

TURNIP 28

Good lord, what is even happening here?!

Let's just. Start from the beginning, such as is known about it.

A thousand years ago, some twat in a hat named Napoleon Bonaparte fought the Battle of Austerlitz for reasons that no longer matter, and lost it for reasons no one is sure made sense. At some point during this battle, a mutant tuber grew out of control until it utterly destroyed European civilisation, and turned most of Europe into a marshy hellscape.

All that still lives has eaten so much of it to survive, almost all life has mutated into deformed animal-tuber hybrids.

Nothing else grows now, and endless war has left technology stunted and stagnant. The water is poisoned, the sky is filled with an acrid mist and humanity barely endures in bizarre religious orders that are little more than crude parodies of long-gone armies. Driven by divine visions sent by the root, their rumbling bellies, and whatever nonsense hobbies they pick up to pass the time.

Your first impression of this new world will likely be one band of unhinged, filthy hooligans charging another band of confused, completely lost root vegetable farmers currently stuck in a bog. Somehow, both armies will terrify each other and suffer massive casualties after eating their own men and running away in different directions. Unless they get stuck in the mud, and fall over.

In the grim dampness of the 28th century, there is only idiocy. And root vegetables.

...here's 1000 CP.

Locations

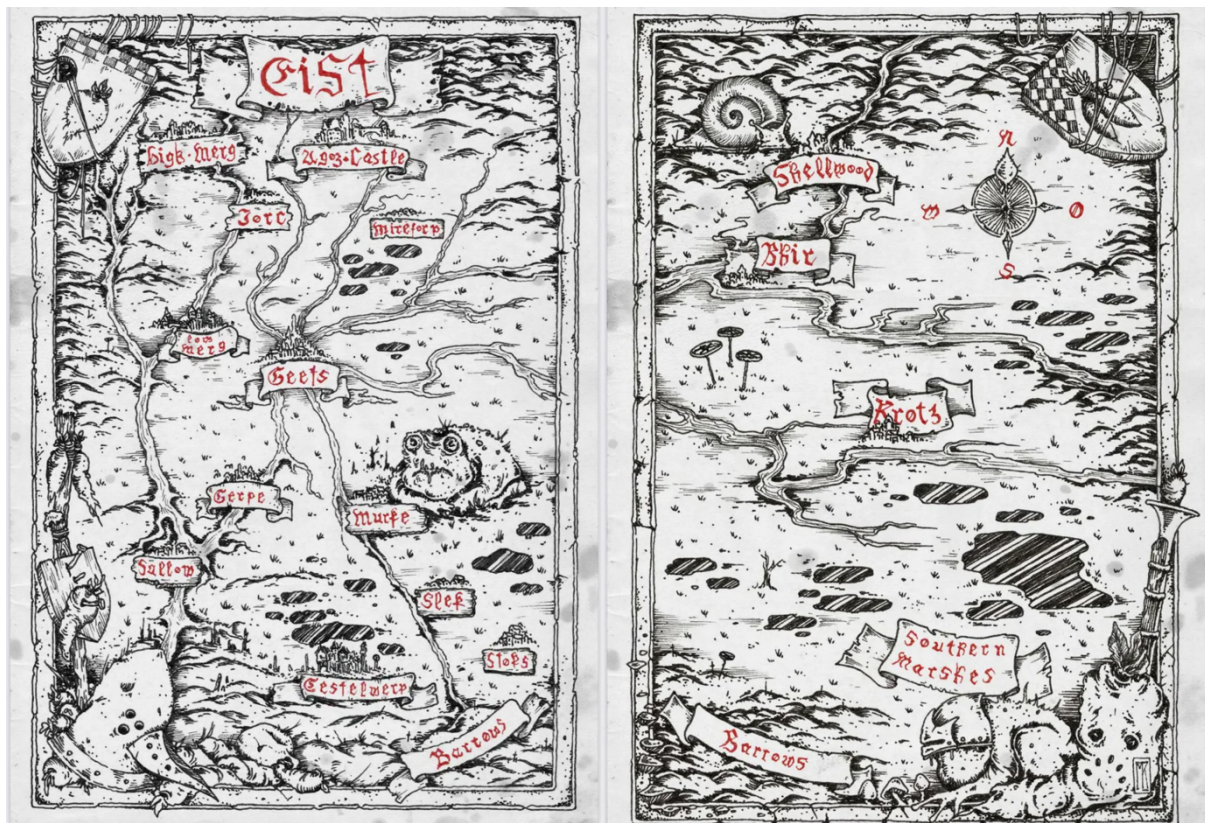
You? You can start over there.

Or over here, if you want.

Or somewhere else.

Look, you're in a mysterious grassy, smelly, wet country named Cist. Some say it has a decrepit capital city of Geets where huge walls loom over a hundred smaller citadels. But pretty much everywhere you go is the same as everyone else. Where there is civilisation, there tends to be rapturous expressions of religious fervour, REALLY enthusiastic cheesemaking, or some other nonsense liable to make men dress fancy and shout loudly. Some buildings have reached a surprising level of scale and complexity, but the funk of madness and decay is present on all of them. Where there is wilderness, it is liable to be filled with oversized crabs, snails and other critters far more adapted to the marsh than humanity ever will be. Some of it is imported, and not everything that moves is strictly *animal*.

You can start wherever you want. It's all going to go squish anyway.



~~Age and Gender~~ Social Status

Listen, LISTEN. Everyone here goes around wearing oversized hats, armor, wrappings, or some combination of all the above anyway. And as for age, there are elderly woman leading bands of veterans. There are newborn...things, that can barely remember what “up” is. Oh, and don’t forget everyone has roots for flesh anyway. Age and gender are more habits and aesthetics than anything. Just look at the parade of what are *mostly* people here:



It just doesn't matter anymore. Hell, be whatever age or gender you were last jump.

You know what actually matters, though? How socially acceptable it is to yell orders at people and wear a fancy hat. Select one of the following below:

Fodder (Free): GET BACK IN LINE! You are somewhere between a herd animal and a peasant. Or possibly a court jester. There are no expectations for you except to charge when ordered to charge, show up vaguely to musters, and possibly pay your taxes when the local lord remembers they even exist. Which isn't often, but still. Most of you are going to die, and die young. Most of you are also cheerfully irreverent about this, blinded by faith in some higher power, enlightened by eldritch revelation or just really excited to get some exercise. Being fodder *should* be suffering but frankly, most of you lack the common sense to actually comprehend why.

Until the threat of war is right in front of you, anyway.

Toady (Free): There are certain people in this setting who matter. Either by clinging to some badly mangled echo of social hierarchy, sheer competence, or being the only lad in a regiment willing to speak for the rest. Or some other stupid reason. Collectively, they're called Snobs. You're the more common kind of Snob, a sort of bootlicking middle manager who does everything from run errands to coddle whoever's actually in charge. Your job is thankless, demanding and often absurd. Fortunately, in times like this there's very little oversight for it that matters anyway.

Toff (Free): Well, well, aren't we fancy. You're the closest this soggy mess of a world has to real aristocrats, a glorified cult leader, a relatively charismatic military leader of...man-like things, a Snob's Snob! That's right, you're a Toff. Some lordly Toffs rule from lofty castles and (theoretically) command (notional) vast tracts of land. Others lead confused warbands in circles until they fall into a pond. There are two reasons this doesn't cost more. The first is Toffs are commonly held to be responsible for participating in "Toff-offs" in which they duel another military leader for supremacy. The second is that few Toffs are actually *good* at their job(?).

Perks

Here's a great heaping load of STUFF people here can do, meaning "people" in the loosest sense of the term. There are farm animals that are great war veterans, and Toffs who literally need to be carried from battlefield to battlefield lest they have emotional meltdowns. As such, everyone gets one perk from each price tier here discounted by 50%. Discounted 100 CP perks become free.

Headgear Proficiency (100 CP): It is an unspoken constant of this world that no matter your faction or beliefs, any soldier of renown should wear a big and impressive hat. By internalising this principle, you are now *never* inconvenienced by your headgear and are always able to fight as effectively with it on as if you were barefaced. Helmet larger than you are laid upon you? Your neck is fine, you can breathe easily and you're moving just as quickly. Hell, stack on two helmets while you're at it.

Commander Oinkers (100 CP): You would expect *literal farm animals* to be harder to corral than even the dumbest recruits, but that's not actually true for you in particular. You see, *somehow* you can communicate with chickens, goats, snails and other animals effectively and precisely enough to order them around in the heat of battle. You even come across as a respected military authority to ordinary creatures! Their instincts may still take over once battle is joined, but their willingness to go where you tell them still sets them above some of the fodder you can find here. To a lesser extent, you can convince more unusual and deadly animals to be slightly less prone to killing you.

Mud Grubbing Mud Grubber (100 CP): Scavenging and graverobbing are a matter of life you've long accepted here. You're better than the average battlefield veteran at spotting weapons, stripping armour and otherwise snatching useful stuff fallen on the battlefield then restoring it for your own use. You won't miss things buried under shallow mud or even hidden inside living things as long as there's even the *slightest* bulge that could signal profit, and know all sorts of tricks for scrubbing the rust off blades or barrels.

Born of the Marsh (100 CP): You can travel over sweltering swamps, murky marshes, quarrelsome quicksand and similarly viscous mixtures of earth and water as easily as you can travel over land. Why exactly is open to interpretation. You might have mutated webbed feet. You might know a secret sort of marsh-hopping dance. You might just have really long legs. This is a strange little world, and the obvious answer is not always the correct one.

Caring Cult Leader (100 CP): Just because you lord over men and spend their lives like pocket change doesn't mean you have to be *rude* about it. You have a real good knack for seeing to the needs of those fighting at your side or under your banner, for motivating them when the going gets tough and for sensing when too much is too much for them. You're even good at things like cooking, singing and cleaning that make camp life a lot more bearable. It's not unheard of for Toffs to be surprisingly pleasant to talk to, but one that's nice *and* competent is a rare treat for fodder here.

Charismatic Buffoon (200 CP): The more confident and exuberant you are, the more cheered your allies and subordinates are in turn! Your joyous bravado doesn't bring exasperation or envy, it brings *joy* from the simple-minded happiness of a good charge spreading from you like heat on a hot road! Ride on, good fellows! Ride boldly into victory! And possibly death or a bog. Or both. But it'll be fun while it lasts, at least.

Craft Gone Mad (200 CP): There is a practice you have dedicated your very *being* to honing yourself at, long past the limits of sanity and reason. Not only are you so proficient at it that you could do it while drunk or without the requisite number of limbs, with enough resources it becomes a viable means of combat. If you are a haberdasher, you could make enough wigs to blind others with clouds of dust and blockage enemy shoulders with overflowing hair. If you were a falconer, you could train birds to both deliver messages and accurately drop explosives on your foes. The more resources you have, the more you can take this obsession, until that aforementioned falconer could *perhaps* after many years (with this world's level of

eugenics, at least) engineer a fire-breathing draconic menace that clings to life with sheer spite even after enough trauma to kill a beast of its' size several times over...that has humble screech owls as it's forebearers.

Stranglin' Harry's Method (200 CP): *You worthless scraps of dog food. You yammering weasel abortions. You yellow-bellied yellow-faced yellers.* Like a certain infamous sergeant with a noteworthy career and *extremely bellicose* methods, you're one of the best in this world at whipping completely incompetent recruits into competent murderers. Through a combination of bullying, simple props and sheer overwhelming terror even the worthless dregs that populate these lands can be taught to charge, retreat, secure objectives and other simple military tactics. If this doesn't sound like it's worth much even discounted, know that Harry is considered one of the best recruiters around by Cist's standards.

Hungry Hungry Lumps (200 CP): There are those who kill and eat the aristocrats of Cist, obtaining both foul magickal powers and terrible taste. The root-flesh, twice-concentrated, beckons with promises of power beyond imagining. But each bite is normally a dance with divinity or destruction, risking catastrophic mutation as much as glorious evolution. For you however, the odds are far tilted to the latter. At will you can manifest muscular flaps of skin that serve as functional wings, a subdermal carapace, roots on your head that let you perceive things unseen to all others and even small doppelgangers of yourself capable of doing all you can. Just...smaller. They share all your biological powers, and obey your orders without fail save to the extent you yourself are inured to panic on the battlefield. You fear not the dangers of mutation, bringing forth only what is useful-though often it takes on an unsettling, undeniably rootlike form.

In future worlds, you are greatly resistant to the downsides of all biologically based mutative or corruptive effects while still being able to utilise their benefits.

Notional Maintenance Expert (200 CP): So. By and large it's assumed military supply chains, maintenance and engineering *just kind of works* in this game. That the stupid, stupid riflemen know just enough to keep their weapons in working order and rustle up more blackpowder. That even the most deranged cults can build siege towers and that SOMEONE is keeping all those castles clean. Well lo and behold: That force of narrative maintenance is *you*. You're an old hand at *all* the mechanical engineering relevant in this setting. Hell assuming you're not as unhinged as most here (which you are not WITHOUT drawbacks) you might even be able to invent something new *and* practical!

Morris Dancer (400 CP): You are a master of a mysterious and poorly understood art that involves the construction of a terrifying costume involving bells, ribbons, enough shrubbery to look like a mobile chunk of marsh and pointy shoes. The strange dance you perform with this makes others bizarrely amicable as well as prone to going along with your desires, uncannily adept at evading damage, and able to summon bizarre entities from the unseen spaces in existence. A mighty ox made of roots, a dancing loaf of bread, a cloud of powder smoke shaped like a grumpy lamb, an ever-growing eel already large enough to swallow a man or a root-ridden beagle that can explode heads with concentration. Among others. While these surreal summons are ceaselessly helpful, the most useful trait of your dance is that it exerts a powerful compulsion against attacking you. Even if you shoot or slit the throats of others, no foe here can consciously try to slay you under normal circumstances.

Environmental dangers, being killed by standing in the way of an incidental crossfire, dancing into a poisonous cloud or the like bypass this of course. Furthermore, for some reason a Toff Off! or another formal duelling challenge always gives someone a fair shake at killing you. It seems some traditions are older and more important than even Morris dancing.

Mortal Toffbat! (400 CP): Oh, speaking of toff-offs. Isn't it *fun* when planning, strategy and choosing the terrain to fight on all cease to matter because two military leaders decided to just have a private scrap and everyone just wanted to go home afterwards? Would you like to keep doing this nonsense? By purchasing this perk, the convention of Toff-Offs will carry on into future worlds. At any point, you may challenge the supreme military authority of any given faction to single combat. If you win, the enemy forces are legally obliged to stand down. Individually, some may hate you enough to prosecute a grudge, but only truly dire grudges will persist as social convention with the force of international law in the modern world will make others understand your victory is self-evidently correct.

This perk would be rather pathetic if you *weren't* proficient at single combat, wouldn't it? While it's been relatively open-ended what exactly you are in any given background, whether you're an elephant or a gnome you are now also *mightier*. A paragon of strength, reflexes, combat prowess and resilience among your kind-such that as a man you could crush another's skull onehanded, or hit a moth with a flung knife! Many Toffs sort their fodder by their builds, but you're undeniably something special.

FODDER ARE FUEL (400 CP): Fire your snobs out of cannons! Sacrifice your allies for power! EAT THE POOR AND GAIN THEIR STRENGTH! Gosh, isn't it whacky how many battlefield tactics here amount to using the blood of your allies literally or metaphorically as fuel for the fires of war? *Somehow* you are *very good* at this, and you get more noticeable implausibly positive outcomes for military efforts that involve killing your allies while mitigating many of the logical downsides. So what if you just shot all your men dead? Now that your testosterone's in overdrive, you'll kill the enemy unit with little trouble!

BIGGER IS BETTER (400 CP): You'd think that economies of scale or the square-cube law would actually matter in a war waged with dwindling resources on unstable terrain but NOPE, that's just malarky! When you build something bigger, it works better. Period. Larger cannons shoot harder than smaller ones, a bigger army destroys the enemy even better than a smaller but more efficient one would. Scale. Just. Works. Much like in certain other wargames. It won't make the Larger Thing do anything truly impossible or overly different from its' original function, but against all logic your giant boat will sail better than its' smaller model even if the laws of physics demand that it sink.

Saintly Station (400 CP): It's a given that any good military or cult leader (they are the same here, after all) hold the loyalty of their followers. But you have that ineffable combination of distinctive appearance, oratory prowess, and social *je nais se quois* that elevates men to saints or even gods in the minds of not just friend, but stranger. You can speak words that can whip those who hear them into religious fervour, or break the hearts of those standing against you. You have a great instinct for dressing, acting and generally portraying yourself as more than a mere Toff-but a symbol of some higher power. With these talents, you can whip up religious movements across Cist and drive even those you've never met to carry out violence in your name. Now, *organising* such movements is a harder task but at least you'll soon have people genuflecting at the sight of you, collecting your garbage and railing against your perceived ideological opponents wherever you go given time to get the word out.

The Mundane Arts (600 CP): AT LAST! Through diligent study and contact with the unseen whisperers in the space between spaces, you've glimpsed beyond what mortal eyes can see and learned to bend reality to your will. You can hex others to dance until their bones break and their limbs tear apart, blacken blood and eye sockets, reknit an entire battalion into a conjoined abomination under your control, melt into agile liquid tallow, enchant others so wounds they receive fall upon the attacker instead, and perform similar workings. Be wary though: Witchcraft is a time-consuming activity that takes great concentration, and failure risks reality twisting in on itself with catastrophic consequences for yourself. Still. The allure of power is undeniable! What mortal armor can hope to contend against *a cackling old woman with a cauldron?!*

This perk also makes you very good at cooking delicious, nourishing soups. Even with the scant ingredients you can find in this world.

Extraordinary Endowment (600 CP): Many times, who holds a crown comes down to a difference as simple and absurd as "has he got a special object?" even in worlds not addled by roots. Well, you're in luck, because you seem to be a magnet for valuable and powerful artifacts of all kinds. You'll still have to actually go looking for lost sceptres proclaiming you the rightful ruler of settlements, ancient weapons from a lost age and miraculous serums invented in a time when the populace still largely understood physics. But things that can change the outcome of wars like those here decisively are yours for the taking if you just put a modicum of effort into treasure hunting.

Justified Overconfidence (600 CP): What's more audacious than fighting a war you don't even know the point of? *Winning a battle without even knowing how*. As if you were playing Turnip28 with the kind of devil's luck that allows lowly fodder to survive elephants swinging at them repeatedly only to retaliate with a single well-flung rock that splits their skull, impulsiveness and audacity result in stunningly positive short term outcomes for you. Charge straight into archers and pikemen? Watch those arrow miss like they're paid actors and soldiers to fall over for no clear reason. Going on casual walks? Prepare to catch your enemy with his pants down! Trust an obviously sinister figure? Turns out they're a mercenary glad to have some extra work on the side! You might say that saving Cist by gallivanting around on random adventures sounds ridiculous, but with luck like yours it's possible. Not definite, this won't help with the long term consequences of your actions, fully manifest a fundamentally flawed stratagem, or bring victory where you're outnumbered a hundred to one on its' own. But you're closer than anyone alive to living up to the long-lost fables of feckless heroism from the distant past.

A Life to Leech (600 CP): Pheromones are funny things, aren't they? Sometimes love transcends a mere two partners, to encompass many more in eternal union. Now, you may not *necessarily* exist in horrifying symbiosis with a nest of leeches in your body, but you *do* have *something* that justifies their prowess on the battlefield: The ability to manipulate lifeblood or something similarly intimate that you rapidly regenerate every time someone near you gets hurt, can return the recently dead (and mostly intact) to life, and spread these vampiric benefits to your allies or perhaps come up with new ones by experimenting. Perhaps you have roots for veins instead. Perhaps you've developed some extremely specific but refined spellwork. The result is the same: Live, leech, love.

The Last True Jumper (600 CP): Tales are told in the fouled tributaries of what was once Munich, of the only living animal exempt from root mutations-the Last True Worm. Such a tale may be little more than folly, but by some quirk of biology it's true enough when it comes to you. Your powerful immune system protects you from disease, from parasites and certainly from the all-encompassing embrace of the root. You can eat it safely without fear, and while none can say with certainty how you'd stand up to something more intense, at least in this world nothing can grow into you without consent. Leeches find no sustenance from your blood, and so robust is your physiology that even many poisons are little more than strong booze to you. If this seems a humble gift, know that it is also utterly unique in this world.

Items

Good god, most of this stuff is rank and/or slimy. Take + 300 CP as a stipend, there are most decidedly *no* discounts because everything is scattered pretty much everywhere with no rhyme or reason and salvaging fees matter.

Roots (50 CP): You'll be needing this for eating. You won't like it. It'll taste bitter, and it grows almost reluctantly. But you'll be eating it nonetheless, if you need to at all. Can be repurchased, alas. Each purchase provides enough roots to fill up a small field.

Wargear (50 CP): Armor. Helmet. Weapon. A shield. It's nothing special you couldn't loot off the average battlefield here, but it's better than exposing your skull to an axe. Being as you paid CP, it's even been graciously cleaned with precious water.

The Persistent Cheese (50 CP): It is said this wheel of cheese has been rolling since the dawn of time, and certainly nothing on the battlefield is yet to have stopped it's ceaseless advance. You *somehow* exert enough control on it, perhaps telepathically, perhaps through sheer charisma, to make it roll at your enemies more than your allies.

Can be repurchased. It is said that if two such cheese were to collide, the world would end (again). While that is...*somewhat exaggerated*, the impact would still generate a shockwave that leaves the entire battlefield so wrecked navigating it would be like marching through swampland. But at least the cheese would have finally stopped until someone got them rolling again.

The Banner of Eyes (100 CP): This pitchfork is covered in eyeballs, squirming and twitching as if still in their sockets.

And...SOMEHOW...the eyes make you more alert of any intruder nearby you. Are the eyes somehow contacting you mentally? Are you SEING THROUGH YOUR HANDS? It's really not clear what's going on. But the damned thing works. Somehow.

The Bhirrian Marginalia (100 CP): Ooh, it's an animations projector. How fancy! The coloured illuminations and lively pot give your forces more hope than is common in Cist, driving them to marching faster. Even in future worlds, despite this device's antiquity there's something mesmerising about it that makes people more willing to travel longer and faster after a good watch.

The Regimental Colours (100 CP): This rag on a stick might not be much to look at, but might well be cursed. See, those with it *never retreat*. A mountain of corpses could lay around it, and the last survivor would still be spitting defiance at the enemy. The typical panic and disorder in conflicts from this world seems somehow quelled by the sight of this banner, whether from lingering jingoistic pride or actual magic. Some sort of divine protection also seems to ensure blows and projectiles are noticeably more likely to miss those protected by it, perhaps justifying the faith placed in this old rag.

The Combat Convenient Balloon (200 CP): First pioneered by a pair of audacious aunts, this balloon is made of sturdy patchwork quilt and is attached to a basket that can barely fit two people. It's one of the few forms of manned flight on the battlefield, automatically a great advantage for reasons ranging from ease of passage over difficult terrain to observational awareness. The balloon does however drag dangerously close to the ground and has dangling ropes that can be scaled. You can pull up the ropes to mitigate this, but...well, isn't that a bit unsporting?

Fighting Familiar (200 CP): Life often finds a way in the marsh, and some life has found its way into your service. A few hens that can lay eggs on demand that are wonderfully restorative to soldiers in the heat of battle. A set of seeds that erupt into an innards-piercing thicket of roots when thrown, which slow rapidly after goring more than a single military unit and provide more than enough seeds for further throws. A tentacles horror on a standard that fills foes with fear, and some kind of deformed greyhound or oversized rat that attacks foes on demand.

Can be repurchased for additional warlike organisms.

Instrument of War (200 CP): Where war fails, music often prevails. You have one such instrument that demonstrates this principle. A set, and hastens the pace of the brave. A set of ancient drums that inspires even the most cowardly to march further into the fray. A lyre that when strung violently, deafens and stuns nearby foes. Or even a violin so inherently furious it can launch sonic booms or bows hard enough to decapitate a man.

Can be repurchased for additional implements.

Spellbook of the Mundane Arts (300 CP): Almost unreadable, the frenzied scribbles in this grimoire spell out the secrets to the universe and translate them into horrific curses. Any who study them may practice the Mundane Arts, using the knowledge contained here to bend reality in localised and generally traumatic ways. Keep in mind that it's notionally possible for even animals or plants to study what's written here, despite the maddening complexity of the knowledge.

The Almighty Swelling (300 CP): This cage hides a bulbous growth with an insatiable writhing dog-sized horror within, normally obtainable only through a dark pact with the marsh itself that you have conveniently paid for with CP. When unleashed, it rapidly sprouts tendrils far and wide capable of snaring across the battlefield and snapping bones and flesh apart. Worse, it spawns (or perhaps, summons) stunted creatures called Rootlings that travel freely through marshland and are adept at dragging foes to die in the murk. It's sheer range and viciousness allow it to dominate the battlefield, and by purchasing here some dark pact with the marsh itself ensures it will obediently get back in its cage rather than have to be chased back in as is usual for those brave enough to handle such a menace.

Can be repurchased for more root-based horrors with similar scope but different tactical advantages.

The Shattered Lance (300 CP): It is said that this ancient weapon was used by murderous Bolg to slay his craven brothers as they fled through the tangled site of Geets' first founding. It is said that owning a single piece of its' decayed and beetle-eaten shaft gives you the right to rule the capital. *Why* exactly this would be the case, but that's not important. Somehow, even after being broken this weapon lets you throw out *30 attacks* for the effort of one. You! Big three-zero! Are you channelling the unconquerable spirit that founded Geets to move faster than sight in battle? Is the lance somehow beckoning more of its kind from battlefields long past? *What is going on?!* Nobody seems able to explain. But with this, you can most definitely paint battlefields red.

Companions

(Places a Primaris Marine, a Gundam and a Monopoly dog on the table) (50/200 CP): Turnip28 prides itself on being a game in which you can build a functional army out of official 3D-printed components, spare wargaming miniatures from other franchises, cool rocks you found on the ground, silly putty and really anything that can fit on a tabletop without taking up too much of it. All of which is to say that both you and your friends have a free license to look *very odd* compared to most worlds.

For 50 CP apiece, you may import or create a new companion with 600 CP and the item stipend to spend. For 200 CP you may create or import a set of 8 at a discount.

May the roots have mercy on your souls.

ARE YOU SURE?! (Free, but good luck): Yes, you can convince canon characters from this world to leave with you. No, this is not advisable but the option is there. If you can somehow communicate intelligibly with the belligerent, stupid, insane or worst of all delusionally optimistic locales and explain the general concept of Jumpchain, then you can make them a companion. Frankly most people would sign up on general principle were you to simply offer a plentiful supply of food.

But are you sure this is a good idea?

Root of Love (50 CP): A featureless pursuer made of mobile roots far more durable and persistent than any mere Rootling has picked up your scent, shambling ceaselessly across the battlefield in pursuit of you. Rising from almost any physical trauma, it's form is consistently feminine and humanoid despite frequently manifesting mutations like a dress made of woven fibres or hair made of lichen occasionally popping in and out, among more practical and deadly ones. While it's sticky mucous, grasping tendrils and atavistic instinct to nestle inside and around you as if you were a fertile hunk of mulch are...inconvenient, it outright dissolves anything proven to be a threat to your life. If watered regularly, and preferably also sheltered and provided nutrients, it will eventually become sentient enough to love you. May or may not grow into a bed to glue the two of you together while leaving behind seeds that will eventually grow into smaller copies of their mother.

Maiden of the Branch (50 CP): Covered in wrappings like most folk here, this apparent with is notable for both her quietude and the strange root-like protrusions coming out of her skull. Rumour has it that powdering them grants visions of the future. All it actually does is share her absurd and apocalyptic imaginings to imbibers, although this *does* make them quite an effective weapon on the battlefield if processed into an aerosol spray; excessive exposure, such as being directly gored by her, risks permanently sharing her insanity. Normally listless, she has taken to following you around and occasionally muttering ominous prophecies, all of which involve root vegetables. Sometimes tries to gore corpses, leaving behind a horn-like root. Why, she cannot or will not explain. But oddly, the roots which grow from them have an incredibly calming effect on most imbibers instead.

Saint Spud (50 CP): Equipped with a shock of blonde hair, a small metal tiara and a lilting French female accent, this saint is a stalwart champion of Christendom who believes your coming is a sign of its revival. And wishes for nothing more than to see you

restore this ruined land to God's good graces. Her memories of her own past are far vaguer than her faith, but she seems to remember being a poor little potato in a field that led a great potato uprising, and was unjustly imprisoned then fried into chips for speaking a grave heresy about God's grace extending to potatoes. She is eloquent and passionate in debating matters of faith, her voice able to reach multitudes while marching to war.

She is also a literal potato the size of a small woman. Despite her uneven topology, she has no problem staying upright. Nobody without a *very* keen sense for the true nature of reality will ever find this odd, and even in future worlds everyone except you and your companions will perceive her as an earnest holy woman.

The Yam-peror (50 CP): After one thousand years of ignominious defeat, he has risen again! The Emperor of France rides anew, upon a magnificent steed, raising high the banner of France. His tactics are a thousand years out of date and rooted in the foundation of the French republic, which is to say that he is an unprecedented tactical genius by current standards. But while his skill with the sabre and expertise with artillery remain untarnished, the man once known as Napoleon also labours under a terrible curse.

The intelligence to realise how absurd all of this is.

He is horrified by the fact that he is now more starchy root vegetable than man. He is horrified by the fact that his horse has a huge head of broccoli in place of its usual head, and is as green as a cabbage. He is horrified by the fact that the last people he met wearing French military uniforms had vines growing out of their ears, spent half a day throwing elderberries and root-ridden hamsters at each other, and then asked him what a "France" was.

Protect this poor confused man, and he could be the last truly competent officer in all the land.

The Beast of Tubers (50 CP): It rises at last from the dread repose where an entire zoo fell to the roots, The Beast With A Billion Tongues! Towering as tall as an elephant, it lumbers on anywhere between three to eleven legs in search of prey to eat, snuffling at the ground with its mighty antlers. Or tusks. Or it's hippo-like maw. Or the snout of a crocodile. What's going on?

This *one* time the locals of this world are actually providing factual, accurate reports. It's just that the radish-like Beast periodically grows new body parts, only to later shed jaws, limbs and sometimes organs as oversized root vegetables that lumber off into adventures of their own. In fact, the Beast is so indecisive that it can't even decide whether it's truly a carnivore or a herbivore-although it *can* consistently burrow underground and germinate like a plant. The Beast isn't even sure whether it's meant to be a gentle giant or a terrifying army-eater, changing its mind depending on whether it's currently budding more carnivorous or herbivorous body parts. You won it's friendship by gluing mouse ears on a cartful of cabbages.

Alonso Cassava-ano (50 CP): Long ago, there was a rangy Toff of uncommon renown and such skill at mounted combat he was actually able to ride a four-legged beast without falling over or being eaten by it. But war being what it is, eventually the war moved on and he found himself abandoned, lonely and bereft of anything else in his crumbling mansion other than an extraordinary store of chivalrous tales. Something snapped in his mind after 30 or 40 tales of gallantry. He grabbed the nearest hobby horse, a soup tureen used as a helmet, and an enormous stale breadstick as effect as any mace. Ever since then, he has been known as DON QUINOA, righteous adventurer of legend, and he has sallied forth to aid you in your time of need! Several Rootlings he collectively calls "Sancho" except for one with a bowtie he called "Dulcinea" instead constantly follow him around. His prowess at arms is as good as it gets here, but his confidence grand even by this world's standards. Fortunately the Rootlings are all much, much more competent than he is. Even in future worlds, somehow between 6-12 Rootlings keep showing up somehow to assist you both out of his shenanigans.

The Armies of Something or Other (5X free, conditional and optional/50 CP/100 CP): Well, as long as you're committed to bad ideas you might as well collect them in bulk. For reasons ranging from "we view you as a messiah who will lead us out of the desolation Europe has imploded into" to "you've got a really cool hat, you must be in charge!" a unit of combatants from this world has decided to heed your leadership. Not being a Toff is not unusual for this. Many "Toffs" got there by being so in name only and remained such merely because nobody cared to argue. They count as followers and while their discipline may vary, all are too stupid or insane to really argue with your authority but also just coherent enough to try following orders.

Keep in mind that "a unit" is an *extremely* loosely defined category in Turnip28 that can mean anything from a small peasant army, to a few keepers and their large beasts, to a squad and their superweapon, to a literal herd of wild animals, to one unthinkably powerful beast. Assuming it's comprised of human (or at least, humanoid) members, a typical regiment consists of around 26-30 members, which includes the Toff (the commander) and the Toff's two Toadies (sub-commanders) which typically each have a dedication portion of the force responding to their immediate commands. These numbers can vary greatly depending on the skillset and overall capabilities of individual combatants. The composition of all these units can vary greatly, and unusual regiments sometimes have Toffs with unique capabilities such as witches, or extremely specific roles such as the handlers for animals making up most of the "unit". It's simply a lot rarer to recruit powerful combatants than it is to round up confused peasants.

Also, after the jump it seems being in places that *generally have more food* has filled your regiments with superlative morale and cheer! Their shocking vitality, confidence and possibly some strange quirk of their root infestations mean that as long as you (not them) haven't been decisively defeated, they'll have little trouble rapidly replenishing their numbers. No matter how much you might desperately want them dead they will, inevitably, find their way back

to you in a matter of weeks to months depending on how gruesome their deaths were. Or at least, someone roughly similar to them to do their job. Perhaps a son?

Some units are segregated into factions called Cults in Turnip28, divided into the categories of Toadpole, Toadlet and Toad. **These categories do not strictly reflect the overall power and danger of those cults, but rather how much they fundamentally alter gameplay.**

Since this categorisation is functionally useless, for the purposes this jump you may purchase units using a SIMILAR BUT DIFFERENT system separated by an attempt at eyeballing the overall tactical value of different units. As shown below, each category is separated by CP cost and example units fitting said category. Your tactical assessment may vary, and feel free to pay what you think a given example is worth if you feel it fits one category more than another.

Tadpole (First 5 free and optional, 50 CP each afterwards): These units are considered to be little more than fodder on the battlefield, lives cheaply bought and sold for the whims of Toffs.

- The Old Guard: Irate and exhausted grenadiers hailing from The Slug's Lament, these cantankerous men and women are too old to die but too fearless to keep on living. With their oversized bayonets and powerful firepower, they're formidable shooters and brave beyond reason. There's one slight problem: They're very old, often tired, and thus usually late to battle.
- The Fungivorous Herd: In a stroke of what can generously be *seen* as tactical genius you've decided that recruiting, training and outfitting soldiers is *too much work*. Instead, you unleash hordes of swine, sheep, ducks, weasels and other creatures parasitised to varying degrees by roots upon your enemies. They're good at stampeding over things, plundering pantries and knocking foes over in close quarters combat. They're worthless at capturing objectives, remaining calm during pitched battle or-look, they're literally just animals that listen

to you remarkably consistently. Somehow. At least the most dominant among them can intimidate other herds, and they're all well-adapted to moving through marsh-like terrain.

- Lopers of the Maudlin Marsh: You've managed to recruit a bunch of inebriated stilt-walking enthusiasts who shod their stilts in iron to kick and skewer prey somewhat effectively. The obvious advantage of this is that they can poke someone with a pointy stick while safely on high and see further. The obvious disadvantage of this is that the drunk buggers keep toddling towards the enemy while trying to retreat and are quite noticeable targets for ranged attacks. Or anyone smart enough to push over a stick, really.

Froglet (50 CP each): These units have significant advantages relative to those listed before, but either due to personal incompetence or logistical disadvantages can be overcome with luck and pluck.

- Scuttlers: Some eventually learn to tame the megafauna of the marshes for warfare, and in the case of the cult known as the Feast of Charybdis this means oversized and barnacled crabs. They're trained to burrow for stealthy ambush purposes, and the crabs are overkeen on attacking prey as well as unimpeded by the marshy terrain they've evolved in. Few men are mighty enough to stand against the pincers of the crabs. Also their riders are probably useful, what with their pointy sticks and all. Probably.
- The Grand Bombard: Large enough to contain an ox, this overwhelmingly ponderous cannon is hoisted around by fanatics who LOVE their grumpy little boy and will never abandon it for trivialities like death and pain! For all the trouble going into defending and loading it, the Grand Bombard has one simple

proposition: Given time to aim, it can turn a battalion into fine red mist or a castle wall to burning splinters.

- The Tall Man: The line between madness and genuine communion with otherworldly forces is sometimes thin. This unnervingly intense mob of zealots specialises in building a two story tall humanoid effigy with a sinister will of its' own. Enemies feel as though it gazes upon them, dissuaded from battling the furious zealots by unnatural fear. The weak-willed may even break and join the zealots for no clear reason. It's just an effigy, after all. Right? RIGHT? *Why is everyone on the battlefield slightly less prone to accident when it's erected?!*

Frog (100 CP each): These units boast such dominance on the battlefield that entire strategies must be devised (such that anyone has the wherewithal to do so in this world) around defeating them to avoid certain defeat.

- The Great Proboscis: *God help us all*, it's a faraway elephantine beast. One so radically mutated by the roots it may have multiple trunks sprouting from its hide, more than two tusks, a fanged maw or any number of aberrant traits. It might even walk on two legs! This beast's devastating charge is sufficient to break most foes into broken meat and gristle, while driving most others here mad with terror. It also...well...there's no polite way to say this, either it scares the literal shit out of opponents or *it defecates wildly to go faster*, and it's unclear which is true or more horrific. Comes with a rider who doesn't say much, but has a deafening shout to spur on allies in battle.
- Alice and Mol: Well, well. Aren't these quite the unusual couple? She's a bored aristocrat from Lower Merg who can outfight multiple nuns on her own, is a skilled graverobber and a shrewd arms dealer i.e. she is one of the most intelligent

people on the battlefield. He's some manner of ancient living superweapon, a towering armoured humanoid with a mask perpetually locked in a fanged leer, that she dug up and somehow persuaded to work with her. More than three times as tall as a man and armed with a crude halberd scaled to him, the two of them are a force of nature on the battlefield. And normally mercenaries, although it seems you've somehow paid off both for a long term contract.

- **The Screech Wurm:** There are few beasts in this world with more might than an elephant and deadlier weapons than Mol's. This is one of them, and the downside to deploying it is that *it is barely controllable in the short term, and a living calamity in the long term*. Bred by Geets' most heretical falconers, this draconic monstrosity can fly like a bat despite towering over castle walls, has scales as tough as shields, and can easily burn entire cities to cinder with its breath before claiming the rubble as its nest. It knows no true fear, and is faster than it has any right to be. Most terrifying of all is its unnatural vitality: Most traumatic damage from this world great enough to kill it *merely* causes it to messily revive into a rage state (usually with its wings torn to ribbons at this point) and start belching gobs of acidic bile while splitting apart foes with its screams of agony. Even if DECAPITATED, it would simply beat foes to death with its bloody stump-and if not killed a third time, none are certain if it would fall for good or persist as a parody of life from sheer frenzied rage.
- There is no question you will prevail against almost any foe by unleashing this horror. Only whether you can survive what happens when it gets hungry, or is driven mad by the pain of survival.

Drawbacks

The Saga of Knög Karola, as told by Son of Narrator (+0 CP): *Once upon a time, in a land too close for comfort, there was a King, or so he would have believed. That title, in truth, was self-proclaimed, and even the people he supposedly ruled over had hardly any respect for him.* And so, the Andersmash Footstubers, led by unkempt and frequently confused boar-man Karola, found themselves under siege by the Phlogiston Hagbabies, led by the belligerent witch Hagilda. Who somehow manages to come off as the more unhinged of the two by starting the siege over **being unwilling to walk around a fortress** on the way to a saloon. Which she seems to have mistaken for a salon. Thus precipitating a series of unfortunate events leading to generational elephant feuds, the start of a lump-worshipping religion, and several ~~gu-rituals~~ incidents where cannibalism and friendly fire somehow result in an incredibly powerful warrior.

In short, it's just another day in Cist! But with this drawback, you're guaranteed to get involved in Ogre Poppenang Productions' fully narrative wargame experiment a few minutes before it starts. Good luck.

Unreasoning Terror (+ 100 CP): Is that...is that a root vegetable on a stick?! YIKES, BETTER RUN FOR THE HILLS! Even by the standards of this world you're a bit flightier, more prone to panic and skittish than usual. Like a particularly anxious horse, even harmless but sudden incidents like a dropped glass or loud noises can send you into flight or fight mode. Seeing another battalion actually charging at you would almost certainly fill you with the urge to bravely run away, away, without great willpower. On the plus side these spikes of fear are very brief, and if pushed to actually defend yourself or your allies you'll quickly regain your combat competence.

Todface McToddy (+ 100 CP): One night after getting extremely drunk, you decided to lick an animal-shaped radish for a bet. Over the course of a week, you progressively mutated to resemble the animal it was shaped like. You now have a distinctive appearance and an “illustrious” (which is to say, well-known) career on the battlefield. Although your powers and capabilities are otherwise unaffected, the hit to your social life is only minor seeing how many are already accustomed to concealing their unsightly appearances anyway. No, the real downside is that you’re much easier to spot on the battlefield and somewhat more prone to being targeted as a novel foe to slay over the rank and file.

Miyazaki’s Curse (+ 100 CP): Marshes are a constant peril to any standing army. Even if individual units may be adapted to their rank terrain, the majority of soldiers end up slowed. Tipped over. And sometimes swallowed alive by the wallows beneath their boots. You better get used to marshes because it seems for whatever reason, there’s a lot more of them now than there used to be. Practically everywhere outside of a few settlements is littered with enough boggy, soggy terrain to make a battlefield a literal slog for anyone who can’t fly.

Unloved Infestation (+ 200 CP): There are some unsettling couples who have against all odds, managed to find love in this world. You have not found love. In your case it’s more like stalking, or having some annoying neighbours move in and set up homeowner’s associations, or something else invasive and annoying. Whether it’s leeches, mushrooms, flies, gerbils or stranger pests, there are now various small animals intimately integrated with your physiology. This will *never* be lethal and doesn’t hurt, but the distractions from the constant skittering, the relative frailty from depleted mass if they’re knocked loose, and other little difficulties like making it hard to be stealthy all make this a very sub-par arrangement for you. They don’t even earn their keep by healing your wounds with siphoned blood or anything, the damn freeloaders.

Unjustified Confidence (+ 200 CP): Ever since you've been a young...entity, you've been told by your mother that you're the bravest around. *This was not good for your development.* As a result, you are comically overconfident and have absolutely terrible judgement in all matters tactical and strategic. You would boldly charge at numerically superior forces if they were led by one you deemed an unworthy adversary. Why isn't this worth more? Well, *because everyone else is so bad at war*, that the sheer unpredictability of your nonsensical tactics can even lead to devastating upsets sometimes. Still, your boisterousness may even lead to your own Todies pulling double duty as minders trying to restrain you from tilting at windmills and whatnot.

Unbowed Ambition (+ 200 CP): There is no greater curse in this world than an obsession with actually *organising* it in some meaningful way, a madness far greater than any mere cult's delusion. You have been consumed with the idea of actually founding a proper kingdom in Cist, with roads and an economy and a class structure. This will inevitably not just pit you against various itinerant power blocs, but against the fundamental stupidity of the locals. Nevertheless, you'll be consumed by the thought of paying almost any price short of your own life to raise high your flag over the land, to receive homage from your subjects, and above all else to successfully plant something other than a tuber in the ground. Piteous madman, don't you know playing Emperor over an empire of dirt is bad for your mental health?

The Thing That Would Not Stop Growing (+ 300 CP): Many years ago, someone tipped this many-tendrilled, man-eating root creature out on a battlefield to devastating effect. Alas, they failed to capture it, the beast escaping to feast and fester. And now, *the creature has your scent*. It is slightly smaller than an elephant, far more agile, and can strike with whip-like tendrils coated in soil-dissolving acidic juices or restrain prey into its bulbous mass. It cannot seem to die by blade or bludgeon, rising again and again from clumps as small as a swallow unless burnt to ash, smote with eldritch forces or perhaps fed the strongest of pesticides. And worst of all, it learns from every

battle. Mutating crude but effective traits like root-grown wings, a carapace made of thorns or claws for burrowing depending on what proves most useful in fighting you. In 2-3 battles it might double in size or radically reshape itself-perhaps becoming a sprawl of tendrils instead of a single mass. It requires neither sustenance nor rest, but can consume mud, stone and flesh equally effectively, adding it's mass to itself.

Without a doubt, despite its' animalistic mentality it is the most clever combatant on the battlefields of this world.

Unspeakable Transformation (+ 300 CP): The worst has come to pass, and a witch has cast a spell most dire on you. You are now trapped in the form of an entire battalion's worth of bodies, congealed together into an unstable amalgamation. Or a rancid chicken coop awash with yolk and shells, only capable of screaming incomprehensible gibberish. Or something equally inconvenient or distressing. The good news is the spell went somewhat awry, ensuring your new form doesn't interfere with your powers, mind or anything else apart from your shape! You're just stuck as a particularly disturbing yet pathetic thing even by the standards of this land.

May You Live In Interesting Times (+ 300 CP): You like to live dangerously now, do you? *Boy have you come to the right place.* See that Saga at the start of the drawbacks section? By choosing this, you can confidently expect to regularly encounter situations roughly as dangerous but *far more absurd* than it at least once a month. Expect to be invaded by entire fleets of airborne aunts that have somehow lassoed a toxic cloud from on high, have the ground cave in under your from swarms of migrating worms or encounter whispering horrors from reality's veil...that are disgusted by the abject failure of this world. It's going to get weird, it's going to get whacky.

Ending options

Anything but roots (Go home): No. That's it. *That's it.* You've had enough of the mud and the bog and the caustic air. Of the nonsense wars and everyone cheerfully fighting them. Above all else, of the damned ROOTS. You're going home with everything you've got up to this point. You're packing up and hightailing it. You're taking your ball home and leaving. And with any luck, you'll never have to think about this place again.

WE DIDN'T ALL DIE?! HOORAY!! GLORIOUS VICTORY!!!

(Stay!?): By the holy tubers, could it be?! A military commander who did NOT run away, go deliriously insane or die executing a bunch of total nonsense stratagems that ended with him face down in a ditch? Wow! Congratulations, by surviving 10 years in this black hole of intellect and common sense, you are now automatically the greatest military tactician this land has known in centuries! Because your decision to remain in this comically dreadful world is absurd and incomprehensible, take 1000 CP to make the most of it. *Reconsider this decision.*

Well, that happened (Move on): Boy, it sure was funny when that funny mushroom exploded and everyone it's juice fell on started speaking in tongues. What about the time a dragon broke out of its' dungeon only to be pulverised by a particularly unhinged mushroom fanatic who had just eaten most of his own battalion? Or the time you saw two legs chasing two arms? It's probably for the best you try your luck with another world, after seeing how ridiculous this can get on a slow day. Somehow, this place hasn't killed your wanderlust. You're getting out of here with all you've got on you, and your friends.

Notes

It's ambiguous how severely those afflicted by the roots have their judgement compromised, and how much of the nonsense in society comes from simple human stupidity rather than root-induced madness. Nonetheless, after this jump something about the transition between realities causes any lingering root influence to crumble and dissolve out of your system. Assuming you weren't immune or otherwise an invalidate target for its consumption to affect, of course.

Optionally, you may keep any mutations you got from here as an endowment to one of your altforms, if you like.

It is *really vague* how the Mundane Arts actually work. The best I can say is that it works by Generic Witch Stuff. Brewing stuff in cauldrons seem to be involved. Some spells imply they're cast rather than brewed, though. There are gameplay costs, but always abstract ones. All I can tell is that there's a price to be paid for screwing up and no witch can do it indefinitely or rapidly. Fanwank something.