; and your appearance and attitude always strike just the right note to be thought of favorably by the locals in that first time you meet. You will also be blessed with an unusual stroke of good luck in the first week or so of each Jump, finding significant amounts of wealth simply lying around and lucking into a good beginning that you would otherwise have to claw your way into.

New Outlook (400 CP)

You have a talent for thinking of solutions that nobody thought before. When you enter an organization, your presence will be a breath of fresh air; you will inspire new points of view, new ways of contemplating old problems. You will often stumble on the solutions that nobody arrived at before you- is it any surprise they weren't progressing, with views that fossilized?

Londoner

Faces of Squid! Of Squid! (100 CP)

Your average Londoner has long since grown used to the absurdities of the Neath, and no so do you. Few things leave you in a state of shock anymore, and you've become somewhat jaded. Few actions are "offputting," or "confusing." There are men walking with faces of squid in Fallen London right as of this instant! This is very little compared to that!

An Exceptional Storyteller (200 CP)

You stumble into fascinating tales practically daily. Not a single moment of your life can go without someone interesting and exceptional crossing your path, or an opportunity for adventure arriving at your doorstep. Detectives politely ask for your help to solve challenging cases. Foreign spies decide to spend the night in the room next to you,

dragging you into tales of intrigue. Long-running rivals draw you into their storied conflicts. The people that you meet have fascinating lives and stories to be told- and those stories are just waiting for you. This power may be disabled as you desire, should you wish for some peace and calm.

Treachery of Clocks (400 CP)

The various Treacheries of the Neath can sometimes be obstacles, but other times they are convenient. The Treachery of Clocks is the most notable of them; being responsible for the strange behavior of time and causality in the Neath. Its power leads time to progress on a partial event-based schedule, rather than a strict temporal one, in any jumps that you visit onward.

This means that as long as a checklist of things that “progresses the timeline forward” is not done, Time can often stretch on whenever you wish, giving you free time to endlessly struggle to approach a given problem or even attempt the same solution a hundred times over, with the Treachery giving you abundant time for you to do anything not immediately time critical.

Hinterlander

Rugged Lifestyle (100 CP)

In the Zee and in the Hinterlands, strange lives are lived. The peculiar circumstances of the regions around the Neath have left people to develop adaptations to their lifestyles. You are talented at such adaptations; even should your life be turned upside down, you’ll find a way to change your routine to better suit your new circumstances.

Librarian of Ancient Histories (200 CP)

“A gondolier’s map of the canals reveals a lattice of waterways branching from the Octagonal Tomb. Was irrigation once performed there?”

The lands west of London remain shrouded in myth and superstition. Any light that can be shed would prove valuable to the wider academic community. And here are you, for that purpose.

You are a talented researcher and uncoverer of history. You know how to extract information from what should be incomprehensible babbling, to sift through data and understand the clues left in the terrain, in ancient bones. Your conclusions may all fly in the face of conventional scholarship. Yet, in certain circles, you shall always be lauded, your conclusions celebrated: many made theories, but what they lacked was what you have- *evidence*.

Communion of the Great Powers (400 CP)

To commune, one must first *understand*. Those powers have no such obligation to *you*, and oftentimes, not even the intention.

The onus thus falls to you. To comprehend. To render yourself comprehensible. To commune with one greater and older. With this talent, you can speak to things far above you, and expect to be heard. When you call upon this power, your mindset steadily reshapes itself to approach the thing that you are expecting to speak to; and when it is fully in line

with that of your target, you both understand each other perfectly- you understand it, and it understands you.

Tomb-Colonist

Knowledge of a Thousand Deaths (100 CP)

Many Tomb-Colonists have great insight into their respective trade. Many times that trade is violence, and they honed it by failing- failing enough times that their bodies were left irreparably scarred.

You are good at failing, always knowing the best way to make a bad situation or a failure land as softly as possible. In a fight, you maneuver your body subconsciously in such a way as to avoid the most major damage of attacks- while it won't let you dodge effectively, it will help you turn a lethal blow into a flesh wound. And the more you lose or fail, the more you learn- with you having an instinctive and precise knowledge of what not to do with each failure.

Corpselike Resilience (200 CP)

Fallen London is not exactly a safe city that one can wander around with nary a care, with the monsters awaiting on every corner, Knife-and-Candlers swinging knives in the dark and other rampant dangers. But the Tomb-Colonists have died many times before, to the point where it barely registers if they die again; and each time they fall, they grow stronger. As one of them, you now have strength, agility and technique honed by dozens, if not even a hundred deaths; and a hardened body that can endure almost anything, continuing to fight even if it is falling apart at the moment.

Holding Onto Yourself (400 CP)

A closely guarded secret amongst Tomb-Colonists is that they, too, are vulnerable to age. The Neath does not allow things to remain past their lifespan unchanged, even if they do not strictly die. Some old Tomb-Colonists, when they have grown too old and weak, hatch-creatures known as frost-moths emerging from their corpses.

To many of them, this is a fate to be avoided at all costs; and those who feel the transformation cling into their identity by devoting themselves to a craft, by enacting great works, or by clinging to promises or things they wish to see before they die. You, too, have been given this dubious blessing. Should someone or something force you to change, you can simply hold onto yourself by clinging to something from your life; a facet of your identity, a promise you need to see fulfilled, or even something you still wish to do. As long as that thing holds and you strive towards it, you will not change, even as the world moves around you.

Devil

Devilish Physiology (Free, Exclusive and Mandatory Devil)

Devils are bees.

Yes, indeed. They're bees (and, sometimes, other insects too). Just wrapped up in all sorts of disguises. Now, so are you.

Your real form is a colony of bees. Your red-eyed "human" form is but a shell, an elaborate and intricate one with all the necessary parts, but still a shell. Unless all the bees are destroyed and rendered to ashes, you can reform your body in time; in fact, this is an important part of the devilish life-cycle- dying to reform again as a new being.

Devil-Sciences (200 CP)

Devils are a bit out of sync with the present. Indeed, as their fashion sense betrays, they often look a bit further then humans; being twenty, forty years ahead of the timeline in terms of science and technology.

You are capable of seeing just a bit beyond the current technological level; imagine, as they do, that you are somewhat aware of what technology, culture and fashion will be like in twenty or so years, enough to replicate quite a bit of it. It's an useful talent.

Infernal Vinificator's Eye (400 CP)

"Mmmm, yes. Quite acceptable. Overtones of forbidden lusts, and a long, desperate finish. I know just the patron for these. I think a tiny bonus is in order."

You have taken to seeing the stories of souls in their totalities. Your claws can pull out a person's soul- this is an intensive process, and one difficult to do slowly. You would need an unaware victim- perhaps a sleeping one? Or one that is consenting. Take a bottle and pour the soul in. How curious- does it rattle against the glass futilely? Has it resigned itself to its fate?

Before and after taking a soul, however, you can simply see it. Perhaps the most interesting property of souls is the unique way they tend to age, like a fine wine or an old journal. To a devil's eye- and now yours- souls appear to retain certain aspects of their host's mental and emotional state at the time that they were removed; for example, souls may give off airs of resentment, unauthorized lust, depression, or even unsubstantiated hope. Should you refine and hone your ability to read into these auras, you may even deduce the possible identity of a soul's original owner just by studying it. As a bonus, you may gain a strong sense of spiritual aesthetics (and of the designations, that are very similar to real-life brandy designations, that devils use to grade souls). You know just what sort of events would need to be engineered to make a person's soul stronger, or prettier, or even inclined towards a new color.

In addition to all of this, of those souls may still retain knowledge of the host. Codes and ciphers from the souls of spies, tales and myths from the souls of hunters, verses and songs from the souls of artists. Just by watching them with care, you may learn how to gleam this knowledge. It takes practice- but it is a very useful skill to have.

(A note: upon losing a soul, a person's demeanor may change significantly. They do not die, but according to rumor, they may become dead-eyed husks. Or vicious hedonists. Or, they may find no warmth in art or company, and suffer a deep, spiraling depression. Sometimes they may not be affected very much at all except with an inexplicable feeling of personal loss (which all soulless seem to share). The soulless are infamous for their poor posture, however, and trusses for back support are specially designed and sold to assist with this issue.)

Grand (1000 CP, Undiscounted, Exclusive Devil, Overrides Devilish Physiology)

You are more than your common soul-peddler. You are *nobility*; A Grand Devil.

The Grand Devils are the former princes of Hell, and were once the noble rulers of the Devils. They were overthrown in a revolution by their former subjects, and they have now been left scattered, dead, or otherwise indisposed.

Vast, eight-legged, perfume-breathed, leather-winged, many-eyed, chitin-plated, and millipede-like, the Grand Devils are a diverse group of powerful beings. They have the ability to share their memories and thoughts with others; for a mere mortal this may be a rapturous experience, or one that they will never speak of again lest they relive it. They possess a great affinity with the Correspondence, and are supremely resilient; not only is it incredibly difficult to permanently dispose of one, they can continue acting and their consciousness even after something has "killed" them.

Death is not the end either; unless their bodies are permanently destroyed beyond repair, a Grand Devil may simply rise again, changed, as all devils tend to do. When the Grand Devils ruled Hell, they each had a specific purpose, and their bodies had unique attributes to match- and no so do you. Your body is honed and styled around a given craft- the Drummer had his drums, the Mandolinist his strings. What shall you have?

Clay Man

Mired In Clay (Free/100 CP, Exclusive and Mandatory Clay Man)

"The Clay Men are cheap, strong, contented immigrant labour imported en masse across the Unterzee. Are they really clay? Well, that's a very personal question. They don't ask you if you're really meat."

You are a Clay Man. You are made of stone, far stronger and more resilient than the average human could ever hope to be. You are tireless, labouring constantly for days with no end on sight and yet never growing exhausted. You may be a Finished or Unfinished Clay Man; the distinction is complex, anyway. For 100 extra CP, you may be some other similar being- a clothes-colony, or an animated object. Keep in mind that this may complicate your life significantly.

A PLACE WHERE THERE IS VERY LITTLE SCREAMING (200 CP)

You are capable of standing utterly still and unbothered even as life turns to madness around you. Men could beat you with clubs for hours on end and you would not move until your body was physically incapable of remaining standing. Simply stand there and your consciousness will remain completely unaffected by outside stimuli.

An Incomparable Diamond (600 CP)

As Polythreme's king does, you breathe life into world around you. Call upon this power, and see the world change. Be near wounds, and see they heal. Sit in one place for a bit too long, and see flowers bloom around your feet. Grasp a lesser diamond, and feel it hatch.

Then, take a deep breath, to bring life to those around you. Craft a statue, and watch it rise as a Clay Man does. Your prolonged attention and focus grants animation and some level of intelligence to objects- with their personalities being typically helpful, if oriented around the object itself. You can animate whole collectives at once, creating beings like clothes-

colonies; were you so inclined, you could animate your tools, your house, perhaps, with sufficient energy and focus... even an entire island. I wonder if that has been done before?

Drownie

Fathombound (100 CP, Mandatory Drownie)

Drownies are humans who drowned, but recovered- though some of their anatomy changed in the process. They are, for practical purposes, the typical idea of zombie. You have those powers that they are granted- resistance to the conditions of the zee; a natural sense for floating and swimming like a fish does; you no longer need to breathe at all; you can see underwater perfectly; and you are entirely immune to the pressures of the deep water.

Sirensong of the Deep (200 CP)

You have a wonderful singing voice, one that resounds even underwater- easily heard from a fair distance away, and stretching out for almost a mile when you sing deep down below. Granted to you as well is a particular drownie-song; an alluring and terrifying song that draws men to you like moths to a flame.

The further in the sea, the stronger it grows; when far away from any land, to hear the song is oftentimes a death sentence, as most men are urged to jump in and join the drowned men below; though those of strong will, however, might be able to resist the urge.

Drownies are drawn to fear and terror, and now, so are you. You can sense fear over great distances- for when a ship's crew fears the zee, the fear draws the Drownies like moths to a flame. All of this means that vulnerable crews are often victim to the sirensong; there are several tales of captains returning home to London after long and painful journeys, shaking and alone with no crew in sight.

Full Fathom Five (400 CP)

You are highly attuned to the underwater environment; down there, you are far faster, heal quicker, shrug off lesser wounds, are stronger and more agile. Your senses expand through a body of water, allowing you to detect things even miles away, so long as the water links you; and you possess a powerful sense for noticing treasure left underwater.

The most notable property of Drownies is that they will often try to drag others below to meet the same demise that they did before; and those who die by their hands oftentimes rise as Drownies as well. And now, you too are imbued with this power; all those who die underwater by your hand, or in a body of water that has been recognized as your territory rise as drowned corpses for you to command.

Rubbery Man

Tentacled Wanderer (Free, Exclusive and Mandatory Rubbery)

Rubberies- the thing that you are, now- are mysterious crosses between squid and humans, who generally cannot speak intelligibly, talking in a kind of burbling sound (though, like a certain Nacreous Outcast, you are exempt; you simply have a really thick accent; as if your words were coming out through a trumpet.) They are wholly boneless and capable of some very peculiar-looking writhing; they possess a great amount of tentacles; they exude a lemon-scented slime that appears to have healing properties, favored by the wretched, forgotten, and desperate.

Note: Use of the lemon-scented substance as a restorative may result in mild side effects, like spasms, hair growth, and nightmares.

The Memories of Amber (200 CP)

As the children of Axile, you can create amber, and to craft it from nothing but stray components and materials as you can is nothing but a great boon. Should you be lacking in even that, or should you not have a cauldron, invest life- from a willing giver, or from raw biomatter- into your hands, and you will see it take form. It is a potent healing salve, it is a potent component of the Shapeling Arts, and it naturally holds genetic memory within itself- it has many powers. It is up to you to make use of them.

Additions of Alteration (400 CP)

Some say that the reason Rubbery Men even walk on two legs- or well, tentacles- was that they were shaped to be humanoid to help them interact with humans- though if that it is true, it is manifestly obvious that the shaper didn't know much about humans. Sometimes, some humans will do it backwards; taking on personal alterations to enhance themselves and become closer to Rubbery Men.

Now, you can grant those alterations; adding parts similar to your own body to other people and even animals. Those parts will draw them closer to understanding you and their mindset; and should a sufficient amount of them be added, the animal or individual may warp entirely into something entirely different, and definitely closer to you.

Do You Recall? (1000 CP, Undiscounted, Exclusive Rubbery Man, Overrides Tentacled Wanderer)

You are a Fluke. Flukes are otherworldly beings and masters in the arts of changing the flesh, which often resemble giant sea urchins. Natural masters of the Shapeling Arts, they possess a great affinity for it (no doubt increased by their thousands of years of experience) alongside the ability to shout Correspondence. Your body also secretes and manifests vast volumes of amber on demand, holds the memory of every single shape and person you've been before, and every single memory you've held before. You can call upon that experience and those designs to recreate them at will, as the Flukes created vast arrays of creatures such as the Rubbery Men themselves. But that is not the greatest power you have been given- That power would be the most striking feature of the Flukes- their spines.

These gigantic spikes have strange memory-altering qualities; if one is pierced by a spine that's still attached to a Fluke, they enter something of a trance state, in which some of their memories and the Fluke's memories will meld and mix together. Severed needles are capable of removing memories from the memories of those pierced with them and these needles can then be used again to inject those regrets into someone else.

You can place your "genetic" memory in those spines (or in another part of your flesh, such as bone or blood, though amber will also gladly receive the memory), and one pierced by them can, now, use the knowledge contained within; such as techniques, or memories of yours. This does not lose you the memories, and is incredibly receptive to knowledge of the Shapeling Arts, granting others free ability to use them; though you may also use an "empty" part to remove memories from a victim, and then stabbing them into another person or yourself to receive them again.

Somewhere in your body is also a core, containing all the memories you have and all the memories you've absorbed in your life; you may remove it without issue (though it will grow

again in your next jump), and do whatever you may wish to it. We have no doubt that it will contain millenia of experience, one day- a treasure beyond imagining.

Snuffer

They Look Like Everyone Else! (Free, Exclusive and Mandatory Snuffer)

One of the less savory species from the Elder Continent, snuffers are a type of disturbing infiltrator-creature that has settled in possibly every major community in the Neath.

You are now one of them; a somewhat human-shaped creature with a squirming mass of red muscle (resembling a cross between a monstrous cicada and an explosive accident victim) where facial features should normally be.

Your diet for this jump consists primarily of candles, for not entirely clear reasons: the nutrition appears to be derived from the candlewax itself, either because they are sustained by the memory of wax or because they are themselves composed of wax. You are surprisingly fast and strong for your size- a single Snuffer can easily overtake their opponent in a one-on-one fight, even if caught off guard. However, it's best to avoid direct confrontation; you are not at all more resilient than your average human, and are saddled with the disadvantage that, unlike those humans, you do not normally return from death.

The true power of a Snuffer is that they can disguise themselves as any human, ripping off their faces to use for their own goals, looking and sounding exactly like the face that they just took; faces can be returned to the living and taken from dead bodies, though not all Snuffers follow that course.

It's a rough life, to be a Snuffer. In the Elder Continent, a Snuffer discovered is killed immediately, and they suffer similar loathing everywhere else; being widely feared and hunted (though several groups, from criminal organizations to members of London's elite, also use Snuffers as their ideal spies and informants).

While it's difficult to live as one such creature, they look for each other; keep in mind that the Bishop of St. Fiacre will always be willing to help a fellow Cousin, as long as they have not turned monstrous.

Insubstantial (200 CP)

Being there without really being there; to appear unremarkable, invisible. To be a side character in someone else's story – or so you want them to think. The ideal quality of a good disguise or an effective lie.

You are capable of sounding and appearing extremely unremarkable. You leave almost no impression; people would probably not be able to pick you out of a lineup even if they had a romance's worth of descriptions. In a crowd, you don't stand out; in fact, you don't stand out at all. You are now the kind of guy who can vanish instantly in a group- the kind of person that *blends*.

Face and Teeth (400 CP)

You are a perfect imitator and infiltrator. You are excellent at extracting what is needed to mimic and identity; a flawless actor at all times, you can do an amazing impression of just about anything, or just about anyone, should you have enough preparation.

Not only that, but you're also quite good at finding that information in the first place; you can gather a surprising amount of information on a person's body language, mannerisms,

tone of voice and way of talking, just by watching them from a distance; and the more you gather of their personal story and the like, the more you can extrapolate the rest, to the point where you could maintain your cover while interrogated by their entire extended family; and this information you extract from people is supremely useful for getting the best of them, for rising up the ranks like you're supposed to; and just for blackmail, too.

The Thief's Child (1000 CP, Undiscounted, Exclusive Snuffer, Overrides They Look Like Everyone Else!)

"The Thief-of-Faces. It is old almost as the Axiles, the things you call Flukes. It is their child. It engendered us when it came to the Garden, but it is so much greater. It changes both its shape and its self. Whatever it is, it hates, and whatever it has been, it hates and will work to destroy: it will change endlessly and never be satisfied. And it hates the Bazaar. It hates the Flukes, and the Mountain. There is not enough water in the world to drown its hatred."

The Thief-of-Faces is the original Snuffer, vastly more powerful than those face-stealing children he produced. As punishment for a crime against Stone, he was imprisoned in a prison of flint- he soon broke out, however, and nowadays, even the Masters of the Bazaar fear his infiltrative capabilities, to the point where they have dedicated a section of the Tragedy Procedures to detailing what should happen if the Thief is impersonating a Master.

You, now, are worthy of a procedure of your own; you are a true shapeshifter, capable of warping your body into anything at all, instead of merely pulling faces. You will still have to claim that thing's skin in order to wear it, and shedding a disguise will destroy it; but otherwise, there is no limit to the form that you can take.

Rattus Faber

It's a Rat! (100 CP, Exclusive and Mandatory Rattus Faber)

Rattus Faber (or L.B, "little bastard," as some people call them) are an unusual species of rat: they are sapient and bipedal (though they can scurry and crawl as well as any mundane rat could) and very tiny. Now, so are you! Someone could probably carry you around in their pocket, even!

Man Versus Rat (200 CP)

Rat bandits are one of the dangers newcomers into Fallen London are often stumped by. Those cunning sorts are often in no way hampered by their bodies, making for fierce combatants that could challenge and vanquish foes many times their size. They excel at ambushes and their inventiveness is equalled only by their savagery.

You do not care about your form's constraints- only for its advantages. Should you wear a form that is many times as large or as many times as small as your opponent's, or a form with no limbs, no feet or no eyes- you have a good knack for getting around the restrictions of it, moving towards fighting at your best no matter the design of your shape. Not only this, but you're naturally suited for finding their advantages; maneuvering your agility and small size to evade your enemy's blows and moving towards their weak spots when your raw strength will not do; or crushing them underfoot instead of trying to do with finicky blows aimed at difficult to nail down individuals.

No matter your shape, you'll find a way to make it work for sure.

Ratwork Engineer (400 CP)

Say what you like about the L.B.s, their metalworking skills are second to none. You are a brilliant engineer, and your hands are highly capable at extremely delicate work of manufacture. Not only are you capable of constructing many wonders and have a good grasp of mechanical engineering, you are great at making things that work for your small size, highly efficient miniature objects with the same power and potency of their large counterparts.

As such, you can miniaturize anything you can make down to levels that any sane man would consider impossible, while retaining its efficiency or even enhancing it to compete; a miniature rifle that you create may have to shoot a proportionally smaller pellet, but what if it were to shoot it many times faster?

Cat

The Chained Cat! The Chained Cat! (Free/100 CP, Exclusive and Mandatory Cat)

Congratulations! You are now a cat. This comes with all sorts of benefits from the obvious, like the ability to see in the dark, claws, graceful movements and a floating clavicle that lets you squeeze your whole body into any space that will accommodate your little feline skull, and others, like the ability to walk into mirrors.

Cats have not outwardly changed much down here, despite their newfound powers of speech. Like on the Surface, they tend to be vain, obtrusive and demanding (but still very cute!). Even their relationship with humans has not changed much; the two species still cohabit alongside each other. Some cats still have owners, some serve as mascots, and others get food simply by being charming.

There are some hiccups here and there, but human and feline societies manage to cohabit just fine - so much so that a cat was once elected Lord Mayor!

For 100 CP, you may be a tiger instead, or a lion. Tigers are large, and deadly. People will treat you very differently if you're one.

Catty, Cryptic, Clue Chaser (200 CP)

Cats wander the streets and rooftops of Fallen London- and they say that if you catch the right one, it'll tell you a secret. This is, of course, because cats are legendary gossips, and now so are you.

You excel in getting people to share you secrets (perhaps unknowingly), and you are an easy equal to the most knowledgeable of tattlers and slanderers. You have an excellent sense of hearing and (a fine pair of little ears that can pick important details) as well. And the things you see people doing! How scandalous!

Cat-Like Tread (400 CP)

You are exceptionally attentive, and entirely silent, nearly weightless- and almost invisible. You leap higher, climb much quicker and surer than even cats typically do, and easily conceal yourself in little nooks or high mantelpieces. Sneaking up on someone's become

second nature to you, and people will often not notice even if you're right next to their feet. They only ever register your presence if you touch them- and even then, maybe not for long.

In addition to this, you cut through stealth nearly perfectly- you catch burglars and thieves with nary a spot of trouble. It's extremely difficult to catch you offguard, and even if that happens, you adapt wonderfully well.

And should you happen to take the form of a cat, you're one of those that's dark as night. As if someone cut a hole in a shadow and filled it with ink. In shadowed places, you are nearly completely unnoticeable, and if someone can't see you, they can't detect you in any other way either; you could walk up to someone and leap in their shoulder, and they would not know until you bent your head and whispered in your ear- and then when you leapt off, you would be gone from their senses before you even touched the ground.

Fingerking

Many-Fingered King (Free, Exclusive and Mandatory Fingerking)

You are a creature that exists only in dreams. You are one of the snake-like entities that rule over the majority of Parabola- the curiously-named Fingerkings. You are a serpent that is incapable of surviving in the "real world," only existing behind the mirror; you have a talent for persuasion, beautiful scales, the power to invade other's minds, communicate through dreams and visions, and, through even transmit memories and information through your venom, should you have any- after all, what kind of serpent you are is up to you, and in Parabola forms are highly malleable; some Fingerkings choose to become parrots or even dragons. You can also lay eggs in people's dreams; those hatch into new Fingerkings shortly after.

You have also been granted the power of possession; this is how you can survive beyond the mirror. Convince someone to give you your body, and their mind will be left stranded Parabola, while you claim their body to walk around in; Should the Fingerking relinquish control, then the host won't have any memory of the incident at all.

Should you both choose so, however, this can lead to a hybridization; hybridizations with cats, rats and tigers have been done before. This is a greater change than a mere transplant; with both sides fusing into a wholly new being. It's peculiar, blasphemous to cats and highly offensive to the Great Chain; though the Fingerkings themselves don't mind.

Viric Sheen (200 CP)

Blink, and see your skin covered with scales- scales dyed in the shade past green. Looking at you tends towards making one dozy, forgetful of anything strange they may have recently seen.

They may note your movements, your behaviour, your actions and appearance; but should they not place great, powerful focus and attention, all of that will fade, and they will not even remember it ever existed. When they go to write your secrets down, or when the memory moves to become permanent, they will have already forgotten: every detail receded like a dream from which they've just awoken.

The True Rulers of Parabola (400 CP)

The Fingerkings are not mere denizens of the Is-Not; they are its greatest and most notable rulers. The Dome of Scales that all factions fight over is of Fingerking make, of the bones of their ancestors; the constructions scattered around Parabola are often of Fingerking make;

and were they not the ones that destroyed the Fourth City in righteous revenge for being imprisoned?

You are not a mere dabbler in Parabola, you are its owner. You may lay claim to a corner of the dreamworld and as long as you defend that territory, it will be yours to control. You will also be able to carry that territory alongside you with each Jump; should there be no dream-reality in a jump you visit, you will simply manifest a whole new Parabola for that world, and place your dream-kingdom within it.

A Catastrophe of Chains (600 CP, Undiscounted, Exclusive Fingerking)

The most notable trait of the Fingerkings is their ability to combine many individual serpents into a single hive-mind known as a congregation. These unions are vastly more powerful and intelligent than their individual components, and serve as princes, kings, and other influential positions in serpentine society.

You are now one such Congregation; you are a will divided over many Fingerkings, exponentially increasing your ability to manipulate Parabola.

Any individual Fingerking, or any other independent mind can choose to join you. Should you let them, they will become a part of you, with all their abilities and knowledge yours, and their personality melding with your own in a proportional manner.

Congregations can vary wildly in appearance, from a single many-headed serpent to a giant mass of knotted serpents that blots out the sky itself; a Congregation marching into battle is often an omen of feline defeat beyond all recovery.

Master of the Bazaar

Curatorial (Free, Exclusive and Mandatory Master of the Bazaar)

You are what can only be described as an "alien space bat." That being, a Curator- a hermaphroditic, intelligent, locomotive-sized chiroptera. able to pry an engine apart with their claws, or pummel it with their hellish shrieks. While their typical size is massive, they can shrink in size to interact more properly with humans, so do not worry about not fitting somewhere; though their reduced forms are still fairly tall, and oftentimes, when enraged, you will catch them returning to something closer to their original size.

While Curators have many things in common with their earthly counterparts, they also possess humanoid hands, which allow them to hold items - or food - while in flight. They are supremely tough, sharp and fast, and nearly impossible for a human to best them in single combat; a good amount of armament is needed to bridge the gap. They have the potential to speak Correspondence, and are capable of communication with more mundane bats; a talent frequently used for information gathering.

Sometimes, Curators also possess anatomical oddities, such as horns, and powerful Curators also seem to have semi-sentient teeth which can move independently from their owner- those being strong and sharp enough to bring down buildings. They can scream loud enough that repeated shrieks can destroy a train, and like other bats, Curators are sensitive to sound; they can even enter a state of intoxication when exposed to music.

Now, you possess all these qualities. Make good use of your new form.

Glories of Mastery (600 CP)

Imagine a word, a concept. "Life," "Disguise," "Stories," "Beasts." Things like that. This, is your soul, your meaning- something each Curator possesses.

An inherent desire to acquire and hoard a unique type of thing, a natural talent towards learning knowledge connected to that thing. It is so central and defining to their lives that this obsession is present even before birth; in fact, an expecting parent Curator can experience its child's obsession as a unique form of pregnancy cravings. It is no surprise that many Curators hone a certain highly specific trade to legendary levels.

You are now immensely potent at wielding your chosen trade. As Mr Veils could disguise itself in the garb of a human and craft incomparable clothing, as Mr Hearts could develop new creatures and even methods of immortality and manipulate life in all its forms, as Mr Mirrors mastered the Claiming Wind and twisted the forms of Fingerkings, and even the burgeoning Mr Cards had cards leap into their hands with glee and play the game by themselves; you are brilliant at your field, to the point of supernatural skill; one could even say you are a master.

Mr Chimes' Lost & Found

You find yourself in a shop. The world oozes in that way that almost signals a dream. The walls are littered with many very unusual trinkets.

As if on cue, a Master- you know that it is Mr Chimes- bursts into the room. "Saluhellos!" it cries. "Accept my utterful regards! Only those most surelifinitely outceptional Londoners can locanearth goods like these!" It fumbles in its robes; and as it does, the door opens again. And it's Mr Chimes! Again! The second one pauses, and fumbles in its robe for a placard. After a moment's scribbling, it holds up the sign: 'UNDER CONTROL?' The original Mr Chimes rushes to the newcomer's door and slams it, before turning back to you and offering you a sweeping bow.

"Perusearch for those goods that might pleasetate your august self, Chained One." a grin is evident beneath its robe. "Why, your Benefactor has even ordanted a most illustriouseful stipend for you!"

(You have 300 extra CP to spend on Items.)

Devilbone Die (7 CP)

Not actually made out of the bones of devils. Rolls in an interesting, if confusing, manner.

Your Very Own Bandages (100 CP)

A box of comfortable ribbons in a variety of sizes and colours; grey, red, black, purple, pink and white, enough to cover a dozen people. Each elegantly fashioned out of incredibly soft silk, with the inside carefully decorated. A mark of respect and honor amongst Tomb-Colonists; if given to outsiders, a statement- "Well, it's just a matter of time, isn't it?"

Amber Cello (100 CP)

The body of this elegant cello is actually mahogany. The fingerboard, pegs and bridge, however, are formed from cracked amber. There are far more strings than strictly necessary. Its melody is tinged with an ancient melancholy.

Rubbery Euphonium (100 CP)

A delicate contraption of polished amber tubes and valves. Properly handled, it produces a haunting 'quack' noise. It is loud, mournful and honking; like a cathedral organ inhabited by a duck.

The Very Teeth of St. George (100 CP)

A glass jar full of jangling teeth. Keep them safe: they're the holy teeth of St. George. Or so said a certain bishop. A powerful holy relic; matter where you go, revealing this will mark you as a respected member of the Church of England.

A Person of Some Importance (100/200/300 CP)

A certificate of reputation. Valid in any world that you may encounter. For an additional fee, increase the renown it grants. For a further fee, increase it further- to the level of a paramount presence of London, worthy of envy and admiration.

Page from the Liber Visionis (100 CP)

Mr Chimes looks loathe to part with these secrets. Will allow one to reshape their face and appearance. It is only one page, so it is only enough for one use. Renews once a jump.

Heart-taker Seeds (100 CP)

A box full of sprouts of one interesting kind plant. It is said that horticulturally inclined Londoners - members of neo-botanical society, so they say - grow their St John's Lilies to participate in the the Tournament of Lilies, where they compete in various contests of beauty, cunning, and ferocity. Perhaps you would want to compete as well?

That Curious Tree (100 CP)

A peculiar tree sapling; of a Parabolian tree. When fully grown, those trees' leaves are silvery. You may fertilize each tree- with your own dreams, with your own intensities of recent emotion, with bone brought from the outside world as if by magic- and when you do so, they will bear fruit. These fruits are red like an apple, but thick-skinned like a citrus. They possesses fabulous healing properties, soothes and strengthens the body- though it is also a violent (but not lethal) poison.

"Its aspects are clearly cleavided, as you see. Some bring solace, some strength, some danger. Take care when wielding them- consume what you need and nothing else. If you keep to this, all shall be well."

Jack-Knife (100 CP)

A knife containing Jack-of-Smiles- murderous buffoon, plaything of the press, and London's most notorious killer. "It is of Polythreman make." Mr Chimes explains. It leaves out who made it- that being its colleague Mr Spices.

Those who wield a Jack knife become more and more bloodthirsty until their personality is overrun by the knife's, and all that is left is a psychotic, murderous maniac. According to Chimes, you are exempt from this. "Unless you, for some motiveson, wish to become Jack for a little while." It notes. "Even then, you'll recover."

Blinding Outfit (100 CP)

This outfit that Chimes promises for you could take any period-appropriate shape- but the dress and suit offered as the example look tight in all the wrong places and distressingly white- a definite magnet for mud and grime. Urchins would joke about their eyes hurting if you step outside wearing this.

Echo Fund (100 CP)

Mr Chimes could not look more bored, as it opens the box for you. Seven hundred and seventy-seven thousand pennies' worth in crisp bills and shining pennies. A good amount of money to start with- seven hundred and seventy-seven echoes, and seventy-seven cents. "It can come in Hinterland Scrip, if you wish." It mutters.

Fragment of the Tragedy Procedures (100 CP)

A series of steps to take in case of a great tragedy, detailed in extraordinarily fine print. The ghastly contingency it describes has not yet been met, but it may yet do so. Each jump, a new one will appear, detailing a new tragedy that may or may not unfold in your own stay. Mr Chimes seems extraordinarily proud of that last detail.

Special Dispensation (100 CP)

"Mr Fires was the one that provided this." Chimes explains, as it reveals a series of documentations that leaves it beyond question that you are, in fact, authorized to do what you are currently doing. Irrefutable proof that an influential branch of the state trusts you to use your best judgement when it comes to matters of the law. One-use only, renews once per jump.

Favourable Circumstance (100 CP)

Less an object and more a contrivance. Someone is smiling on your destiny; you will get a bit of good luck to spend. A contact you wished to speak to will suddenly become available, a letter you were waiting for will arrive instantly. Mr Chimes' face is obscured, but you can tell it is smiling. "Renestores once per week. There is only so much our presses can do."

Shattered Mask (100 CP)

A hound-shaped mask made of elegant lacquer, cracked down the middle. When you wear it, you see the world with delight; you reframe events through devoted glasses; you dream of truth and beauty; and you behold the Design. Mr Chimes seems annoyed at its very sight.

Roof-Chart (100 CP)

A gigantic map – unreliable and changeable though it is – of the winding paths and jagged terrain that makes up the Roof of the cavern that houses the Neath. Paths to Hallow's Throat, Midnight Moon, Zenith and the Spirelands; and beyond, as well. "Will one day guidorient through other skies," Mr Chimes notes. be careful not to confuse north and south – you're supposed to hold it up above your head.

Spirifer's Fork (100 CP)

A strange fork-shaped device used for extracting loosely-tethered souls, such as of the dead or those severely sick, exhausted or wounded. "Often seen as proof of Hellish allegiance." Mr Chimes warns.

Russet Brachiator (100 CP)

A furred grapnel, bound by a length of strangely colored, highly resilient hope. A favoured tool of thieves, climbers and ill-fated explorers everywhere, curling into four wicked flukes so as to easily find purchase upon stalactite-crag or parapet. Why it is covered in a thick layer of crimson fur, you're not entirely sure, but Nature's oddities tend to have their purposes – however mysterious.

Mr Chimes makes a noise that is almost a chuckle, as it tosses the thing into the air. At the apex of its arc, the fur stands on end, and the hook resolutely refuses to fall- offering an impossible foothold from which to swing over. Perhaps you can find a use for it.

Shepherd's Timepiece (100 CP)

A silently ticking, elegant pocketwatch. Carries the letters C.V.R, plus shepherd's crook elegantly drawn on the back. "It is a subtle sign of recognestanding for those who deliverturn souls to their origiful owners. When exposed to the... soulless, will tick faster; afterwards, it will move as a compass towards their lost spirit." Chimes looks uninterested. It does not care for souls much, and even less for the idea of returning them.

Tracklayer's Helmet (100 CP)

Protective headgear for persons who do a great deal of blasting. "Not quite as covercompassing as Furnace Ancona's helmet," says Chimes. "but proved to let you survive at least one impact to the head, no matter how terrifiying the blow."

Singed and Stained Work Gloves (100 CP)

A memento of when London almost fell for a second time. These hardy gloves have seen their share of picking through rubble and handling dangerous materials. Mr Chimes shows that they fit on his hands, and also in yours; in both they seem fairly snug. "When worn in your hands, you will be spared the worst effects of whatever you grasp." It pauses. "To a degree." Given how comfortable they were, you suppose that even should the gloves fail, you will have enough time to take them off before your flesh starts burning.

Honest Butcher's Tool (100 CP)

A gigantic butcher's hook, with a leather grip and an altered design to be more comfortably handled as a weapon. The toxin coating the tip is designed to move the victim only partially towards death. It hailed originally from one of Mr Hearts' factories, and was meant to be a legal way to strike a target in Hearts' Game. It was abandoned shortly after, as the poison was rather irrelevant relative to the overall effect of being stabbed with the thing.

Ichorous Alarm (100 CP)

The ampoule of thick black liquid contains the dark blood of one who strayed too close to the Far Shore of Death. It contains within its flows and clots a lingering reminiscence of the lands beyond, and boils in the presence of mortal peril. "A creation of Mr Hearts," says Chimes. "I dare not claim that it is quite a good one."

Revoltng Disguise (100 CP)

Documentation and notes of the personality for a second identity, and a disguise to make it wholly convincing. It is so complete, and so repulsive, that you might beg at your arch-foe's back door without fear of discovery.

Moth-Winged Cloak (100 CP)

"The garb of a Snuffer's daughter." Says Chimes, before turning around. It's long enough to cover yourself and part of a mount. Dappled with the colours of lichen and Neath rock in its natural state, it subtly recolours itself to blend in with the environment when the wearer wishes not to be discovered.

Ratskin Suit (100 CP)

A piece of paper accompanies it. Chimes sounds embarrassed when you pick it up.

"There are those as look down on your 'umble ratskin. But your 'umble ratskin is hard-wearin', it's waterproof, and it's remarkable warm. And silk comes out of a worm's arse."

Chimes looks the other way. It's the same handwriting as the others. Did it write this?

Parabola-Linen Outfit (100 CP)

Flax grows beside the river where nightmares spawn. This garb is whatever you may wish it to be, but it was spun from those fibres, and a sunset light glows through the fabric, as if through fog. The effect is striking, if eerie. Incredibly receptive to Neathbow ink. "A pre-existing outfit may be... imported? Imported into this." Is Mr Chimes consulting- is that a book? It shoves it back in its cloak immediately.

Portfolio of Souls (100 CP)

Souls in hundreds of colours and the contracts that accompany it. Souls of all kinds but extraordinary ones. "Anteriorly of a deviless. We dealt with her, don't preoccupy yourself. She will not complain, and it is extraordinarily extensive, no?"

Indestructible Trunk (100 CP)

The skin of some exotic beast stretched over the wood of a deep-jungle tree. It has survived sunlight, rough roads, derailments, the tender mercies of French porters. Rendered unrecognizable by extensive travels, it would be impossible to say whether the trunk was made in the Neath and taken for an extensive tour of the Surface, or vice-versa, if Chimes did not explain it to you beforehand. Surely it can survive the Neath, and beyond?

Bazaarine Collection (100 CP)

A very extensive collection of Bazaarine poetry in luxurious bindings, attached to your Warehouse. The numerous shelves this library include even the most incomprehensible or metrically incompetent poets, and stretch out for an entire house's worth of space. Mr Chimes seems hesitant, but it will part with it.

A Gentleperson's Exquisite Wardrobe (100 CP)

A white suit and an ivory dress, both utterly spotless at all times and perfect for your figure no matter what it may be. Mr Chimes shrugs; it does not seem to give much care for it. A note accompanies it, written in what seems to be silk. "Wear with care: this may inspire envy to a dangerous degree."

Set of Mirrorcatch Boxes (200 CP)

"On sale!" Mr Chimes exclaims. "We acquire quite a few after the Museum debacle."

They come in all colours of the Neathbow, from Irrigo to Violant. Once opened, the box will be rendered empty- until you either refill it or wait for the end of your Jump, after which it shall refill automatically, transferring whatever was inside into a disposable box that shall appear somewhere in your Warehouse.

Blemmigan Hat (200 CP)

It travels in style, seeking inspiration for its poetry. It does its best not to wriggle when people are looking. When worn in your head, will help you with prose and verse- though the metaphors that come to your mind are strange, to say the least. Mr Chimes looks delighted. "What might you manifest, with this?" it mutters to itself.

A Bottle of Angry Bees (200 CP)

A gift from the Captivating Princess, now eternally replenishing. These Huz bees are large, slow to rouse, and feast on the tears of the sorrowing. "They... follow obey your words, at least." Mr Chimes notes. That's good to know.

Ratwork Derringer (200 CP)

A device of great lethality that fits in the palm of your hand. Close your fingers, and no one will know you carry death. "Now rated for metal detectors and other... perhaps mystical, perhaps precognitive means of location."

His Lordship's Cellar (200 CP)

Helpfully attached to your Warehouse. The note in slurred, droopy handwriting details the vast volumes of wine within, and its properties. It seems that alcohol contained in here will be preserved and age in the most utterly perfect way that it could possibly age.

As the note explains, it comes previously stocked with a gigantic amount of frankly garbage wine, a much, much smaller though still sizeable amount of decent wine, a little bit of good, if boring wine and a carefully curated selection of interesting, if fairly toxic, wine.

"This extensiantic collection recoverishes once a year. If you were to obtaine chase this, we might be more amenably, more likely to conversate with you, later. As long as you are willing to provide us with what a guest deserves."

A Faceted Decanter of Drownie Effluvia (200 CP)

It's said that in Dahut, Drownies weep when they sing. And the tears form bubbles of this stuff.

"*Aqua Lachrymosae*." Chimes helpfully supplies.

It has, mercifully, been bottled. Replenishes each day, and staves off mental influence that comes from the ocean, or from creatures born of it.

Scrimshander Carving Knife (200 CP)

"A correcter-historian's knife!" Mr Chimes exclaims, jubilant. It was used carve date into Scrimshander's bone-books. Extremely sharp, though not made for cutting flesh. Objects carved by it seem younger, as if the blade peeled their very history away.

Lenguals (200 CP)

"WE WILL LOVE YOUR FINGERS LIKE OUR OWN FINGERHOLES." The sound brings Mr Chimes' attention. With a frown, it prods the pair of Polythremian gloves with a long, clawed finger. "IN POLYTHREME WE WERE NOT LOVED WE DO NOT KNOW WHY." Chimes sighs, wearily, gesturing to a sealed bag for you carry the Lenguals home in. "We have been toldplained "it will count as a companion for the future." If it is any satsolation, it is not nearly as loudalktive when it is worn. And it guiderects your hands excellently."

Infernal Machine (200 CP)

A strange, Hellish machine roughly the size of an omnibus: conveyer belts, boilers, metal arms like a spider's; a governor that speeds or slows the line, depending on local conditions; safety precautions written in violant ink. It clanks and steams; it cuts material and bends metal; with enough materials, it produces whatever you tell it to produce, as long as it is hardy enough to survive it; it runs very hot. Mr Chimes starts fanning itself with a thin volume as you both draw close.

What Might Be A Thunderbolt (200 CP)

Long-dead light, held in your hand. A spear made of dark sky, bright and deadly, forged of lightning. It does not burn. It shines and writhes. Its edge is jagged, the colour of a split in the sky. Its voice is thunder. It is only there when you dream – or is it? Raise your hand. See them cower.

Coruscating Soul (200 CP)

Whose soul was this? A queen? A genius? A prophet? It's like looking into the face of the sun. Mr Chimes gives it a tap, and you see it explode into a multitude of colours.

Set of Intricate Kifers (200 CP)

"Three deviaminal thievesmen manucrafted this while serving their sentence in New Newgate." Chimes chuckles. "They conspirotted for a year. They argued many designs. One lost his sight, one fell mad, and one ran... cannibal when they emerged. But these."

It brings them closer to you. It has hundreds of little openings, and just as many unique functions. "These are the fruits of their labours. Cheap at the price, my friend. Cheap at the price."

Mutersalt (200 CP)

"From Mr Spices' coffers." Chimes reveals. It smells like clean air and crystallised ginger. "Has the curiteresting propertability of suppresysing the vocal chords. You might make use if it. I did, before."

Consignment of Scintillack Snuff (200 CP)

A wooden crate, filled with small boxes full of fine, dry, silvery powder- powder created from a particular variety of coral. Extracted by Port Cecil, it is known for its moon-like glow, healing properties and incredibly potent effects as a narcotic- though it is called "snuff," the effects by far surpass anything that nicotine could do to you. When you draw closer, your nose tingles- even while the box is closed.

Forgotten Spidersilk Slippers (200 CP)

The silks of these utterly silent slippers glimmer with impossible light. Your attention glazes off them as you almost forget what you are looking at. "They are rather fascieresting, but do not underestimell its propercts, for-" Mr Chimes pauses. "We..." It raises a finger. It lowers a finger. "-what were we speaking of, again?"

Flexile Sabre (200 CP)

This fish-blade has a head for a pommel. It flexes and shimmers, surprisingly light. It shudders, from tip to quillon, waves passing through its length like an eelfin. When you swing it rips through the air with a whistle. Its *sharp*. Do not let its sinuous wriggling fool you – the blade is sharp as moonlight, and stings like brine.

Iguana-Skin Boots (200 CP)

Two... flexible tubes, each gently tacky to the touch. You blink. No, two boots in a fine, scaled leather. Coated in a mucous. And there! They're your exact size. How thoughtful.

Birdskin Gloves (200 CP)

A pair of gloves. Their strange leather is coated with tiny feathers, so soft they could almost be fur. Night-impenetrable to blade and tooth, totally heat resistant. The perfect garb to handle Terror Birds, and a testament to the folly of doing so.

Moray Heels (200 CP)

Made of something not unlike fish-skin. The mouth is ringed by stubby, (almost certainly) ornamental fangs, and a pointed, glassy spindle protrudes beneath the heel. The fit is snug as a second skin, all the way up to the knee. Warm rings of banded muscle up the calf compensate for the swaying of a ship.

Desperately Co-operative Clothes Colony (200 CP)

These roaming colonies of clothing, banded together to wear a person instead of the other way around- and are common in Polythreme. This particular one looks rather ragged- though a good clean would definitely fix the outfit. It struggles against metal bindings. "Get us out of here!" they scream. "We promise we'll be good! We'll help-" Mr Chimes slaps a metal covering over their head. They continue to wriggle. Shall you purchase them?

Boner's Kit (200 CP)

A gigantic amount of bones, from leviathan-sized carcasses to brass-covered skulls. Amalgamous bones, menacing bones, antique bones, ivory replicas and disappointly mundane chunks of human. Replenishes monthly, and comes with a helpful kit for assembling, plus a large-sized stall.

Fabulous Diamonds (200 CP)

Seven of them, bundled in silk rags and truly exceptional, big as a baby's fist. Do not replenish with any amount of time, though you can spy some kind of glow inside of them.

"Struck from the side of the Mountain-of-Light, a long time ago." Chimes notes, looking nostalgic. "We'll divipart with them, for this price."

The Exile's Honey-Kits (400 CP)

Three jars of honey, all said to replenish yearly. The bigger one is the size of Mr Chimes' head, and is filled with golden tar, accompanied by a box of roses and seeds. The second is the size of your closed fist, and is filled with a red substance, and comes with a human-sized cage, plus a box of strange bees. The third one is a vial, smaller than your smallest finger, and accompanies nothing. The liquid inside is black as night.

Gentleman's Self-Similar Carryall (400 CP)

Mr Chimes pops open the lid, revealing drawers. It pulls open a drawer and inside is another, smaller box. It pulls the same box and finds another, smaller box. It continues for a good minute, looking frustrated as it does so. "We've been told." Mr Chimes hisses. "That cracksmen enjoy using this to induce tiredexhaustion- inflictorturing it on revenue men, our Ministry's auditors, and other sorts of authorities. We would not recommend it."

Celestial Cinnabar Compass (400 CP)

Mr Chimes places it on your hands and moves on to another exhibit. It is a needle of black glass pinned to a cork, floating in a bowl carved from blood-red stone. It unerringly points the way East.

Betrayer of Measures (400 CP)

This apparatus- this Correspondence-marked ruler-scale- is a powerful Red Science tool, made through the Treachery of Measures. It can be used to adjust the size of objects via that same Treachery, but, as befitting something with such power, it is also very dangerous. Any object that makes contact with it will have its dimensions changed, and as such handling it unsafely can cause severe personal injury.

A Sealed Copy of the Crimson Book (400 CP)

A locked box. It smells of book-binders' glue and sandalwood. "It shall improve date itself, as you proceed." Says Mr Chimes. It looks sad to let it go. It contains all the stories of the Bazaar, all those tales of love- will you take them with you?

Whitsun Nurturer's Kit (400 CP)

A batch of eggs, and a strange set of instruments. Why would you need needle and thread to hatch eggs? At least it all replenishes monthly.

Not-As-Illegal Experimental Augmentation Device (400 CP)

This time, acquired from Iron & Misery through proper legal channels. Comes with a multitude of warnings and an book full of instructions. A helpful note from Mr Iron accompanies it. "MORE. IT MAKES THINGS MORE."

Cartographer's Hoard (400 CP)

Such a wide variety of maps will end up being accurate if only by sheer happenstance. Expands with each world you visit.

Collection of Curiosities (400 CP)

The boxes cover an entire corner of the shop, and Mr Chimes looks pleased when it gazes at them. A large purchase; but if this is junk, then at least it is valuable junk. Someone is bound to be impressed by all this... stuff. It is vast collection of Neathy memorabilia; and a note details that a new box will be delivered to your home every year, with objects collected from your current world of dwelling.

Variably-Headed Oneiopompic Stave (400 CP)

Stronger and heavier than an ordinary staff, and the tip is pointed: drive it into the ground to witness its full power. "Arrivelivered in feline, serpentine, and scacchic varieties." Chimes notes. "And thus, asserts, respectively, the Cats, the Fingerkings, or the Red-Handed Queen's goverfluence in a terrimain." It fumbles for a book. "Respectively, "a sensible division between the Is and the Is-Not, stretching to further domains on other worlds," a "confluence of hidden desirejectives that become conscious and supprestricted anger that is nearer to the surface," it tilts its head, as if it was finding the text difficult to read. "And.. red handprints that manifeppeear on the walls. and privatestricted wishes that become more obviotable, and more easily useielded."

"May be purchased multiple times." Chimes finishes.

Message in a Bottle (400 CP)

A bottle, with a roll of paper nesting within. A desperate plea from a stranded zailor.

"Confirmanteed to lead one into richecrative treasuries. Replenishes once you find it!"

Mr Wines' Sceptre (400 CP)

Topped with a black ruby miniature of an unknown crown, this bronzewood sceptre represents all the authority of some far-away kingdom and its once and former king.

Wield it, and for a few scant seconds each day, your form shall be reminiscent of some ancient lord of stars- your terrible majesty rivaled only by how ethereal and momentaneous it is.

Machines For The Duplication Of Bones (400 CP)

There are dozens of them in the box. Their purpose is to copy the bones of a living thing, somewhere outside of its body. And they are quite good at that.

Skyglass Collection (400 CP)

Seventy-six ravenglass knives; black as night, as quiet as a cat. Slice through muscle like butter, but quite easily broken. Seventy-seven hundred and six skyglass knives; Black glass, bitterly sharp. A volcano spat this all, and some demented idiot collected them all for some inane reason. Now, it's all yours.

A Machine For The Committing Of Murder (400 CP)

A new sensation in Bohemian circles. Sharp knives. Deadly poison. Elaborate and impractical deathtraps. And if it's automated, you cannot, truly, be culpable. Despite all logic and reason, legal systems everywhere will nod and acknowledge this as true.

Waxwail Knife (600 CP)

The Wax-Wind blows from the Elder Continent, shredding flesh and boiling blood, transforming ships to ghastly candles. This knife is touched with that wind, and some foolhardy soul recovered these from the wreck of the Savage Queen and stripped them of their warning seals. It cleaves through any material as though it was melted wax. It scourges and devours flesh. Now it awaits one foolhardier still.

Breath of the Void (600 CP)

The asking price is eye-watering. If you don't intend to buy it, better not to let Mr Chimes notice you staring. The writings on it instruct that it should not be opened, and the manifest of its contents is written on a card as a single sigil of the Correspondence: 'AN AFFECTION SHARED BETWEEN TWO EQUAL MASSES.'

Rumourmonger's Network (600 CP)

A book of names, addresses, code words. Signed by Virginia, the Businesslike Deviless. Even a few crabbed pages on soul-flaws, as Virginia evidently considers these identifying information too.

These are pass-phrases and meeting-places for the mastery of a whole covert network of devoted gossips. A major faction's worth of spies, arranged throughout the Neath and through Surface. Use it wisely.

Fluke-Core (600 CP)

A single gleaming nodule of violet amber. Inside it, sentiments and histories coil, prisoned by irridgo as the irridgo is prisoned by amber. Turn your eyes at it, and you can see twisted shapes. This little sphere contains all the shapes that a Fluke saw and manifested- all those ancient designs.

Long, bent shells that trapped air until the oceans became too dense, and crushed them. Delicate wings turned to gossamer webs that filtered food out of the air, until the air grew too hot for fragile and flammable things. A shape that always recurs, never to a good end: Two legs, two arms, one head, standing awkwardly upright. A hundred thousand years' worth of shapes, experience and evolution as a child of Axile.

A Tasting Flight of Targeted Toxins (600 CP)

Mr Chimes turns its nose away from the dizzying smell of this pinnacle of Kataleptic Toxicological craft. Request a flight and it shall appear, once per Jump. It is designed for one individual of your choice; each dose blended to suppress specified aspects of the personality and enhance others. Side-effects may include self-knowledge, self-denial, self-suppression, and a dark purple coating on the tongue.

Seed of the Cedar (600 CP)

The Cedar is a guarantor of oaths and promises. An order between persons, not made of laws. One for each world you cross- plant it, and forge an unbreakable bond. It looks like a small dark-brown kernel. It means a great deal more.

Impossible Theorem (600 CP)

This is a thought that does not want to exist on our side of the glass. A thought given semi-physical form, dragged kicking and screaming out of Parabola- an irrefutable proof that captures the unthinkable in mathematical form- truths such as "one and one equals zero." It cleaves through boundaries and matter, baffles brilliant minds and throws proven truth into disarray. Hold with care, or it may scape.

Your Very Own Miniature Hellworm (600 CP)

The size of a warhorse. The temperament of a besotted terrier. Entirely covered in luxuriant fur.

Your Very Own Miniature Hellworm Saddle (600 CP, requires Your Very Own Miniature Hellworm)

Of course it wasn't included in the original purchase. You don't really need to use the bridles, though. With a beast like this, one simply climbs aboard and learns if one is worthy.

Your Very Own Miniature Hellworm Riding Boots (600 CP, requires Your Very Own Miniature Hellworm Saddle)

The spurs are gold-plated. Each one shaped like a tiny little wasp, ready to sting the flank of whatever mount you are riding. 'INDISPENSABLE to the DISCERNING HELLWORM OWNER', says the announcement. Something tells you they are actually highly dispensable.

Your Very Own Miniature Hellworm Riding Bootpolish (600 CP, requires Your Very Own Miniature Hellworm Riding Boots)

The brochure that came with the boots describes it as 'ESSENTIAL to MAINTAINING the VITAL FORCES of your new BOOTS'. 'FILLED with ESSENTIAL INFERNAL ENERGIES', claims the label. The contents are suspiciously similar to common shoe polish.

Mr Chimes gives you a side glance. "No refunds." It says.

A Firkin of Hesperidean Cider (1000 CP)

"WHOSO THIRSTETH AND DRINKETH OF THIS, SO SHALL HE NEVER DIE." Says the note. No other words are written, and Chimes does not comment beyond a silent reassurance that it shall replenish for every world you wander into. It does not need to.

A Seller of Transports

Where are you? This isn't Mr Chimes' Lost & Found. You sit atop a rocky escarpment that overlooks the zee. A green-gilled Drownie smiles at you, in the water. In the rocks and in the sea, his wares are on display – some at anchor, visible through a pair of binoculars.

"Some are reselling on the part of your Benefactor, you see." He coughs out. "An agreement with our King. Most of the... landbound vehicles. I don't recommend them."

"The rest, though, are the product of our Mutton Island shipbuilding industry," he lies. "Only gently used. One way or another, all of it yours for modest prices. But let's start with the ones for land. I want to get this out of the way."

(You have a 100 CP stipend for ships and other vehicles.)

Velocipede (Free)

The Shipwright frowns. "Take it. I want it out of my sight."

Ratwork Velocipede (100 CP)

Corners like a dream. Races like a greyhound. The tiny maxim gun might have been a bit much, though.

Respectable Landau (100 CP)

A steady convertible carriage. Just the sort of thing for visiting maiden aunts and impressionable suitees.

Almost-Obedient Amber Automaton (200 CP)

A slimy mechanical marvel in the shape of a great brass steed. It consumes a great deal of fuel- preferably amber- and can keep pace with a steam engine.

Horseless, Driverless, Remorseless Carriage (200 CP)

The bones of a luxurious hansom cab, fitted with electric engines and Khaganian batteries. An intricate ratwork machine 'steers'. A sign on the front cordially invites pedestrians to get out of the bl__dy way.

Drowned Pony (200 CP)

Skin dyed peligin, dead eyes, floats wonderfully, utterly obedient and inhorsely strong. Sometimes will try to drag a person that is not you under the surface.

Clay Sedan Chair (200 CP)

It is composed of two Clay Men, George and Garfield, who look miserably wet and eager to be out of here. They don't ask about your motives. They come with a thankfully dry chair- of oak, horsehair and velvet. They say they will carry you and your chair around the city in high style. The ride is a little bumpy, but is that too much of an issue?

Semi-Automated Mary Lloyd (200 CP)

A horse's screaming skull strapped to the front of a velocipede frame. Flipping the dreadful thing onto its saddle allows you to check the mechanics. The pedals turn; the wheel spins; the skull's jaw clacks open and shut. The brakes seem to do nothing, but this is a trivial concern in the grand scheme of such things. What madman would create such a beast? What fool would give it away?

Corpulent Carriage (200 CP)

It is some manner of fleshy casket. Even being near it feels wet, though that might be the zee. Touching it leaves it clear that it is warm and plumply-cushioned, giving the snug but disconcerting feeling of grasping the within of the stomach of an oddly comfortable beast. Bony spurs sprout from its bottom like runners, allowing the thing to be dragged like a sled. A scratched inscription adorns the front- 'PRAYSE TO THE MENNY-FACED SAINTE'.

Burning Wheel (400 CP)

A giant metal carriage pulled by a burning, sigil-laden metal wheel. The carriage is kept from burning by several strange sigils at the bottom- those being cold, rather than warm as you expected.

Heart-Catcher's Ride (400 CP)

A carriage, that seemingly needs no horse and no driver. It is made of some undefinably strange wood. The branches that grow from the sides are startlingly similar to arms- and they look awfully sharp. Should an intruder find themselves inside, they will have a nasty surprise when those branches move closer.

The Shipwright's Lot

The Shipwright smiles. He was eager to get to this part. "Don't worry about the whole "only one ship allowed" thing the Masters had. We've made some agreements. One at a time, and a clever little solution.

Warehouse Port (Free)

"See, this is what we figured out. It hooks up to a... place in Wolfstack, for this jump. To you, it'll look like a part of your... Warehouse... that is just a bunch of water, and some places to anchor. So, you get that, and you're only allowed to have one ship out at a time. Works, doesn't it? It'll even get bigger with each ship you get."

He pauses. "One airship out as well. Not the same as a ship. Don't know why it works like that, but you get to have one of each, so I'm not complaining."

Rusty Tramp-Steamer (Free, 100 CP)

He looks disappointed. "Hardly a beauty, but sturdy and reliable. She'll get you there, I suppose. In all honesty, I don't think I'd even ask much for it. If you're taking no other ship, you can just have it."

Hastily-Repurposed Tramp Steamer (Free)

"Oh, this thing. Please get it out of my sight." It's... the same as before. A much rustier-looking tramp-steamer, with quite a few more holes on it and a flimsy-looking balloon. Going by the way it shudders and whispers, it has seen Polythreme. Perhaps it will see it again from above; perhaps it will do so from much closer, as it inevitably plunges into the Sea of Voices from the Roof above.

Swift Zee-Clipper (100 CP)

"This one's quick. Not much else, but it's good at that at least." he smiles. "There's *quicker*, though, if you're interested in that."

Zubmarine (100 CP)

"It can go beneath the waves, and that's useful, I'll tell you." he smiles. "Rated for the deep zee, so come and visit on our King's hold sometime."

Majestic Pleasure Yacht (100 CP)

A vessel handsome enough for these particularly refined tastes, one of the finest ships afloat. It has little chandeliers dangling from its chandeliers, and every available surface either golden brass or leather upholstery. "The journey is always better than the destination." says the Shipwright. "That's what I've always said."

Caligo-class Merchant Cruiser (100 CP)

"It's a ponderous, capacious vessel." the Shipwright notices. "More than enough space for quite a bit of crew, plus anything you might need to ferry across the Zee." That it is lacking in speed, weapons, hull and comfortable quarters as a direct consequence he does not mention.

Ancient Bat-Flown War Canoe (100 CP)

A relic of the tomb-colonies, from a time long before London. Once, it is rumoured, the Third City used whole fleets of these airships in campaigns against the Presbyterate.

Obstinate-class Cruiser (200 CP)

Not the Admiralty's workhorse; the ship they wish was their workhorse, if they could launch enough of them. Clad entirely in steel and bristling with artillery. Optical targeting on the main guns, quick-firing cannons that traverse amazingly fast. "300mm main guns. 40mm quick cannons." the Shipwright advertises, a sharp smile on his face. "Torpedoes, mines, an armoury filled to the brim with the newest and best repeating rifles. Steel armour as thick as my aunt's scones and nearly as tough." While he babbles about the measurements, you notice its coat of paint- is this dazzle camouflage? Quite a few years early, you think.

Il-Altun-class Yacht (200 CP)

Sleeker, more slender than the London equivalent; a delicate and elegant vessel. But the *lights* on her deck; she glows like a beacon. Her design retains an elegant form while having as much deck space as possible; a floating patio, lit by electric lights. You can already picture how you'll arrange deck furniture on her. Perhaps the outrigger hull can act as a dance floor...

Ogedei-class Liner (200 CP)

A civilian conversion of a Khaganian warship. Lightened by the removal of *some* of her armament, she is left with greatly oversized engines. Elder Continent wood, steam-bent into flowing shapes and accented with tasteful brass trim belie her savage heart: an electric engine pulsating with barely-controlled power. Two outrigger hulls and shallow-draft design leaves a ship that all but glides over the water.

Nyx-Class Submarine (200 CP)

A dark, silent shadow on the water. If you didn't know what you were looking for, you'd never spot it, and neither would most instruments. Her serpent-like shape lies mostly beneath the surface. "There's a surprising amount of space inside." says the Shipwright. Nothing on it gives any indication as to her origin. Every bolt, rivet and machined part is unmarked.

Discovery-Class Cruiser (200 CP)

Clearly from the Fleet of Truth, and going by the size and glory of the captain's quarters, formerly Orthos' own. The Shipwright praises its luxurious accommodations and ample space for research facilities. You notice the cleverly hidden guns, the shape of a merchant ship and misleadingly tough armor; a ship meant to trick foolish scholars, clearly.

Obliterator-class Airship (200 CP)

An airship of infernal make, heavy with iron. If one were to run the numbers, it doesn't really add up that this thing can float in the air – given the sheer mass of armament it carries. You have been warned, however, that it is better not to run the numbers.

Sparrow-class Airship (200 CP)

"A refinement on a Horticultural Show design." the Shipwright explains. It's an electric marvel built with Khaganian engineering and the Bazaar's bottomless resources. With a

twin-envelope design, she can pirouette through the sky unlike any other airship – do be careful not to fall off the deck.

Vigilant-class Airship (200 CP)

The Admiralty's pride, a domed dirigible designed to survey – and control – entire battlefields. Now, under your sole command.

Tree of Seas (400 CP)

It's not a ship. It's a gigantic tree, covered in spiders. A hundred thousand eyes stare at you from the deck. It floats ominously as it seems to wait for you.

"...sorry." the Shipwright says, sheepishly. "They demanded to be let in."

Tree of Spires (400 CP)

The Tree of Seas' cousin, both eagerly competing for your attention with chattering noise. The silken envelope is constantly maintained, held gently to the gondola by hundreds of legs. Your boots click satisfyingly on the chitin.

Golden-Class Frigate (400 CP)

A living ship! Evident Polythremian make. "TAKE ME WITH YOU." It bellows. "I TIRE OF THIS CAVERN. I WANT TO SEE THE STARS." It seems resilient, for one. A thousand battle-scars betray a life of hard duties and perhaps centuries of experience. And you wouldn't need a crew at all.

Scythe-Class Galley (400 CP)

An Iron Republic design; alarmingly fast and stiflingly warm even when it's not moving. this was what the Shipwright meant by *quicker*, then? The back is stripped of everything but the oversized engine and the bare minimum to be viable. The prow is heavily armored and built for ramming speed. When it has a target to be pointed towards, the sigils in the back propel it even further.

Meru-Class Frigate (600 CP)

A vessel of the Elder Continent, built with lumber hewn from the Bleeding Forest. Wherever it moves, water turns red; it resists cannon blasts, the ship's wounds healing faster than it can be wounded; it is no longer loyal to the Prester's words; it pulsates strangely at times.

Discipline

Those titles that people are called by, here, do not come from nowhere. Sometimes, it is simply something they are known for: but most of the time? It's from their job. Man must labour, after all.

Take one job. You will receive a stipend of 100 CP; taking a free job lets you keep it. Having a Discipline will grant you a reputation in professional circles, a steady paycheck for your stay in Fallen London, and all the skills necessary to keep the profession, alongside quite a few contacts with London's factions; there are few better places to make connections than work.

– Beginner Professions –

While not as straightforwardly exotic as some others you can find around the Neath, those kinds of tasks are just as interesting. And they all have their secrets, their advantages, and their privileges.

Detective (Free)

Observation of tracks in the thick dust. Questioning. Deduction. Wisdom.

Tough (Free)

Knowing how to use your hands. And not being very particular about it.

Poet (Free)

A pen never far from your hand. Theaters, newspapers, society, royals, bohemians.

Thief (Free)

The Neath is a great vault. What better career than learning to pick its locks?

– Entangled Professions –

The sort that is entrenched in the intrigues of the Neath: not by happenstance, not by choice. Always.

Constable (100 CP)

Protecting the Masters (their *social order*, more specifically. The Masters need no nannying from you.) and, sometimes, the wretched poor.

Most of the time, though, you're just beating them or shaking them down. Or both. The police budget for skeletons (generally used for the purposes of pretending you matter) isn't going to cartoonishly inflate itself.

Spy (100 CP, free Surfacers)

A secret handshake here, a message drop hidden in a chimney-stack there. You collect information. Perhaps for some higher power. Perhaps for money. Perhaps just for fun.

Socialite (100 CP, free Londoner)

Some may say this is no job at all. But if they do, they probably weren't invited to the Ambassador's ball, so should you really take their opinion into account?

Doctor (100 CP)

Even here, where death is an aberration, people are troubled by less final maladies. More troubled, perhaps, since no-one wants to endure eternity with a hernia.

Teacher (100 CP)

Some people have the misfortune of inculcating Latin and arithmetic into some surly little tyke while he kicks their shins under the table. You are perhaps one of those people, or perhaps you have a more dignified post in some other trade. If you aren't, try to concentrate on the reward at the end of the week.

Archaeologist (100 CP)

Perhaps a more precise term would be "tomb-robber." But well, are those golden sarcophagi and jeweled relics really better served rotting in a museum? Would the fabulous wealth of the kings of the old cities not deserve to fit its intended role, lining someone's pockets?

Pirate (100 CP)

Privateer would be more appropriate, if you were working for the law. Regardless, if someone has it, it's yours now.

Notary (100 CP)

Few notaries are allowed to operate within London, and they're always in high demand. The romance of their name perfectly balances the excitement of their daily work.

Zailor (100 CP, free Hinterlander)

The best sort of zealous zeefarer. The work is hard and cold and often wet, and the Unterzee is brutally dangerous, for all it lacks the savage storms of the surface. And the pay isn't even that good.

Duelist (100 CP, free Tomb-Colonist)

Is there a black ribbon coiled around your arm? Perhaps. But the fact remains that you know your way around a sword: and your trade is to stick that sword on someone until they stop moving.

Spirifer (200 CP, free Devil)

Spirifers take and trade souls: they are the allies and, occasionally, the rivals of Hell. Or perhaps, you could be from there yourself, out in the Neath looking for new prey, new trophies, new jewels for your collection.

Journalist (100 CP)

The Journalist knows a lot of the smaller secrets and scandals. They are always looking for a new one, and writing all of them down in a little red notebook.

Shepherd (Free)

To undo the work of Hell; to return souls to their rightful owners. A fee paid (discreetly) from the C.V.R's coffers for confirmation of a soul returned; a solid punch to a spirifer's nose; unimaginable patience for sorting through contract after contract. Plus very influential friends, and some tricks on the matter of appraising souls, here and there.

Assassin (200 CP)

Is there a trade more vital to high society than this? Perhaps you ensure that the right glasses of wine have the right substances in them; perhaps you make sure someone's head has a convenient new opening. Just make sure to ask they pay you per *attempt*, not per kill.

Captain (200 CP)

An explorer of the Unterzee! A bit higher than your average zailor.

Trickster (100 CP)

The Trickster is a troublemaker and pranker. They stir up trouble in the Neath and are paid for it.

Performer (100 CP)

Like the Kashmiri Princess, Monsieur Pleat and the other staples of Mahogany Hall, you earn your day's keep through dazzling shows and bright spectacles.

Magician (100 CP)

Congrats- you are involved in the world of stage magicians, conjurers and illusionists! Perhaps you have dealings with serpents. Perhaps it's all skill.

Campaigner (100 CP)

Advocating their cause to the general public, the Campaigner is always accompanied by some of their most reliable supporters.

Rat-Catcher (100 CP)

The rats in the Neath tend to get a bit more worrying than their Surface cousins. A Rat-Catcher therefore is slightly more heavily armed than the title would suggest.

Enforcer (100 CP)

A discreet and reliable enforcer of London's less law concerned Factions.

Professor (100 CP)

Your work has been recognised, criticised, even plagiarised. You might have had to dispose more controversial research before the University allowed you your proper title. But it's yours now, for sure!

Academic (100 CP)

Ah, University grants. You've had the luxury of getting quite a large one. As long as you keep sending enough reports, you're sure you'll keep getting funding.

Licenciate (200 CP, Requires Bringer of Death)

"The Licenciate serves the tyranny of necessity. He delivers death with expedience and without passion, according to a certain list of aliases he is given. The Licenciate deciphers each alias and performs the duty. The list cannot be given, only taken."

Correspondent (200 CP, Requires Scholar of the Correspondence)

'The Correspondent writes with a pen of fire and a hand of adamant. No topic is beyond his consideration, no subject too fundamental or necessary to be critiqued. He has, with a single essay, destroyed a religion, started a war, or shaken the earth.'

Silverer (200 CP, Requires Oneiopomp)

"The Silverer changes the course of events with truth and lies. Hers are the hidden arts by which the Gallery of Serpents was made. She has ventured into the Marches beyond the sight of all glass, and uncovered the source of the Writhing River."

Crooked-Cross (200 CP, Requires Mithridant Cycles)

"The Crooked-Cross is a tempter. He invites the ignorant to knowledge, and opposes any monopoly on morality. He tests the boundaries between right and wrong. He has parted a priest and his faith, convincing the priest to deface the sign of his God."

Midnighter (200 CP, Requires A Player Of Chess)

"The Midnighter performs the unconfessed rites of St. Joshua; the secret ministrations of midnight, the holy transition of the owned to the unowned and the unseen to the seen. He has made the unknown known, and toppled an invisible throne."

Monster-Hunter (200 CP, Requires A Monster's Anatomy)

"The Monster-Hunter winnows the lesser terrors from the true. She has slain That Which Makes Light In The Deeps, eaten of its flesh in remembrance of certain Feasts of the Zee, and fashioned her weapon from its remains. She was human, once."

Haruspex (200 CP, Requires The Pilgrim's Path)

There is a limit to modern medicine. Sometimes, you need to be a little....flexible.

Master (Free, Exclusive and Mandatory Master Origin)

Supposedly eleven- now twelve Masters of the Bazaar are in near-complete control of London's trade economy, and each Master oversees a certain form of trade; for example, Mr Iron oversees the trade of metals and weapons. The Masters may seem united, but in truth, many of them run independent (and sometimes incompatible and clashing) schemes that occasionally span far beyond the scope of London.

You have been granted the privilege of a spot in this place. What shall your Master title be? Keep in mind that if it overlaps too closely with another's, there will be surely an endless amount of arguments. Comes with a binding- you must serve the Bazaar during your stay, for better or for worse.

Penstock's Land Agency

They say London has seven labyrinths. But even a labyrinth is designed to be navigated, unlike the Fifth City's property laws. Situated hard against the Bazaar's eastern flank, Penstock's Land Agency offers Londoners some little guidance through the carnivorous jungle more commonly known as the leasehold market. Not without carving a pound for itself, one has to eat in the wild. Penstock suppresses a yawn at his desk.

"Good morning. I can see your patron has made all the necessary arrangements," he says, flipping through your travel papers. "Hm. Don't worry about moving out when your time's up. I think they have made... oh, here it is. Right. Anyway."

Penstock sighs, and heaves a massive stack onto his desk: legal contracts.

"You'll probably want to take a seat."

(You have a 100 CP stipend to purchase a lodging. You will keep your lodging in future jumps, with being possibly inserted into a place in the new land; should there be none, it will be contained in your Warehouse instead.)

Importations (100 CP)

Penstock tilts his head. "Oh? Already got a home? Well, there's a fee to register it, unfortunately. And it's got to be reasonably-sized. Fit in here, you see?"

Key to a Rooftop Shack (100 CP)

Above the city but below the Flit, the rooftops are home to urchins, bats and the occasional citizen who values a view and privacy over warmth and comfort.

Key to a Smoky Flophouse Dormitory (100 CP)

Fleas, noise, smoke, Rubbery Men squealing as they're dragged out back and murdered. But you meet the most fascinating people. Penstock's lips tighten as he explains the possibilities this place offers you- he doesn't find those appealing.

Key to a Lair in the Marshes (100 CP)

This is the place for you. If you're some sort of mycophilic hermit, perhaps. You see strange things out here. "The floods, the floods," Penstock says dreamily. "The waters always rise. But you'll be quite safe, I'm sure."

Key to a Cottage by the Observatory (100 CP)

The blind men at the Observatory sell these, to people who don't mind occasionally being assaulted by predatory fungus in the middle of the night. Penstock grins like a weasel's uncle. "I hope you like spiders," he says. What an odd to say.

Key to your Rooms above a Gambling Den (100 CP)

Noisy when it's open. Noisier when someone forgets to bribe the Constables and they stage a raid. But the conversation's good. Penstock smiles sadly. "Almost I long for the days of the Marvellous. Perhaps you could... nevermind."

Key to your Rooms above a Bookshop (100 CP)

Rooms on three levels above a winding, dusty stair. Lots to read and no shortage of interesting customers. Penstock nods. "You'll go far. Farther than we might have guessed, hm? Any of us. The traveller returning, as it were."

Key to a Tracklayer's Lodging (100 CP)

"It's not strictly "property," you see." says Penstock, with an exhausted sigh. "You can't exactly own things up there in the City. You can't exactly claim a chunk of someone's leg, not nowadays at least. It's only going to be "your" house after you leave." It's... comedically modest, going by Penstock's explanations. But who knows, maybe you want that."

Deed to an Ealing Property (200 CP)

A bit away from London, and fairly luxurious for a mid-sized house. Upper middle class, and the property value keeps rising with the Railway's expansion. Rubberies live in relative peace, here, and Helicon House is always near.

Key to a Tomb in the Colonies (100 CP)

Far away, and fairly scandalous. Cold as the grave, too. Most people would only ever want to go to the Tomb Colonies to wait until a scandal dies away. Perhaps you've got different tastes.

Deed to a Home In Port Cecil (100 CP)

"It's modest-" Penstock admits. "Lots of scintillack in the air, too. But it comes with this other deed entitling you to quite a lot of land. If you're willing to start a business, that could help-there's valuable things there." He pauses. "And lamp-cats."

Key to a Handsome Townhouse (200 CP)

Let's see - graceful, well-appointed, with a respectable address and a number of wide, airy rooms. 'Airy' if they weren't a mile underground, anyway. Penstock is pensive. "The Bazaar values these," he says. "In this it is wise. As in so many matters."

Key to a Flute Street Dwelling (200 CP)

It's a house. Sank a few meters below the others in the Fall, and it's sank a lot more ever since. "It's wet, it's half-ambered." Penstock details. "But it's got all those cauldrons waiting to be used. And a lot of that boneless of neighbor, as well."

Deed to a Decommissioned Steamer (200 CP)

Not a safe place, down by the Unterzee shore. Nor warm. But it's quiet, and offers good opportunities for beachcombing. "Ah, the tides," Penstock sighs. "The moon might not touch this place, but there are... other motives."

A Key Coated In Amber (200 CP)

It's a key to a building in the Roof- a Starved Citadel. The thing is strapped to a stalactite and unbelievably lonely, and has quite a lot of space. Does not come with a dirigible.

Deed to a Sanguine Château (200 CP)

Immensely thick stone. Only a few windows, heavily barred with iron. Byzantine passageways, although less byzantine than the paperwork you'll have to sign to purchase it.

As you discuss the property, Penstock leans back. He scratches his nose. He sneezes, then tucks his dirty handkerchief into his jacket pocket. "Always knew this day would come. Nothing to do now but sort it all out. I'll tell you, this address is prime property. It's got a roommate. You could take him along with the house. He's not a human, just saying."

(The Vicomte de V_____ comes with this property. He is a vampire- an an living, thinking parasitic property law. A former flea on the Bazaar's back, he thirsts for blood and for love, quite literally.)

Key to a Brass Embassy Guest Room (200/500 CP)

Let's see - the luxury is sinful. The staff are always polite. Warm? I'll say it's warm. Good cigars, urbane conversation, and just the slightest possibility of accidental damnation. "As the bee to the flower," observes Penstock. "I can't say they're my favorite clients, but they know when... not to get in the way. By the way, there's an optional, additional fee. Let's see what it's for. Let's see. You'll be required to take a minimum of two thousand and five hundred devils with you, you'll only be allowed to claim it after your stay is over, and you will be entitled to-"

*Penstock's eyes widen. His mouth goes slack. "The **entire** Embassy!?"*

Lengthy Lease to Premises at the Bazaar

"My apologies," Penstock explains. "The Bazaar didn't end up working out this agreement. Not to keep to have something taken off her back like this."

Reservation at the Royal Bethlehem (200/500 CP)

Let's see - there's nowhere like the Royal Bethlehem Hotel. Its luxury is unparalleled: its guests, beyond baroque. Lock your door, or you don't know who you might wake up in bed with. Penstock stamps a form. "I've made all the arrangements. On the standard contract, it'll be added to a future- and equally luxurious- hotel available. On the advanced contract, you get a copy of the whole hotel-" he blinks, and turns towards the table with a frown. It seems the consequences of dealing with your Benefactor are getting to him. "Good luck in there."

Key to a Zee-Znail Retreat (200 CP)

Out by the Prickfinger Wastes, where black waves beat on a blacker shore, your little country retreat awaits you, far from London's perils. The acoustics are extraordinary. Bewary of the resonant delights of singing in the bath. "It may attract zee-beasts," admits Penstock. "But that's a small concern for one of your stature."

Key to a Dripstone-Snared Temple (200 CP)

Enclaves of third-city-ness are preserved here and there within larger London, like inclusions in a jewel. Here is one that has been almost lost to stone's stealthy encroachment. "Old place," says Penstock. "But surprisingly comfortable, I'll tell you. Your bed will be ready in the robing-room. Set your table on the altar-top- no one will mind. No one who matters, at least."

Key to a Republican Territory (200 CP)

"I can't give it a name," Penstock explains. "The blasted thing keeps changing. It's a different place every time I check, so I can't give you any clear descriptions, either. But it's there in the Iron Republic. It's just like the rest of the place. If you've ever wanted a home that's a different address and size every day, this is the one for you."

A Minor Island In The Unterzee (300 CP)

Comes with a shack, a surprisingly not fungus-ridden palm tree, and a lot of sightseeing to do. May be purchased in any region of your choice. "Though you'll have to deal with the screaming, should you settle near the Sea of Voices." Penstock warns. "Just saying."

Redemptions

"Those aren't my specialty." Penstock says, with a sigh. "I'll have to bring in an associate, if that's not too much trouble. Well, let me-"

"I'm here." Someone says, and the both of you jump in your chairs.

"Lilac." Penstock hisses. The woman smiles and waves. Was she here before? "I'm authorized to offer you companions for your stay," the Lady in Lilac says with a smirk.

"Perhaps we can settle on an arrangement that would work for us all."

Importations (100 CP)

"One person, and a large stipend- eight hundred. Or up to seven persons, and a small stipend for each- two hundred. Quite simple."

Exportations (100 CP)

Lilac makes a gesture to Penstock, and he unveils a contract, carrying burning sigils in flame-proof paper. "Authorizes one person to come with you." Lilac says. "As long as they agree, there's no limit. More contracts will come with an additional payment."

Parabolan Panther (100 CP)

"A tortoiseshell-tabby. I know her- she's not very notable beyond her unreasonable fondness for mackerel. Have you seen what she looks like in a mirror?"

Eager Engineer (100 CP)

"This little rat is quite young- perhaps too young. But she's passed all the tests and all call her a prodigy. Perhaps she could be of use."

Starry-Eyed Scoundrel (100 CP)

"A rogue with a fondness for crime and a passion for adventure." Lilac smiles. "I can tell he shan't be bored with you around."

Ermine Assassin (100 CP)

"A survivor of the fighting-rings. Small enough to spiral up a trouser-leg, and cunning enough to do great damage in the process."

Winsome Dispossessed Orphan (100 CP)

Lilac winces. "This one has not fared well recently. A child left all alone, so he had to pick a pocket or two. He hopes you'll find time to look into the matter of his inheritance." She looks at you, and shrugs.

Untried Tracklayer (100 CP)

"From the Surface. An experienced metalworker, an unexperienced Neather. Perhaps, under your wing, he'll survive."

Pious Henchman (100 CP)

"There's a righteous gleam in his one good eye." Lilac says. Penstock shakes his head. "Met the fellow, don't approve. He's that sort- convinced of the existence of a higher plan."

Everyone fits into it somewhere. That kind tends towards the insufferable." Lilac taps her fingers on the table. "It's more than that. Everyone fits into the plan- but if necessary, they can be made to."

Feline Pariah (200 CP)

"This lamp-cat has changed. It is larger- perhaps stranger." she stares at the window of the Agency with an inscrutable look. "It cast away its past allegiances, and walks through the city's shunned places with pride. It curls within the laps of vagrants. It is becoming something the Neath never expected, and finds in this nothing but contentment. Perhaps it will find you pleasing."

The Russet Spindewolf (200 CP)

"The Spindewolf is of Whitsun, a maned wolf with many eyes. She has a knack for the Red Science, and is... not as bound by gravity and space as we humans are. She one of the Courier's children. Her father has made some arrangements; she is open to following you. She is often followed by a Whitsun menagerie- but those are her companions, not yours."

The Precocious Engineer (200 CP)

"An eccentric scion of the Eagle Clan, and a pioneer of that ever-burgeoning field that is the Red Science. Their family underestimates their potential – you should not."

Bengal Tigress (200 CP)

"I know her from old times- she's kept her sharp."

Portable Fingerking Moot (200 CP)

Penstock makes a gesture for Lilac to not talk. "I can give a more unbiased explanation." he says. She frowns, but relents. "This creature is seven Fingerkings possessing a single Parabolian beast." He explains. "It can survive in the Is and in the Is-Not. It will tell you that it debates and considers all viewpoints, but you will find that their deliberations pull inexorably to the same conclusion. I would recommend to be careful around it, but it is definitely an incredible debater."

Knot of Tails (400 CP)

"A thing that never should have been- rats, and snakes, fused into one. Though freed from its ancient prison, it is still trapped in Parabola. But that won't last forever- when it follows you beyond, it'll do so in the light."

The Efficient Commissioner (400 CP)

"Oh dear, she's agreed?" Penstock says. Lilac nods. "She'll be helpful. She has seen quite a few years, you see. She hasn't seen a lot of Londoners she might call her equal."

A Contract (100 CP)

Two envelopes in paper. One smells of spice, and the other of ink. Penstock and Lilac, strangely, do not acknowledge them. You know well what this is- two contracts bound to the Bazaar. Mr Pages, and Mr Spices. The two who wish to escape. Take one, and they will remain unaware- for a minor fee.

Overgoat (600 CP)

"The Overgoat is a powerful being." Lilac says, massaging her forehead. "It is willing to come with you, for a quite large price. Have you heard the rumours? It is spoken in whispers across all of Fallen London. Do not imagine you can hide from it."

Ubergoat (600 CP, requires (and consumes) Overgoat)

"Produced when two Overgoats meet- this resulting Übergoat, is, and I quote, "the goat of which Goethe wrote,"" Lilac seems exhausted. "It has the keenest senses of any known being, with twice the fearsome mien and caprine authority of its lesser parent. Few possess one."

Heptagoat (1000CP, requires (and consumes) Ubergoat)

Lilac says nothing. Notes are left in the table after she and Penstock leave. Something from the Ministry of Public Decency? And a contract, waiting to be signed.

"A further gathering of seven Übergoats, under the right conditions, might further [redacted] and [redacted], the ultimate Caprine Authority, called the Heptagoat. Do not approach if one such even occurs."

Where are you?

The answer is, you aren't. You aren't anywhere.

You haven't opened a doorway that cannot be closed. You haven't entered a castle that hasn't been built. This isn't where the Discordance is studied, because it cannot be studied.

You can't find a little door, which leads into a little room, which you cannot visit now.

The anchoress is not expecting you.

She doesn't hold a cat in her arms. There is not a window here for her to see the sky. It isn't a very small window, outfitted with bars through which she can barely just peep. It is an enormous window, larger than this little room can hold, thrown open to the star-drenched universe.

She doesn't bid you welcome.

Listen to the Silence (100 CP)

You don't hear that which is not said. You don't hear what people didn't say, and you can't find meaning in what is absence. You can't understand things by merely understanding what people omitted, because there is no such understanding.

Steward of the Discordance (600 CP)

There is nothing here.

There is no knowledge of the things that the universe has forgotten. There is no secret of the Discordance, because the Discordance doesn't exist- and if it existed, it would never be here. This isn't a language, because it can't be spoken, and it doesn't have authority, because it can't convey any meaning at all.

It isn't cold, because there is no feeling it can bring. It isn't written in frozen sigils, because it can't be written. and it can't enact Law, because it can't be understood.

This is not a vast power.

The Anchoress (1000 CP)

"Us?"

The anchoress blinks. It's the first time she has said anything.

"Well, I can't say I'd be opposed." says the cat. "Been a long time since we could get out of here. Mind if we bring the place over? But let's get the rest out of the way first."

(The Anchoress and her cat are a Companion. Perhaps the Black isn't the cat. Perhaps not. She isn't the Adulterine Castle, and the Hurlers won't follow you to future settings.)

"Now this is a curious one," says the cat while the anchoress brushes its coat. "A law. Your master asked for this, you know. You know them well, you see, those drawbacks- ouch!"

The cat swipes at the comb.

"Don't pull so hard! Ahem," it says after a moment, collecting itself, "It's action and reaction. You do something, it pushes back; you lose a little, you gain something in return. It's why we were chosen for this."

The cat's eyes are closed, but it opens one to look at you. Then it shuts that eye again, and purrs, as the anchoress starts to pet it. Her touch is the light from the window in which it can soak and sunbathe.

"First, we'll start with the ones only we can offer."

The anchoress snorts.

"This may only hurt a little."

(You may take only one Discordant Law.)

Someone Following You (+600 CP)

"Ah yes, the one that started this nonsense," the cat says, with a chuckle. "Doesn't allow anything singular. The first time it was enacted, that meant another Discordant Law also needed to exist. Still, it has some benefit."

You blink, and turn away.

Nothing has changed with you. Then you look at yourself, and your smile does not waver.

"More Stewards, for instance."

Your childhood freezes and fractures like a smashed mirror.

Before that, your passions, your hopes, your accomplishments, had already broken away from your identity like brittle twigs. Eventually your identity as a person snaps off too, leaving only your identity as yourself.

This last piece is extracted very carefully, like a long glass splinter lodged under your skin (if you had any skin left, that is). You're the one extracting it. You watch yourself lift it between your fingers, sparkling in the light that pours from the window.

You're not here in this room anymore when you cobble yourself back together. You have your own life to live, after all, and you won't just sit around in a cell waiting to live it. But maybe one day you'll catch up with yourself; unless, of course, you manage to catch up with yourself first.

(A Discordant Double of yourself is wandering, somewhere. Just as you are all that they are, they aren't in any way different from you. At the end of the jump, one of you must stay, and one of you must go. Decide who yourself.)

Frozen Thoughts (+400 CP)

"Now this is a curious one," says the cat, languishing in the anchoress' grasp. "Doesn't permit disagree-ments. But what does that mean? Well. It might compel two nations to end a conflict. Or it might generate an alliance to prevent con- flict. Then again, don't people usually have different views? If they become the same person, they'll have the same views. Follow the logic far enough, and you'll combine everything with everything- hey!"

The cat wriggles as the anchoress pulls its ear. You puff- your breath is cold. Why is it so cold? The cold is pouring inside the room. Inside you.

Your skull is chilled inside, as though you've just eaten a very cold sorbet.

A sorbet that grows colder and colder, refusing to melt, refusing to relinquish its frigid grip on your brain. Blood trickles from your nose, flash-frozen instantly. The sensation isn't disagreeable.

It's far from disagreeable. It is the most agreeable sensation in the world. Other things are agreeable too. Things that you might have rejected before. Things that repulsed you, that disgusted you, that curdled your morals and turned your stomach.

You're much more agreeable yourself. Why, people might give you anything, simply because. And you might give them anything too, simply because you've read a law that dictates that you must.

"Oh my." the cat says, settling back into position and staring fixely at you. "Well, now you can see why this Discordant Law is forbidden. If kings can't fight, why have kingdoms?"

The cat explained it, but you don't get it. Choosing this Law was a good idea. It was a very agreeable idea.

(At times, you will become highly agreeable and open to suggestion- and so will everyone around you. You would agree with anything that someone told you, and go along with it, and people might go along with any whim you might be having at the moment, whims that you don't find it in yourself to disagree with. This is dangerous, as you might easily guess.)

Another Mouth (+200 CP)

"Some time ago, some interlopers came by in the Hurlers, and this one Law had its grammar damaged. It used to prevent a single mouth from voicing opposing ideas. Typically by removing a speaker's mouth entirely, or by spawning additional mouths. You can imagine the possibilities. But when you snip bits from a law, cut and paste them, you can't expect it to mean the same thing anymore, can you?"

The Anchoress shrugs her shoulders.

"She's right," says the cat. "As usual."

Something is wrong. The cat turns away, and the Anchoress winces- You can't understand this Law that is being offered to you. Someone has defaced the sigils

Luckily, your other mouths can read them for you.

Not that they read anything aloud, of course. These mouths don't have throats or lungs or tongues attached. They open where your pores should be: hundreds gulping like goldfish. Thou- sands, now. How many pores do you have? Well, the number is growing smaller by the second, because they're all becoming mouths.

You stagger away from the cat and the Anchoress, covering your eyes (which are mouths) with your palms (which are teeming with mouths). You can't see anything, naturally, with mouths for eyes, and perhaps it's for the best.

When you're unable to see the sigils, the mouths begin to close. Soon they are all sealed again, flush with your flesh, completely unnoticeable.

Except one.

For now.

"Don't worry, it isn't on your face."

(During your stay on Fallen London, many, many, many mouths will open on your body at the most inopportune of times. They tend towards hungry- they may have wills of their own. They bite.)

Drawbacks

"Hm, are we done here?" the cat whispers. The Anchoress shakes her head. "No? Ah, yes, the rest. Well, they can have the list. I want to take a nap."

(There is no limit to how many Drawbacks you can take. Imported companions can take 800 CP at most.)

Troubled By Vermin (+100 CP)

It looks like you may have a rat problem at home. Rat bandits, in fact! They are organised, well-armed, and innumerable- no matter how much blood you spill or how many you sway off your home, more will arrive. You will never be able to rid yourself of them in this jump- it's best if you expect your larder to remain empty for at least ten years.

Hell's Hounded (+100/200/400 CP)

Hell has its eyes on you. For 100 CP, this is a mere trifle; a devil or deviless (you don't get to choose) has taken a shine to you and covets your soul. You cannot be rid of them, and they will constantly hound you for it; and in fact, they are far more persuasive than you might think. Should you slip, and be left with a scar in your wrist and that horrible emptiness, you must recover your soul before the ten years are over, or you else will fail your chain.

For 200 CP, the Brass Embassy has marked you as a target of interest; they will spy on you, investigate you, and otherwise be significant nuisance; taking any opportunity to bring you (and your soul) into their hands. Should you refuse them for long enough, they will become violent; remember the Infernal Hunt? That is a likely possibility.

For 400 CP, Hell has marked you as a true enemy. They will oppose you under any circumstances, spend any resource they have to hound you, undermine you, destroy you. Devils will spread rumours and move to sway all of London into hatred of your own person, and the Church will not serve as a refuge; London has waged war on Hell before, and even Southwark not intent on doing it again without a significant amount of improvement to their military might. Should you have taken the **Grand** perk, this drawback must be taken at the maximum level, for no points- Hell will do anything, anything to destroy their former rulers before a counter-revolution can be done.

Struggling With That Artist (+100 CP)

A certain Struggling Artist hounds you incessantly. He constantly asks you to borrow some money, and he never makes anything with it- a few days and he's asking for more. He never stop turning up at your lodgings to beg for help unless you find him employment a job close to you- and even if you do so, he will pester there you anyway and not ever do a single minute's worth of labor- unless, of course, that labor is poetry or artistic renditions of something- he's competent in that at least, though no less annoying.

During your stay on this jump, nothing can possibly kill him permanently, and you cannot distance yourself from him for long; even if the Roof falls on all of our heads he will rise from the rubble to ask you for a loan once again. After the jump ends, you may bring him with you for free, if you so wish.

Walksies Goden, Talksies Boden (+100 CP)

Habs the goden, a most capering jumpsy. Powb as Raggedy Men, goden the Topsy. Dab with cufft, or hairby or spittle! That's you. That's what you sound like. For the duration of this jump, you are cursed to speak only in Topsy-Talk- half thieves' cant, half pure madness.

!kathakathoti! (+100 CP, Incompatible with Walksies Goden, Talksies Boden)

Like a Rubbery Man, you can only speak in burbling sounds. Prepare yourself for hand gestures aplenty, mucus-filled questions, or sometimes just plainly writing it out, which can sometimes be awkward.

Bandaged, Justly (+100 CP)

You are terribly scarred. Some accident rendered you utterly disfigured, or perhaps you were just burn ugly. Either way, this warrants bandages and a prolonged stay in the Colonies- and quite a bit of ostracization.

Your Own Infernal Contract (+100 CP, incompatible with Hell's Hounded)

Yes. Well. You appear to have parted with your soul. All those emotions are so much less troublesome now. Love, guilt, joy, misery, inconvenient things like that. Perhaps you encountered a particularly persuasive devil. Perhaps you simply needed the money. In any case, some devil somewhere has it.

It doesn't matter- for the duration of this jump, you will never see it again. An inexplicable feeling of loss gnaws at your heart.

Unnaccountably Peckish (+100 CP)

You are hungry. Damnably hungry. You need something rare. Something rich and red. If it were still moving, perhaps? You spy a passerby- oh God yes. You're salivating. It's difficult to stop. The hunger will only grow through your ten years, and you will never be rid of it.

Plagued by a Popular Song (+100 CP)

One of the many dangers of Fallen London - or at least Mahogany Hall - is that sometimes, when a song gets stuck in your head for too long, your weasels start exploding. And now, it's here! That popular song, a dastardly song! It will not leave your head for love nor money! *"Twixt and 'tween the Labyrinth coils, the Tiger Keeper's preening! Gift him jade and be on your way- Pop! goes the weasel!"*

Pop! There went one of your weasels. Poor little chap- ah, bloody hells, it's started up again.

Oi, longshanks! (+100 CP)

Your windows! Who broke your windows? Is that a sock? Is that a brick inside of it?

Urchins won't stop heckling you. They'll steal your hat, they'll leave mean pranks- they'll throw rocks at you when you go outside. What have you done to earn this enmity? Does it really matter? You are forbidden from harming them, either way.

The Starveling Cat, the Starveling Cat! (+100 CP)

Louder than a dog! Taller than a rat!"

It knows your chains! It laughs at your hat!

Stays with you for ten years flat!

You cannot touch it! It knows all of that!

Unrepentant Surfer (+200 CP)

To you, the Neath is nothing a hole in the ground with a grand name. Fallen London! The wretched corpse of the queen of cities! You are European as it gets, and fiercely hate all the strangeness of the underground. You can never return to the Surface; but you can surely bring the Neath closer to it, no?

Slandered! (+200 CP)

Some fool continues to publish a column besmirching your good name in that despicable *rag* of theirs! They continue to publish wretched lies, and no matter how deserving of a retaliation they are, you cannot find nor can you harm them. Neither can you crush their business- it is surprisingly profitable for something so riddled with lies. Curse it all!

The Gods of the Zee (+200/300/400 CP)

You have been cursed by a a god of the Zee- Salt, Stone, or Storm. You may take this multiple times, gaining an additional 100 CP each time, though be warned that each curse added will also makes the others greater- and you don't want all three gods cooperating for the sake of your demise.

- **Storm's Wrath** stirs the tides, brings furious winds to destroy you. His wrath churns the waves and launches them against you. Winds smash down reefs and sandbars to block your way or even to smash you- beware the waves before they swallow you whole.
- **Salt's Curse** is unsubtle and brutal. When you return home to your loved ones, you may find only blood in the floor- and the words, carved into the walls. "Traveller returning."
- **Stone's Reach** cannot be taken if you are already one of those few who do not hold her blessing- Snuffers and Rubbery Men are both exempt. You are no longer immortal, and your physique has begun to wither as your vitality is sapped. The beasts of the Zee, even those tame and uncaring, will throw themselves in your path. It is as if life itself hates you.

Jack! Jack! (+200 CP)

Jack, the premier serial murderer of London, has an interest on you. He will strike at you when you least expect it, and you will never be rid of him permanently. Not only this, but sometimes, so will your acquaintances- a knife having found their way into their hands, making them Jack as well- if only for a little while until you tear the blasted thing off their hands.

A Proposal from a Man of Business (+200 CP)

Some wicked criminal has enlisted you as an agent of the major players in London's underworld. Choose one of the following:

- **The Widow:** Smuggling. A whole lot of smuggling. Crates ferried off through and into the Khanate, evading the attention of the Constables, the dock-guards, and, for the most dangerous ones, the White-and-Golds. Occasionally, demands: oriental trade routes kept safe and protected. Those deemed likely to put up a resistance visited and *dissuaded*. Collections, an inventory written in advance. But she rewards your loyalty.

- **The Cheery Man:** Troublesome rulebreakers in the criminal underworld dealt with. Enforcement of codes and oaths. Packages that need shipping through dangerous routes, from and to distant territories of the Unterzee. Crates that whisper and shine with the glow of the sun. Sometimes, you are told to walk neighbourhood by neighbourhood, gathering all the valuables to the local pub. But he does not break his oaths.
- **The Topsy King:** Bizarre and confusing commands. Raids on arthouses and thefts of precious oil paintings. Heists of valuable collections. Symphonies nicked from vaults and conducted on the Flit. Perhaps a game of cards, later. Commands to beg on the streets for a while, or to run with urchins through the rooftops. So many rats in the food. So many. But he protects his friends.

Orthos Is Coming! (+200 CP)

The esteemed Doctor Orthos himself has judged your work worth perusing. If you remain unaware Orthos is a notorious pirate-archaeologist, who scientific expeditions typically involve following other archaeologists to dig sites, stealing their discoveries, and publishing them as his own. He is an academic, faced with the typical academic dilemma- aware that his career trajectory is based on a quantitative rather than qualitative body of work, he turned to vapid and repetitive studies of little merit, plagiarism, and piracy.

A nemesis, he is not, you have far greater irons in fires beyond his imagination, and lot- but he remains a dangerous person, with quite a few agents and a whole Fleet of Truth at his beck and call- and death never seems to bother him much, either.

The Maze of Honeys (+200 CP)

You are a hopeless honey-addict. You cannot help it- you are a slave to the wicked substance. More than often you will spend whole days half asleep, half-awake, steeped in sweet dreams while your body rants and raves.

Happily Ever After (+200 CP)

Did someone slip something into your morning tea? A yellowish, strange substance has taken root in your mind- moon-milk.

Upon taking this Drawback, you will lose all knowledge of having taken it until its effect activates. Afterwards, the first person that you see will be afflicted by a curse- your love, that being. You will fall in love with that person, a lasting obsession that would drive you to end your very life should you be separated for long. As all moon-milk obsessions, this will last for seven years flat.

An Infant Curator, Provisionally Known as Mr Transport (+200 CP)

It seems that Mr Spices' progeny has latched onto your person. It considers you its second parent and dedicated transport, and will not ever see itself separated from your person for more than twelve hours a day- hours that it will spend with Spices itself. The usual recommendation would be to be rid of it before it starts teething- but that's not a possibility here, is it?

Menaced (+200/300/400/500 CP)

You are incredibly susceptible to one of the Neath's dangers. Choose one or more, though further curses will give less rewards.

- **The Walls are Wrong:** Even the barest hint of dark secrets sends you sobbing. Shadows blink at you, and you shudder in fright when you hear even the most minuscule tale of terror. Horrors and nightmares await in every corner. Incursions of red and gold breach your dreams, and you are powerless to resist. Expect long stays at the Royal Beth.
- **A Wretched Recidivist:** You have a long and storied criminal record. It's doesn't accompany any sort of criminal reputation as anything but a massively incompetent bandit, and the law's eyes are all focused on you; minor offenses that any fair judge would let pass are grounds for a hanging. Expect the most brutal of prosecutors and a defence that's long since given up on keeping you out of New Newgate.
- **Bleeding Heart:** You have a bad case of brittle-bones. The slightest blow sends you reeling. Any wound you receive bleeds profusely until healed. You frequently fumble your stitches and tear sutures open. Your organs seem to await an excuse to come pouring out of your body- and so on. Many visits to the Boatman await you; in addition to this, you are a complete woodpusher. Just horrendous at chess; so, expect many hours of gambling with a grinning skull staring at you.
- **Unjustifiable Offense:** You may be the most scandalous person in London. Utterly loathed by the establishment for offenses whose extent no one's even sure of- is there a single socialite you have yet to offend? Even the mildest rumours of associating with you could destroy someone's reputation by association!

A Game Of Chess (+300 CP, incompatible with The Pursuit of Supremacy)

The Beleaguered King and Bloody-Handed Queen demand you take a side in their game. Red or White? The choice is yours, but you will choose one. As such, your Chessboard allegiance is locked to your choice for the remained of the Jump, with Black being beyond your grasp.

The Red-Handed Queen leads the Red side. She is ruthless, powerful, and self-serving above all else, but rewards her followers with great wealth and power- she will expect you to pursue your own self-interest at all times, betraying and destroying whoever you need to advance your own interest. She has great disdain for rules- in her tourneys, the ones who follow the code of law without any exceptions, without cheating, are often the ones that attract her wrath.

The Beleaguered King leads the White side. He believes in order, honor, and natural law above all else. The King is the devotee of the status quo and of the zee-god Storm, to whom he swears fealty. A melancholic and contemplative individual, he scrupulously obeys law and order and respects his promises, and will expect you to do the same.

Not only are you obligated to serve the values of your chosen side, the agents of the opposite side will go out of their way to make trouble for you; and you will be punished for acting in accordance to your enemy's values.

A Victim of Frequent Betrayals (+300 CP)

Your acquaintances just haven't been all too kind to you, of late. For some wicked, cruel reason, they will take whatever chance they can to stab you in the back. Imagine, an honest plea for healing, and you find that's no healing ointment! You rip your bandages off, to find the affected area swollen and covered in pustules. You've been poisoned! Betrayed! Curse the lot of them!

The Man who Stole the Sun (+300 CP)

You are addicted to sunlight. You can't go back, but Dear God, you miss the sun. Your dreams are of summer. Blue sky. Green grass. Other primary colours in the proper place. None of this black and grey. And none of this sodding *beige*.

You'd do anything to see the sun again, but for now, those mirrorcatch boxes will have to suffice. Open the box. Let it bathe you. Its warmth is long-needed sleep, clear crystal air, a lover's embrace – argh! Damn it. Expect to end the jump with quite a few terrible lesions on your skin. But oh, the Sun, the Sun...

Unravelling (+300 CP)

One frayed thread too many, and the strands beneath your fingers are snapping. Searching down the loose stitches of destiny can be dangerous- and that danger has arrived. The Seven-Serpent will look down at you. Not with pity, nor disgust. It will simply observe.

You will be unmade. A future event is yet to happen, and is coming dangerously close to not coming to pass at all. Should it be prevented, you too will cease to exist- a death beyond all recovery, your destiny closed off from ever manifesting. It is difficult to properly nail down what exactly this event is, but you will have strange dreams about it- better hope that's enough.

Seeing Through Eyes of Peligin (+300 CP)

You have an outlook that sees only monsters. Not to say you see enemies everywhere- it's just that your chief priority is to find new monsters. You have a fierce urge to test yourself against the beasts of the Neath, and not a day goes where you don't seek some new and fascinating foe. Perhaps this will end with your death. You'd say it will end with your glory.

The Final Call (+300 CP)

As a Midnight Whale or a dying zee-beast, you are drawn to the Gant Pole. The Pole is a gigantic calcified heart, and the place where the creatures of the Unterzee go to perish- it possesses a powerful attractive force that calls out to any being nearing the end of its life, from the largest of behemoths to the simple humans. The Pole's pull extends beyond the Neath, and can even attract people from the Surface- and now, you.

It will constantly beckon in you ears, and should you fail to resist its pull for even one second too long, you might find yourself in center of the stone heart that makes up the Pole, one day. In that place, there is a vast pool of gant- should you gaze upon it, no force in the world or worlds will be able to prevent you from leaping within- and from that you will never return, your life and your chain lost to the devoured colour.

Silver-Eyed Silas (+300 CP/+500 CP, Incompatible with Fingerking origin)

A Fingerking has challenged you for your body! For 200 CP, each party has to struggle for control in a contest of willpower. The Fingerking's will is always relatively equal to yours, so it's a sure bet it'll be in control every now and then (unless you find a way to end your dispute permanently). Be warned that it will not agree to been given another body- it will only settle for yours.

For 500 CP, however, the Fingerking has already claimed your flesh, having went on to live your life and your place. It has all powers that you have obtained in this Jump, and has gathered enough information on your adventures and in your mannerisms to convincingly pretend to be you; your Companions will always be fooled, and are convinced that for this

jump, you are locked out of your otherworldly abilities; any further acquaintances will be equally unaware, even if they possess a long-running acquaintance with the dream-serpents. Before the jump ends, you will need to settle your accord with it, and recover your old body- or it will march forward without you, claiming your place in the chain.

Blackglass (+300 CP)

Three shadows lurk and stare at you between the glass. The Mottled Man, the Red Bird, and the Serpent-Handed. The God-Eaters stalk your soul, which they believe will sate them eternally; and they will stop at nothing to have it. Protect your dreams, turn your sights toward Xibalba. This hungry debacle will have to be settled- one way or another.

Ka-kaw! Ka-kaw! (+300 CP)

Gaider's Mourn has a bounty on your head. These twisted pirates heed the call of their Blue Prophets, the birds that guide them on what target to seek- and now, those birds have screamed of your own demise. Expect stragglers and privateers to hound you incessantly.

Poisoner's Progress (+300 CP)

You have agreed to participate in the leagues of Mr Hearts' game- not as a player, though. As a target. Your days shall be full of novel attempts of poisoning, and sometimes simple stabbings or prospects of being ran down on the streets by a tomb-colonist who justifies it with the fact that her carriage's bladed wheels are poisoned. Why, one day someone will blow up your house from a mile away and claim the shrapnel is covered with some insidious toxin. And you can't even fight back. The nerve!

Besieged By Wax (+300 CP)

Pirates seek you, and they wear strange masks. A terrible ship stalks your own, and a mourner's fleet of privateers accompanies it. And the greatest of horrors- the vety Wax-Wind seeks you! It will not stop until you are dead, one way or another. Have you offended the Prester's servants? Does it truly matter? A Sacristan (not the Second, not the Fifth, but a Sacristan still) leads Nidah's fleet, and his orders come from the College of Mortality. Whatever your crime, see it struck from the record, or bring the fleet to defeat- or one way or another, you shall fall before the Prester's hands.

Captivated (+300 CP)

You have been drawn into the orbit of the Captivating Princess, youngest child of the Traitor Empress. Her tastes are both debauched and refined. She will demand honey, company, treasures from far shores. Fulfill her every whim, sate her every hunger. At the end, a final demand- take her with you. That, and only that, will be left to your choice.

Little Favours (+400 CP)

Sometimes, the Fathomking grants boons to zailors and other petitioners. He often asks for tribute, but in this case, in exchange for this little grant, he only has a number of little requests; Fulfill them before jump's end, or be annihilated.

"Bring me a nightmare that blots the sky."

"Bring me an angel from heaven."

"Bring me a willing guest from another world, a world truly beyond ours, to stay with me forever."

"Witness the end of an era. Bring me word."

"Bring me something that never existed, something that doesn't exist, and something that can't exist."

"And bring me something scientific. Modern. Cutting-edge, I believe, is the term. My Bride enjoys that sort of thing."

Master's Meddling (+400 CP)

Not content with their previous arrangements with your Benefactor, the Masters have wrangled some concessions out of you as well.

They will frequently use you as a player in their games, and you will have no option but to follow to the best of your capabilities- vanquish this nuisance for Veils, steal this rare text for Pages, retrieve those shiny jewels for Stones! At least they pay decently well, you suppose.

Heaven-Bound (+400/600 CP)

Bound! You have been restricted by the rule of the Sky. The Judgements themselves have enacted this Law, and all those who enter this reality from another will find themselves having lost all power that they earned in other world. Affects all your Companions as well, and cannot be taken by multiple people, or your first Jump. For an additional 200 CP, you may surrender the powers of all your items as well.

Animescence (+400 CP, incompatible with Coruscating Majesty)

Animescence is a rare disease of the Elder Continent, one that you have now contracted. It is a slow combustion of the soul, gradually baking the vital organs. Symptoms generally include a crippling high fever, injury to vital organs, severely dry skin, and wayward passions, culminating in spontaneous metaphysical combustion (and now, chain failure).

Passion, in any form, will speed up the disease's progress, so it's best if you make an effort to remain as apathetic as possible. Of course, being passionless is easier said than done; in your case, none of your foreign protections shall block its progress; assume that all out-of-setting perks and abilities capable of regulating or suppressing your emotional state disabled.

Look Always To Love (+400 CP, incompatible with The Pursuit of Supremacy)

As Penstock and Lilac, you are afflicted by a curse worse than any chain or binding- you are hopelessly in love with the Echo Bazaar.

Not only will you fight for her cause, run in search of her love stories and assist her in all her goals, you will be afflicted by a truly all-consuming need for her affections (what little scant ones she can give). Enjoy running on errands, calming her erratic moods, and trying desperately to not get melted into lacre. But hey, Penstock deals with it.

Endebted (+400/500 CP)

You have settled into the exact same position as the Bazaar by the end of a certain Vake-Hunter's adventure, only, it is not you who is the creditor. You owe the Bazaar the vast sum of four million echoes. Pay it by jump's end, or see your very being liquidated.

An alternative is another strange commitment, but no less challenging- it pays a little more, as a result. By legitimate means (be it labour or donations), earn seven million, seven hundred and seventy-seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven Hinterland Scrip-

and then burn it all on a pyre before the Creditor by the jump's end. Show it that you are truly devoted as an arsonist of lesser currencies.

Serpent-Sought (+400 CP, incompatible with Silver-Eyed Silas)

You cannot sleep or visit Parabola in your stay here. Should you do so, the Fingerkings will flock to your location, march their armies to whatever camps you have made, and make their best attempt to kill you- Boils, Knots and Catastrophes united in the cause of rendering you nothing but a memory.

THE SUN THE SUN THE SUN THE SUN (+500 CP, incompatible with The Pursuit of Supremacy)

Something pulses behind your eyes. When you close them, you see only light. You are imbued with a constantly positive mood, regularly complimenting, reassuring, and accepting those in their company with little hesitation; you are jovial when speaking and discreet when needed; you serve the New Sequence with tireless devotion.

You are now a Sequencer. A servant, loyal to the Dawn Machine. You work to spread the faith of the Machine to all, with decidedly religious devotion; while you can function well enough in ordinary society, your goals have changed. Thankfully, this will all go away when the Jump ends, and your Companions are not affected. Also, do not worry about the Machine tagging along against your will. That's not allowed.

The Pursuit of Supremacy (+600 CP)

You are close to one given faction of the Neath, and you must see to it that your chosen faction rises to prominence in your ten years. You may take only one.

- **Rule Britannia:** The British Empire will rise again! London must become the dominant power of the Neath for sure.
- **The Eagle Soars:** You are loyal to one clan of the Khanate, and you must see the others crushed or brought to subservience, the Khanate unified, and the jewel of the Zee above all others.
- **Hellfarer (incompatible with Hell's Hounded):** An infernal future must materialize. London's repository of souls seized or at least mostly Hellish in possession; the Surface nations tempted, and swayed into closer relations with the infernal.
- **The Thirteenth Month:** Though you need not to materialize the Liberation of Light, you must work for it tirelessly for all your stay- ensuring the success of the Calendar's many plots and advancing the Great Work.
- **The Pact of the Orts (incompatible with Silver-Eyed Silas and Serpent-Sought):** Serpents broken away from mirrors, silver-eyed men and women crowding the streets; perhaps even greater heights, the border of the Is and Is-Not annihilated. The Seventh Coil freed from its prison, the Cats' dominion over Parabola utterly shattered- the Dome of Scales ensured to be in the hands of its rightful owners.
- **The Eighth Sacristan (incompatible with Besieged by Wax):** Serve the Prester as his holy butler. Destroy the Seven Against Nidah, and annihilate all threats to the College of Mortality's dominion over the Neath. As a minor reward, you shall be allowed to step into Nidah at the end of your ten years- perhaps even glimpse the Garden.

The Loom of Fate

Pick out a point where warp and weft meet. Where are you?

(These are futures and presents, alterations to the London you know. Choose only one. Companions cannot take these.)

A Creditor's Wrath (+400 CP)

An early awakening- and a crueler one. The Masters struggle to de-escalate the situation, and this time it will accept no mere currency, so definite its fury. It calls for its long-awaited payment, and the Bazaar panics and screams. It has no definite way to claim, at least until the Merchant buried deep under Jericho Locks awakens. But the earth stirs and rumbles, and the Hinterlands tremble.

If this deal is not resolved, it'll for sure bring it all crashing down.

A Co-Conspiracy of Mr Fires (+400 CP)

Mr Fires has succeeded on its plot- someone allied with Mr. Fires and gave it the Hybrid in exchange for a truly enormous diamond. London is immersed with tales of false love; ensnared by hybrid moonmilk, persons noble and common fall in love with lengths of chain, valets, strangers in the street. Take care with the water supply. It is most definitely poisoned.

The Glorious Counterrevolution (+500 CP, gives no points if taken with Grand)

The Grand Devils have returned. The Prince, Virginia's former lover, unlocked and freed from his prison. The Dowager raises herself up, roaring in fury and casting off the court that settles in her corpse. The Vintner reassembles herself, the Brazen Brigade soaring to her cause, raising the trumpets of war. The Drummer makes amends with the Fingerkings, and escapes its prison- it mounts a two-pronged assault from the inside of Parabola, though it yet promises the Church in the Wild its eternal protection.

Mount Palmerston has restored the Chandler; freed from its glass prison, it laughs atop the volcano. The Mandolinist retsted his instrument, freed of agony and flying free from the Walls of Hell, no longer impaled on a pillar by a thousand viol bows. The Piper emerges from the bottom of the gorge at Henlys, not too far off the Moloch line. They all march, and they all march together to retake their throne. The Hinterlands shall be engulfed with war- and you shall be involved, one way or another.

A Brilliant Future (+600 CP, incompatible with The Man who Stole the Sun,)

The Roof came crashing down. A bright hole adorns the ceiling of the cave. Sunlight streaming in as through a window. You are home.

London is a little smaller than it used to be; some districts are marked as off-limits. But there is still plenty to see. The sun shines on Tyrant's Gardens. The flowers are in bloom – lily of the valley, marigolds, even exotic orchids.

You are as you should be, or closer to it. These days, you only feel like yourself under the warm gaze of the Sun.

A Ruinous Future (+1000 CP, incompatible with all other Drawbacks)

Something destroyed London. It doesn't matter what the catastrophe was - there's several different ways it could have come about- but the people who remain there are stuck without food, resources, or hope. This future is ruined. Broken. Without potential. A Neath irreparably destroyed.

The citizenry barely holds themselves together, seeking chunks of other beings to repair their own wounds- some are nothing but ambulatory corpses, and some cannot even move. Some are too far gone even to eat. They hoard a little food, to trade for trinkets- but nothing is worse than starving but being unable to die. Again and again they bandage themselves- to the point of numbness. And through use, the bandages become frayed to dust. But there's only so much linen left in London.

Even the vermin are gone. Starved, vanished, fled. Sometimes you find piles of tiny bones, arranged into trails. Not much light is left to see them with, either. The false-stars above are so dead that even their shed scales are decomposing.

Your powers are gone, as well. You are so much less then you were before. You realize the truth- this future cannot be fixed. This future cannot be repaired.

All is lost. You are home.

...there is something else.

Seeking Mr Eaten's Name (777 CP, incompatible with all other Drawbacks)

Nothing good will come of this. But you are always and still a moth to folly's candle.

A Departure

The House of Chimes resounds. Twelve o' clock.
You've made it. Ten years of the Neath. What now?

Home Sweet Home

Yes, perhaps visit the other London. Off to your homeland you go.

A True Denizen of the Neath

Perhaps congratulations are in order. Perhaps they are not. Regardless, the Neath is more
your home now than any other place ever was.

TRAVELLER RETURNING

Yes. Beyond. Who can say what truly lies beyond the horizon?