

Honkai: Star Rail: Penacony

by PerfectlyNormalShard

Welcome to Penacony, the Planet of Festivities! Once, this world was the IPC's prison — a dumping ground in the Corporation's oldest ledgers, where the chained counted stars and dreamed of freedom. When the Stellaron crisis swallowed the star system and the Corporation sailed away, the dreamers did not die: the Family arrived beneath Xipe's many-folded gaze, and the Watchmaker — a Nameless who stayed behind when the rails moved on — taught the survivors to build a nation out of dreams. Now the Reverie's doors stand open to every soul in the cosmos, and in the Dreamscape every guest is young, beautiful, and free. But beneath the Golden Hour's neon, in the Dreamflux Reef where forgotten dreams wash ashore, something is hunting through the sheets — and on the night of the Charmony Festival, when the Oak Family's songbird takes the stage, the sweet dream will show its teeth.

Welcome to the Land of Dreams. Try not to wake the wrong things.

Take 1000 Choice Points to fund your festivities.

Starting Location

Penacony offers two doors into its story, and one stay may flow through both:
Era One — The Charmony Festival (the original visit): arrive on the eve of the Festival, when an express docks, a songbird dies, a gambler goes all-in, and a hidden god prepares its cradle. Play the full crisis from the inside.
Era Two — The Second Visit (the return): arrive after the Festival's storm, in Penacony's new dawn — the Reef remembers its name, the Studios dream in gold.

Within your era, wake wherever suits your story: a guest suite in the Reverie, a studio flat above the Golden Hour, a hammock in Dreamflux Reef, or the Alfalfa trade-floors. Beware: waking inside Dewlight Pavilion, the Order's hidden chapel, or a sealed dream-pool will have consequences.

Age and Gender

You may roll your age using **18 + 1d8,** or go beyond; either way, such age is irrelevant and provides no benefit — and in the Dreamscape, everyone is whatever age they feel anyway. By default, your gender is whatever you were previously. Feel free to change it, possibly nightly.

Races

Choose what face checks in at the desk. Races are independent of Scale:

Human (Free)
The default guest: prisoner-descendant, off-worlder, or Family staff. Penacony's humans are famously adaptable — they have to be, living half their lives in dreams.

Halovian (100 CP)
The winged folk of the Oak line, like Sunday and Robin: a crown of head-feathers and an innate gravity of presence. Halovians are beautiful beyond mortal stock, their voices carry an uncanny persuasive resonance, and their head-wings betray emotion and sense the "pitch" of a crowd's feeling.

Intellitron (200 CP)
A mechanical person, like the Reverie's tireless staff. Perfect recall, accelerated calculation, no need for sleep or sustenance (though you may enjoy both — especially in the dream, where your projection is as soft as anyone's). Your chassis is durable and repairable, and you interface with technology by touch. Note: memes and dream-hazards affect machines just fine — you are not immune, merely organized.

Memokeeper-Anointed (300 CP)
Fuli's gardeners of memory. Whether chosen by the Garden of Recollection or self-made into memory-stuff by other means, your body is now mnemonic: ageless, tireless, and able to step bodily into the Memory Zone, the sea where all remembrance pools. You manifest memory-butterflies naturally, and your form is as you remember yourself — idealized, if you like. This grants the *being*; the Garden of Recollection origin grants the *craft*.

Dreamborn / Fiction (400 CP)
A living fiction, like Gallagher, Misha, or the entire population of Dreamville: born from the Dreamscape's memoria rather than a mother. Within dreams and memory-realms you are sovereign over your own shape and may stretch your "role" toward impossible feats; in the waking world you are diminished but fully functional — the Sleepless walk dayside too. You cannot be permanently slain while any dream or memory that holds you persists; you simply return, eventually, from the retelling. Beings who know what to look for can smell the ink on you.

Scale

Choose how heavy your shadow falls on the dream.

Dream Guest (Free)
A standard Pathstrider. Note the local mercy: within the Dreamscape, capability follows self-image — a confident guest can fly, and Penacony's dream-physics will catch you when you leap.

Elite Pathstrider (200 CP)
The peak of the Paths, comparable to Robin, Dr. Ratio, Boothill, or Sparkle. Refined mastery, peak physicality, the equal of any playable name.

Pseudo-Emanator (400 CP)
The gaze of an Aeon falls upon you in passing: comparable to the Ten Stonehearts (Aventurine at his wager's height), Black Swan in her Garden's fullness, Sunday of the Oak, or Gallagher among fictions. You wield Emanator-grade authority within your focused domain, though you lack a true Emanator's catastrophic scale.

Emanator (800 CP)
A calamity wearing a guest's wristband. Acheron, Gopher Wood, and "Something Unto Death" stand at this tier: powers that unravel solar systems and laws. You vastly outstrip Pseudo-Emanators, and your existence alone is a crisis the Family must politely cater for. During your stay, no Aeon may claim or elevate you — Xipe's gaze passes over, Aha may laugh but not touch, and IX's shadow may cross your path but not claim you.

Origins

All origins may be taken as a Drop-in.

Nameless
You ride the rails with the Astral Express (or a line of your own): trailblazer, guest of honor, professional regime-derailer. Himeko pours the coffee; the conductor fusses over your ticket.

The Family
One people under Xipe's many-folded gaze, several lineages strong — the ruling Oak, the watchful Bloodhound, the mercantile Alfalfa, and their kin. You are Family: staff, scion, or shepherd of the sweet dream. Sunday and Robin are your pride, and your problem.

The Order (100 CP)
Ena is dead; Ena is dreaming; Ena's servants still toil away. You serve the Order hidden in the Family's bosom one of Gopher Wood's quiet congregation, or you simply believe, as Sunday believe, that the weak deserve a shepherd more than they deserve a choice.

Garden of Recollection
Memokeeper, Memosnatcher, Cremator: the Garden of Recollection keeps three kinds of hands, and Fuli loves what each of them brings home. The keepers, with Black Swan among them, shed their flesh to walk as memetic entities, trading, copying, stealing, and deceiving for precious memories; the snatchers are the radicals who take what keepers would barter for; and the offshoot Cremators burn what they judge garbage, clearing out the cosmos's attic. You are of the Garden, whichever temperament runs in your hands.

Dreamflux Reef
The dream's basement, where forgotten dreams wash ashore and the Watchmaker's legacy rusts under neon tide. You are of the Reef: dreamsmith, phantom, fiction, or friend of the boy who is an old man's memory. Misha holds the door; Gallagher pours the drinks; neither is exactly what the desk says they are.

Masked Fools (100 CP)
Aha's beloved punchlines. Everyone wears a mask in Penacony, yours is simply load-bearing. Sparkle proved in one Festival that a single Fool, correctly applied, can play an entire planet.

Galaxy Rangers
The cosmos's freelance law: codes, bounties, and long memories. Two Rangers walked into the Dream this cycle — one a chrome cowboy with a grudge against the IPC, one a quiet woman with an umbrella and an Emanator's shadow — and both walked back out of the sweetest dream in the galaxy through sheer, insulting willpower.

IPC
The Strategic Investment Department sends its regards, along with a Cornerstone-class gambler and a chalk-flinging doctor on consultation. The Corporation built Penacony's chains once, wrote off the collateral, and has now returned to collect on the dream itself — its suits in front, its scholars at the whiteboard. You are suited, jeweled, leveraged, and ten dissertations ahead of the meeting.

Stellaron Hunters (100 CP)
Destiny's Slave has seen your page, and you walk it gladly. The script brought SAM to Penacony to burn a place in the dream where a dying girl might finally live, and the script is never wrong, merely cruel.

Perks

Origins get their 100cp perks for free, and the rest are discounted to 50%.

General *(only perk per tier is discounted)*

beauty [Free]
Penacony is where the whole cosmos comes to be young and lovely, and you are no exception: you photograph like a poster and dress like a rumor. Even your hangover is stylish.

Frozen Sea Sapling Core [Free, Mandatory]
You have stolen pure Quantum and Imaginary energy, forging it into a core within you. You have created a miniature Imaginary Tree surrounded by a miniature Sea of Quanta. This allows you to perform your powers using your own energy without relying on external sources or metaphysics. To anyone who can see it, if you let them, it would be as if a sapling encased in a frozen sea, or some miniature universal structure in the shape of a person, is walking around Golden Week.

Reverie Keycard [Free, Mandatory]
Your suite at the Reverie (or an equivalent bed) is yours for the duration: your sleeping body rests safe behind dream-grade hospitality wards, you can always find your way back to it, and your transitions between waking and dreaming are flawless — no lost luggage of the soul.

Dreamspeak [Free, Mandatory]
In the dream, all languages pool into one sea. You speak and understand every tongue in the Dreamscape, plus basic memetic literacy: you can tell when something is a fiction, a meme, or a mask, even if you cannot yet name what is beneath.

Combat Skills [100 CP]
Penacony's dream parties get rowdy, and even the least guest has thrown a dream-fist or two. You are physically fit and competent in brawling and at least one weapon style, in both reality and dream.

Sweet Dream Metabolism [100 CP]
Dream-food is real food if you believe, and you believe: half your daily rest and sustenance needs can be met inside the dream, or any dream. A good dream-breakfast genuinely carries you to dinner.

Oneironaut [200 CP]
Masterful dream-movement: you fly, swim through air, bounce off awnings, and treat the Dreamscape's physics as a suggestion. In any permissive dream, minor cartoon logic bends to you.

Stage Presence [200 CP]
You carry a performer's gravity: eyes find you, silences answer you, and your songs or speeches move hearts at the Golden Hour's scale. Not mind control, that's presence.

Perfect Host [200 CP]
The concierge arts perfected: you never forget a name, face, preference, or slight; your parties become local legend; and anyone you have hosted considers you "good people" and extends you guest-right, even across enemy lines.

Memetic Resistance [200 CP]
A mind scrubbed clean of easy purchase: memetic hazards, mind-editing, and things-unto-death find you a tough meal. Full-strength Emanator-grade memes can still muscle through, slowly.

Dreamer's Insurance [400 CP]
The dream's one mercy, absolutized for you: death within any dream or mental realm is a hard wake-up, never a true death — even under effects that would overrule this rule (death-memes, the Order's cradle, the Grail War's rules, the true dream of Takamagahara). Additionally, once per jump(or 100 years), a genuine real-world death is downgraded to a dramatic three-day coma.

Dreamwealth [400 CP]
Your sleeping dreams mint value: each night's dream can be crystallized into a mem-gem — the experience, bottled — sellable, giftable, or burnable for a second wind. Meaningful, epic dreams mint rare golden gems that grant a one-use surge of miracle-flavored luck.

The Dreaming Body [600 CP]
Gains cross the mirror perfectly: skills and power grown in dreams transfer fully to your waking self, and vice versa. Your body no longer needs to sleep for you to dream — walk the day-side while your dream-self walks the night, living two lives that both count. That does not mean you can dream yourself almighty; there needs to be consistent logic or a basis in the real world; at its base, simply take what you have and make its possible scenarios happening in dreams affect your true self

Nameless

Everyone's Confidant [100 CP]
Like the Trailblazer, strangers tell you things. Within an hour of meeting, people are confessing their secrets, traumas, and schemes to you, and instinctively trust you with the telling. Faction paranoia slides off — even a Fool relaxes (a little) around you.

Watchmaker's Legacy [200 CP]
Mikhail's gift to the patient: your will outlives your presence. Designate spiritual successors — those who carry, or come to carry, your mission — and they inherit a sliver of your power (one tier down, or a fragment of your choosing) along with your guidance: a whisper at the crossroads, a tool left in the right drawer. You may likewise anchor fragments of will-and-power to places, objects, and dreams, where they wait — the way the Reef waited — for the right hands. Even true death becomes a delay: so long as one successor still walks toward your will, you have not entirely left the building.

Path Collector [400 CP]
The Trailblazer's true gift: paths are learned by walking them beside people. After deeply bonding with a wielder of any power system, path, or discipline (shared danger counts double), you internalize your own attuned version — a lesser-but-growing echo that matures with use and is truly yours.

Next Stop, Adventure! [600 CP]
Once per major conflict, when all seems lost, the rails themselves reroute fate: an avenue of victory reveals itself — always plausible, always built from your accumulated bonds, deeds, and tickets punched along the way. Additionally, in every world you visit, like-minded travelers inevitably cross your path. The journey never dead-ends.

The Family

Grace of the Lineages [100 CP]
Flawless high-society etiquette, the Family's hospitality liturgy, and the instinct for any room's true hierarchy. Any organization you join comes to treat you as Family — trusted, informed, and defended.

Bloodhound Instinct [200 CP]
The security lineage's craft (as one bartender practices it between pours): you read crime scenes, interrogate with kind economy, smell lies like smoke, and in the dream you track dreamers and memes by their signature as surely as pawprints.

One Dream, Many Voices [400 CP]
The cup of Xipe, drunk deep. Weave willing minds into a chorus: perfect sensory and skill-sharing, coordination without words, each voice able to draw on a fraction of all. You may also gently "tune" a crowd toward concord — not compulsion, harmony: the willing march to the same drum. At Emanator scale, a planet's dreamers can sing as one.

Charmony's Blessing [600 CP]
You become a living festival. Despair cannot persist near you; the mad quiet; crowds rally. Once per year you may host a Grand Festival — and all who attend in peace (even enemies) find their deepest wounds tended: curses lifted, memetic rot cleansed, broken minds mended. Robin sang the dream awake; you carry that song.

The Order

Shepherd's Countenance [100 CP]
Like Sunday's public face: you always appear innocent and holy. Observers instinctively read you as good, gentle, and devout — suspicion slides off you, accusations sound like persecution, and evidence against you finds remarkably few eyes willing to look at it. In any court, congregation, or court of public opinion, you are the last person anyone wants to suspect.

The False Conductor [200 CP]
You can pass as the god of another faith. To that faith's believers you register as their deity: prayers reach you as if addressed to heaven, your blessings register as divine works, and your miracles are credited to the god's glory. The actual god does not notice — their senses report business as usual — unless they turn their full, Aeon-grade attention to the specific question of whether you are real. This is how the Order once lived inside Xipe's own house, and how its shepherds might live anywhere.

Shepherd's Decree [400 CP]
The curse Sunday laid on the gambler: speak terms over a target — "answer me true," "hold this vow," "speak of this to no one." The decree binds on hearing. If the target breaks the terms — lies, betrays, violates — the sanction you chose when laying it falls instantly and automatically, at any distance: pain, silence, sealed powers, a truth-tongue that blurts their secrets, collapse, or worse. Enforcement is the Order's law, not your strength; only beings far above you can contest the binding itself.

The Harmonious Choir [600 CP]
Weave dreams into an alternate form: a boss-shape of your own design —like Sunday's who wore a conductor's form — that you may don like armor. While transformed, the form's power and reach scale on belief: at minimum you fight one Scale-tier above your own; each order of magnitude of believers raises it further and widens its reach (a congregation holds a city; a nation, a continent; a faith that spans a star system, everywhere within it). At system-scale belief, dream and reality mix freely inside the form's reach, and the Choir becomes something close to a fragment of an Aeon — a mini-Ena. The form drinks faith: believers who falter starve it, and it can be unbelieved out of its ascension.

Garden Of Recollection

Memokeeper's Trade [100 CP]
The keeper's craft, as the Garden's elegant envoys practice it: read surface memories by touch, copy remembrance into your butterflies for archive and trade, and deal in the currency of the sea — everything you archive preserved perfectly, forever, beyond the reach of erosion. You also work as they work: projecting into the Memory Zone and into a person's mindscape as a being of memory, unconstrained by physical limits. (The race grants the being; this grants the craft.)

Memosnatcher's License [200 CP]
The radicals' arts, of which Herta herself warns: where keepers ask and trade, you may simply take. Rip memories out by the root, leaving gaps or perfect forgeries as you please; bait the mighty into leading you to what they would never share — one of your temperamental cousins nearly robbed an Aeon's mind through its own audience system — and skate past the rules, the Garden's and everyone else's. Wards, oaths, and regulations that would stop a lawful Memokeeper slide off a snatcher's hands.

Keeper of the Sea of Memory [400 CP]
The common cup of the Garden's every temperament — keepers, snatchers, and burners alike drink from Fuli's sea. Sculpt dream-matter like clay into objects and entities; walk between dream and memory-realms freely; and let wounds of spirit and memory regenerate — erased memories restored, broken minds knitted whole. At a larger scale, reshape an entire dreamscape's substrate.

The Dahlia's Pyre [600 CP]
The potential power of the Dahlia herself: Constance, the Duke's daughter — golden blood marked by Destruction, last of the Annihilation Gang, and the most feared Incinerator the Garden's offshoot ever fielded. Your strikes can target memory itself: memories you hit are destroyed, and nothing can restore them without your express will — no regeneration, no turning back of time, no archive, no gentle aeon's hand. When you kill, you may extend the pyre: every memory of the victim, in every mind and record, burns with them — the world keeps the traces but forgets whose they were. Those you attack open to you like books, their memories laid bare on contact. Golden patterns bloom across your skin where the fire runs — the mark Destruction left on the last woman who bore this gift — and you gain an alt-form worn at will, the pyre's heat running beneath it. Taking this increases the scale of power by one for free.

Dreamflux Reef

Dreamsmith's Craft [100 CP]
Gallagher's trade (between drinks): forge, mend, and renovate dreams and dream-things — tools, furniture, wings, whole rooms — from raw dream-stuff, and repair damaged dreams and minds the way a good bartender fixes a bad day. With effort, your craft persists into waking reality as semi-real memetic objects.

The Sleepless [200 CP]
You do not sleep, and you never dream unless you choose to. Nightmares, dream-attacks, and memetic hazards cannot catch you off-guard; you see the Dreamscape's backstage — its seams, stagehands, and hidden doors (like the one to the Reef) — and impersonators and illusions stand out to you like bad props.

Knight Errant of Beauty [400 CP]
The creed of Idrila's knights: no cry goes unanswered. You sense anyone in genuine peril — allies ring loudest, and distance is no object, even across the boundary between dream and waking — and you may appear instantly at their side, stepping out of nowhere as the Radiant Knight does, banner optional but traditional. You always know the shortest road to them, your arrival cannot be barred by anything less than an Emanator's seal, and while you fight in defense of the distressed, fear and despair find no grip on you.

Fiction's Flame [600 CP]
Become a true Fiction, as Gallagher was. Designate a Role for yourself — detective, hero, mascot, villain, bartender — and within any dream, memory, or narrative realm, that Role grants escalating, story-shaped power to fulfill it: the detective's surging deduction, the hero's comeback against the villain; in any other realm, fate simply bend to make your clearer. Once , you may Author a new fiction: breathe persistent life into a character of your own design — a Clockie, a Gallagher — bound to serve as your agent wherever dreams are dreamed. Taking this increases the scale of power by one for free. You may have only up to 2 fictions at a time.

Masked Fools

Fool's Trade [100 CP]
Basic Masked Fool training, the kind every new mask earns: pickpocketing, lockwork, sleight of hand, prank- and trap-rigging, makeup and costume, improv and ventriloquism, stage combat that looks lethal and lands however you actually intend, reading a crowd, working a mark, and escaping rope, cell, or handcuff with your dignity optional. Enough to run a theater company or a confidence ring — most Fools run both.

A Thousand Faces [200 CP]
The face-changing art of Sparkle and Sampo: at will, completely change your appearance — face, frame, voice, gait, scent, prints — holding any guise indefinitely and switching between a stored wardrobe of identities in seconds. With brief study you can duplicate a specific person flawlessly; without it, you invent people wholesale. No mask required, though many Fools keep one for ceremony.

The True Face [400 CP]
Your mask is a memetic thing, and you may press it upon another: they become a physical copy of you — body, voice, face — with what's behind the eyes left between them and the mask. Among your copies you may relocate your true self at will, silently. If the body wearing your true self dies, then by the ledger's sudden revision it was only ever a copy, and your true self surfaces elsewhere — once every ten years. No one has ever proven which of a Fool's faces was the original. That is the entire point.

Aha's Punchline [600 CP]
Once per scene, enforce Toon Logic over an area up to your Scale's reach — a room, a street, a theater, a battlefield. For the scene, cartoon physics govern within: painted tunnels work, pianos and anvils arrive on schedule, falls flatten without killing, and attacks resolve as slapstick — the "slain" bounce back bruised, smoking, and deeply embarrassed, because no one truly dies inside the bit. Outcomes obey the rules of comedy: the pompous fail funniest, the cruel are undone by their own machinery, and the punchline always lands where it hurts most — the dignity. The genuinely innocent and the truly humorless are partly exempt; the deserving never are.

Galaxy Ranger

Your Ranger's Method [100 CP]
The trade before the trigger: given a target — a man, a meme, a monopoly, a machine-god — you can produce a working hunt-plan. Study them briefly and their patterns, dependencies, blind spots, and load-bearing weaknesses resolve into a plan of pursuit: the when, the where, the with-what, and the graceful way out afterward. The larger the quarry (a corporation takes longer than a crook), the longer the plan; the plan always comes. Fellow Rangers respect a good plan almost as much as a good fire.

Quickdraw & Reload [200 CP]
Boothill's grammar: superhuman marksmanship and draw, your weapons will never jam, your ammo is automatically in the chambers, and can fanned hammer's storm of uncanny ricochets. Also covers improvised melee, boot-knives, and the hat-brim squint.

The Waking Will [400 CP]
The Rangers' infamous willpower: the stubbornness that wakes from dreams. You can forcibly wake yourself from any dream, illusion, mindscape, memetic realm, or "sweet dream" — shattering it outright if your will outweighs its architect's — and no seduction, domination, despair, or lullaby below the weight of your will can keep you under. With a word or a touch, you can wake others too, breaking them out of dreams, trances, and stories they have forgotten they are inside. Penacony's softest trap broke against people like you like soap against a stove.

Self-Annihilator [600 CP]
Take up the mantle of the Ranger who is more than a Ranger: one who gazed into IX and cut their own shadow loose. You gain Acheron's arts — the sheathed strike (any attack, blade or bullet or spell, may be charged and released as a single red flash: one instant, unavoidable cut that arrives before its own light, shearing through armor and durability proportional to charge), the void-steps between moments, and her serenity, as fear, pain, and despair slide off you like rain off the umbrella. You forge your own Shadow of IX — the Shadow of the Jumper — a lightless annex stitched to your soul: those you slay do not pass on; they end up here, their echoes yours to hold, and from the shadow you may draw forth copies of your victims, perfect replicas released into the world as agents, decoys, or company. You can traverse the boundary of life and death at will, walking the border-roads where the dead pool and returning unclaimed. You gain a released state — a transformation of the paradigm, a power-swap of your choosing, or the classic mark: hair gone white as salt, eyes red as the horizon before a storm — in which your arts are magnified. Finally, your mind and soul are a black hole: any influence, probe, entity, or power below an Aeon's full strength that attempts to touch your inner self is swallowed whole — devoured, not deflected — and the deeper it reaches, the more of it is lost. Taking this increases the scale of power by one for free

IPC

Corporate Ladder [100 CP]
Bureaucratic judo: you navigate any organization's paperwork, politics, and profit-sense like a native. IPC credentials (mid-tier, Strategic Investment Department) come standard, with legal authority to operate wherever the Corporation's contracts reach — which is everywhere the mail does.

Gambler's Calculus [200 CP]
Aventurine's eye: you smell the odds of any action as a gut-number, read tells through poker faces and god-faces alike, and once per day may push — one failed gamble's outcome flips to lucky. Your own face, famously, tells nothing.

Veritas [400 CP]
Dr. Ratio's big brain: you possess passing knowledge on every doctorate, degree, and certification the cosmos confers, plus the genius to use them. You learn any taught or studied subject at ten times the pace; you can teach anything you know to anyone, decades compressed to months; and you dissect phenomena, artifacts, persons, and illusions with pure rigor, your conclusions arriving as elegant, verifiable proofs that are distressingly hard to dismiss. The mask is optional; as is the attitude.

The Cornerstone [600 CP]
Qlipoth's amber, cut with your name, with all a Stoneheart's stakes attached. Authority of Preservation in your domain: fortify bodies, cities, fortunes, and futures so they endure, their ruin massively blunted. Your wagers can bind metaphysically — both parties' fates escrowed, the loser pays the pre-agreed price (power, memories, service, a Cornerstone, a world's deed), and the universe itself enforces collection; even Aeons must pay or forfeit. Going all-in surges your capabilities on desperation's leverage for as long as the wager stands. Once per year, you may guarantee a gamble, though the price for twisting fate will never be predicted.

Stellaron Hunter

ScriptSense [100 CP]
As agents of Destiny's Slave's, you can sense the ‘script’ or the ‘plot’ around you, as well as have a good guess on the critical moments and what the geral result might be in the vaguest senses. Following the script steers you toward your chosen ending; ignoring it is always possible, and always interesting.

Iron Cavalry of Glamoth [200 CP]
Firefly's inheritance: an engineered warrior's body — the peak your species permits, immune to toxin, radiation, and vacuum, with war-machine instincts (any vehicle obeys you), pain suppressed, and the discipline to fight through lethal injury until the scene ends.

SAM Protocol [400 CP]
The battlesuit answers your call: summon and bind your transforming war-frame — knight and siege engine in one — with flight, superheavy armament, and Complete Combustion (everything in the cone of fire is very sincerely on fire). The frame's arsenal scales with your Scale, and inside it, chronic conditions — even Entropy Loss Syndrome — do not progress.

Death and Rebirth [600 CP]
You have died before; you took notes. When slain, you detonate in glory — an inferno equal to your full power, taking your killers' applause with you — and are reborn after a day from the embers: whole, restored, curses and permanent maiming burned away, with one adaptation added that would have saved you last time. Each use within the same year doubles the interval. The dream ends; you greet the dawn. Taking this increase your scale by one for free.

Items

All origins get their 100cp perks for free, and all other purchases for that origin are discounted by 50%. Any item alterations and upgrades made will be maintained between jumps and are fiat-backed.

General [Undiscounted]

Basic Equipment [Free]
A season's wardrobe of Golden Hour fashion — festival-formal to reef-casual — plus a wallet of chips, credits, and one suspiciously cosmopolitan coupon book. You look solvent.

Dreamville Souvenirs [100 CP]
Official merchandise of the cartoon district: plush Clockies, wind-up birds, and one (1) anatomically generous Brother Hanu cushion. The plushes ward nightmares for sleepers of all ages; the cushion is simply correct.

SoulGlad Machine [200 CP]
A SoulGlad vending machine, self-restocking: the Planet of Festivities' favorite beverage, genuinely refreshing — minor fatigue and pain relief, bad moods cured in one can. One golden can per day grants a brief second wind of miracle-grade pep. Doctors are divided on the recipe; the planet is not.

Brother Hanu's Mask [200 CP]
The striped prisoner's visage from the classics: worn, you become a background character — eyes slide off, guards forget you mid-glare, cameras develop you as scenery. You cannot speak while masked (Hanu never talks). If spotted somewhere restricted, every guard on premises is seized with the inexplicable urge to catch you specifically.

The Doctor's Robe [200 CP]
Genius Society #64, Dr. Primitive — "Evil Ninja Osaru," the ape-cultivating criminal the whole Ranger corps loves to chase — once owned this. Wear it and your identity becomes unknowable: scrying, recognition, and records slide off, and even the sharpest files on you read as errors. You gain a taste of his atavistic arts: transform others into beasts (the worse the victim's temper, the worse the ape), a crime against nature the Garden, the Guild, and the Rangers will all want to discuss with you. Supposedly, it has incredible powers. The robe certainly agrees.

Dreamscape Projector [400 CP]
A brass-and-velvet projector that overlays a small pocket-dream on an area: a street becomes your set — ambiance, light, weather, and set-dressing to taste. Non-combat scale, but between heists, festivals, therapy, and dinner parties, you will never lack a venue.

Gravity Walker [400 CP]
Dr. Primitive's masterwork boots, the ones the Intelligentsia Guild's astrophysicists still cannot explain: they capture gravity itself. Walk in open space as if on a Sunday lawn; stand on any surface at any angle; seize and carry gravitational fields like luggage — drop a moon's pull on a foe's shoulders, or pocket your own weight entirely. Pairs obscenely with a certain Divine Key.

Lexicon Raison [600 CP]
The Guild's master-archive, personal edition, now sold through IPC channels: a reality-indexing codex that unfolds into a full Athenaeum — a pocket-dimension library-study, self-organizing, time running two-to-one, indexing every text you acquire. Query anything you have encountered and receive a dossier — history, connections, capabilities, known weaknesses — as complete as the publicly knowable permits. Once per week, one query about something you have never encountered returns a research lead: coordinates, a name, a thread to pull. It updates on your acquaintances nightly, which is how you learned what your friends really think of your chalk.

Imaginary Implosion Pulse [600 CP]
The masterwork of Genius Society #79, Calderon Chadwick: a weapon that implodes space along its imaginary seams — at full activation, twenty-four worlds cease. It is yours now, complete with his regrets. The blast annihilates everything within its imploding radius, calibrated from one city to one star system; a full charge takes a decade to rebuild, and the trigger is heavy in more ways than one. The trees, at least, are at peace.

Penacony [800 CP] (Discounted to 400 with The Harmonious Choir, Charmony's Blessing, or The Dahlia's Pyre; free with any two)
The planet, or a dream of it: a pocket-dimension replica of the Planet of Festivities — the Reverie, the Golden Hour, Dreamville, Dreamflux Reef — and a functioning Dreamscape of your own, powered by a self-sustaining memoria engine. Staffed by loyal fictions and maintained by dreamsmith drones, it sails the cosmos as a moon-sized ornament or a world-sized resort. Bring dreamers: those who sleep in your hotel walk in your dream, and their joy pays the light bill. The Family built the original out of a prison planet's longing; you kept the good parts.

Nameless

Festival Invitation [100 CP]
The gilded invite: VIP standing at any Penacony-scale event in any world, plus a wardrobe of festival finery. Doors that matter open for the bearer.
Work for any other important festival in future worlds.

Trusty Bat [200 CP]
The Trailblazer's weapon of choice: an unbreakable, perfectly balanced bat that becomes whatever improvised weapon the dream demands — pool cue, umbrella, trashcan lid, greatsword-adjacent pipe. It hits exactly as hard as you do.

Express Cabin Key [400 CP]
A key to your own cabin aboard a dream-of-the-Astral-Express: a pocket-dimension sleeper car, warm-lit and conductor-kept, which rides the rails between any worlds you have already visited. A few days' travel between stops; safe passage guaranteed.

The 9th Divine Key [600 CP]
The eldest passenger's black umbrella-cane: a Divine Key, forged in another world's crisis and carried ever since. It commands the geometry of collapse: open a miniature black hole at will — a gravitational lens that swallows barrages, bends light and luck, and crushes what you please; stand serene inside your own event horizon, untouched by what cannot reach you; and fold short distances through curved space, stepping out of one place and into another. At Emanator scale, whole battlefields can be introduced to a singularity. It is also, famously, an impeccable walking stick — and in the rain, an umbrella.

The Family

Family Regalia [100 CP]
The finest of your lineage's wardrobe: functionally light armor, immaculate self-repair, and your crest-pin opens doors across any Family-scale organization you found or join.

Dreampool Key [200 CP]
A private dream-pool: your own pocket paradise-dream, decorate-to-taste, where recuperation runs double and time flows gently. Guests you invite leave their troubles at the shore.

Harmonious Opera House [400 CP]
A portable stage-realm that unfolds anywhere, matter or dream. Performances staged within broadcast to every dreamer in the local dream: songs and speeches that shield the soul, steady courage, and dispel memetic horror note by note.

The Reverie's Master Key [600 CP]
The keys to the Dreamscape's back-of-house: any dream-door opens to you, dream zones may be sealed or unsealed at your decree, and in domains you govern you hold administrator authority over local dream-physics. Those you register as guests cannot suffer true dream-death under your roof — they wake, safely, instead.

The Order

Shepherd's Rosary [100 CP]
A solemn prayer-bead pendant: it marks you, discreetly, to the faithful of the hidden congregation, and grows warm in the presence of Ena's remnant — or anything pretending to be it.

Nightingale's Cage [200 CP]
A beautiful birdcage, Sunday's favorite metaphor. It can contain a captured spirit, meme, dream-echo, or the dream-self of a subdued foe; the caged songbird sings a melody that soothes madness and stills hostility within earshot.

Ena's Litany [400 CP]
The seven-day scripture of the Order. Recitation imposes order on chaos: it stabilizes collapsing dream and mental zones, binds rampaging entities to stillness (contested by will), and consecrates ground where illusions and memes cannot manifest for a day.

Embryo of Philosophy [600 CP]
The dreaming heart of Penacony's crisis — Stellaron or its dream-echo, the scholars still argue — in your keeping: a dormant embryonic god-dream. It gestates slowly on a diet of wishes; every hundred years it completes a gestation, and you may hatch one grand miracle — the rewriting of a world's fate on Penacony's scale, the birth of a new Aeon-fragment, the resurrection of a lost era — whereupon it settles back to dream the next century's miracle, steerable toward any wonder you choose. Until each hatching, it whispers Sunday-soft temptations to everyone who comes near. Handle with prayer

Garden of Recollection

Memory Butterfly Casket [100 CP]
A casket of black-violet butterflies: your archive, made winged. They copy memories on touch (with consent), carry messages, replay the past, and can swarm-shield you — devouring incoming mental attacks like flowerbeds drink rain.

Mnemosyne's Fan [200 CP]
Black Swan's elegance, folded: a wave releases a flurry that clouds the senses — onlookers remember only "someone lovely" — while the reverse-fan sweeps away illusion and weighs words against memory, exposing lies.

Garden Sanctum Seed [400 CP]
Plant it, and a Memory Garden grows: a pocket realm of memoria where your archived memories bloom as flowers, time runs as you set it, and nothing stored can be erased by any force short of Fuli. A library that is also a garden, which is also a fortress.

Memory Zone Anchor [600 CP]
Black Swan came to archive an entire dream; you own the tool. Once per world, bind a copy of a realm's collective memoria — its dreamscape, its sea of memory — into a pocket memory-zone of your own. The record slowly updates; from it you may retrieve any unshielded information, replay the past as living simulation, or open the dream to visitors.

Dreamflux Reef

Traditional Reefside Toolkit [100 CP]
Workmanlike clothes for the dream's basement, a dreamsmith's toolroll, and a lighter that never runs dry. Everything you need to fix what the Golden Hour throws away.

Clockie's Watch [200 CP]
The cartoon mascot's own pocket watch, tick-tock and grinning. In any dream, minor cartoon logic obeys its bearer for a scene: painted tunnels work, the classic window gag opens, anvils fall on schedule, and time itself briefly hurries or dawdles. Only in non-critical time.

The Watchmaker's Workshop [400 CP]
Mikhail's workshop and charter, formerly the crowning inheritance, now offered at the Reef's fireside prices. Within, design and repair whole dream-districts — with reef-side quarters attached where allies shelter and the dream-dead convalesce. Beyond its doors, seed a world of your choosing with a lesser Dreamscape of its own — founded by you, growing with its dreamers, its physics co-governed by your founder's authority. The Express took Mikhail's dream forward; now it takes yours.

Death [600 CP]
A rather infamous memetic entity; beyond just being a terrifying combatant, it can induce coma instead of death, plunge into dreams and mindscapes, and pull them deeper into the dreamscape; and anything killed by it can stay dead until destroyed, and can be respawned after 10 years.

Masked Fools

Fool's Mask Set [100 CP]
A collection of fine masks, including one blank: while it is worn, no one can quite hold onto your face in memory.

Trick Pouch [200 CP]
A pouch of professional-grade gags: smoke-bombs, snap-dragons, itching powder that works on gods (scaled itching), a rubber chicken whose squeak interrupts spellwork, and the famous dozen fake mustaches (one of them, worryingly, real).

Theater of the Absurd [400 CP]
A big-top that unfolds from nowhere. Within, you set the play: participants take roles with role-appropriate power, scenarios run as living training with real gains, and a captured foe can be cast in a part they must play out — the stronger the foe, the shorter their run.

The Grand Masquerade [600 CP]
Once per year, throw the party at the end of the cosmos: invitations cross realms, and even Aeons send faces. Within the Masquerade, the rules of comedy govern — violence fails hilariously, secrets surface as toasts — and one wish spoken by the host at curtain-call is granted, Aha-style: genuinely, ironically, and in a way you will be telling stories about forever. Aha sometimes attends personally. You'll know.

Galaxy Ranger

Ranger's Kit [100 CP]
An armored, stylish duster; a self-maintaining sidearm of your choice; a ranger-token recognized in every lawless bar; and a bounty-board uplink that never quite stops pinging.

Cyberware Chassis [200 CP]
Boothill's solution to mortality: selective war-grade conversion of your body — bulletproof chassis, hidden weapon modules, pain editor, full vacuum functionality — with a flesh-look toggle for polite company. The dream-doc can fix anything; the whiskey is medicinal.

Rain-Shield Umbrella [400 CP]
An elegant umbrella, unbreakable: opened, its dome scatters any incoming barrage — energy, memetic, or psychic — the way a good umbrella ignores the rain. Closed, it sheathes a hidden blade. The world may drown in red; the bearer stays dry.

Naught [600 CP]
The blade of the sole survivor of Izumo. When her world and its sister sank into the Shadow of IX, and the duel she won for its future proved meaningless, she reforged the remnants of her old blade — Origin, which once took both her hands — into something that takes only one: Naught, a sword named as an answer to the Aeon that ate her home. It cuts what should not be cut: fate and causality, curses, dream-tethers, shadows of IX, the concepts only gods are supposed to own. It sharpens with your resolve, and once per jump its true strike may fell a being far beyond you — borrowing, if you like, the strength of every fallen friend you have ever mourned.

IPC

Executive Suite [100 CP]
A tailored IPC suit (light body armor that never wrinkles), a PDA with market feeds from three economies, an expense account that defines "civilized" broadly — and, folded into the lanyard, full Intelligentsia Guild credentials: library and archive access across any civilization that has libraries, and several that only have rumors of them.

Peacock Coat [200 CP]
Aventurine's jacket in the classic style: gorgeous, armored, and pocketed beyond reason. Once per scene(or a day), produce any small mundane object with an "I had it all along" — the right document, the right coin, the right drink, the right card. The tailoring is Preservation-grade; the drama is complimentary. Nothing supernatural.

The Doctor's Regalia [400 CP]
The consultant's kit. The plaster mask: worn, you become anonymous-but-imposing — scrying and recognition slide off the marble, your voice carries lecture-hall gravitas that quiets stadiums, and memetic hazards reach you as mere noise. The chalk (and any improvised scholarly projectile you fancy): your strikes hit the concept rather than the crust — constructs crumble as their logic fails them, spells unravel mid-cast, memes and fictions disperse under rigorous refutation, and pure illusions take full damage. The trade-off remains that nobody can see your expression, which they will learn to fear.

Amber Vault [600 CP]
Qlipoth's bank, pocket-sized: a vault-realm of perfect stasis. Store anything — treasure, plagues, prisoners, memories, a dying world's last golden afternoon — and nothing inside decays, erodes, or is forgotten; even Nihility's shadow finds the amber hard. Deposits can be lent, withdrawn, or set to mature across time. Only you sign for withdrawals.

Stellaron Hunter

Traveler's Attire & Channel [100 CP]
Comfortable clothes for a body that fights wars (sundress and sandals optional but respected), plus an encrypted channel to "the script-holder": a mentor's voice, cryptic but genuine, offering guidance and never explanation.

Molten Tinder [200 CP]
A sidearm of superheated alloy: it cuts like a plasma-cutter and its fire sticks — burning what should not burn, and making regenerators remember it. It never needs fuel; the wielder's resolve is load-bearing.

The Script Book [400 CP]
Elio's book, or a page of it that grew up: it writes your current act in advance — major events as stage notes, foggy around higher-Scale beings, blank at moments of true free choice. Everything that has happened to you is inscribed; if your memories are ever tampered with, the book restores them, verbatim.

The Future Elio Saw [600 CP]
Once per jump, attest an ending: declare a specific, witnessed-pathway goal — "we all walk out of Sunday's dream"; "I hold the grail at dawn" — and the universe conspires toward it: you will find notes scattered near you or when you look for them that explain the steps describing of the critical path, converging coincidence, and at the climax one declared action guaranteed to succeed as attested, no matter the odds. The aftermath and its prices remain real; Destiny's Slave never said otherwise.

Companions

Companion Import [100/400CP]
Import a single companion into any origin for 200 CP each? Each one has 600 CP to use, or 5 for 400.

Canon Companion [100]
So, you want to take any other existing character from this world. Well then, this option is for you.

Clockie (& Friends) [400 CP] (Discounted to 200 for Dreamflux Reef origin or Dreamborn race)
A living fiction of your very own: Clockie himself, or a cartoon companion of your design — fully real in dream and memoria, semi-real in the wake, loyal beyond the final frame. Cartoon logic serves them: the hammer from nowhere, the "uh-oh" sense, the death that is merely a running gag. They will absolutely make you the co-star.

Scenarios

[Takamagahara]

The Dreamscape is woven of memoria, and memoria remembers everything — even a Ranger's grief. Taking this scenario, on a night of your stay you dream true: you wake on Izumo, in the years before the fall — one of two worlds circling a pitch-black great sun, its sister planet Takamagahara hanging forever in the sky. This is a storm-and-steel country of shrine-gates and tassel-bound blades, where girls carry their makeup against the rain; where demonic Kami descended from Takamagahara to eat the world, and the world fought back — breaking seventy thousand and thirty-three warrior's blades across a long crusade to forge thirteen Edict Edges (the first from the body of the slain Sovereign of Revelation), whose wielders recite the mantra within to master Takamagahara's divine power; where those who drew too deep on that power put on horns and became Oni; and where the Edges' light raised neon cities from the dark in less than ten Amber Eras.

But you know how this story ends. The Kami war halts; the thirteen Sentinels are broken and sealed; from their remains are forged two final blades — Origin and End — and two swordsmen duel for Izumo's future while both worlds, all unknowing, are already sinking into the Shadow of IX. The duel is won, and it does not matter. Everything burns into Nihility, and one survivor walks out with a reforged blade and a name she never wanted.

You must change the ending. Arrive when you choose, within the Kami war or after it; live, fight, and earn your place among the blade-bearers and the horned; and when the Shadow of IX comes for Izumo and Takamagahara, save them. It must be turned aside forever or slain for good — it will not be banished for a season. If you come as an Emanator or a Self-Annihilator, you may face the Shadow peer to peer beneath the storm. If you come as a mere Guest, then thirteen blades, the Oni, and every bond you have kindled are your path — but your hand must be the turning point; history does not save itself twice by accident.

Reward: 3000 CP; one additional origin of your choice (discounts applied retroactively); any companion who survived may stay with you; and two boons without price. You are turned into an Oni — fiat-backed and permanent: the horns (styled to taste), oni physiology scaled to your current Scale, the long-lived stubbornness of those who drew on Takamagahara's power and did not let go, and a noted kinship with blades. And the Thirteen Edict Edges — the complete Sentinel armory of the Kami war: the first forged from the Sovereign of Revelation's body, the last twelve from the shards of 70,033 broken blades; each grows with its wielder, and each carries a mantra that, recited, grants mastery of a measure of Takamagahara's divine power. In the old history, their remains were reforged into Origin and End — in yours, the set is yours whole, though you may still choose to forge the final two. And Izumo endures — with Takamagahara hanging above it, neon-lit, miso traded on distant ships — a second draft written in your hand.

Drawbacks

Plot is King [+0 CP]
You may leave any time after the main plot is complete, unless any drawbacks or scenarios are still in effect and incomplete; alternatively, you may continue until the end of the main continuity.

Extended Stay [+100 CP]
For each purchase of this, your time here is extended by 10 years. You can buy multiple times, but remember you are far from the peak.

Unfortunate Luck [+200 CP]
Luck does NOT smile on you; expect daily inconvenience to be the norm, even in paradise. *Especially* in paradise.

Dense as a Dreamer [+200 CP]
Every time the matter of the heart is mentioned, it's like you become allergic to knowledge, and many infatuated guests will resent you for it.

Insomniac [+200 CP]
Natural sleep has abandoned you: dreamside access requires pharmaceutical aid and the concierge's side-eye, and your stamina suffers in the wake.

Sweet Dream [+400 CP]
The dream tailors itself to your desires, escalating with everything you love; every dawn is a contested departure, and lingering too long thins your memory of the waking world (restored at jump's end).

Sleepwalker [+400 CP]
Your dream-self wanders unattended: you wake in places you shouldn't be, having done things you don't remember, and your enemies can steer your sleeping self.

Family Watchlist [+400 CP]
The Bloodhounds maintain a file: a certain bartender-detective shadows you, every misstep is logged, and you stand one strike from "reality-anchored detention."

Something Unto Death [+400 CP]
The memetic horror has your scent: it stalks your sleep like a landlord, and only outwitting, outrunning, or outliving it (Emanator-grade meme — bring friends) ends the hunt.

IPC Debt [+400 CP]
You owe the Strategic Investment Department a ruinous sum at predatory interest: collectors with contracts pursue you, your assets are leveraged, and the Corporation politely owns your future until you clear the books.

Masked Attention [+400 CP]
A Fool (her protégé, or the lady herself) has cast you as their favorite straight-man: elaborate pranks, impersonated allies, and punchlines at the worst moments. Break a leg. Literally, probably.

Ena's Shadow [+400 CP]
The Order's remnant knows your name: sleepers whisper of your role in their plan, and Gopher Wood's successors want you as herald, hostage, or hatchling.

Problems and Problems [+600 CP]
How did you earn Fate's enmity?! From festival mysteries to Grail Wars, everything that can oppose you will oppose you, as if the universe wishes to see your desires undone.

From the bottom [+600 CP]
All perks in this jump are scaled down or locked away, and you must master them again. Expect the scale to be one tier down (Guest / Elite / Pseudo-Emanator / Emanator).

Fated [+600 CP]
A page of Destiny's Slave's script carries your name and a stage direction you will hate. Evading it drags you toward it; only genuine ingenuity and outrageous effort can rewrite the ending.

Lockdown [+600 CP]
You have no out-of-context items, powers, or warehouse.

Dream-Host [+600 CP]
You unknowingly shelter a shard of the dreaming crisis: fictions spawn near you, technology dreams (and glitches), and any exertion of Emanator-tier power threatens to hatch the shard into a region-scale dream-collapse.

Decisions

You have three choices ...

Go to next Jump
Continue onto the next jump.

Stay
Stay and enjoy your current life.

Go back
Tired of your travels and want to rest back home? Well, then this is for you. Grab this ticket back to your starting point and go see old friends.

Change Log

v1.0

Initial Template Creation

Notes

-While it is very possible for you to earn the gaze of an aeon, it isn’t as easy as it seems, and becoming their emanator without outright being it (as you are an emanator of yourself just capable of generating and using path-aligned imaginary energy), they can at any time cut off the access, and you can't get it back.

-if you have already reached the scale of High-Emanator and must jump another tier, this will still cause a qualitative jump in power, much like how Zephiro stands above the other Lord Ravagers and SilverWolf lv 999 stands at the pinnacle of Emanator Power.

-If anything is uncertain, FanWank responsibly or in a way that makes sense.

-During your stay, no Aeons may interact or act on you directly; their proxies on the other hand…