

# GENERIC GUNPOSTING JUMP

Oh shit, you're a man with a gun in a world of superhumans, weeps, and monsters.

It's dangerous to go alone, so take these **1000 Dollars**, O gunman mine.

Guns are the great equalizer, so it really doesn't matter if you're an infant, a withered husk on a deathbed, or even a wretched Wo-Man.

## PERKS

You get two discounts in each tier. Discounts for things that cost 100 Bucks are free. Don't ask how that counts as a discount.

### **More Than Enough to Kill Everything That Moves [100]**

You have the dexterity, coordination, and sheer style to pull off all manner of flashy bullshit and spinny tricks with your guns. In fact, doing some otherwise unnecessary stunts dramatically increases your skill and accuracy.

#### **\*Ping\* [100]**

Gunplay is a sensuous thing, and each step is a carnal act. From the rhythm of spitting lead to the satisfaction of slotting in more ammo to the slow love of cleaning and maintaining a weapon... these acts now crackle with sexual energies. Well, they always did, but now the universe must acknowledge it.

### **Bullet Farmer [100]**

Like potato, bullet is necessary. Like potato, put bullet in ground, and more will grow. Is simple. Like potato, bullet can be made into alcohol.

### **Welcome to the Gunshow [100]**

You have the charisma and business sense to run a decently-sized business, and are also rather fucking jacked to boot. Now you can easily sweet-talk or strongarm someone into becoming properly armed.

### **Quick Draw [200]**

Your reaction time becomes *negative* – you can make sure your gun is drawn and fired a fraction of a second before your brain would normally be physically capable of processing the existence of a threat and directing your limbs to move.

### **Spray and Pray [200]**

By offering up a wordless prayer – for the report of your weapon speaks louder than the human voice ever could – you may receive the blessings of the nameless patron saints of firearms, ensuring your aim be true. Among other such benefits.

### **Mind Bullets [200]**

Out of ammunition? Remember: Guns don't kill people, people kill people, and the mind is deadliest weapon of all. And by that I mean that it's a gun, and your thoughts can be fired as physical bullets by *thinking* hard enough at someone. Don't worry about running out of thoughts, I hear it's very zen.

***"War IV will be fought with sticks and stones."* – Albert Smartman [200]**

Behold the awesome rocks of the earth, the limitless power of stone itself. Look carefully! Observe how it is used for the same purpose a man might use an especially good gun. In truth, all is gun. Sharp rocks. Slings. Bows. Lasers. Rockets. All is gun. You know this, and all your skill carries over to every form of mundane ranged weapon in every era in every universe.

### **100% More Bullet Per Bullet [400]**

So much is wasted when a gun is fired. No more! The casing, the propellant that would normally be expended, the gases involved, even the air displaced on the way to the enemy? All is shot, and all hits with the same force the actual bullet does.

### **Inoculated Against Acute Lead Poisoning [400]**

Through many years of training your body, dosing yourself with smaller caliber bullets and moving your way up to even the largest of their kin, you've developed an immunity.

### **There Are Many Like It, But This One Is Mine [400]**

The animists were right – all things possess spirits. Firearms, being things that exist, thus also possess them. And they may be appeased through proper care and judicious use in their intended roles. Care for them, and they shall care for you in turn.

### **The Very Model of a Modern Major General [400]**

Fine. You are actually, legitimately, skilled in every aspect of military science from lower level tactics to higher level strategy to logistics to procurement to even the endless fucking paperwork and politicking. While not as fun as doing it yourself, remember that one man with a gun is good – but many men with guns is great.

### **No, I Said In The Face [600]**

You don't give a shit about any of it. Fate? Godhood? Magic? You don't get it, and you don't intend to – lead rips through the flesh of dragons and demons the same as it does mortal men. No protection beyond that which the debased physical world can offer could ever hope to stay your wrath. Because you're just too fucking dumb to understand that's not how it works, and the world agrees. That's right Johnny, just shoot the devil in the face, I'm sure that's how it works, you gloriously stupid bastard.

### **GUN GOD MEET YOUR AVATAR [600]**

You are a gunsmith of gunsmiths – Wayland by way of Colt and Kalashnikov. When there is a problem, you know the precise way to solve it with More Gun if need be. All fields of study, all knowledge you may acquire from any world under any variant of natural or unnatural law, may be integrated into the creation of new and exciting forms of weaponry under your careful ministrations.

### **It Only Takes One Bullet [600]**

One Shot, One Kill? Absolutely pathetic. Besides being a masterful sharpshooter, you keenly understand the world around you, and can easily pull off ridiculous things such as killing six brothers scattered across a room with a single shot or using the Heimlich maneuver to dislodge a bullet into glass in such a way that it destroys a politician's grip on a town.

### **NO SENSE OF RIGHT OR WRONG [600]**

YOU ARE A POWERFUL WIZARD WHO HAS SACRIFICED MANY THINGS (SUBTLETY, THE POSSIBILITY OF A RELATIONSHIP WITH A WOMAN, YOUR MORALITY, ETC) TO GAIN GREAT ESOTERIC ARCANA THROUGH MANY YEARS OF STUDIOUS NEETDOM, NONE OF WHICH MATTERS FOR YOU HAVE MASTERED THE ONLY TRUE POWER THIS WORLD HAS TO OFFER: GUNS. YES, O WIZARDMAN, SUMMON MANY FIREARMS – AS MANY AS YOUR BLACKENED HEART DESIRES – FOR YOU NO LONGER NEED HEED THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR ACTIONS. AFTER ALL, YOU HAVE A GUN!

## **ITEMS**

Like the previous section, except you only get one discount per tier since there's half as many items.

### **License to Kill [100]**

Or, at least, to own firearms. Works in every world, in every legal framework, for every gun you've got.

### **Just A Big Fucking Pile of Kalashnikovs [100]**

They're all shitty, old, or mostly broken – but they all still work.

### **Gunblade [200]**

A sword that is also a gun.

### **A Gun That Shoots Blades [200]**

A gun that shoots swords.

### **Trophy Room [400]**

Somewhere to keep all the shattered remains of once-great beings, humbled by your hand. Or, rather, the weapon in that hand. Looks as grand as the shit you put in it, so go kill something cool if you want it to look better than an office building.

### **The Wall of Guns [400]**

Another whole-ass room! Comes with a massive wall with space for one of every kind of gun, and a note in the empty space that describes where you might easily (or, at least, relatively easily) acquire one. Updates wit more space and more notes when you enter a new world. Collect them all!

### **Murder/k/ube [600]**

Some manner of art installation, or perhaps a religious idol, in a building you own. Strange autistic molemen will crawl from the sewers and pay it tribute. Takes the form of a large cube of broken guns.

### **Enough Dakka [600]**

A gun-shaped object which holds a small portal within the barrel. On the other side lies a universe in which all that is or ever could be has been converted into an infinite amount of firearms and ammunition firing at all that exists – including itself.

## **DRAWBACKS:**

There are no drawbacks to being a GunCHAD.

## **NOTES:**

Is Joke. Is Shitpost. Don't Worry About It.