

**Note: If you're reading this then I've decided to post this as a WIP. Note that sections in this format, with black highlighting and white text, are essentially notes for those reading this to give context to my decision making processes while writing this out.**

Theorycrafting shit - races

RACES DESERVING UNIQUE PERKS

Ancients

Elders

Elves - LOOK AT MUMU'S FLOWERING SHAPE FOR 600

Sankta

Sarkaz (Add price tiers, 600 for goo lad)

Doc race

'However, you are extremely, extremely weak compared to virtually anyone else. I suppose if you worked your body out to the peak of physical fitness you'd reach a level of strength considered ordinary by the other races, and of course Perks will make you stronger, but your base level of physical ability is exceedingly poor by this world's standards. Honestly, it's going to sometimes feel like you're an ordinary human living in a world populated by genetically engineered bioweapons.

MINOR RACES

**Note: I'm persistently debating how I want to include the three Perk/Item lines for the following three "Race Add Ons". Thus far I've made them additions you can tack on to your race, which is logical given what they are. My initial idea after that is to make them cost something (either **200** or **400**) and lock those Perks (and maybe Items) out of being bought unless you've bought access to them. They'd be the only Perklines that function like this. Another idea was having it so the *section* rather than all three was blocked off, so that once the cost was paid they could all-three be bought from freely. In either case there were going to be (and currently are) a few Perks in different Perklines that would, in addition to what the Perks gave you, open up their corresponding Race Add On. This would be without paying the additional cost, as you're already paying through the Perk, but would come with a negative stipulation of some sort that would last for the duration of the Jump, and could optionally be kept afterwards if you liked it for some reason. For instance, Emperor's Blades are made using Collapsal fragments, so the Perk that gave you the Emperor's Blade powerset would also open up the Collapsal Perks. However, Collapsal corruption leaks out when Emperor's Blades are wounded or killed, so you would have that problem. I'm maybe thinking of noting that if you pay off the Perkline's surcharge anyways you can waive off the negative effect of such Perks.**

RACE ADD ONS [See above Note](#)

Feranmut

Seaborn

Collapsal

Theorycrating shit - affiliations

CAN PICK TWO AFFILIATIONS TO FLUFF OUT BACKGROUND, DISCOUNT BOTH  
CONSIDER OPTION TO GET THIRD AFFILIATION IN EXCHANGE FOR DRAWBACK, or as Perk, something

AFFILIATION LIST FOR REFERENCE DURING JUMP MAKING

Rhodes Island

**Babel Remnants CONSIDER JUST FUSING THIS WITH RHODES AND MAKING IT A TIMELINE THING**

Reunion

Corporate Ventures (affiliated companies like Rhines Labs and Penguin Logistics)

**Criminal Enterprises (illegals and gangs and shit) MAYBE CUT**

Lungmen

GLORIOUS URSUS HEGEMONY (Perks mostly done)

Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan

Victoria

Columbia ??????

Kazimierz

Sami (Perks done, Items done)

Siracusa (perks done, items mostly done)

Laterano

Lethanien

Sargon ?????? (immortal desert things) (Perks done)

Iberia (Perks partially done, hold off on items for information on Alchemy)

Aegir (Perks mostly done)

Church of the Deep (Perks done)

Kazdel

Crimson troupe (perks done)

The Plan (doc and priestess) (perks done - rewrite one perk)

AFFILIATION DESCRIPTIONS FOR JUMP FINALIZATION (Consider trimming down)

Rhodes Island

Rhodes Island, an international pharmaceutical company, completely unaffiliated with any individual nation. Generally dedicated to providing treatment and hopefully an eventual cure to the Infected, it nonetheless boasts a wide range of operations, many medical in nature, and others not. It offers its medical services at unusually low prices, and offers free medical care to employees, meaning that those too poor for other alternatives have a lifeline in the form of their affordable care, and in cases of extreme poverty, employment. Conversely, this can lead some to feeling that they have no choice in the matter and are trapped working for them if they wish to survive, but generally with the provided free healthcare and lodgings it proves to be an appealing deal to most. To mitigate the costs of providing treatment so freely Rhodes Island engages in numerous non-medical pursuits such as ore extraction, industrial material trading, and odd-job contract work ranging from disaster zone evacuation to modeling. Integral to both this and general security is its paramilitary branch made up of volunteers drawn from both non-combat employees and civilians. They also accept cooperation from third-party contractors.

Based out of an identically named landship with a capacity of 2,000 permanent employees and 1,000 patients, they also own multiple branch offices in major cities around the

world. Landship life isn't for everyone, you know. By choosing this Affiliation you're a Rhodes Island affiliate in some manner appropriate to your Origin, whether as a contracted Operator who sees live combat with nearly every deployment, a member of the medical department helping to keep your coworkers and clients alike in top shape, or even working a clerical job or in their shipping department. There are many, *many* jobs going on to keep this particular landship floating, and plenty enough work even in its branch offices. Of note is that there's nothing stopping you from joining Rhodes Island later on from a different Affiliation; people do it all the time. Similarly, if you're useful a contract can be worked out for Operator work; Rhodes Island accepts third-party contractors as reinforcements. The benefit of choosing this is that you already start as a trusted employee with a proven track record and a reserved spot on the landship (unless you want to work for a branch office). Of note is that this Affiliation functions in some ways similarly to the one below. Depending on when your time in this Jump starts, you won't be an employee of Rhodes Island, but its predecessor organization, Babel.

#### Babel Remnants

This is... actually quite similar to the above, actually. Rhodes Island, you see, is the successor organization to Babel, once a paramilitary organization under the Sarkaz' religious leader. After the assassination that led to her death and the closing of the Kazdel Civil War, Babel fractured into its own miniature civil war. A purge was conducted of treacherous elements, and many loyalists departed, with Babel eventually restructuring itself into Rhodes Island. Taking this Affiliation means you were there when it all went down. Perhaps you were there as far back as the restoration of Kazdel, but you were certainly there by the time of Kazdel's civil war. You may have even known the Lord of Fiends, albeit distantly. Your Origin is less what role you serve now, so much as it is what you served then, though that's not guaranteed. See, you have two options here. The first is that following the death of your leader and the restructuring of Babel, you stayed the course as a member of Rhodes Island. You're a much more deeply ingrained member of Rhodes Island than most of the newcomers. Though all are treated equally, you have a level of trust and experience that few would question. You've seen it all, including what warfare between Sarkaz factions means, and made it through the end of a miserable war intact. Physically, at least. The second option is to have parted ways with the landship after the war ended and the purges began. You weren't necessarily on the slate for the executions; you may have just had your own reasons for leaving. Many at Rhodes Islands would even be glad to see you, "Come home," but as it stands you're on your own at the moment.

In either case this option is similar to Rhodes Island, but represents a much deeper involvement with Terran geopolitics, intrigue, and the politics of Kazdel in particular. Similarly, you're far more experienced in the worst sorts of engagements, and all the dirty work of war. You have a personal history and likely a strong bond with many if not all of the surviving "Originals", are trusted with the kinds of things others would not be, and certainly have a home on the landship. Assuming you still work for Rhodes Island, of course. Similarly to the above, depending on the time you start here you may actually be a part of Babel pre-fall.

**Note: The following Origins, separate from Affiliations, are a tenuous work in progress. For the sheer amount of Affiliations and shit to deal with, I'm holding off on doing Origin things for now.**

As such their ultimate nature is but a hypothetical abstraction; mere ephemera, liable to drift into nothingness. I may unmake or alter them as I please. Their names, for instance, are constantly changing.

Origins

Drop-In - docutah

Learning Leader - amiya shit, Black Crown as capstone

Operator - basic soldier lads, normal combatants and operators

Elite Ops - old guard

Lab Savant - scientist/engineer, science shit

Honest Worker - normal dudes/employees, medics

Political Power- politicians and businessmen

Oldest Guard - immortal manipulator types (MAKE CAPSTONE THE EMPEROR'S BLADE  
CREATION YUGO-SOMETHING RITUAL)

Drop-In

Developing Leader

Rank and File

Elite Ops

Base Work

Oldest Guard

Drop-In

Frontline Leader

Smooth Operator (temporary name)

Base Work

Oldest Guard

CONSIDERING MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL ORIGIN

-add pith's (casters main) power copying to Elite Op Origin

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

: (400 CP)

: (600 CP)

General

Those Damn CGs: (100 CP)

Nice atmospheres/views of areas

Through strange and perhaps contrived series of coincidences, areas you visit will fairly frequently find themselves sparsely populated in an aesthetically pleasing kind of way. Contrivances of work hours and traffic flow might leave a large downtown clearing next to a truly massive set of roads completely clear for a short while, reducing a widely visible area around that in a given moment would contain even a few thousand lives into a clean and tranquil place of fleeting isolation. The city skyline in the distance will still be ablaze with thousands upon thousands of tiny moving lights, each a precious life in transit, but that single bridge you're staring at it all from will be curiously empty of traffic for that aesthetic moment. This can have varying levels, from the flow of people diverting away from you and giving you a decent but not insane space away from them to hold conversations in, to thinning the numbers of people around to numbers significantly lower than usual but still decently lively, all the way to the complete contrived absence of civilian interference. You can't actually control when or how this happens, but it does so very often, if for usually fleeting moments, though sometimes you have longer spots to just stop and contemplate things. You'll have a lot of opportunities, several every day if you're busy in the city, to just stop and admire the architecture of the place, and how beautiful or interesting these places look. A moment all to yourself - barring those who would be of interest to you or events you and yours are soon to be involved in. Whether you're aware of them when it starts or not, people you know or who are relevant to coming events in a personal, individualistic sense are not shepherded away from these areas. Common soldiers or guards perhaps, but not that named commander whose unique abilities and position of command will see them negotiating with faction leaders and leading the upcoming battle. Or just that cute coworker who's had your back in these last few fights while you're still getting the hang of your new job. If they're on the way and your meeting was going purely coincidental, the odds of this happening increase dramatically, accidentally highlighting the two or more of you to draw you all together. Notably this never gets creepy; people won't just disappear into dead silence. The distances and timetables are such that the filtering out and in of people feels natural, and that the subliminal signs of life like muffled traffic or conversations are present to keep you feeling like you're in a safe and public space.

(Ancient Language) Mad?: (200 CP)

Speak all mundane languages

: (200 CP, Varies)

People around here can be complicated. The stories of their life, past and future. An earnest hard working girl in some ragtag small time company might love her friends and make her home there, but also be an expatriate from abroad with family back home. Family with connections to the government, and who've extended an invitation back home to join in so she can finally learn the secrets about that past family tragedy that's been haunting her. It isn't unusual for people around here to find themselves being pulled in two opposite directions, and isn't that only right with how complex life can be? With this purchase you can select either a second Origin or Affiliation in this Jump, naturally gaining Discounts on the appropriate options. Adding an Origin will complicate your role in whatever your faction may be, or just the role life has tended to thrust you into. Adding an Affiliation will complicate your backstory and in-world

connections to make said Affiliation a large or impactful part of your life, with lingering connections as they may make sense. Any number of backstories can be constructed this way; any combination with Rhodes Island means that you're a trusted employee but with strong ties to your home nation, or your employer if you're hired off a third-party contractor. With other combinations you might be running from home but with people left behind who'd like to see you return, or have otherwise lived a *very* eventful life in some way. This may be purchased multiple times. The initial cost of this Purchase is **200 CP**, however, every further purchase will add an additional **200 CP** to the price. Thus, the second purchase would cost **400 CP** with the third purchase costing **600 CP** and so on.

Originium Arts Assimilation: (Free, 100 CP, 200 CP, 400 CP SO ON  
raw Arts power, 1 complimentary free personal Arts

The following examples will follow from a presumption of offensive Arts. Note that such examples are solely to illustrate the amount of energy you're able to output with your Arts, and not any other factors or possibilities. A less energy intensive Arts technique will obviously be possible over a wider area, while the converse is true.

free - can activate originium crystals to glow a little, at least good at detecting them in blood

100 - can form little balls of energy and launch them to dent car doors, larger blasts with effort

200 - surges and streams, could wreck a room with prolonged casting

400 - can function as a hard-hitting canon

600 - building destroying

800 - talulah melting city blocs with attacks

March of the Patriots: (Free, 100 CP, 200 CP, 400 CP SO ON (MAYBE SEPARATE SPEED AND COMBINE WITH SKILL)

Raw strength, durability, Arts resistance

free - normal for your race

100 - trained soldier by this world's standards

200 - minor superhuman, lifting strength equivalent to multiple people, durable enough to get knocked away skidding down the street just a bit roughed up

400 - strong enough to bat someone over a wall, land 12 meters in full plate armor with only a bit of pain

600 - texas if speed, durability to block a hit that moderately craters the ground below you, strength to well through large part of a building like cardboard

800 - patriot with a good shield and armor facetanking Amiya's blasts, Rosmontis railgunning support beams, and Monst3r firing an energy beam straight into his chest, while continuing to march through landmines

And Over Ten Seconds...: (400 CP)

Revive once per fight

Jump3r: (600 CP)

Stando power

Not all people fight alone. For some, this means that they have true friends who they can rely on to always have their back. For others, it means they're fucking haunted. You seem to have picked up an extra passenger somewhere along the way, because you now have a very unusual friend backing you up. Their exact nature may be any number of things. They might be a strange levitating crystalline abomination of jagged spines and teeth that springs from a crystal you can produce, or they might be an invisible and intangible psychic phantom lingering around you that can nonetheless affect your environment with crushing force in a unique Arts-based symbiosis. Either way the thing is massive. Were it a visible kind of monster, then when called out it could very well hunch over you, covering you in a very menacing looking defensive position. Regardless, this strange friend of yours is an inhuman monster with a few qualities. The first is that it's immortal; it simply can't be permanently destroyed so long as you exist. The second is that it serves as an effective conduit for your Arts, whether it's remaining inside of you, or standing near you for defense. Lastly, it is horrendously strong both physically, and in its offensive Arts-like abilities. It can both pick up massively dense metal beams and toss them at projectile speeds, hitting with such force as to demolish buildings. Whatever its less-physical abilities, they're similarly destructive. If it were merely beams of energy, they might be capable of searing through multiple layers of a fortified base, collapsing reinforced structures like nothing. You may decide how much personality and intellect this entity has, as well as your control over it. It could be a completely mindless power with no volition, a well-trained puppy that follows your commands, or even something barely controlled, which reacts to specific things in ways you can't quite stop it from doing, like automatically attacking to defend you even when you'd rather it not. Notably, if you have purchased any Perks or Items in this Jump that could conceivably constitute an external powersource or entity then you may import it to fill this function as well. This may alter its abilities somewhat to fit the new source, but regardless of what it is it will gain the ability to physically interact with the world around you as if it had an independent form around, and will possess similar destructive abilities.

600 -

immortality perk, choice between kal'tsit version, or Sargon immortal version, or Cashew shit, or some shit

>Kal: can revive multiple times at once, but only so many times per Jump, and doesn't protect against

>Sargon: holy mummy, some of body intact, other parts replaced with gold and gems, takes in life force from nearby deaths to heal, immortal so long as five soul gems remain unbroken inside you. Grants heavy resistance to external corruptions like Collapsals

>Cashew: can implant seeds of your personality in others that will try to corrupt them over time with arguments and sophistry. If they ever fall to despair you can possess them fully. If you die your full consciousness merges with one of the seeds to ensure continuity, can use power of host while possessing them. Control can be wrested from you, but you can flee to other seeds while remaining dormant in fled vessel.

## Races

### Elders & Ancients

: (100 CP)

Moderately useful biological characteristics like increased stamina of Kuranta or breathing under water or Felines being able to fall from great heights and not make a sound (if they're individually strong enough to survive)

: (200 CP)

Legitimate claim to royalty of one nation or faction

: (400 CP)

Actually useful unique biological ability, like the frog people's super toxin

MAYBE REPLACE WITH RACIAL ARTS

: (600 CP)

CEOBE????????????

HONEY BISCUITS????????????????????????????

IN MY HOUSE????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????

### Elders

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

: (400 CP)

Legitimate claim to royalty

Legendary Throwback: (600 CP)

Racial traits are boosted, have ancient arts powers

'You always constitute a superlative example of your species, exhibiting incredibly robust physical abilities, and a natural inclination for fitting supernatural powers. The beneficial traits your kind are known for will be especially pronounced. Even if you were merely one of the Ancients, something like a Kuranta, already known for their great stamina, might be capable of fighting without stopping for a day straight. Something like a Sarkaz might be capable of unleashing their racial Arts at extreme levels relative to their power and experience.

### Sankta - CONSIDER MOVING SEVERAL OF THESE TO LATERANO AFFILIATION

What Matters Is That I Take It As A Compliment: (100 CP)

Super autism defense

All Sankta are born with an innate ability to sense the emotions of other Sankta. A prodigious life defining ability, this power to perfectly understand the emotional states of their fellows mean that no Sankta is ever at a loss as to the suffering or happiness of their fellows, and *only* their fellows. This unfortunately means that Sankta who haven't lived long around non-Sankta often don't recognize or empathize with emotions that they can't directly sense, leading to the most naturally empathic race often acting as if they completely and utterly lacked it. There's no two ways about this; Sankta behave really, *really* weirdly from the perspectives of



other races because of this. It turns out it's easy to mow down non-Sankta races when you don't get any empathic feedback from their suffering. It's like they aren't even people! Okay, so you might not be *that* crazy, and many Sankta aren't either, but you can now adopt a mental state emblematic of some Sankta and their over-reliance on their empathic senses.. In this state you become essentially impervious to all social pressures and external hostility. As if you were so used to needing to directly feel other people's emotions to recognize them, virtually all hostility towards you (and your own hostility towards others) becomes entirely harmless to you. While still consciously aware of everything actually going on socially, you're completely emotionally impervious to the pleas and curses of others. Someone could be standing there angrily screaming into your face, cursing you out with everything wrong about you, and they'd feel like they were talking to air with how little you seemed to react. You can meet anything with the same carefree smile, which is honestly going to start looking kind of psychotic the more people see of you in this state. Once more, this is a toggleable mental defense, and you may even activate or deactivate it selectively for both people and subjects, giving weight to the emotions of those you choose to care about, and being unrelentingly unphased by the pleas of anyone else. There is one last benefit to this state. If you are willing to stifle your empathy like that, you'll find yourself increasingly resistant to mind influencing powers. The fewer people or things you let emotionally affect you, the more unaffected you'll remain to those powers of the mind. Focus on nothing but completing your mission, and even an inhibition removing power that uses your own emotions against you will be as easily ignored as civilian casualties. Truly, autism was your superpower.

Burn Down That Bus, My Child: (200 CP)

There's a flip side to the attitudes that Sankta empathy tends to foster. Where externally it might seem that Sankta are disregarding of others' feelings, amongst themselves they're hyper aware of whatever they do that upsets one another. Conversely, this means that they know when something *doesn't* upset another, and this has led to a strange culture indeed, one where there are plenty of supposedly logical social barriers that just haven't formed. *Sankta are weird*, everyone knows this, everyone just has to deal with it. You'll find that your eccentric habits and impulsive actions aren't nearly as socially damning as they should be when you're doing them, so long as you aren't actually hurting anybody by them. Or if it would be okay to hurt them anyways, as the situation may be. Obviously this is to a point, and laws are still laws, but as long as your shenanigans don't cause too much trouble you won't find yourself suffering at all socially. Hell, being the wacky and energetic friend actually works out for you socially. It's endearing rather than annoying. Fines and fees, however, may very much still be a problem. Try to get the right permits before blowing up buildings.

From The Notarial Hall, With Love: (400 CP)

The Lateran Constitution grants the Sankta 13 inalienable rights. Or originally it was 'Sankta', not 'Lateran citizens'. Now don't get it twisted, the Lateran government extends these same rights to all citizens, it's just that the Sankta, with their oddities concerning empathic senses and firearm attunement, tend to necessitate deeper engagement with facets of Lateran culture. And don't go thinking 'inalienable rights' means 'things that only apply in-house'. No, the Lateran government is very committed to making sure its citizens continue to enjoy their rights

abroad. Whether it's against criminal enterprises or foreign powers, the Laterna Notarial Hall *can and will* deploy Executors to rescue any of its people being held hostage, recover the bodies and Patron Firearms of any deceased, and generally protect the guaranteed rights of their people. This often isn't fast enough to prevent tragedies; quick and dirty crimes that blow over before word can get out and deployment can happen will of course leave victims, but so long as there's a standing issue Sankta can be sure that the Notarial Hall will get involved. And just like with Laterano, any nationality and factional allegiance you nominally belong to will be decidedly interested in protecting your rights in any international contexts. Regular checks will be done to verify your status and ensure that you're meeting the minimum expected rights, and international incidents that you're embroiled in will have the hanging sword of whatever foreign powers shield you looming over you, which isn't necessarily enough to save you from people you've pissed off, but may win you some better treatment if your presence in a problem is only incidental and the situation allows for it. Now, this doesn't make you invincible and these polities won't necessarily threaten war over you, especially if you've really cocked things up over there. What you can rely on though is the deployment of a few highly skilled killers ready to make sure you aren't being trampled on without due cause.

#### What The Good Law Says: (600 CP)

Most Sankta believe in their long-standing religion, the Lateran Faith of their home Laterano. It speaks of a divine Law which orders their lives and promises prosperity and peace. Strong is the faith, if not the fervor, of these Sankta, who take the longtime protection of their homeland from the usual natural disasters that plague the world as a sign of divine protection. This is to say nothing of the Fallen, and how they come into being. Indeed, in Laterano, faith is a reality that everyone contends with, rather than some ephemeral belief. What few know is that this relationship can become much more personal; in exchange for adding restrictions and promises to uphold in your life, you're able to make personal covenants with the Law. These covenants... don't actually do all that much for you, really. You can enjoy an increasing amount of firepower behind your guns as the divine mechanisms of the Law work to empower its chosen tools in your hands, but besides leaving your minigun capable of leveling buildings it isn't much. What's really notable is that if you break those covenants you'll be immediately punished by the Law. The severity of this will depend on what you've established in the formation of your covenant, and can be as severe as your immediate death over shooting the wrong number of bullets at once. Why would you want this then? Simple; those punishments are far from neat affairs. A column of divine light will descend from the heavens to deliver your punishment in the form of immediate damage proportional to the agreement, woe betide anyone in your immediate vicinity. If you agree to call enough force down upon you should you fail in your promise, you can smite the entire surrounding area with enough force to evaporate everyone and everything around you, yourself almost certainly included. A useful if incredibly drastic final card to play for when you're out of options and can only hope to drag your foes down with you.

#### Sarkaz

: (100 CP)

Can possess inhuman levels of emotion such as focus or rage without compromising mental clarity or decision making, can nudge your emotions to one extreme

The Sarkaz are a passionate lot, even disregarding their culture-wide grudges, grief, and rage. Individual Sarkaz can hold onto grudges for literal millenia, and some go as far as to consume the hatred of those they kill to increase their sheer ability to HATE. You have a deep capacity for emotion, being able to pool up and maintain intense emotions that fly past what most people would consider sane, or have the mental stamina to maintain. Further, you can incline yourself to such emotions in one direction or another, making it easier to wrack up inhuman levels of rage or despair for example. Also, much like the Nachzehrer, some of whom have devoured the rage of thousands, you find that these excess emotions don't really drive you insane. Even if you consume the blind seething rage of countless dead souls, you'd be able to sit down and have pleasant conversations with others without it being a drag on you. Yes, you're probably insane for this fact, but hey, life doesn't have to be miserable just because you're carrying the misery of thousands. It is, however, very useful for any powers that make use of emotions.

The Myriad, Myriad, MYRIADS of Souls: (200 CP)

Genetic memories

The world is constantly at war with the Sarkaz, and the Sarkaz with the world. The Sarkaz are pretty well equipped for this actually, both in fighting to survive, and in holding a grudge to keep that cycle of hatred going. See, not only do they have incredible lifespans, but they're also *blessed* with something like a genetic memory that both gives them an instinctual edge in fighting, but also helps to keep ancient grudges fresh in their minds. Not only that, but there's also a lingering mass of dead Sarkaz ghosts whose damned souls are constantly calling for vengeance, doubling down on both of those same points. And you know what's crazy? They have a SECOND group of angry ancestor ghosts separate from those first ones ALSO screaming for revenge. Yeah, the Sarkaz have some issues. And now you do too! Alright, so they're a bit less detrimental to you at least. It may be genetic memory, ancestor spirits, both, or something else, but your mind is connected to an ancient and disjointed mass of information willing to whisper useful things into your mind and body, speaking to you of ancient sins, and increasing your natural talent as a murderer, soldier, and survivalist. You can plunge these ancient memories for knowledge, but answers you receive will be fragmented and supplementary at best, to say nothing of the unpleasantness of all the hostile screeching. At least they're quiet most of the time. Optionally you may let them intrude into your perception of the world, letting them creepily glitch around the area around you as distorted shades and symbols. No one that isn't mentally or spiritually connected to you will be able to see them, but their murmurings in this state will be somewhat relevant to the area or situation around you.

Cannibalism Optional: (400 CP)

witchcraft

As probably the oldest culture on Terra, the Sarkaz can trace their practices back to absurdly ancient times. A great deal of this culture involves their relationship with Originium, of which they were the first to make contact with, and the resulting tradition of Originium Arts that they developed. Sarkaz witchcraft, sometimes derogatorily referred to as "Cannibalism" (not to be confused with some Sarkaz' traditions of *actual* cannibalism), is much more esoteric compared to other culture's Arts practices. Further, due to the differences in the various tribes that make up the Sarkaz race, they're branched into many different types. The Banshees are extremely secretive and esoteric in their works, the Liches can alter space to bypass distance and banish others into the void, the Vampires can manipulate blood to many gruesome ends. The Cyclopes have a culture of divination and skrying, and the Nachzehrer are on some *crazy* shit. You're well versed in the more common types of Sarkaz witchcraft that casters of many tribes might know. These are generally slower rituals rather than anything like immediate energy blasts, but can snowball into more potent effects than usual Arts applications. These often center around the consecration of ritual spaces, and the creation of Sarkaz Altars, constructs which will emit harmful pulses of Originium energy that can be harnessed to more extreme ritual effects. Common themes in rituals include the containing and binding of extant powers into artifacts, including infusing the minds of slain gods into ancient swords to gain their powers, or infusing the essence of the Northern Demons into weapons capable of fighting back against them. In addition you have a natural aptitude for the specific branch of witchcraft your clan is known for, even making one up if you're making up your tribe. If you aren't a Sarkaz you may have a natural affinity for one clan's variant, but good luck getting anyone to teach you.

The 11th King: (600 CP)

Sarkaz royal line, if newly mutated tribe, unusually pure abilities

The Sarkaz stand apart from Terra's other races in a number of ways, and for a number of reasons. They were once a myriad of different races before conflict with the Elders and their Ancient servants united them. Even with their bloodlines diluted the common Sarkaz can live for centuries unless slain, and those who hold true breeding amongst the noble clans can live for millennia, to say nothing for their natural proficiency in their ancestral Arts traditions. Such an illustrious lineage, a pure blood line going all the way back to the original Teekaz, is now yours. More than merely being a member of your clan, you're Royalty in a line defined by power. While you may not have lived long enough to test it, your lifespan is now measured in the millennia, with you being able to live in the prime of your life for thousands of years even without using any other methods to extend it. Your natural potential has shot up to absurd degrees, with whatever

the qualities your clan is known for being supercharged in you. As a Wendigo your physical abilities are such that you could likely face-tank attacks by a caster specialized in area-devastation and structure obliteration. Your affinity for your corresponding witchcraft and Arts are even more extreme, albeit needing more practice to truly bring out. As a young and inexperienced Vampire your blood-manipulating Arts would be enough to physically liquify entire squads of soldiers at once. If you combined this innate potential with thousands of years of experience and the same kind of personal excellence possessed by prodigies like the Sanguinarch (who you are likely a child of with this)? Let it be known that he once fought and slew a god capable of freeform time travel in single combat. Live an eventful life and by the time you begin reaching towards what would be the end of your lifespan you'd begin to resemble something from out of this world.

## DOC RACE

100

### Long memories

The body may be frail, but technology can keep burning that frail flame of life. And the mind? The mind is eternal. While your maximum lifespan may be no greater than usual, were you to somehow live much longer it'd be of no detriment to your mind. Things you commit to memory are easily recalled years after the fact, to no discernable limit. The treasured memories you make don't fade with time, nor do the years wear down on you simply for having lived them. Now, the things contained within those years may be unpleasant, but you'll never succumb to base ennui for simply having lived your life. And while your mind is no more powerful outside of this singular aspect, your memories are deeply ingrained. Even if some external force that you couldn't resist were to enter your mind and erase everything within, you'd still periodically recall fragments of your past life, the people you knew and the choices you made. You may never get more than these small glimpses, but there will always be a trace there. This is to say nothing of your purely mental skills of yours, which seem to return with the barest prompting.

## DEBATE: (200 CP)

Civilization is a crucible of thought and theory endlessly colliding in a process of refinement and evolution to reach a higher state of consciousness. But look around you and see the shape it takes here. Brutish argumentation and clashes of conflict, lies, bribery, all manner of barbarism: The signs of a civilization in its infancy. The seeds of something greater to bloom to be sure, but as it stands the feeble graspings of this world's inhabitants towards a higher consciousness are regrettably barbaric. You possess a much more advanced alternative to argumentative dialogue which you can use anytime you wish to debate an issue. When ideas mix, the lines between self and non-self begin to blur. In a single moment which might last for a whole conversation, or untold years, participants will find themselves in a dreamlike state. In this liminal and dreamlike deluge of scenarios and discussions, blurred minds take up one another's positions. They do not argue with their debate partner, but with themselves, both in reconstructed figures from their memories, and simply their own personality coming at the

problem from the perspective of the other party's life. The process can be shaking for all involved parties, being forced to argue with an ambiguous force that seems to know everything about you and your life, but this doesn't necessarily force their hand either. This is at its core a sharing of perspectives, and a broadening of horizons. While it may prove traumatic to those who cannot stand a reality contrary to their expectations, this is foremost a tool for fostering understanding, of both people, and their worldviews.

Put Me Back In, I'm Not Doc: (400 CP)

There's something *very* unusual about your anatomy, as seemingly unimpressive as your natural abilities are. For one, while you're prone to the frailties invited by exposure, undereating, and injuries, your body is remarkably resistant to long-term corruption. In fact, even things like assimilation by external sources seem stymied in you, to the point that you're flatly immune to Oripathy. You could slit your wrists with an active crystal, and all it'd do is spill your blood. Blood which by the way has an oddly restorative property, accelerating the healing processes of anyone whose wounds you spill some in. In fact, with a little bit of modification your blood can be made into a potent medicine capable of reinforcing cells against Originium assimilation, helping to lessen the severity of an Oripathy case's worsening. It's also quite delicious, if the comments of any Vampire Sarkaz who get a whiff of it are any indication. Perhaps the most notable part of your anatomy is how it handles external effects that induce regression, which change things to their prior states. Whether it be evolutionarily by trying to regress you into some ancestor creature, or personally by trying to revert you to a prior state you've personally lived, the end result will always be beneficial. All such attempts, whether they were designed to do so or not, will simply revert you to the relative prime of your life, possibly resetting your lifespan and healing you of any injuries you were suffering from.

A Walk in The Dust 600

Subconscious recollection of precursor techbase

Feranmut

Apportioned Apparitions: (100 CP)

Create weaker entities

It can be lonely whiling away in your isolated little pocket of the world. Or maybe just boring. But yours is an artistic genius not to be constrained, and within you is the will to make those visions a reality. Like many of your kind you possess the ability to give life to newly created and potentially illogical beings of seemingly magical nature. Feranmuts are already known for their capacity to sustain internal ecosystems, and this is one element of that. With a bit of time and effort, you can weave into being a supernatural being of modest power. Depending on how much time and effort you spend on one, it can come out far more powerful than the average man, with supernatural abilities comparable to modest usage of Arts. Things like a small dragon with the strength to toss men and breath elemental destruction. Such beings

may take a squad of reliable fighters to take down, and could cause some significant collateral damage depending on their abilities. More than this, you can instead create the initial populations of new servitor races, beings which are much smaller and weaker than any unique creations. You might create skull-headed jaguar-dog hybrids made of gold, or perhaps 3-dimensional painting-like phantoms of wildlife. These servitor races are stronger than ordinary wildlife, and can have a specialized trait like being unusually durable or fast, but in general can be handled by well armed and experienced fighters, even in decent numbers. They can perpetuate small populations of themselves on their own, inhabiting territories where their presence isn't contested. Pocket dimensions and internal worlds close to you in nature are the best environments for them, with them being able to maintain stable population sizes while sustaining themselves off of the fabric of those curious realms. Notably, all of these creations, both unique and collective, are loyal to you. They are also keenly intelligent, with some even eclipsing mortal men in mental complexity, but they are also very alien in thought. They can be a bit odd, with their mindsets possibly centered around specific themes, emotions, or sentiments on your end that they're subconsciously based on, but they do intend to serve you to the best of their ability. If they stray, it will be from err, not intention.

Autumn's Bounty: (200 CP)

As much as you may wish to sit the current epoch out, hiding away from humanity and letting their little squabbles run their course, there are times where you feel you need to take action. Or are just bored and want something to do with your time. Tragically, your kind are far from indestructible, and mortals have proven well capable of shattering you. To this end you can create avatars of your will that you can control in tandem with your own form, being able to process the mental strain of multiple independently acting forms. These avatars are of ambiguous form, and can indeed possess a shapeshifting ability that your main self may lack, being able to take the shape of any kind of mortal or monster. Better yet, these avatars can channel the full degree of your power, and have their own reserves of energy equivalent to your own. Unfortunately, these avatars are limited in number. They are created one at a time, and the timer until you can create a new one will be slow indeed, but with enough patience and perhaps practice you may be able to have a small host of them in existence at once. The destruction of these avatars doesn't impede you in any way, and you may always replace them. However, as you're sending them out from yourself, said avatar is still going to have to make the trip back to wherever it was killed if you want to pick up where you left off. Of course your avatars can always reinforce themselves. Similarly to what your main self does with them, your avatars can themselves create lesser avatars of themselves. These sub-avatars also possess their own powers that don't strain your other avatar or main self, but are naturally a good deal weaker than you. Worse, while your main avatar's death may not wound you, these sub-avatars will grievously wound the avatar that spawned them if destroyed.

400

Conceptual ability, limited in geographic scope initially

The works of the divine are inscrutable at the best of times, often defying everything that Terran science understands about the world. There is a reason man has hunted your kind to near extinction in so many parts of the world; this kind of power simply isn't natural. To begin

with, you seem to have an ability displayed by many of your kind. You can create small pocket dimensions of your own devising, whether by pulling a pocket of the pre-mankind world from the past, painting the landscape you'd like to make real, or just hiding it inside yourself. The exact nature of this internal world will depend on your powers, because there is indeed an aspect of the world that you have a great deal of authority over. Once, you may have been responsible for managing the seasons of your land, the people revering you for their livable climate. If so you would possess the power to simply will the seasons to change as you please over a wide area. Instantly, even if it was completely sunny and cloudless, fierce snow would already be piled up on the floors as torrential blizzards ripped through the land. The opposite is also obviously true at your will. Plants would instantly change their place in the life cycle, and all the consequences of the changing seasons would be plain to see. Another example would be if you were some crafting god. You might be able to forge metal into wonders of metallurgy, crafting weapons with illogical properties, acquiring materials from seemingly nowhere, and reinforcing things to nigh-indestructibility. Just

The works of the divine are inscrutable at the best of times, often defying everything that Terran science understands about the world. There is a reason man has hunted your kind to near extinction in so many parts of the world; this kind of power simply isn't natural. But the truth is that you are a part of the land, so isn't it nature's power itself? To begin with, you have a territory you are intimately bound to. It can be quite large, like an entire mountain range and the accompanying steppes. You can perceive anything going on in it, and are capable of appearing anywhere within it at will. At first, you'll be limited to wielding your power within the bounds of this territory, but with centuries you'll shed this flimsy limitation. What powers do you ask? Well for one, you have an extreme ability to alter the qualities of your territory, controlling things like the weather or large facets of its topography. Outside of that, you have vague and seemingly impossible powers along a singular theme or concept. If you had power over seasons, you might be capable of changing the season; not merely altering weather patterns, but immediately manifesting the version of the area around you as it would be at an arbitrary moment in that season. Turning the world to winter, you wouldn't just start making it snow, the world around you would flash-cut to a blizzard already in progress, plants already dead, and water frozen over. If you were a kind of crafts god, you'd be capable of forging alloys of incredible durability and weapons with special properties, weaving cloth into functional facsimiles of abstract forces, or affecting anyone observing you paint with whatever it is you're painting. Again, at first you'll be limited in where you can employ this kind of power, but with time you'll be free to invoke them in a wide area around you no matter where you go.

600

Ability to survive as fragments

Loathsome as they can be, the mortals have proven they have the mettle to shatter your kind. But a god is not something that meets death with the same absoluteness as a lesser man. You are now capable of persisting after death in one of two forms. With the first option, any time you're killed your being will instead disperse across the world, forming twelve newly formed individuals hosting fractions of your power divided along thematic lines. These are much like you, but also distinct from one another in appearances and personality. They view each other as family, and are quite protective of each other. But unlike the original Sui siblings, there will not

be one among them endeavoring to free the rest from their legacy as your shards. Instead, they will each be urged towards finding their own individual means of successfully reviving you, something which will fully restore you and destroy the individuality of all twelve of them, even those who'd already perished. The only way to prevent your revival through this for sure is to slay all twelve of them, which results in your true death unless you have another 1-Up. Alternatively, you may instead fragment your powers across your body parts which will similarly scatter. You may choose if your consciousness is spread throughout all of your body parts, or if it remains in one of your choice with the others developing their own animalistic-to-intelligent personalities. Or they might just be individual aspects of you. Similarly, different aspects of your powers will be spread throughout each of them, and they can temporarily manifest avatars of said powers to do battle with. With this version, your body parts and their powers can also be used by mortals wielding them, but they must wrestle with your consciousness or else be approved of by you. If they fail to assert control you may instead take control of them to use as your vessel. While still restricted to only a fragment of your powers, you may revive yourself by going out and collecting the majority of your corpse parts. Or, you know, you could just persuade your wielder to do so while lending them your power. Either way, true death will only come for you when all of your body parts are destroyed, unless you have another 1-Up to use. Notably, with either version your Jump-timer will pause for one century before resuming, giving you ample time to revive before the timer begins winding down again. If the Jump ends with you still in this state you Chainfail.

Seaborn

Great Silence: (100 CP)

Silence song, increases more of your kind there are

Those seeking to weed out Seaborn infiltration often use music, and music based questions, to detect them. The Seaborn cannot understand music, or so the story goes. The truth is that the Seaborn have their own song, the voices of their multitude which can be invited to drown out all else. You can emit a psychic call that overrides the auditory senses of anyone in your vicinity. This completely blocks off all auditory feedback, from anything that may be approaching them, to the sounds of their own footsteps or attacks, to their own breathing and speaking. Communication is practically impossible without some non-audio medium. What fills their hearing instead is a strange and ethereal choir of aquatic voices and haunting echoes, in a strange and chaotic yet elegant choir. Taken all together, this is massively disorienting to anyone experiencing. Even better, as certain powers such as Arts can be enhanced through things like incantation or even singing, any powers that rely on voice will also somehow be smothered by this song. The range of this song around you is somewhat small; enough to affect those engaging in short-range battle with you, but not a battlefield. However, those sharing your blood who choose to join in or other creatures under your control can all join this chorus, increasing its range by greater and greater increments, until your approach from the sea might drown entire coastal nations in another Great Silence.

Touching Upon the Answer: (200 CP)

The Seaborn are a strange arrangement of flesh and mind. Assimilated consciousnesses appear to persist without independence in the swarm in some undefined



capacity, perhaps as mere information absorbed and indexed, and what rudimentary minds the Seaborn create for themselves are disposable at best. It's hard to track the exact delineation between self and other... especially when other delineations like "Present and Future" and "Theoretical and Actual" aren't so clear where they're concerned. The Seaborn evolve towards an unknown end, and when one finally capable of speech is interrogated on the matter, they reveal that so long as one of their kin manages to touch upon some ultimate answer they're seeking, they all will. The Seaborn are in contact with more than just their fellows in the present, but with their own past and future selves. You're capable of mentally contacting different versions of yourself, all of whom are oddly on the same page regarding this whole cross-timeline communication thing. There isn't much you can do to directly affect them, and they can't directly affect you, but this allows you to coordinate actions across timelines and exchange information on what you've all learned. While speaking with your past self won't let you alter the present, any differences in their actions resulting from your correspondences will create new branching timelines. Similarly, you lack a singular future self, possessing instead alternate selves from innumerable potential futures and presents. You can learn much from these versions of you, things about what is to come and how you might be able to avoid it, but also things about others that would only be revealed had you come to experience different circumstances with them. I'm sure that mental contact with you is going to be very peculiar for anyone not prepared for this.

End Speaking: (400 CP)

The Seaborn evolve. Not just collectively, but on an individual level. When they consume flesh they learn. When they survive dangers they learn. The Seaborn may not know how to ask questions yet, but they will learn. What develops faster than their minds, however, are their bodies. Seaborn quickly become progressively harder to kill the more they adapt to external dangers. Your body is hardier than most, with significantly more force being needed to puncture your skin, muscles, and bone. Further, your body handles what damage it does sustain better than most, with internal systems constantly reconfiguring to compensate for damage they receive, keeping you functioning far beyond what should be possible. Indeed, as long as you can survive and imbibe nutrients to speed your recovery, you're likely to survive all sorts of grievous bodily wounds. But this is just the beginning of your evolutionary journey. The more you get wounded, get slammed through walls, your ribcage collapsed into your lungs, your precious organs sloughed out from that hole in your side, your limbs sanded into bloody ribbons, the more durable your body will become once it heals. Terrible amounts of force that once left you a bloody ruin will swiftly become the bare minimum needed to pierce partway into you, and while the extreme speed of this adaptation will slow moderately the more extreme your durability becomes, it will never quite stop. Deep in the abyss there are Seaborn who have developed shells so durable that they can protect their kin from oncoming fire with their bodies, their most durable points withstanding the force of micro-singularities being fired as projectiles. In addition to this, every time you're brought to death's door and some of your form remains, whatever remains of your mutilated body will attempt to surge to life once more in a spike of evolutionary advancement even more severe than before. Foes will need to continue mutilating your remains with the levels of force used to put you down in order to stop your resurgence. If they succeed, then this chance is wasted and you've been truly slain. If they fail to realize what they must do

and you manage to piece yourself back together, you'll reform even more durable than your normal gains. You may not be physically invincible yet, but survive enough chunks being torn out of you and you'll become a juggernaut of survival in your own right, no matter how delicate or ethereal you may look.

The Path Forward: (600 CP)

Control mindless monsters you're connected to MAYBE CHANGE

The Seaborn are a communal species, every member fulfilling their ecological role for the sake of the whole. This is why most Seaborn possess limited selfhood, and are eminently suggestible to their more intelligent kin, those they can trust to do the complex thinking for them. You are capable of mentally controlling primitive or mindless monsters you're connected to, either by being of the same or similar nature as them, or by establishing a mental link to them. Those that fall under your control form a sort of network whose components you can direct either mentally or verbally, micromanaging their efforts to maximize efficiency. Anything connected to you in this way serves as your eyes and ears, allowing you to perceive the world through them regardless of their distance. You can even guide their evolution to an extent, changing their nature such that they, be it collectively or individually, begin to grow and advance in specific directions. Whether it's making them develop the capacity for speech so that you may speak through them, or making them more durable so you can drown your enemies in superior monsters, the swarm that will begin to grow under you will eventually be enough to drown out the world.

Collapsal

Profound Scorchmarks: (100 CP)

The Northern tundra harbors a curse, something inimical to life as it is known. Perhaps some form of life can thrive therein, but it is life by no definition that reality would recognize. Within you lies a bleak and tenebrous cold that can be extruded into the space around you like a viral infection. Bringing weakness to structure and life alike, and horrific invasive cold heralded or perhaps propagated by black snow and ash-colored ice. You can call forth this phenomena, which paradoxically resembles both immense energy and its complete absence, manipulating this ruining of the world with something that might ambiguously be a form of Arts or something else altogether. That those who try to pull your icy projectiles out of their flesh find their hands withering into desiccated nothing is a horrific sign of what's going on inside their bodies. You can invoke spontaneous storms of darkness and snow that sap the strength of all within, or assail with vicious blasts of it. All thinking beings fear these unnatural displays, as too do some non-thinking beings, and some things that aren't even beings. And rightfully so, as this Collapse of light and life shears away more than the physical; being significantly enough touched by this biting cold can leave wounds that never heal, permanently lessen beings even as they do heal from their exposure, and even rend the spiritual. Consistent exposure or deliberate spikes of this power are needed to invoke and worsen these effects, but the choice to reduce corpses to signposts leading into the void is one you have the authority to make. Just be aware that while you can call this unnatural power out into the world, there is no undoing what you have done. As an aside, you are now immune to danger and death by cold. Not in the sense that it has no

effect on you, but that the physical changes it brings about in the body are no impediment to your functioning. You could almost freeze solid, and while the sounds of snow slushing in your veins as you move or the ice cracking over your skin might make some people want to puke, it won't hinder you in any way, and you'll thaw just fine. You'll still look and sounds fucking horrific while semi-frozen, but that really isn't any problem for you.

The Northern tundra harbors a curse, something inimical to life as it is known. Perhaps some form of life can thrive therein, but it is life by no definition that reality would recognize. Within you lies a bleak and tenebrous cold that can be extruded into the space around you like a viral infection. In an analogue to more worldly and safe cryogenic Arts, you can conjure and manipulate life-sapping darkness and black frost. Whether it's creating blanket areas of black snow that weakens all who enter, or lancing ash-colored spikes of ice through bodies, this unnatural frost attacks life and light alike. That those who try to pull your icy projectiles out of their flesh find their hands withering into desiccated nothing is a horrific sign of what's going on inside their bodies. Pouring more of this otherworldly power into your attacks can render wounds it deals unhealable, or forever diminish the capacities of those wounded even if healed. It can just as well damage the spiritual as well as the physical, consigning the tattered minds of those devastated by this Tundra into mere signposts trailing off into the void. All thinking beings fear these unnatural displays, as do some non-thinking beings, and some things that both can't think and aren't even beings. Just be aware that while you can call this unnatural power out into the world, there is no undoing what you have done. As an aside, you are now immune to danger and death by cold. Not in the sense that it has no effect on you, but that the physical changes it brings about in the body are no impediment to your functioning. You could almost freeze solid, and while the sounds of snow slushing in your veins as you move or the ice cracking over your skin might make some people want to puke, it won't hinder you in any way, and you'll thaw just fine. You'll still look and sounds fucking horrific while semi-frozen, but that really isn't any problem for you.

The Northern tundra harbors a curse, something inimical to life as it is known. Perhaps some form of life can thrive therein, but it is life by no definition that reality would recognize. Within you lies a bleak and tenebrous power, something far darker than the Arts of others. Inhumanly dark shadows and frost the color of night and ash extrudes itself into the world at your command, whether en-masse or in powerful singular strikes, all of it possessing an unholy withering effect on living beings and physical structures alike. That those who try to pull your icy projectiles out of their flesh find their hands withering into desiccated nothing is a horrific sign of what's going on inside their bodies when your spears of ice pierce their skin. Likewise, sudden blizzards can leave those around you slowly weakening until they lack the strength to escape. Pouring more of this otherworldly darkness into its specific manifestations can render wounds it deals unhealable, or forever diminish the capacities of those wounded even if healed. It can just as well damage the spiritual as well as the physical, consigning the tattered minds of those devastated by this Tundra to becoming signposts trailing off into the void. All thinking beings fear these displays, as do most non-thinking beings, and even some things that aren't beings. As an aside, you are now immune to danger and death by cold. Not in the sense that it has no effect on you, but that the physical changes it brings about in the body are no impediment to your functioning and cannot wound you. You could almost freeze solid, and while the sounds of snow slushing in your veins as you move or the ice cracking over your skin might make some

people want to puke, it won't hinder you in any way, and you'll thaw just fine. You'll still look and sound fucking horrific while semi-frozen, but that really isn't any problem for you. This also comes with free horrific ice-based phenomena occurring in your vicinity, like ice nearby forming into the shapes of grasping human hands while people aren't looking, among others.

The Northern tundra harbors a curse, something inimical to life as it is known. Perhaps some form of life can thrive therein, but it is life by no definition that reality would recognize. Within you lies a bleak and tenebrous power, something far darker than the Arts of others. Inhumanly dark shadows and frost the color of night and ash extrudes itself into the world at your command, whether en-masse or in powerful singular strikes, all of it possessing an unholy withering effect on living beings and physical structures alike. Their angles of fire aren't always exactly logical either; the path between your blast of darkness and the target it hit might not be one that connects them, and projectiles of ash-colored ice might erupt from inside the target they could have pierced. That those who try to pull your icy projectiles out of their flesh find their hands withering into desiccated nothing is a horrific sign of what's going on inside their bodies when your spears of ice pierce their skin. Whether a blizzard or spear, ice and shadow you invoke withers physical structures and living beings alike. Pouring more of this otherworldly darkness into its specific manifestations can render wounds it deals unhealable, or forever diminish the capacities of those wounded even if healed. It can just as well damage the spiritual as well as the physical, consigning the tattered minds of those devastated by this Tundra to becoming signposts trailing off into the void. All thinking beings fear these displays, as do most non-thinking beings, and even some things that aren't beings. As an aside, you are now immune to danger and death by cold. Not in the sense that it does nothing, but that it does nothing *harmful*. Even frozen near-solid, you could still move and would thaw fine. The sights and sounds of you moving might make some people puke though. This also comes with free horrific ice-based phenomena occurring in your vicinity, like ice nearby forming into the shapes of grasping human hands while people aren't looking, among others.

Black Footprints: (200 CP)

Hollow body, can't be perceived by electronics

Every environment produces lifeforms suited to it, and an environment undefinable by human understanding produces lifeforms like no other. You possess an anatomy like those touched by the *things* that leak out from that gate to the North. Which is to say it's ambiguous if you even *have* anatomy. You can feel free to cover yourself in as many patches of unidentifiable pitch-black goo as you want, and even replace your face with a selectively reflective singularity, because once your body is opened up those seem to be the only things people find in there. In fact, despite maintaining your structural coherence and durability, you seem to be ambiguously hollow, without anything resembling vital organs or weak points. Targeting those things is now practically useless, as the only thing that can actually put you down is massive devastation of your form. Your body in whole is no more durable than before, but you can survive being pierced through the heart or brain without issue, because even if they're still there they're practically redundant. It's almost as though something outside of yourself is what's animating you now, or as if you're running off entirely different laws of biology. In fact, without those precious organs being weak spots for you, you can move in all sorts of bizarre and twitchy ways without issue.

Limbs and even your neck and sit at frankly *incorrect* angles, and you'd really be no worse for wear. Also, while you can leak black goo and have a singularity for a face, you may not want to exhibit these symptoms visibly. Doing so will likely leave anyone who knows what they're looking at wanting you dead as soon as possible, so maybe hold off on that.

Every environment produces lifeforms suited to it, and an environment undefinable by human understanding produces lifeforms like no other. You possess an anatomy like those touched by the *things* that leak out from that gate to the North, which is to say it's ambiguous if you even *have* anatomy. While your structure is seemingly as functional as before, your body is now ambiguously hollow, maybe or maybe not lacking anything resembling coherent internals. While you operate no differently from before, you no longer have anything like vital regions; things like your brain or heart being vestigial at best. Severe physical devastation can still kill you, but merely targeting a vital organ or making a bunch of holes is pointless. Pointless, and horrifying, seeing as how the only thing people seem to find when they open you up is pitch-black liquid and selectively reflective singularities. These also have the habit of turning any liquids they touch into more of themselves, including industrial solvents meant to dispose of them. There are a few other oddities of your form as well. For one, you don't show up on cameras, or anything like electronic surveillance equipment. Artificial means of detection like that just don't pick you or your actions up. You also don't really *change* in any negative way if not being actively optically observed by an intelligent living being. This means that nothing can actually hurt you unless your existence is being actively visually confirmed by another person, no matter what happens to you. This also means that your meat doesn't decompose if not being looked at, so any animals that eat your corpse are going to starve to death. For the sake of not being immediately killed on sight by anyone who knows what they're looking at, you may optionally scale back *some* of these effects. You won't have a black-hole for a face and randomly leak darkness from your limbs, and may show up on some footage if you wish to hold this back, but your insides *are* rather fucked up, as will be revealed if you're ever wounded.

Every environment produces lifeforms suited to it, and an environment undefinable by human understanding produces lifeforms like no other. You possess an anatomy like those particularly warped by the Collapse, which is to say it's ambiguous if you even *have* anatomy. While your structure is seemingly as functional as before, your body is now ambiguously hollow, revealing itself to be empty of organs whenever it's opened up and something important should have been pierced. Massive bodily destruction will still kill you, such as being torn to shreds or chunks, but you have nothing to fear regarding organ damage or vital spots. Indeed, all that anyone ever finds when they open you up is pitch-black fluid and selectively reflective singularities, materials which tend to convert any other liquids they touch into more of themselves, industrial acids included. These materials don't show up on photographs or any methods of artificial surveillance like electronic screening, and in fact the rest of you might not either. Your movements are also just *wrong*; space and distance warping in short bursts to seemingly accelerate your movements to unreasonable speeds. You also don't really *change* in any negative way if not being actively optically observed by an intelligent living being. Unless you're being visually confirmed by such at a given moment wounds don't worsen (and can't occur in the first place), you can't decompose or be digested, and in general will remain in complete state-based stasis despite being able to move around. Honestly, it's almost as if you don't actually exist unless someone is actively looking at you. Comes with free pitch-black stains

over your body, a black hole peering out from the void of your not-face, and erratically twitchy movements. You can suppress these signs a bit to not get instantly murdered by anyone who knows what they're looking at, but there's always going to be a few things off about you.

Eyes in the Hundreds, Fingers in the Thousands: (400 CP)

Memetic insanity shit?

- obscures detection abilities and skews divination
- also can select whether or not detectable through devices
- people that are aware of you can be mentally agitated
- aware of anyone that's observing you, can sense people talking about you
- can sense thoughts of people around you
- people who become aware of your influence can spread it outwards if they think about it too much
- people who dwell on you too much experience unsettling visions that nudge them along a path good for you
- if your corruption drives someone irrevocably mad/hollow, you can puppet their bodies around

Those who find themselves touched by the Tundra's curse all too often become a part of it. Coincidentally, there is something very wrong with your existence and how it plays off the cognition of others. You can hear the thoughts and mental processes of anyone in your presence, and do so so naturally that at first you may end up answering questions that weren't truly asked. You can even sense thoughts that are about you specifically from a greater distance, and anyone who actually speaks of you or communicates to another thinking being in some other way draws your attention no matter the distance. In fact, continuing to do so only draws your attention more and more sharply, until it becomes almost as though you were there in person. Such is your relation to thought and cognition that unthinking apparatuses struggle to perceive you at all; electronic surveillance and analytic equipment is incapable of even registering your presence. All manner of random tricks of perception seem to frame you in this vein, showcasing something *off* about you or the world around you to those observing. These occasional moments of wrongness are immensely unsettling to those that notice them, which is all the better for you, as those who you completely drive mad or hollow out into mindless husks fall under your control, their flesh and skill becoming a puppet to play with or a glove to wear as you please. To speed this along you also spread an undirected mental agitation in any thinking beings in your presence. This is a directionless agitation without much rhyme or reason which will continuously wear down the mental states of anyone affected, ever so slowly grinding most people down into emotionless husks if they can't weather it. This agitation can even emanate from those you're controlling, or who speak of you or dwell too deeply on you, affecting both them and anyone else around them, and so on and so forth. Even without any of this, those who dwell too deeply on you may find themselves experiencing visions or dreams which guide them towards actions beneficial to you, slowly bending thought and action into alignment with your will. If you wish to be less abjectly horrifying and pretend that you aren't a blight on existence you may hold this back to an extent; people may see occasional spooks like you and your reflection facing the same direction rather than being mirrored, or have cryptic dreams about you if they think about you too much, but they won't necessarily go mad in your presence.



There's something about those *things* from the North that affects people in a way beyond the physical. Your relationship to consciousness is an unusual one; not only can you always tell when you are or are about to be observed, but you can hear the thoughts and mental processes of anyone around you as if they were spoken aloud. Thoughts that are about you can be sensed from farther away, and anyone who communicates about you to another being immediately draws your attention no matter the distance. In fact, continuing to do so only gives you more and more awareness of them. Those who dwell on you too deeply give you a foothold into their mind, and find themselves beset by strange visions and dreams that push them towards actions beneficial to you. Even looking directly at you plays minor havoc with people's perception, with strange tricks of perception and hallucinations marking your presence with subtly wrong details that terrify those who notice them. Taken together with the fact that anyone who your presence drives mad or renders dead inside becomes a puppet under your control, continuous contact with you is a long-term hazard. Especially so since you emanate a directionless agitation of thought and feeling that mentally unbalances thinking beings, slowly wearing them down until they're too mentally exhausted to feel or believe in anything anymore. This agitation emanates from your presence, those you control, people who speak about you out loud, written communications about you, and people who think about you too often. If you wish to be less of a scourge upon the world, you may hold a large amount of this back. People might occasionally hallucinate things like your reflection turning to stare at them, or experience cryptic dreams about you, but they won't necessarily go insane and become an insensate husk from your presence. As one last detail; the havoc that awareness of you plays on cognition interferes with matters of prophecy and scrying. The exact details of you and events surrounding you are extremely difficult for things like future sight to pin down.

The things that slip into the world from the North are both real and not. In some ways, they only really exist when you're looking at them. You have a strange relationship to consciousness and observation. For one, you are always aware of when you're being observed. Not only do you know exactly who is observing you and from where, but you can even subconsciously predict it beforehand, knowing without knowing whether an action will lead you into another's gaze. But you know other things as well. Whenever you're spoken about by another, for instance. In fact, consistently speaking about you solidifies your awareness of their surroundings, until it's like you're standing there yourself for the other purposes of this Perk. What other effects? Well for one your presence is now a massive mental irritant. You passively spread a directionless agitation that worsens with time and exposure, slowly whittling away the emotions of those exposed to you until there's nothing left in them to feel. This is good, as anyone who your presence drives mad or renders into a dead inside husk falls under control, your will being able to direct their body like a puppet, or wear it like a glove. In fact, this agitation doesn't just emanate from you, but from those you control, people who speak about you out loud, written communications about you, and even people who think about you too often. Indeed, thinking about you too often isn't conducive to sanity. Those who do so find themselves beset by visions and cryptic dreams that nudge them towards furthering your goals. And if this maddening aura wasn't enough to drive others mad, your presence plays havoc on their senses, inundating your interactions with unsettling hallucinations that make you seem just subtly *wrong*. You can choose to hold this back somewhat, restraining the aura of madness and the intensity of the visions and hallucinations. Sure, when you turn to look at them they might

notice that your reflection behind you is doing so too, but at least mentioning your name doesn't infect people with suicidal depression.

The North Pole is haunted. The things there arguably aren't real, but they can still hurt you. Hell, they can hurt you just by learning about them. You have an unusual relationship with the cognition of others. For one, you are always aware of when you're being observed. Not only do you know exactly who is observing you and from where and how, but you can even subconsciously predict it beforehand, knowing without knowing whether an action will lead you into another's gaze and unthinkingly avoiding it if you would rather not. No matter the time or place, your attention is drawn to anywhere that you are being spoken of, with you hearing all of it as if you were there. Anytime someone reads of you, you know of it also. And of those in your direct presence? You can hear their thoughts and mental processes as if they were spoken aloud. Worse, a directionless mental agitation spreads through you, written records of you, people who speak of you, people who think about you too much, and the husks you control, slowly whittling away the sanity and emotions of others until they're either insane or too dead inside to care about anything anymore. And yes, those broken this way become puppets you can direct, or even wear like a glove. Even before this point, those who think too deeply of you begin suffering disturbing visions and cryptic dreams that nudge them towards your ends, and your presence inundates the mind with all sorts of unsettling hallucinations. You may scale this back somewhat to be less completely horrifying, holding back the infectious aura of madness and suicidal depression that simply talking about you spreads. People will still see the occasionally deeply unsettling omen around you though, like noticing when you're looking at them that so too is the reflection behind you. They might still get some cryptic nightmares too, but nothing that ruins their minds.

The North Pole is haunted. The things there arguably aren't real, but they can still hurt you. Hell, they can hurt you just by learning about them. Your presence spreads a mental agitation that slowly wears away at the emotions and perceptions of those affected, slowly grinding down their sense of self unless they can either get away from a corruption vector or hang onto some personal motive or psychosis to stave it off. Anything so hollowed out or driven mad by you becomes a puppet you can control or wear like a glove. This mental agitation spreads through proximity to you, proximity to anyone you control, proximity to written documentation about you, proximity to anyone talking about you, and thinking about you too hard. All of which you'll be quite aware of, as you're aware of anyone that communicates about you, your name in particular immediately drawing your attention no matter the distance. Hell, even just thinking about you too much causes people to experience cryptic visions and dreams that nudge them towards your ends. And when learned about, you learn too. You're aware of whenever you're being observed, knowing who is doing so and where. Hell, you can subconsciously predict whether or not doing something would place you in another's immediate gaze, allowing you to entirely subconsciously hold off on doing so if you wouldn't want it. And of those you're observing or who are observing you? You can hear their thoughts and mental processes as though they were being spoken aloud. Your presence also causes some unsettling hallucinations to further drive them mad. You may scale this back somewhat to be less completely horrifying, holding back the infectious aura of madness and suicidal depression that simply talking about you spreads. People will still see the occasionally deeply unsettling



omen around you though, like noticing when you're looking at them that so too is the reflection behind you. They might still get some cryptic nightmares too, but nothing too bad.

Holy Fool: (600 CP)

Do you know what they call it when the shortest path between two points is no longer a straight line? Do you know what they call it when the boundaries between numbers become blurred? Fun. Or at least you should, because it's certainly something you know how to enjoy, likely to the confused horror of any onlookers observing you in action. When you set yourself to action, basic physics interactions start to just sort of stack up wrong. The numbers behind equations pertaining to distance, time, and force don't add up the right way, leading to results in actions that are oddly skewed outside of the range of what should have been probable results, all centered around your personal movements and actions. This can lead to a lot of things; you might travel much greater distance in shorter time or with fewer movements. You might take one step and travel ten, or seemingly speed through time as though your languid movements were fast forwarded, or simply instantly switch through a few spaced out frames of movement across a vast distance, essentially glitching between spots and actions in a way that people used to dealing with conventional superspeed can't wrap their heads around. You might press against something and output much greater pressure than your muscles are actually exerting in force, or do so in any other physical exertions. The way physics break down for you aren't exactly under your control at any given moment, and are never severe enough to be insurmountable on their own, but are always beneficial to you, acting as a moderately powerful force multiplier behind your every action. You may scale this back to non-severe levels if you wish to look *almost* normal to observers, actually walking places instead of glitching through fast-forwarded animations in casual settings. Oh, and in addition to the laws of physics, you also slightly break the laws of biology. Your biology is just a bit more illogical than it otherwise should be, and that affords you a small degree of protection. Just a bit though. A sword through your chest is still going to be a very dangerous wound, but it isn't immediately lethal now. This doesn't protect you much against concerted enemy attacks, but it makes your individual organs much less vital, and you can do all sorts of unnerving little things now, like slowly and with *significantly disgusting snapping noises* bend and twist yourself in all sorts of ways before setting your limbs back again. Your head can sit at frankly *incorrect* angles, and a certain level of twitchiness can be poured into all of your movements. Fun!

There's something very wrong with you. Whether it's sealed inside you or reaching out through you, you represent an alien form of existence totally antithetical to the laws of conventional reality. It might not exist on its own, can't exist on its own, but it can co-opt the building blocks of reality to remake it in its image, if only you'll let it. This can express itself passively and actively. Passively, the physics interactions behind your nearly every action are now skewed in random ways, though always to your benefit. You might take one step and travel ten, or seemingly speed through time as though your languid movements were fast forwarded, or simply instantly switch through a few spaced out frames of movement across a vast distance, essentially glitching between spots and actions in a way that people used to dealing with conventional superspeed can't wrap their heads around. You might press against something and output much greater force than your muscles are actually exerting, or find directions twisting

to protect you. You don't control *how* things break for you, but they're always designed to help whatever you're doing, and won't wreck existence unintentionally. You may scale this back to non-severe levels if you wish to look *almost* normal to observers, actually walking places instead of glitching through fast-forwarded animations in casual settings. This is the passive manifestation. At your will alone you may choose to let something out to infect the world around you, like the emptiness invoked by **Profound Scourchmarks**, but targeting both cognition and physics itself rather than material structure. Unnatural shadows or distorted color-palettes spread throughout the world, and gradually those misaligned physics interactions begin to become universal across a wider area, affecting everything negatively and positively as would benefit you. You should stop here. Beyond this point nothing is guaranteed but your survival. *Yours.*

Continuing to corrupt the land will result in a terminal point of Collapse where an alien law will successfully establish itself, permanently altering reality in a localized fashion. Affecting the very way that cognizance and reality operate in the region, this new law could represent nearly anything, though the exact manifestations are outside of your control. The laws of distance may distort such that the fastest line between two points is no longer a straight one. Fear and hate can become sustenance to its subject, and those who enter may not even realize that their memories and definitions of culture have been partially replaced with versions from an alien timeline. Even this can be pushed further, hastening the Collapse with your power, bringing this new Paradigm into further alignment with its true form. The fastest path between two points may be one that does not even connect them. The boundary of "self" and "other" could become blurred, such that damage to equipment becomes damage to the body. Fear can become independent entities, the concept of numbers may cease to function for thinking and mechanical beings, the dead may rise in alien hunger, and machines may begin operating independently guided by living instincts. Once things reach this point these regional scars become eternal, unless potentially whittled down over uncountable generations by specialized means, or with the intervention, great effort, and possible sacrifice of divine power. *As an abomination defined by these alien laws, your unnatural relationship with reality and cognition gives you one last benefit; you are incapable of being harmed by anything unless you're being actively observed by a sapient lifeform. Outside of the gaze of intelligent life your state does not degrade, and nothing that hypothetically occurred while you weren't being observed actually wounds or impedes you. Hell, even your corpse is dangerous in this manner. Any animals that eat your corpse are going to find themselves starving to death because they can't observe your meat inside their stomachs, making it impossible to digest.*

The shortest path between two points is not always a straight line. Not with you, anyways. You are bonded with *things* from *outside*; a psychic union on which no laws of men or gods are predicated. Passively, your very self is disjointed from conventional reality in such a way that every action you take goes awry in some way. This doesn't mean the action goes wrong, but that the underlying physical processes interacting with it do, and always in a way that's beneficial to you. Numbers don't add up correctly, distance is suddenly calculated wrong, and logic means less than it should. Attacks hitting you might impact with less force than their velocity was carrying, while your actions can result in more force being applied than what you actually exerted. This can take a lot of forms for the same action, even. You might take one step

and travel ten, or seemingly speed through time as though your languid movements were fast forwarded, or simply instantly switch through a few spaced out frames of movement across a vast distance, essentially glitching between spots and actions in a way that people used to dealing with conventional superspeed can't wrap their heads around. You don't control exactly how you break reality with every individual action, but you can suppress this to be only occasionally horrifying to anyone watching you move. You know, actually walking somewhere instead of glitching there. But your bond to the evils beyond the Door goes deeper still.

Through your connection, you can invite a darkness into the world like that of **Profound Scorchmarks**, but undercutting the laws of reality rather than base matter. This is an intrusion of *something else* into the world, trying to twist things like matter, energy, memories, culture, time, and the laws of reality into something closer to its "biological" form. Many things can be done with this; around you the dead can rise in alien hunger, automated machines and artificial intelligences may begin to act on biological instincts, and physics interactions like those that benefit you may begin to hinder others. Perhaps other uses may exist, if you're willing to strain your mind to think along maddened paths. You should stop here. If you continue to extrude this *thing* into the world, it changes in ways outside of your control. Shadows loom, or strange new palettes paint the sky, with the strings of causality fraying at the seams: A terminal point of Collapse will occur, overwriting one aspect of reality at a time with an alien Collapse Paradigm, a new localized law of reality that will affect all within, potentially forever if they do not evacuate quickly. These are unpredictable and could be anything impacting physics or even consciousness, but tend towards the horrible and inexplicable. The laws of distance may distort such that the fastest line between two points is no longer a straight one. Fear and hate can become sustenance to its subject, and those who enter may not even realize that their memories and definitions of culture have been partially replaced with versions from an alien timeline. This already may taint the land for ages if not quickly addressed, but this mutilation may be pushed even further by simply pushing for *more*. The fastest path between two points may be one that does not even connect them. Fears and traumas might become independent entities, and the concept of civilization may become something irreconcilably different in the memories of those who enter. The boundary of "self" and "other" could become blurred, such that damage to equipment becomes damage to the body, and the concept of numbers may cease to function for thinking and mechanical beings alike. What could save a land from this sort of madness, save for the power of a god? Think hard before letting this evil through. Or don't, and watch as *things* that both do and do not exist begin to slip through the cracks.

The shortest path between two points is not always a straight line. Not with you, anyways. You are bonded with *things* from *outside*; a psychic union on which no laws of men or gods are predicated. Passively, your very self is disjointed from conventional reality in such a way that every action you take goes awry in some way. This doesn't mean the action goes wrong, but that the underlying physical processes interacting with it do, and always in a way that's beneficial to you. Numbers don't add up correctly, distance is suddenly calculated wrong, and logic means less than it should. Attacks hitting you might impact with less force than their velocity was carrying, while your actions can result in more force being applied than what you actually exerted. You don't exactly control how it looks in each given case, but your every action is constantly benefiting from minor or short-lived breaks in reality, though you can suppress this so as to be only occasionally horrifying to anyone watching you move. You know, actually

walking somewhere instead of glitching there. But your bond to the evils beyond the Door goes deeper still.

Your connection to this emptiness grants you a terrible awareness. Of the vacuous eye that examines all in our dimension with a single glimpse, and the twisted laws that lie beyond. You can manipulate the Collapse phenomena in rough ways with your psychic bond, inviting a darkness into the world like that of **Profound Scorchmarks**, but undercutting the laws of reality rather than base matter. You might curse lands never to grow life again, raise the dead in alien hunger, force machines to operate independently like living organisms, or bind this unholy power in some other way. You should stop here. If you continue to extrude this *thing* into the world, it changes in ways outside of your control. Painting the world in darkness or alternate colors, prophecy begins to fray as a terminal point of Collapse occurs. Each such breaking point infects local reality with one more alien law of reality, warping the standards of physics, consciousness, and logic in the world. Likely forever, and even so for those who leave the affected region should they stay for too long. These are unpredictable and could be anything impacting physics or even consciousness, but tend towards the horrible and inexplicable. Worse, continuing to spread this Collapse can exacerbate them into more extreme forms. If things ever truly get to this point then the region may become unsalvageable. What could save a land from this sort of madness, save for the power of a god? Think hard before letting this evil through. Or don't, and watch as *things* that both do and do not exist begin to slip through the cracks.

## FACTIONS

### Rhodes Island

#### This Badge is Hereby Conferred: (100 CP)

Training in a Operator class/usage of skills in a team setting

Rhodes Island frowns on individualistic acts of heroism, decrying lone wolves that break rank to do their own thing in the middle of operations... kind of. If someone serves best as a stealth operative, they may wind up on their own doing what they do best. What's not okay though is unexpectedly breaking rank in a joint operation and endangering everyone. This is why Operators are constantly drilled in team-settings. Whatever your skill set, you're now trained in using your abilities to fulfil a specific role in team-combat. Whether you're a Defender running interference on enemy attacks to shield your fellow Operators, a Sniper tasked with long-range target removal, a Medic in charge of in-combat healing, or even a Specialist with an unusual role like ambush tactics, you can find a fulfil that specific role in a team, and do so relatively safely without endangering your squadmates. For the purposes of employment as an Operator at Rhodes Island specifically, know that the official Operator designations are Vanguard, Sniper, Guard, Defender, Caster, Medic, Supporter, and Specialist.

: (200 CP)

Another Answer: (400 CP)

Rhodes Island doesn't really do that whole, "Leaving men behind," thing. It's only really considered in the most extreme cases where an Operator volunteers to sacrifice themselves for their fellows, ordering them away while they hold the line so they can escape. When it comes to rescue operations, whether for your comrades or anyone else you're trying to save, you're at the top of your game and massively more successful. You move faster, better, and hit harder. More than this, you and anyone else working on the rescue coordinate better. But this also works in reverse; anytime you're left behind, captured, or in danger of being killed, your allies and friends will mount a rescue attempt with this increased skill and coordination. Note that this isn't a guarantee of success in either case, and especially against overwhelming odds. Still, it wouldn't do for everyone to just sit back and watch as tragedy unfolds.

: (600 CP)

doing good unironically improves shit

Babel Remnants

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

: (400 CP)

Hyper specialized master of some skill like stealth or surgery - REPLACE TO ELITE OPERATOR ORIGIN

: (600 CP)

Reunion

: (100 CP)

There's Treatment?: (200 CP)

Ability to survive fatal illness for unusual amounts of time

: (400 CP)

increase raw power in exchange for living with persistent health complications/uncontrollable manifestations

I Advance: (600 CP)

illogically refuses to die when single-mindedly pursuing objective,

Corporate Ventures (affiliated companies like Rhines Labs and Penguin Logistics)

**Government Oversight: (100 CP)**

scam governments for funding, skirt under regulations

: (200 CP)

Transportation mastery, crazy driving, city navigation

Long Live the Penguin Empire: (400 CP)

There are those who believe that a family is defined by blood. Those who've lost everything understand differently. Whether it's a scientist rediscovering her humanity and taking in the very child she's hurt, or an ex-mafioso walking away from the slaughter of the family that only saw her as a weapon and into a group who cares about her for her, sometimes it's the people you meet on the job who prove to be your greatest treasure. You're a bright and shining light in the life of people who care about you, those who love you as a friend or more. Those close to you have an unusual amount of regard and awareness for your feelings and wellbeing, placing an inordinate sense of priority in maintaining those. They want to make up for the traumas of your past, and protect you from the dangers of your future, and all the while feel happy with your place in their present. In short, they want to protect your smile. This becomes exaggerated the longer you spend with each other, the more they actually like you, and both how involved they see themselves in your life and how vulnerable they perceive you to be, whether that's because you're a child they're responsible for, or because you're so happy and trusting. Just be aware that with feelings this intense passions can run hot, and relationships become a bit of a mess, especially if you have multiple friend groups. That people want to protect you doesn't mean that they'll do what you want, and in fact they may do the exact opposite of what you want if they think it's for your own good.

There are those who believe that a family is defined by blood. Those who've lost everything understand differently. Whether it's a scientist rediscovering her humanity and taking in the very child she's hurt, or an ex-mafioso walking away from the slaughter of the family that only saw her as a weapon and into a group who cares about her for her, sometimes it's the people you meet on the job who prove to be your greatest treasure. You're a bright and shining light in the life of people who care about you, those who love you as a friend or more, and they feel extraordinarily protective of you as a result. Those who love you are unusually cognizant of your feelings and wellbeing, giving them considerable weight in their decision making. It isn't enough to just smash down those baddies that keep cropping up when you're on the job. No, you've got past traumas that need mending, and future problems to be nipped in the bud. This protective instinct becomes a lot fiercer the longer you've been together, the more they actually care about you, and the more vulnerable they see you as. In fact, there's an unfortunate side to this with people who care about you thinking it's their job to try and handle certain things for you even when it's not what you want. You should be careful of feelings that run too hot; wanting to protect you does not imply doing what you want. A best friend who believes they're only hurting you may exile themselves without your input, and a new friend made while searching for them might see how badly they've hurt you and decide to go behind your back and take care of them themselves.

There are those who believe that a family is defined by blood. Those who've lost everything understand differently. Whether it's a scientist rediscovering her humanity and taking in the very child she's hurt, or an ex-mafioso walking away from the slaughter of the family that only saw her as a weapon and into a group who cares about her for her, sometimes it's the people you meet on the job who prove to be your greatest treasure. When someone comes to protect you, whether it be for their job or out of compassion, you become a shining light of consolation and emotional stability in their life. For this, they come to adore you to a particular extent. And not just you, but your happiness, and your role in their life. Your defenders become hotly concerned with these prerogatives, becoming extremely protective of you. While this naturally increases their affection a great deal, it's even stronger the more you can get them to like you on your own. There's an unfortunate side to this with people who care about you thinking it's their job to try and handle certain things for you even when it's not what you want. You should be careful of feelings that run too hot; wanting to protect you does not imply doing what you want. A best friend who believes they're only hurting you may exile themselves without your input, and a new friend made while searching for them might see how badly they've hurt you and decide to go behind your back and take care of them themselves.

: (600 CP)

SEABORN/AEGIR SHIT

## **Iberia**

DESTREZA DE LA IBERIA: (100 CP)

Destreza, math-movement mental acuity, can use movement to aid calculation, and fast calculations to refine precision movement

Also great dancer

: (200 CP)

Traditional Iberian alchemy, nano-originium manipulation

: (400 CP)

Killing enough of something gives their kind an instinctual fear of you

Iberia's war against the Seaborn is a paltry affair compared to what's occurring in Aegir, where they've evolved to withstand veritable superweapons beyond Terra's usual science.

Aegirian warmachines destroy Seaborn by the thousands, and the Iberian Inquisition can only slice them apart with swords, and yet when We Many are roused to true warfare, it is not Aegir

that they seem to dance around with fear. When you buckle up and simply *kill* something yourself, a lesson is learned. No, you yourself don't learn or evolve the more you kill something; they do. Learn to fear *you*, that is. The more you scythe through a type of creature, the more you leave them staked to a wall on your sword, pile their corpses to burn, and hunt them to last as they slither away to escape your slaughter, the more that kind of creature learns to fear your wrath. Even creatures without enough ego to fear for individual safety, or that totally lack self-preservation instincts will still find themselves becoming increasingly terrified of facing you in battle, to eventually crippling extents with enough of them simply murdered by your hand. It might be impossible for one man to stand against the apocalypse, but kill enough of the monsters causing it, and eventually that will be their feeling when facing you. Kill enough and one day, dying in battle, your still-standing corpse may forever bar them from approaching.

Firstborn: (600 CP) MAYBE REWRITE PROSE BUT KEEP MECHANICS  
Mind attacks AREN'T Arts, they use biochemical and electrical interference  
**Can talk to alternate timeline versions of yourself?**

The Iberian Inquisition is hard at work ferreting out those who'd undermine the social order, and indeed the very existence of mankind as freewilled beings. The Church of the Deep is pervasive and secretive amongst the flock, and it seems at some point you may have been taken in by a rather scientifically inclined member. One not merely content to mindlessly assimilate into the swarm, but to understand it, to trace things to the root and find a way to coexist. Through that, they may have come across their final gift to you. That, or you barged into somewhere you shouldn't have been and ate all those chunks of weird flowing meat or glass vials. Unlike most undifferentiated Seaborn cells, those that entered your body were something special, but that's not of much concern to you. Seaborn cells did what Seaborn cells do, and assimilated your flesh in whole... but not your mind. You're now a Seaborn, and have unlocked that Race Add-On for no further cost. [The implications of this are dire, but know for now that you maintain an easy independence from the call of We Many, able to perceive the voices of the hivemind, yet easily wade amongst them without becoming subsumed.](#)

Your form is either that of whatever race you previously held, or is a multi-tentacled aquatic horror that nonetheless glides slightly above the ground... while projecting the previously assumed humanoid form to anyone watching. See, the biological functions, and perhaps weaponry, of your specific form are keyed towards strange psychological attacks and manipulations. As an innate ability you're able to manipulate perceptions to a degree, with finesse when doing minor things like disguising or hiding your appearance, and with much less subtlety when going full tilt. With minor effort you can bend perceptions of space and induce vertigo to make foes aim wildly away from you, or cloak your presence to disappear from sight. Unleash a bit more power, and you can induce such spikes of raw emotions like terror as to directly overclock the brain, or induce hallucinations that provoke muscle responses strong enough to cause actual physical damage to the reacting parts. Enough, and you may just leave permanent psychological scarring, if your victims even survive the heart attacks and strokes. Indeed, the mental mutilations you can unleash are potent enough to actually kill victims, their overloaded senses perceiving the twisting and shattering world you reveal to them as entirely real, living through every ounce of pain as they witness delusions of their own flesh dissolving into the murky depths, feeling the brackish waters flood down their constricting throats that

refuse their commands to breath. Those observing closely with the right equipment or abilities will note with no small degree of confusion and horror that these abilities are *not* Arts. These seemingly psychic attacks are carried out through long-distance electro-chemical manipulations that directly affect the nervous systems of your targets; there's no pseudo-magical illusions here, except perhaps in how inexplicable your ability to invoke this is.

While it may not be very relevant to your interests, and will never be needed unless the timeline takes a very dark turn indeed, there is certainly something special about you as far as Seaborn go. Those cells that now make up your body originate from a very special source; a very Primal one. A creature long dead, but of such scope that death does not mean what it does for lesser beings. If you were to track down and commune with the corpse that came before, it may avail you of much about your nature, and that of the Seaborn, and what comprises their origins and drives. You may find the Heart that the Sea has lost, and avert a great disaster, perhaps at great cost to yourself. Of course, such things may never come to pass, so long as the Corrupting Heart remains in slumber; an Abyssal Hunter's longing for home going forever unanswered. Just as well there is the matter of your own connection to the hivemind. Despite your Seaborn flesh your mind is your own, and you are fully capable of wading amongst the Seaborn and perceiving the calls of We Many while maintaining your selfhood. This control can slip though if you willfully immerse yourself too deeply into that song. Stopping the Sea once it has been roused to action may require immersion into it, but such will weaken your independence from the Seaborn collective. Pray you have a strong enough sense of self, or loved ones willing to try and drag you back from a fate that history has taught all to believe is irreversible.

## **URSUS CHADS**

I Love Everybody: (100 CP)

Monologue

WRITE THIS TO BE AT LEAST THREE PAGES LONG AS A JOKE

'More than this, to protect your right to monologue against other, lesser speakers, you've developed a unique Arts technique of your own. This ability does nothing but forcibly obstruct others from speaking until you've finished your monologuing. No one will be able to interject or interrupt your posturing, at least verbally. This costs nothing to do, almost as if it were fueled by your own monologuing, but it also can't be used to yield any benefit aside from getting to talk for as long as you want. You can only use it if you truly intend on going on long-winded ramblings,



and the effects will fade once you cease to speak, not counting dramatic pauses taken for effect before you resume your posturing.

#### Take My Advice. Kill Yourselves Now: (200 CP)

There is no nation larger than the Empire of Ursus, and none so militarily inclined. Certainly, every nation is home to its own exceptional individuals of great power and talent, but the sheer weight of bodies that Ursus has at its disposal is staggering. Indeed, it is said that once Ursus looks at you, you will understand the difference between being an enemy of Ursus, and Ursus regarding you as one. [This is even evident in individuals and groups such as Patriot and the Royal Guard; a once-Ursus hero whose joining gave Reunion a new sense of power, and an institution whose members hold such a fearsome reputation that they may as well be boogeymen to the populace. Like the grand war machine that is Ursus, you can easily dress your presence and actions in an almost palpable aura of menace.](#) Whether you're a single figure purposefully looming in the distance as your Arts frame your position, or leading a great march of troops with your sigil burned into the skyscrapers behind you, you always know how to maximize the fear factor in your actions. Further, the more your strength warrants it and the more you've used it to sow fear before you, the more terrifying your initial engagement in a fight will be for your foes. Why leave a few corpses intact when you can skin their faces off and leave them unrecognizable in a roadside ditch? Why kill political prisoners in a facility when you can execute them in some tunnels under a mountain and then collapse the whole thing to bury them? With these sorts of behaviors known among your habits, is it any wonder that everyone dreads the moment that you take to the field?

#### Wherever I Stand: (400 CP)

It is Ursus that once sent armies of Wendigos to fight back the northern demons, and when they were slain, bound their shards into their soldiers to use their power to continue that fight. In a future that may yet come to pass where the Seaborn will rise to consume all life on Terra, it is again Ursus and the Emperor's Blades whose final stand buys humanity the greatest amount of time to fight back, lining up side by side to form a wall and killing themselves in unison, releasing the demon shards within them to form a wall of chaotic anti-reality between the Sea and humanity. Let it not be said that Ursus' inhumanity is not offset if not surpassed by its benevolence. When an existential threat arises, one that threatens everything in a way that shakes most men to their core, it is men like you who bunker down and prepare for what must be done. In the face of such threats as reality overwriting demons and all-consuming alien swarms, the willpower, tenacity, resourcefulness, and even the success rate of you and yours begins to skyrocket. You make better use of what you have, figure out how best to apply it, and keep moving forward even as the struggles begin to pile up, over and over again until it is done. What you have to do may be grizzly, but it is well within you to do it, and there is perhaps no one by whose hands the act would strike truer.

#### The Will of Ursus: (600 CP)

[There are some secrets not meant for prying eyes, and when those taboos are violated, the transgressors are harried until nothing of them remains. Such is the wont of the Emperor's](#)

personal guards, the Emperor's Blades. Known by such lovely names as *Facerending Liches* for the horrendous legends that surround them, they are perhaps the greatest of the superhuman soldiers that the Ursus of today can deploy. But there is a great and terrible secret to their incredible power, both physical and occult, and it is one you've lived through. There are demons in this world. Not those Sarkaz who are called such by the small minded, but true otherworldly horrors that intrude upon and corrode reality with their unholy Contamination. The Emperor's Blades are a wall Ursus has erected to keep them separated from the rest of the world, taking shards of those slain horrors and binding them through dark rituals into warriors like you so that they can strike back. You've gone through procedures much the same, and with the same blasphemous materials, unlocking the Collapsal Race Add-On for no additional cost.

Black snow now heralds your arrival, a sickening thing that snuffs out the fragile life it falls upon. Those claimed by the demons often return as hollowed out corpses, dead, but moving in their broken twitchy way at speeds that far outpace what their movements should suggest. But you are a living being, and are in full control of your faculties, and benefit from this unnatural speed all the same, being able to move faster than even a seasoned warrior's eye can see. Your strength, too, is immense, with you being able to overpower all but the most brute-force specialized fighters. But this all pales before your unnatural and deathly powers. In addition to the minor tricks of being able to manipulate unnatural black ice to attack with, and being able to similarly lash out with unnatural darkness, the power of *'Dominion'* heeds your call. With a wave of your hand a wide area somewhere nearby may be blanketed in a restrained form of the Collapse that dwells inside you, filling it with a cold darkness and choking black miasma. In addition to wounding all caught in its emergence as though you'd struck them with your Arts, existence inside this corrupted area is hostile to any other than yourself or those you deem to spare. All inside find themselves slowed to half their usual speed as distance and time adopt new laws, and while inside you yourself receive only half damage no matter the source. Worse for your foes, those inside become vulnerable to the most deathly expression of your power. A concentrated blast of your power, one that normally constitutes only a dreadfully powerful strike, but instead sends any caught within your Dominion to the brink of death in an instant. Even immortals or those rife with divine power are forced out of combat, becoming so weak in an instant as to become incapable of any opposition, death surely only being spared afterwards by your benevolence.

There is a great downside to this awesome, terrifying power; the demon shard sealed within you can be freed. If you are ever heavily wounded, torrentuous black snow and smog will continue to leak from your wound and into the world around you. If you are ever slain the full force of your corruption will explode out, irreversibly tainting even a large chunk of the countryside around your corpse, making it inhospitable to any form of life for all eternity. Since you're paying you have two options here; the first is to be as any normal Emperor's Blade. You will receive the **[URSUS POWER ARMOR ITEM]** Item for free, but for the remainder of the Jump it will be instrumental in containing the demon. If it is ruptured a leakage will occur until it is repaired, and if it, and the many-tubed mask atop it in particular, is ever broken, the full Contamination will occur. Alternatively, you may choose to have it be successfully contained within your body fully, likely a roaring success of Ursus occult engineering or else the success of some indescribably horrible venture. You will not receive that Item for free (but may still

purchase it), and the conditions for contamination will be contingent on your bodily health instead, with stabs and cuts leaking that darkness, and your death fully unleashing it.

There are some secrets not meant for prying eyes, and when those taboos are violated, the transgressors are harried until nothing of them remains. Such is the wont of the Emperor's personal guards, the Emperor's Blades. Known by such lovely names as *Facerending Liches* for the horrendous legends that surround them, they are perhaps the greatest of the superhuman soldiers that the Ursus of today can deploy. But there is a great and terrible secret to their incredible power, both physical and occult, and it is one you've lived through. There are demons in this world. Not those Sarkaz who are called such by the small minded, but true otherworldly horrors that intrude upon and corrode reality with their unholy Contamination. The Emperor's Blades are a wall Ursus has erected to keep them separated from the rest of the world, taking shards of those slain horrors and binding them through dark rituals into warriors like you so that they can strike back. You've gone through procedures much the same, and with the same blasphemous materials, unlocking the Collapsal Race Add-On for no further cost in points, in exchange for suffering some complications below.

Black snow now heralds your arrival, a sickening thing that snuffs out the fragile life it falls upon. The fear born of your unnatural essence cuts to the core of the living; even the blind see something indescribable writhing in the darkness as your gaze falls on them. Even should you suppress your powers to not harm the world around you, so inimical to life is your form that white snow falling upon you will blacken and disintegrate like ash. Those claimed by the demons often return as hollowed out corpses, dead, but moving in their broken twitchy way at speeds that far outpace what their movements should suggest. But you are a living being, and are in full control of your faculties, and benefit from this unnatural speed all the same, being able to move faster than even a seasoned warrior's eye can see. Your strength, too, is immense, with you being able to overpower all but the most brute-force specialized fighters. But this pales in comparison to the occult power invested in you, who represents Ursus itself. Indeed, for you already a Dominion. With as little as a wave of your hand a wide area somewhere nearby may be blanketed in a restrained form of the Collapse that dwells inside you, filling it with a cold darkness and choking black miasma. In addition to wounding all foes caught in its emergence as though you'd struck them with your Arts, existence inside this corrupted area is hostile to any other than yourself or those you deem to spare. All inside find themselves slowed to half their usual speed as distance and time adopt new laws, and while inside you yourself receive only half damage no matter the source. Worse for your foes, those inside become vulnerable to the most deathly expression of your power. A concentrated blast of this darkness, one that outside of this Dominion normally constitutes only a dreadfully powerful strike, but instead sends any caught within your Dominion to the brink of death in an instant. Even immortals or those rife with divine power are forced out of combat, becoming so weak in an instant as to become incapable of any opposition for a time, death surely only being spared afterwards by your benevolence.

There is a great downside to this awesome, terrifying power; the demon shard sealed within you can be freed. Indeed, life-abhorring darkness seeps in proportion from your every wound. If you are ever heavily wounded, torrentuous black snow and smog will continue to leak from your wound and into the world around you, shearing away the land's vitality as if smothering its potential for new life. If you are ever slain the full force of your corruption will

explode out, irreversibly tainting even a large chunk of the land around your corpse, making it inhospitable to any form of life for all eternity. In this regard, it matters little whether you are living or dead, for wherever you stand has already become the property of Ursus. Since you're paying you have two options here; the first is to be as any normal Emperor's Blade. You will receive the **[URSUS POWER ARMOR ITEM]** Item for free, but for the remainder of the Jump it will be instrumental in containing the demon. If it is ruptured a leakage will occur until it is repaired, and if it, and the many-tubed mask atop it in particular, is ever broken, the full Contamination will occur. Alternatively, you may choose to have it be successfully fully contained within your body alone, likely a roaring success of Ursus' occult engineering, or else the success of some indescribably horrible venture. You will not receive that Item for free (but may still purchase it), and the conditions for contamination will be contingent on your bodily health instead, with stabs and cuts leaking that darkness, and your death fully unleashing it. Post-Jump you may choose to shed this feature, or keep it as a final surprise for any who slay you.

Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan  
: (100 CP)

Godhunt, low cost because needed Collapsal help

Once, the gods of the land were plentiful, and mankind lived fearfully in their shadows. Then, the True Lung arose in triumph, putting those gods of Yan to the sword, and eventually slaying even the mightiest of them all, Sui. Alright, so the truth of that legend is a bit less flattering. In truth, Sui willingly betrayed his fellows, and helped to oust the majority of them. Before the greater god's might, they could do little but wound and curse him, but those wounds and curses were enough for what was to come. Claiming shards of the Northern evil, the True Lung then slew the weakened Sui who had used his greater might to oust the rest of his kind. Thus did man inherit the earth. If nothing else, this shows a remarkable degree of ingenuity and forward planning, which you enjoy when plotting the death of beings far your greater. Against those godlike beings, the steps to slay them formulate in your mind; the allies you must obtain, the weaknesses you must bring to bear, and very importantly, who and when to backstab to leave everything a clean slate. Let history repaint your actions as valorous; for freeing mankind the scholars owe you this much.

: (200 CP)  
tianshi engineering

Vernal Winds Will Never Blow: (400 CP)

Sword autism - INVITATION TO WINE- WB-3, VERNAL WINDS - WB-ST-3

Yan is perhaps the most populous nation on Terra, and while few there can match the raw power of some powerhouses, from the masses have arisen true exemplars of certain niches of combat. You are... let's just say *dedicated* to the sword. You have a great deal of experience in swordplay specifically, and an even greater degree of natural talent with which to take yourself farther. While today you might be content with knocking bullets of the air and cutting people so that they only fall apart when you sheath your sword, one day you may reach heights like creating specific moves to cleave the clouds apart in a single slash, preventing a gathering rain storm. Training under waterfalls or on mountain peaks is also good for your development, as you're capable of understanding and growing from lessons of swordsmanship and martial arts that seem to convey themselves through odd maxims of philosophy and symbolic language rather than objective descriptions of movements (and translate the latter into the former). In fact, flowery sword nonsense seems to work better in your hands; actually holding a meditative pose for an extended period of time before making a single movement empowers it radically, for instance. Your mastery of the sword conveys two other benefits. The first is that you can devise unarmed equivalents to sword-based special attacks. If you can master a sword-style you can perform smaller versions of its techniques with your bare hands, your Cloud-Splitting Sword allowing a lazy swipe of your fingers to cleave through flesh and change the direction of the winds. This includes mimicking the special abilities of unique weapons, assuming you're capable of creating and then perfecting an entire style dedicated to that sword specifically. Lastly, you already have a single such unique sword and martial arts style you've devised, dedicated to taking advantage of either a unique weapon you possess, or incorporating a unique ability of yours.

Family Matters: (600 CP)

Once, man huddled under the shadows of their gods, and were protected for their fidelity. Then man grew proud, and set out to topple the gods. But the divine is not so easily slain, and the greatest of Fernamuts may find themselves not truly slain, but fragmented. Fragmented into distinct beings, or to possess vessels of varying kinds. So did man press the remnants of the divine into their service, but that may not necessarily be your tale. Somehow, whatever the reason may be, you're host to a fragment of a Feranmut's power. You might be a mortal imbued with its fleeing power, or you may be one of its fragments yourself. As it stands, you've immediately unlocked the Feranmut Race Add-On for no further cost.

This... doesn't convey a particular amount of power on its own. The power of fragments like you come from their original entity, who is logically of far greater power. The great Sui of Yan, whose death created the Sui siblings, was once mighty enough to aid mankind in expelling the rest of the Feranmuts from Yan. You don't have that kind of power. In fact, through this Perk you may choose to begin any Jump with a specific powerset of yours massively weaker than it should normally be, reduced in both raw power and versatility. If you had broad-reaching powers over the concept of crafting, you'd become limited to one type of crafting, like painting or metallurgy. Why would you do this, you ask? It's quite simple; you aren't the only fragment of this power in the world. Similar to you there are up to twelve others, each possessing their own aspect of this lost power. If you can get them to either surrender their existence, or slay them yourself, then you'll inherit their share of the power. And of course once it's all added up you'll note that your total power is now in fact much higher than it originally was, your brief period of weakness lending itself to greater total power when reassembled. In fact, you'll find that your various other fragments were quite astute in developing their share of the power, and you'll inherit any advancements in technique that they manage, pushing your skill in using these powers even further.

Again, there are some limits to existing like this, and it is your choice whether this activates in a given Jump or not. You have options in dividing the power up, though they tend to come clumped together along thematic lines. Fire powers will go to one fragment, ice to another, though if you *only have* fire powers then they'll all develop them in unique ways. Regardless of the specifics, all fragments will have their own unique skill sets that you'll inherit once you can claim them, or once the Jump ends. Also, with this option you may freely choose to become one of the Sui siblings, either increasing their number by one to become the Thirteenth Sui, or replacing one. You may also optionally have some odd physical details to your form. The Sui siblings all have limbs that fade into a curious personalized texture, with colors and patterns similar to traditional terracotta painting that matches their color scheme.

Columbia  
: (100 CP)

private detective powers

While there are plenty of companies and government agents around who'd rather keep their secrets underground, there are just as many problems they need dug up and brought to light. You walk a tenuous line here, offering perhaps the most dangerous skillset in Columbia; that of a private investigator. You have a superlative ability to read people in-person, enough to sniff out webs of secret romances and hidden snack networks with a few glances of people going about their work days. More than this, with some groundwork spent looking into backgrounds, records whether fake or genuine (which you'll quickly determine), and some area casing, you can quickly intuit much vaster and purposefully obscured information. Inconsistencies in budgets, allocations of resources swept under the rug in reports, with these sorts of things you can quickly fill out a bizarrely accurate corkboard of conspiracies. If you were to join a research company solely for to locate some hidden artifacts you suspect they're keeping somewhere in the world, it wouldn't be long at all before you're found your prize.

: (200 CP)

able to play off aggression as preemptive defense

Columbia's spirit is that of progress. Not always in the manner people think, for while it stands as the cutting edge of science and business, there is also a deeply expansionist bent to Columbia's culture. This is what motivates its foreign policy, and why it's made such an emphasis on precision targeting weaker neighboring countries to curb their own development. But it's okay; after all, it was just preemptive defense! Whenever you meddle in the affairs of others, even act in aggression to harm them or their resources, you're always somehow able to frame the situation as having been a case of preventive self-defense. Better, you have a way of broaching that viewpoint far and wide, to neutral parties and allies alike. While the persons so aggrieved probably won't be buying any of that nonsense, you can stymie external scrutiny and possible intervention by extant actors by propping your actions up as being rational and just.

: (400 CP)

sacrifice orphans for more power (I FUCKING LOVE PROGRESS)

Heart of Tin: (600 CP)

yer a ghost, harry

There's a lot of strange stuff floating around Columbia, and it isn't all from human experimentation. As a melting pot of culture, all sorts of strange actors end up filtering through Columbia's halls. Even so, you're a bit of an oddball, even if the people around you have never seen the real you. Whether mechanical or not, your physical form is ultimately just a shell for your real self. In truth, you're an immortal specter of some kind, a psychic mass of darkness and shifting geometries unkillable by all save perhaps for things on the level of the northern demons. This is all well and good, but your ability to interact with the living world has been impacted. For this reason your current state of inhabiting a physical vessel is a beneficial one, as by inhabiting appropriate vessels you become capable of interacting with the world with your full capabilities. Otherwise you're largely limited to angrily screaming at others and possibly conveying horrible mental debilities. Destroying your link to the physical world doesn't destroy you, but leaves you immaterial until you can claim another host. An appropriate vessel is needed as well; you can't just claim some insignificant rock, but a human-sized machine or statue is good. Hell, you could even integrate into vehicles and drive them with your will. Your bizarre relationship with physicality lends your vessels a bit of leeway in movement, as if you were capable of telekinetically moving them beyond their usual range of motion. Due to the liminal state of your existence, you can similarly dislodge the consciousness of others from their physical senses, completely severing them from their bodily experience. Deprived of senses and capacity for thought, this leaves them temporarily experiencing a thoughtless descent down an increasingly deep chasm regardless of what's happening to their bodies.

Kazimierz

: (100 CP)

lasting long in fights

Platinum being overworked

Through Corruption and Withering: (200 CP)

Though true knighthood may be a distant dream in this corporate wasteland, life under that ideal's struggle is nonetheless a grim reality. Every fight weathered in its name, every burden shouldered, and all the bonds born thereof, all of these things are real. You have the ability to form and maintain a special bond with a small number of people, possibly as few as one other person. By genuinely spending a while with them, constantly getting into and out of problems with them, and constantly surviving conflicts with each other, you can link your combative abilities to an extent. You become easily capable of fighting in tandem with one another, or just around the other without issue, and also find your combined efforts to be far more impressive. You even find that usually unpredictable things like wide-affecting dangerous Arts don't harm these specific individuals. But the notion that everything you've been through together might end up being for nothing is a bitter one. When one of you is critically threatened, the other becomes far more dangerous in turn, becoming stronger and faster despite their usual capabilities in order to protect what matters to them, proportional to how grievous the perceived threat is. Seeing you bleeding out on the ground would have them in a massively more powerful state. This bond even persists through altered mental states and agitation. Even after coming through severe infection, experimental drug therapies, brutal torture, and manipulative gaslighting, they'd still have enough wherewithal to prioritize staying with you.

Daybreak over the Golden Prairie: (400 CP)

There are those who say that quantity is a quality all on its own. There are also those who question why you can't have both. When you lead or are a part of a group of highly skilled combatants of a number larger than any squad, but smaller than a small army, your mutual skill and cohesion blend together to massively increase your unit's efficiency all around. While this can let a powerful figure carry the weight of a small group, this truly shines in situations where every member of the group is already powerful in their own right. Collectively and individually buckling down, weaving around, and counterattacking problems as soon as the opportunity presents itself, your little club becomes a whirlwind of death even to forces much greater in sheer numbers, and perhaps sum power. Seven Silverlance Pegasi once rescued several dozen of their other members, captured and unarmed from their Ursus

captors. Regrouping and through great sacrifice, they then slaughtered over three thousand of Ursus' warriors. You may be outnumbered, but you are far from alone. With enough good men the war may be won yet.

: (600 CP)

**Blood knight, sacrifice health for power ups**

**Sami**

**Treescar: (100 CP)**

Runes that increase material properties

Far and away in their isolated villages, the Sami people are far less modernized than the other nations of Terra. More modernized towards the south, their infrastructure is nonetheless lacking, and their technological ability leaves much to be desired. This is no impediment to them, however. While they may not be on the cutting edge of weapons development, they can employ their own means of honing their equipment. Strange runic arrangements that seemingly enhance the quality of their creations, a system you now know well. You can carve or paint primitive looking runes on objects that actually enhance their durability by a noticeable extent, preventing primitively forged metal weapons from becoming brittle in the perilous frost of the north, and making armor much the same. Even if other nations can create wonders of metallurgy and Originium refinement, your honest iron is capable of withstanding clashes with them, and in the right hands may just prevail.

Ceremony of Healing: (200 CP)

As the ancient stories say, once, ten thousand years ago, the great bird Valrhvita menaced the land. Releasing blizzards of feathers like iron and dropping eggs that hatched with the heat and light of suns, the people of Sami were only spared its wrath by the All-Father who shielded them with his body. Retreating into rest to heal his wounds, he entrusted the people to heal the land in his stead, and so the people of Sami have lived ever since. Your presence has a restorative and reinforcing effect on the world around you, both encouraging the land around you to heal, and strengthening it against corruption and decay. But this is not merely protecting nature from mundane pollution. Just as the priests of Sami have contended with the northern demons for millenia, so too does this extend to the very fraying of the world. Dimensional boundaries are reinforced, and reality is made more stable from the forces that would profane it. Corruptions that exist, so long as they are not too severe, can be purified with your passing. Actually possessing some purifying powers or rites would of course make this a much more dramatic effect, but as it stands you can at least ward away minor demonic intrusions.

The Earth Wakes: (400 CP)

Long have the people of Sami dwelt in the hinterlands of the world. At the behest of spirits and the land itself, they've held back the northern demons for millenia, doing through ritual what even advanced nations like Columbia fail to grasp. You're well initiated into the rites of the Sami Snowpriests, knowing well their rites of divination and purification. Benefiting and honing greatly any such natural abilities you possess, they are nonetheless useful tools for those patrolling the borders of civilization and reality. At times the foolish may drag back the unrotting meat from the blackened lands. This is a mistake: The tainted flesh only decays when it knows you are watching, feeding it to the beasts will only starve them and spread the contamination further. Your rites could purify the resulting outbreak however, through both your active participation and the creation of righteous aids. Holy acid can be blessed to purify extradimensional intrusion even as it melts away tainted flesh, and by scouring a region with the proper observances the foothold of those outer-horrors can be erased. You are far from invincible against the demons themselves, and indeed should beware facing them lest you face corruption yourself, but the taint they spread can be pushed back, the land healed by efforts proportional to their corruption. Useful as your fight is, you are but one priest. Be wary of believing you can face these horrors alone.

Sami's Language: (600 CP)

The land is a living being. This is more true to the people of Sami than to any environmental scientist or philosopher; the priests of Sami commune with the land, beseech the very trees to uproot themselves and move, and receive auguries to guide their migrations. The people love the land, and the land loves the people. Wherever you go you may commune with the land around you, and receive much information. Information about the past, the present, and even the future. Ask not the people - you need not abhor or avoid them, but they will tell you nothing. Not directly at least, for they can at least serve as an indirect hint as to the land's health, but they are not themselves the subject of this communication. You must observe the land, take in the shape of the place, how it moves and breathes. Walk in the brightly lit places, and the darker ones still, and feel the winds blow through you. Seek answers to your questions, questions the land itself may know, and it will somehow communicate them. So long as what

you ask took or takes place there it will do its best to accommodate you, sharing with you little bits of information that it thinks in its strange land-like way would be a good answer to you. It will also share with you dangers yet to come, both to yourself, and to it. Treat the land well, and it will treat you well. Should you embark on a dangerous journey into a northern wasteland to face a grievous threat to the land, it would guide you in every step of the way. Guiding you to resources, shelter, clear passings, and away or to threats as needed; the land will see you safely to your quarry, where you will fight for both your future and its. Love the land, and the land shall love you.

Siracusa

### It's all About Famiglie: (100 CP)

With a culture so dead set on hustling for power and reputation, defying all rules and laws for personal and familial advancement, is it any wonder that the would-be heirs of these famiglia find themselves with some pretty messed up childhoods, and some pretty broken homes. Hell, sometimes they're the ones dead set on *breaking* those homes. Still, those wacky traumatized heirs come out pretty strong, and now so will anyone you take under your wing, because you've realized just how much more effective your attempts to train and teach others are when you do so with extreme cruelty. The more psychotic the acts you take to drill lessons into people's heads, the more they tend to stick, and the more those would-be prodigies grow as fighters and schemers. Give your daughter a pet, let her keep it for a year, then force her to burn it alive and she'll become the kind of hardened gangster that can kill anyone if she has to, and will end up a much better fighter once she throws herself into it. The more you stock people up with trauma, the better they become. Broken in more ways than one, but better. Do not, and this is *very* important, if you push this too far or have nothing else to secure their loyalty, they're very much likely to turn on you for all the abuse you've heaped on them. Especially if they didn't come into your teachings willingly, like if you simply decided yourself to take them under your horrible tutelage. Maybe keep the lessons harsh, but don't go as far as killing your daughter's only pet? Just to look out for yourself in the end.

### The Great Game: (200 CP)

Life in Siracusa is all about power. Power of the individual certainly plays into things, but mostly the power of one's connections. Alliances brokered and schemes plotted, everyone from the lowliest officers to the greatest mob bosses are looking for ways to consolidate their power and reputation, building them off of a pile of broken promises and bodies. Even the gods of this land are much the same, immortal and unable to kill one another, they instead plot through mortal proxies to diminish one another's power and maneuver their kin into fates worse than death. Hell, those scheming gods sometimes manipulate those scheming mortals, who in turn rarely manage to outmaneuver their patrons and screw over their games. Raised amongst schemes and plots aplenty, you're exceptionally skilled in a specific kind of scheme; the kind that ends with one your victim still alive, but much lesser than they were before. Whether it's crippling their personal abilities, or destroying all the progress they've made towards some goal, or eroding the stability of the powerbase they've established for themselves, you're capable of identifying the weak links in these things and constructing the sorts of schemes that take all those precious things away while leaving your unwitting victim alive and screaming. Of course this often takes a little bit of research to figure these things out, and a lot of legwork once you identify those weaknesses and all the moving parts at play, but once you have the ball rolling you just have to commit to ruining someone's life's work.

### Ostensibly Omertà: (400 CP)

There are things in Siracusa that one does not speak of. The government, the authority projected to the world to lend the state its legitimacy, is just a cloth draped over the round table of the Grey Hall, the loose alliance of local mafia families. Just as well there are events in the inter-family interactions that should not be spoken of, from the average secretive goings on of the made men, to entire purges. Just as well there are figures of such danger, such professional slaughter, that they are spoken of in fear. Whatever your exact role in the criminal underworld may have been, you've definitely done *something*. It may be wrought with misunderstandings and the exaggerations of hearsay and drunken retellings, but in this and all future worlds you'll have some significant past with the criminal underworld. The kind that leaves with both connections to a specific and powerful criminal entity, like a particularly powerful mafia family whose actual main family you know personally, and a downright fearful reputation, such that you might be seen as a mass-slaughterer that could take a whole family out by yourself. Hell, depending on your purchases that last part may be true, but even if you're just some courier here to deliver a package, any and every gangster around is going to be shitting themselves when you show up asking for them to sign off on your delivery.



Wolf and Fang: (600 CP)

Siracusa is home to gods unlike those great Feranmuts and their reality bending powers. Truthfully, beings like them can be found in many places, but usually they keep themselves separate from the world of man. The Signori dei Lupi are a clan of immortal wolf-like spirits, able to blend within shadows, and are immortal and tireless. No matter what happens, they cannot be killed, not even by one another. All the same, no matter how long they tear into or are torn into by another, never will they begin to tire and slow their assault. To get around their immortality, they play a great game. Elevating a single mortal champion into a Fang, they offer support in exchange for their slavery, pitting their Fangs against each other in competitions of dominance. They do not respect the civility and weakness of man, but one thing they respect is madness, enough that in the right circumstances the usual relationship can flip. And perhaps you went quite mad, if only for a time, as you've deeply impressed one such being that has since become separate from his old pack. Your spiritual guardian is immortal and tireless, and capable of both dematerializing and blending into shadows. It can exist both within and as two dimensional shadows on the ground, or take the form of a massive shadowy monster, closer to the size of a truck than a normal wolf. It can also simply appear as a large but mundane wolf, should it please. Just as well it can reveal itself selectively, preventing interference from others, though doing so in combat is somewhat tricky. It lacks notable powers compared to a Feranmut, but the Wolf Lord is a tireless pursuer; unless it is slapped across the horizon it will continue to attack, and that reprieve is only for the time it takes to sprint back from where it landed. Of note is that there are many kinds of Beast Lords, representing many different mundane animals. We've seen proud lions, and a particularly hip penguin who decided he liked keeping with the times. Your spiritual friend could be anything from a great winged hawk, to a shadowy serpentine horror. Also, you may decide the level of independence your new guardian possesses, whether it acts perfectly on your orders, or if it is a wild thing that lashes out at anything that attacks you without your input.

Sargon

: (100 CP)

Desert thriving

The deserts of Sargon are some of the hottest locations on Terra. Hell, its hottest spot was created by a fracture in space-time that rendered unto dust everything for miles around in a great cataclysm. It is, just as well, overwhelmingly barren outside of certain lush settlements secured through conquest. One doesn't survive in a place like this without being able to take the heat, and you're just enough of a desert-adapted survivalist to manage that feat. You can survive on absurdly minimal amounts of food and water, and even continuous exertion combined with blistering heat won't prove any danger to you. In fact, you're able to weather extreme heat and sunlight with relative comfort, being completely fine where others would be exaggeratingly claiming that they're dying. In order to really feel that kind of fatigue and the effects of that desert heat, you'd need to commit to some serious exertion, and even it wouldn't exacerbate it to any dangerous levels.

Aslanian Conquest: (200 CP)

Sargon's legacy is one of ancient conquest. It is often considered the cradle of civilization, whose early delineations of territory mark it as one of the earliest and most expansive empires in history. Even its most notable historic ally, the Nightzmoran Khaganate, is known for a great conquest which burned down the vast majority of the world, overthrowing social orders and governments on a global scale through sheer conquest. In spite of the fierce resistance, in spite of the unforgiving desert, in spite of all the minute problems that should have made it impossible, Sargon not only thrives, but builds its prosperity over the conquest of  *fucking dirt* . The kinds of tenacity you display are simply quite frightening. The strength and intellect to survive in the desert now lends itself to matters of logistics, allowing you to plot large and small-scale operations to both traverse and claim even the most barren and hostile territories, as well as the organizational structure to make something livable out of it all.

Let Reality Give Way To Me: (400 CP)

The ties of blood run deep, the achievements of one's ancestors ever calling one towards greater glory. The Khagan lies dead, buried for centuries. The Khagan still lives, wherever your blade may point. You may not be one of the few remaining Nightzmora, but you have a talent for the kinds of illusory Arts that made their conquests so devastating a millenia ago, and bent to a use that might make those ancient conquests a reality once more. First, an aura of fear that cloaks you, both a visible obstruction that visibly expands through the world around you, and an insinuation of fear into the hearts of all who witness it. But this is merely a byproduct, a natural reaction in the hearts of the weak to the sight of a true conqueror. At your call they come, illusionary phantoms of warriors the likes of which may once have marched across the land. Figures in ancient armor and weaponry, rendered in a shadowy, spectral form, yet nonetheless capable of cleaving flesh and steel as once did those of the lineage they harken to. They leave no footprints, but march alongside you nonetheless, a battalion of spectral warriors whose numbers will only increase with both your power and your fevered dreams of conquest. But the spirit of the conqueror does not waver; even more than being able to call this modest warband to yourself, when you march forth with a clear goal and target to attack, echoes of this force will continue to walk it even should you falter. March along a route to patrol it, and even long after you have come and gone, specters like this will

infrequently and in smaller groups sporadically appear and reenact your march on their own. March to assail a territory, and it will frequently experience incursions of this force every now and again independently of your control. Even should you be diverted from your goal, put it aside for a time for a more pressing concern, wind up corrupted by interdimensional horrors from outside of reality, or even die in battle, this illusionary force will continue to pantomime your dreams of conquest. The routes you marched, the routes ahead that you failed to, and the still-living enemies that weathered your initial assaults; these shadows will continue to march, and fight, until long after it is done.

Enter Eternity: (600 CP)

Lugalszargus, Overlord of Ages, was perhaps the greatest Shahanshah that Sargon had ever known. His military exploits were many, and by allying with the greatest Khagan of all time, the two of them were able to banish the demons of the South forever at the cost of their lives. Such was his power, owed in part to divine favor, that he was said to possess command over life and death itself; the passing of hours. The flow of time is a delicate thing, but you may impede its movements nonetheless. In minor ways perhaps, but in the heat of battle it is a great boon all the same. Accelerating your movements is a trivial affair, an increase so easy to maintain that it may last you through entire battles. Just as well you may briefly stop entire groups of foes in their tracks, rendering them helpless for a brief few moments. By altering the flow of time, you may displace your actions such that a successful block against any of your movements or attacks will be altered, placing you beyond the obstruction as though you'd slipped through, and connecting with a lesser attack where the main one failed. You may also preserve the physical conditions of others for a time, though the extent to which you can manage this will be a matter of practice. Finally, you may reenact the greatest working of the Shah of Past and Future. Truthfully, neither he nor his ally perished, but continue to fight the demons, and one another, eternally. In what will in almost all circumstances be a sacrifice on your part, you may unleash a great power as time momentarily shatters. This will unleash great devastation on the area, which will clear to reveal that you and whatever you sought to target has been annihilated from this world, perhaps leaving only accessories or weapons of yours on the ground. This only tells one half of the story, however. In truth you and all you targeted will have been pulled into a stable time loop, eternally reviving when killed and trapped forever. Such is the one-way nature of this loop that even time and reality corroding extradimensional horrors will be unable to escape. A portal through which they were previously entering the world would be similarly rendered inert, no longer an applicable entry point to the mainstream reality they sought to infect. The only way to end this loop is for a being from outside of it on the side of conventional reality to enter it somehow and kill you, which will finally allow death to claim all who'd died within it, and grant you rest after your long fight.

Dying in this loop will not end your Chain as it will continue to revive you endlessly. However, remaining in it by the end of a Jump will constitute failure. Think very hard about doing this.

Aegir

: (100 CP)

Navigator genes

Navigating space is a lot like navigating the ocean. That is, you can't see shit. Usually. As Aegir inherited the technology of those that came from the stars, some among their number possess traits that once made space travel an easily managed task.

Simply put, you have an unreal sense of direction and spatial awareness. Even in the context of three-dimensional movement where elevation is a factor such as in space or underwater, you are perfectly aware of yourself and your surroundings. With things like fragmentary coordinates, vague instructions, and supposed landmarks to look out for, you're capable of traveling from place to place with virtually no issue on your end. Your body automatically recognizes and subconsciously compensates for things like air or water drift, your body or vehicle's natural propensity to lean one way or another, or even the revelation of faulty coordinates or descriptions in order to keep on course without fail. Even exploring things like lightless trenches for the first time is a simple exercise since you simply understand how to navigate them, and can do so with maximum efficiency and without effort. This is even useful in combat, with you intuitively understanding the spacing and position of everything around you, from the texture and layout of the floor that might otherwise trip you up, to the position of the super-fast enemy that just rushed into your blindspot.

The MULTIPLICITY of GOD: (200 CP)

Aegir sits arrogantly on an excavated tomb, having inherited the world, only to end it. Drifting to the bottom of the darkest abyss, you understood the moss growing on the giant's back. Saw it, and understood. Understood EVERYTHING. The MULTIPLICITY of GOD, the Thousand-Eyed Womb in the sky. The hole, the eye Observing YOU, Observing ME. Do you hear it? The way silence drowns the song? While those from civilization may listen to you try and explain these simple concepts and come away labeling you mad, you can find solidarity and understanding in those who have also embraced their own understandings. Those that others would decry as mad, the completely insane, understand your attempts at communication, just as you understand theirs. The lot of you are capable of consistent and coherent communication with one another, and for that you're able to actually make lasting alliances and arrangements with the insane. Also, at any point you can automatically filter what you're trying to say into the kind of wording comprising the beginning of this Perk. Even if you're talking about the most innocuous shit, you can set yourself to automatically convey it in that sort of language. Those who aren't covered by the first effect of this Perk will be no more able to figure out what the hell you're talking about than they normally would.

: (400 CP)  
tech

Sea Borne: (600 CP)  
Abyssal hunter

Aegir has inherited the mantle of the Predecessors, whose remnant technology has elevated them above all others. Advancing in all sorts of directions, creating all sorts of wonders, there's still one taboo that is dreadfully avoided at all costs. Or at least it was, until necessity reared its ugly head. Genetic tampering is a violation of sacred humanity, but you're living proof of its potential. You have been infused with Seaborn cells, the great enemy of Aegir, but not in any haphazard way. Your tailored biology is one retrofitted for maximum combat ability, leaving you more stable and powerful than most. This Perk unlocks the Seaborn Race Add-On for no further cost, but this altered biology will provide you with some complications for the duration of this Jump, as discussed below.

But for now, understand that your physicality has been enhanced to the extreme. You're faster and stronger than most beings alive, being able to swing around massive weapons of hyper-dense alloys with the same speed professional fighters might throw out punches, if not faster. And with enough force to tear through support columns with ease, you can easily end up destroying structures without meaning to. You're durable enough to withstand fighting at these extremes, and in fact enough that you can easily withstand pressures at the very bottom of the ocean, and that's when you're already wounded. You also possess noteworthy regeneration, such that superficial damage to you repairs even as it happens. You can also breathe under water, in case you couldn't before. These are your base parameters, however, and you can choose one of two aspects to enhance to extreme levels. You can elevate either your already prodigious strength or your speed, and to such extremes that (in that singular department) your measurements would be off the charts by the standards that Rhodes Island quantifies its Operators on. With brute strength the kind of accidental property damage your swings can incur might legitimately collapse entire forts from simply devastating their support structure so much. There are very few things alive that could overpower you in terms of brute strength at that point.

On the other hand, with enhanced speed you would be able to break into a dash or sprint from a standing position that's faster than a crossbow bolt, essentially moving faster than many trained fighters can even perceive for short distances time and time again, attacking all the while. In case it bears mentioning, you also have training for applying these talents, and fighting in general, in underwater contexts.

Such benefits in combat are extreme, but there are some deficiencies in your altered biology that will haunt you for the duration of this Jump. Fighting at this level produces extra heat. Not enough to hurt you at any rate, but enough that an ally touching you might accidentally burn their hand after a lengthy battle. Worse, while those Seaborn cells that were infused in you are stabilized more than is usually the case for those infected by them, they are Seaborn cells nonetheless. This poses two problems. The first is that the Seaborn are attracted to you, and especially so if your blood is spilled, such that if you're cut anywhere near the ocean they'll make for landfall and venture inwards towards you. The simpler of their lot will mistake your body for a prison holding one of their kin and attempt to free them by rending you apart, where more intelligent Seaborn will recognize your nature and treat you with warmth, staying their less intelligent kin if nearby. The second and arguably worse issue is that your Seaborn nature is trying to consume you. You're more stable than most who've taken in Seaborn cells, but they're trying to transform you both physically and mentally into one of them, and will continue to do so for the duration of the Jump. Things that assert your individuality can stem this somewhat; immersing yourself in the things about life that you love, the things you find meaningful and impactful whether they be hobbies or people, can help keep the call of We Many at bay. It should be enough that you can go the ordinary length of this Jump without turning, but the longer you stay here, or the more contact you retain with the ocean and Seaborn, the more willpower you'll need not to lose yourself. Oh, and this comes with free white hair and red eyes if you want.

Church of the Deep

### Utterer of Terrifying Statements: (100 CP)

Hiding hints of unnatural developments behind ordinary veneer

The Iberian Inquisition is hard at work slaughtering anyone suspected of working with the Church of the Deep. Despite this, many of its members seem to be getting along fine, despite partially turning into aquatic horrors, peering out with glowing eyes from the hoods they're using to hide their disfigurements, and constantly saying just the most suspicious shit while hanging out in dilapidated churches. Okay, so most members are better at hiding things than certain bishops of theirs, but the point remains. So long as you're relatively functioning in society, you're able to moderately stave off the intense scrutiny your curious oddities would usually invite. This isn't foolproof by any means, and someone who finds you in an act that reveals you will have little need to hold back. This also means that if you're a wholly benevolent human-shaped entity with only a few ontologically horrifying aspects of your existence, so long as you're interacting with people in a friendly manner then you can occasionally drop the veil and state something extremely unnerving without raising negative suspicion.

: (200 CP)

You'd think that an organization that works by eating corruptive self-assimilating monster flesh and poking around amongst said monsters wouldn't really last long. Oddly enough, the Church of the Deep continues to persist, and even thrives in some areas where most beings generally wouldn't. See, the Seaborn are instinct driven monsters, but some of them have evolved a greater intellect. As communal entities, by working out arrangements with their more intelligent kin, it becomes possible to work with their lessers. Somehow, in some way, you can set up working arrangements with otherwise neutral or outright hostile inhuman entities. Even if they were nigh-mindless, without senses of self, or driven by instinct or collective will to hostility against mankind, you'd somehow be able to work out an arrangement that not only lets you live in their territories, but sees them working alongside you and offering some protection or even resources. These arrangements often require you to give something in return, usually something that they desire or would otherwise seek out on their own. Sacrifices tend to work well, but so too does mere food. The more you seek to get out of this arrangement, the more you'll have to offer. Naturally, the more intelligent some of their members are the more detailed and constructive the arrangements you can make.

: (400 CP)

The truth is that the Seaborn and the Church of the Deep share a common origin. Specifically, the founder of the Church of the Deep was the very one who first released them, and was the first assimilated by them. The very direction the Seaborn have evolved into is due to those who've followed in his footsteps, manipulating events to guide the once-simple Seaborn into the seemingly unstoppable engine they've become today. You have an incredible ability to take a look into horrors beyond your comprehension, and if not necessarily understand them, understand how to poke them to make them change in a certain way. Watching a species of monster react to their environment with errant mutations, you could puzzle out what to change about their environment to guide their evolution. Even things like a slumbering god are not beyond your ability to change; realizing that ocean itself is the corpse of a god, but also a living ecosystem, you could conceive of a plot to create a fast-replicating energized plankton-like species to distribute power throughout to stir it into maddened wakefulness momentarily. Obviously, having great knowledge in an intellectual discipline or two will be helpful here, as you're still acting with your own skills and knowledge. This just ensures you'll always be able to figure out how to poke a problem until it becomes a much worse problem.

Pursuit of the Perfect Form: (600 CP)

The war against the Seaborn is a lot more intense than you'd expect an arms race against fish to be, but that makes sense in its own way, doesn't it? The Seaborn's evolutionary prowess is why many have come to worship them, and a man of vision wouldn't stand to fall behind. Within you dwells extreme evolutionary potential, if only you'd evert this mask of humanity and extrude the shape of the divinity within. This form is a horrifying mass of constantly spreading and assimilating components that very quickly blanket the very earth around you in a thin veneer of *you*, slowly growing and assimilating what it all can as fuel for your primary mass. Where once you stood, a great and towering horror of expanding size and entwining shapes. The spreading blanket of your flesh feeds back nutrients for your main offensive body, which constantly grows in size, complexity, and strength. So extreme is the flesh tide that if you aren't killed soon enough, even foes that could previously have killed you might find you simply too large to truly wound, your form liable to crush them in their attempt. Worse, as you continue to grow in this manner, in very little time at all you'll reach a terminus point where you'll begin not only growing, but truly *evolving*. Evolving offensively, and at an extremely rapid rate. Once you hit this point, you'll begin very rapidly developing new offensive measures in real time, completely changing how you can fight in the span of a single battle. Begin your true ascent, and you'll go from swinging giant tentacles around to firing projectile beams. On your first blast, a stream of pressurized water. Your second, scalding acidic spores. And your third blast? A fully actualized energy beam. All within the span of moments. Blessedly, for purchasing this you may have the option of undoing this transformation, resetting your growth and evolution as you tear your way out of this ossifying husk.

## Crimson Troupe

: (100 CP)

Finding people in despair or something

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; you were chosen with care. The Crimson Troupe isn't like other organizations. It's a small scale operation, being on the surface nothing more than a traveling circus and theater troupe. It passes as it may, and while tragedy is assured to strike in its wake, those who disappear into its depths do so almost always unnoticed. Monsters like you have an eye for targets. Targets of a specific kind, anyway. The lost, the destitute, the isolated and the unwanted; you find them practically highlighted to you when you care to look. Both the kinds of people who wouldn't be missed, and those who'd really *love* to be part of a big screwed up organization like the Troupe. From the unwanted homeless, to the hidden serial killers, you can sniff out potential recruits with the best of them.

: (200 CP)

Keep souls of your subordinates to stuff into physical vessels

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; not even death can free you. Those who work under you may come to despise their lot, and indeed any life under you, but of what concern is that to you? Those who willingly come under your employ will

find that you have a peculiar grasp on their souls. Not the kind that gives you any control over them, but rather the kind that only comes into play once they perish. Possessed of their soul after their death, you're able to imbue it into a physical container as an animating source to a construct whose movements you can control. Indeed, even if they had killed themselves to try and escape you, you can easily bind them into a facsimile of humanoid form and extend their torture indefinitely. Note while you can control the resulting undead, a person's strength is a combination of many factors such as their body, their spiritual abilities, and their intellect. Depending on the original being's level of cooperation, their body both before and after death, and their own natural abilities, the resulting being may be anything from vastly weaker to notably stronger than the original person.

: (400 CP)

Give people power in exchange for mind controlling them

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; you won't even want to leave. Picking out the ideal actors is only the first step. To prepare for the stage, they must be brought into character. You are capable of granting power to those who accept it; a devil's bargain if ever there was one. These powers you grant can either be minor reflections of your own, or can be intense accelerations of the recipient's natural abilities, possibly being either the unlocking of their unique Arts that they never would have had the wherewithal to develop on their own, or an enhancing of an ability they do have to ever more prodigious heights. These gifts of new power or increases of old are permanent, and are all the more damning for it. Those who accept this power give you power in turn. Over them, specifically. You gain the ability to mentally influence them in a number of ways, from forcefully intruding on their emotional states to wreak havoc on their willpower, to transmitting forceful mental compulsions that can be resisted with mental exertion, but which drive the victims to great stress and possibly madness with their insistence. Those who are particularly worn down and can no longer resist these mental assaults can even be driven into completely delusional personas, their memories and emotions twisted to the point of being made to believe they're anything you want, even entirely fictional figures in completely outlandish contexts which they'll follow along as though characters trapped in a play. It is possible to save those of particular willpower from this fate, generally if they were able to notably resist it before falling, but this would take a degree of outside intervention that only truly close comrades would pursue. Even so, that doesn't mean your influence goes away, just that they're back to resisting it.

: (600 CP)

playwrite

There is no resigning from the Crimson Troupe; it has already been written so. Wherever the Crimson Troupe goes, tragedy follows. Anyone they touch, anyone they pass by, tragedy comes for them all. As if the manipulations of minds and bodies were not enough to sate its depraved master's thirst for drama, its inscrutable script writer has already penned out countless endings in blood. You possess an absurd ability to define events yet to come through some artistic endeavor. The Playwright was just that, using pen and paper to write out the script that bound events, people, and phenomena alike to the story he wrote. Given time, circumstances would align to ensure that the exact scenes he envisioned would put themselves together, with all relevant actors and trials somehow arranging themselves in time for it to happen. Of course when rushed he could simply write about the immediate future, which allowed him to conjure people and enemies from thin air, and transport people freely. You may be a playwright like him, or use another artistic medium, the exact mechanics of which would depend on the nature of your pursuit. A painter would simply paint great portraits, whose depicted events would come to pass, with complex events being creatable through the making of multiple paintings. A photographer's alterations might be more complicated, the process basing itself part way off of the photographs taken, and your intention in pursuing said photos. Taking photographs with the intention of comparing them to those after a disaster, and particularly making collages or projects out of them where the details for future photos are already filled out, will of course invite disasters as desired or described. There are some limits to this ability, in any case. Ultimately this is a *DRAMATIC* power, and so it centers on creating scenes and events, not outcomes, though it will certainly enforce those as well if your actors aren't powerful enough to defy these fates. You can create fights, riots, kidnappings, and all manner of insane happenstance or illogical anomalies. However, a great enough concentration of both power and strength of will can 'break' the story of your devising, and allow your actors to escape the destinies you've

penned for them. Of course you can always just try to force the matter again as many times as you wish, but that's a bit in poor taste, no? And probably a waste of time. If they're too boorish to see the beauty in your scripts, why not just find better actors? To aid in using this power, you have a great deal of skill and talent in your chosen artistic medium.

## The Plan

### Doctor: (100 CP)

What is a doctor, but someone who holds the powers of life and death in their hands? You were never meant for a life of combat, but that doesn't mean your presence doesn't have a good deal of weight to it. At your will you can flip between exuding two kinds of impressions on onlookers. The first is the calming presence of someone you know is here to protect the helpless and make better whatever ills he can. You can easily go through life treating patients or giving advice from the position of someone who is earnestly trying to help out of a deep love of life and wish to see it protected. Just as well, you may switch to the opposite extreme, that of an entirely cold and calculated mind solely focused on some unknown objectives. The impression gotten of you in this state isn't one of some mindless berserker or killer, the notion that the person before them can behold them, understand wholly the full weight of them as an individual life, and then coldly and calculatingly order their death. It's a jarring contrast, and all the more so to those who've experienced it. Indeed, those who've known you for a long time under the first impression will find themselves deeply and rather intimately shaken whenever they begin to get a glimpse of your other self.

### Oracle: (200 CP)

For the task put before you, a mind unparalleled is required. With all the experiences you've put behind you, a mind unparalleled is expected. Many are the geniuses of the world, each finding their given niche or special interest that catches their interest and refuses to let go. They obsess, and come to excel in due measure in the field of their choosing, sometimes reaching revolutionary heights. But your intellect isn't one constrained by topics or schools of thought. You're a true polymath, equally suited to all methods of learning, and whose mind naturally excels at everything from rote memorization to intuitive leaps of invention. Matters of abstract reasoning and philosophy are as simple to wrap your head around as subjects of pure logic, and in such matters things like mathematics or molecular chemistry are as simple as memorizing history. All fields of purely mental learning are equivalently easy for you to enter into and learn. Though your knowledge base may not begin all that great, as you go out and learn you'll continue to advance in every intellectual field you choose to pursue. Before you know it you'll have a mind some would think capable of anything.

### Priestess: (400 CP)

#### Brainwashing

Sometimes the people you love disappoint you, and you need to help them remember the right path. *Help them remember what's important to them.* Normally you'd just have a heart to heart conversation with those you love, but sometimes you're pressed for time, or they're acting unusually rebellious or empathetic to the natives. So why not just cut the chase, and burn through all those obstructions like a searing white light? You can do so, so long as the conditions are right. You must be observing your target, and they must be in an unguarded state, such as when going about their daily lives or when in deep thought. You may invade their thoughts in these moments and observe their thought patterns, and inject your own arguments phrased as their thoughts. The subject will take these as their own thoughts and internalize them as urges to act on, suspecting nothing of external involvement in them. As they'll form internally made decisions, subjects will *continue* to act along the courses these interjections decide them on, committing to plans of action that are logical conclusions to their urged decisions. But some things just don't fit in some minds, either for how against your suggestions their inner self is, or for how out of nowhere these interjections may come. In these cases they're liable to simply brush off the thought and not act on it. Indeed, people are deeply complex creatures, each almost a world unto themselves for the sheer beauty and immensity of their manifold thoughts and feelings. But there are always cracks; holes where arguments can slip in and seed doubt. But you aren't arguing, are you? You're simply reminding people of what they already think and feel. When you space these interjections naturally, either interjecting only what's relevant to their current train of thought or by using multiple to guide their internal dialogues to a solidified conclusion, your chances of successfully urging them rise dramatically. Even more frightening, if there's something in your suggestion that resonates or plays off of something already present and important in their minds, there will be no resistance. If someone committed to wiping out a planet's population to save their own species, only to betray the plan because they came to care for the native species and simply loved life too much to take it from others, then there would still be many hooks you could use to get them back in order. The sacrifices of their people who are relying on this mission, the belief that what has been started can no longer be stopped combined with the desire to euthanize these animals peacefully rather than prolong their suffering, and even the promises they made with you back before you two started this little experiment; all of these would be perfect tools to help remind your partner *why they even came to this world in the first place.*

REWRITE TO USE LYNCHPIN MECHANICS

### Prophet: (600 CP)

You have a plan, and for that plan, you had to create something. In some ways, *become* something. You can now produce *something*, either by scientific process, or from your own body at will. This is a material or energy of some kind. It might be crystalline black matter, or maybe a liquidy oil-like substance. Whatever the case, it has a few observable properties. For one, it's a simply fantastic energy source. Far more so than anything that could be found on a modern-day Earth, this curious invention could power devices of such size and intensity as to be impossible in other worlds using other fuel sources. It also has all sorts of other strange physics interactions, being able to produce extremely durable materials, or facilitate strange modes of computation or chemical reaction. In fact, physics seems to loosen up a bit, or maybe it would be more accurate to say that this invention opens up a whole new direction to take physics in. It has many states, from relatively safe to interact with inactive ones, to far more dangerous energy outputting states, all of which it might enter depending on its environmental conditions. It's also reactive to the psychologies of intelligent life in strange ways... which when combined with the odd looseness of conventional physics around them and their extreme energy sources, means that it is theoretically possible to evoke seemingly supernatural powers through it with the right equipment and mentality. Of course, this material isn't *perfectly* safe. For one, it will slowly start devouring the entirety of whatever planet it's introduced to. Slowly, imperceptible, a deposit underground will spread by eating more and more of the world until great veins of it shoot through the earth. It assimilates inert matter into itself, and for living matter? Well, it could do a lot of things. It might infect them with a seemingly incurable "disease" as their body turns into more of it, or maybe it might twist them into insane monsters? In the end, this substance could unlock an age of endless wonders, or completely destroy a world if the people using it aren't careful... or maybe that would only delay the world's destruction anyways. Of note is that this substance contains throughout all examples of it, something of an internal mental world, a universe of thought and nigh-infinite energy. Those who die to it, near it, or even infected with it may find their fractured and tortured consciousnesses trapped after death in this inexplicable ocean of souls. You are deeply connected to it, and may enter and wander around as you like. Your connection is such that even if you were to die, you'd remain within the internal universe completely mentally intact, though still barred from interacting with the world, and this will still count as death if you remain in this state by the time a Jump ends. For what it's worth, you may perceive the world through any and all examples of this invention that exist, and do so even in death, peering through stone and metal and disease to observe everything that befalls the world you're slowly consuming.

If you want this can either introduce another such a *blessing* onto this perilous world of Terra, already facing such a crisis, or simply gain a similar connection to the existing Originium. Either way, you'll be able to spontaneously create more in this and in future worlds.

FUCKING ORIGINS I FUCKING GUESS????????????????1????

Drop-In

It Boils The Water On The Skin: (100 CP)

Oh, you're hankering for a snack. That's nice, so what are you planning to eat? Chunks of Originium and needles of medical stimulants? Okay. Call it a hyper efficient metabolism or an



act of divine providence, but you're somehow able to safely consume and digest anything that you can manage to eat in a normal fashion. As long as you can get it into your mouth and chew, you won't find it logically lacerating the insides of your mouth or throat, nor will you find your stomach upset by the absolute affronts to the culinary arts you're forcing upon it. What's more, you'll find that the act of eating is now mentally soothing to you, being able to alleviate your stress and mental fatigue. While a delicious meal with friends is probably the most effective means of alleviating your stress, you actually get a decent amount of energy from unconventional and energy-rich materials. You know, like active Originium crystals. Needless to say, you won't be contracting any Oripathy as long as you're consuming it this way, even if bought as a different race.

ADD ABILITY TO BOIL WATER IN MOUTH TO COOK NOODLES

: (200 CP)

doc's bizarre ability to sniff out bullshit/hidden shit

What do a neurosurgeon, a wartime strategist, and (theoretically) an alien starship navigator have in common? They all need excellent situational awareness. Yeah, that's the commonality there. Whatever life you lived before your amnesia, it sure trained your senses well. Of course your senses are sharp, though not illogically so. In an active meteor shower with structures falling down around you, you could keep track of the falling debris and angles of descent, but it's not like you could see or hear someone over the horizon. That's not what this is about. It's not necessarily that your senses are extreme in and of themselves, but you have an almost supernatural ability for sniffing out bullshit. There's just something about the way people carry themselves that you can pick up on without noticing. You can always tell when someone's hiding something from you, whether it be their intentions or things that are bothering them. Guilt, deception, and falsehoods all ring in your ears, though you don't necessarily know what's true just because you can sense the lies. This is to such an extent that you can somehow pierce through more active deceptions; illusions and hallucinations will only fool you for a moment as you catch your bearings, disguises and shapeshifting will only leave them a few words before you catch on, and invisibility or perception dampening will leave you quickly realizing that there's someone in the room with you. While you won't automatically understand the truth behind the lies, you're pretty observant when it comes to digging these things up. Meet with some business representatives on a business trip, and you just might sniff out invisible divisions between them that they're trying to hide. Divisions that you can use.

: (400 CP)

betrayals are wildly successful and aren't seen coming

: (600 CP)

trust inclines others to love, harem perk

Ghost of Babel: (800 CP)

WAR CRIMES

## Frontline Leader

OUR MARTYR: (100 CP)

people under your leadership are kind of blind to you being what they usually hate

: (200 CP)

Enemies under your command don't turn on each other

Our Outstanding Operators: (400 CP)

Motivational speeches, suicide missions

MAYBE MOVE TO 100 AND MOVE OTHERS UP

: (600 CP)

Broken Sun: (800 CP)

Find a way to include Theresa's spooky-ass quote "For all the world to fall in peaceful slumber."

GOOD LORD THE LENGTH

The history of the Sarkaz is long and winding, bound by ancient hatreds. Their religious leader once sought to confer her crown on one outside the blood, hoping to break their cycle of hatred. Perhaps there is another. Before this, the Myriad Souls sang to two successors, though one refused. So it may be here, or maybe you simply found a mirror artifact in some forgotten ruin. What matters now is that you're bonded to a symbiotic artifact of alien engineering, and sacred purpose. This grants a number of powers, some automatic, some that you'll fumble around with at first, and others that will take many years to master. Designed to be a recorder of civilization, this power will automatically archive everything about the world you experience. All information pertaining to the world will be stored, from who did what and when, to why and what they felt. It knows this, because it is also meant to connect others. Already you can passively feel the emotions of anyone around you, and though it may take time, you will eventually be able to read their thoughts and memories as well.

The history of the Sarkaz is an ancient and painful one. Their religious leader once sought to confer her crown on one outside the blood, hoping to break their cycle of hatred. Perhaps there is another. Before this, the Myriad Souls sang to two successors, though one refused. So it may be here, or maybe you simply found a mirror artifact in some forgotten ruin. What matters now is that you've become one with an ancient and powerful artifact. A Black Crown that confers powers over records, connections, and untold power. Gradually, for you will have to struggle to truly master its gifts, but they are the kind that could one day bring apocalypse to the world, be that apocalypse as revelation, or apocalypse as decimation.

Passively, this power records the world around you, creating an eternal record in your mind. All events, all memories. It also reveals to you the emotions of everyone around you. With some struggle, easing up as you learn, you will gain more powers along these lines, as well as command over black-colored Arts. Arts that you no longer need an Arts Unit to cast, the artifact within you fulfilling that function. Impressive though still trivial tasks like communicating through dreams or devouring the trauma and anxiety from a broken mind to heal it will be usable in a few years, and with training in that time you'll become capable of creating and manipulating black energy and matter strong enough to temporarily smother the Arts of even more powerful casters. Be wary at the beginning, as before you gain true control over yourself you may end up lashing out with this, at levels greater than you can manage on command. Greater experience permits greater powers. Looking forward through records not yet recorded to view the future, looking back through past memories to instantly copy the skills of others, enhancing your black Arts to pierce all forms of conventional durability, invoking your Arts to move on their own without your input, and forming your dark Arts into functional copies of powerful artifacts from your stored records are all possible manifestations. It is even capable of interacting with psychoreactive substances or phenomena like Originium, possibly even the Assimilated Universe that dwells within it, to alter how such things function permanently. All of these are specific manifestations of a power that could blossom out in untold directions and to unknown degrees. But there is a darker potential to this power, and salvation is only one of the paths it offers. Whether you wield it for good or ill, the Black Crown has given rise to many tyrants. With great experience, you may become capable of completely erasing the minds of sapient life, leaving them nothing but braindead husks, or lay powerful curses on others that will doom their bloodlines to extinction by whatever ironic fate you decree. Whatever the case, it will take

countless, countless years as well as a deep peace within yourself to develop this power to its unknown full potential.

Know also that in this world you will bear the title of the Lord of Fiends, the religious king of the Sarkaz, who can intercede on behalf of the living in calming the furious souls of the dead. For this reason, and for the empathic nature of your powers, you radiate a feeling of gentle calm, deep wisdom, and perhaps vast melancholy to all who perceive you, most strongly felt in the Sarkaz. And your power will not go unnoticed. Minor manifestations of this power like calming a mind displays little, but as you call upon more power it begins to reveal itself: A jagged black crown floating above your head where none was there before, and jagged dark materials forming fractal geometries around you. You may decide whether you possess an offshoot of the proper Civilight Eterna, or similar but different artifact, and decide the implications of this. If your crown contains the memories of past users, it may choose of its own volition to show you visions of its own volition or even project an illusory form to guide you. If you are truly the first wielder, then you may lack the voices within helping you to develop your power, but also remain apart from the fate of the Sarkaz. Of course, depending on place in the timeline you can choose to replace the current inheritor completely. This will give you no benefit, and alter events to come immensely.

If not, then because this is either an unprecedented branching of the root crown or another artifact all together, you may slightly change the aesthetics, from the shape of the thing floating above your head, to whether this power's main colors are black with red highlights, or black with other highlights.

## Smooth Operator

: (100 CP)

Practical but non-glamorous field utilities like being a recon caster

Side Event, Silly Event: (200 CP)

Slice of life shenanigans breaks up periods of danger

Together, They're a Squad: (400 CP)

Focusing on defense of one member gives them opening to attack or act indiscriminately

Ace Operative: (600 CP)

## Hold the fucking line

: (800 CP)

Fucking insane skill comparative to how rarely you use it

'Were you to be a master swordsman, and never wield your blade again unless truly necessary, then even the Nachzehrer King would admit it would be wise to kill you before you could draw your blade.

## Base Work

: (100 CP)

Super paperwork/report powers, file shit on time, fabricate documents to scam entire countries

: (200 CP)

Practically trained in handling all manner of mundane systems encompassing a wide field of jobs

Blood of Multinational Giants: (400 CP)

Just doing your job can lead to keeping larger entities/factions afloat

: (600 CP)

Hypercompetent in a broad science of your choice, an electrical engineer can make both the hardware and software for intelligent AI, for instance

Lone Trail: (800 CP)

FUCK the Starpod

Oldest Guard

: (100 CP)

Insane long-term acting skills, pretend to be impassioned about something when you're a dead inside immortal, fake being someone consistently for years under constant surveillance

DID I MENTION HOT DOGS: (200 CP)

you have read the Arknights lore

Whether it's the mark of a life questionably spent, or a cultured education, you certainly have a lot of stuff to talk about. Like, a lot. You have a great deal of historical knowledge, both in the form of detailed and consistent narratives of the past (and its vicarious facets such as culture and literature), but also in the form of scattered trivia that you can sound off at a whim. The degree of inane nonsense you can prattle off about scales with two factors; who old you are to have collected this information, and the strength of your connection to the subject matter. Certainly, you can go off on the detailed history of your home nation for goddamn hours on end, and with great age perhaps the histories of those nations its interacted with, but with obscure connections of your own you may also drop ominous details regarding phenomena typically outside the ken of men.

: (400 CP)

big smartness talk gooder

: (600 CP)

insane age and experience

They say that time is the greatest teacher. This is incorrect. Experience, of situations and people, is the greatest teacher. Time is just a vehicle. Notably, it's one you've had quite a ride in. You are now fairly old relative to what your lifespan could feasibly have been, though you're still as fit as ever. As an Ancient or Elder, you're likely in your 80s or pushing on 100. A mixed-blood Sarkaz might be a few centuries old, and a pureblood several thousand. Regardless of how stretched out or condensed it was, a great deal of experience is contained in those years. You have the benefit of vast time and experience honing your every skill set, leaving you an unimaginable master of your niche, or merely an undeniable one of many. While your overall power and parameters are defined by your purchases, those purchases are backed up by anything from intense decades to more spaced out millenia of experience in actually using them. There's little in this world, save perhaps for the peculiarities of the modern age, that can take you totally by surprise. Of course, with such time having passed as to accrue these skills and memories, you're bound to have made an impact. Your history in this world accommodates this time spent living, sticking you with a fitting reputation, whatever it is you've done. If you're a war hero, you're no doubt the hero of *many* wars, and a monster of the battlefield is one that's haunted it for ages.

Holy Fool: (800 CP)

have one super-soldier template you can turn people into with proper process and materials

In the fight for survival there is no low that mankind will not stoop to. The war for supremacy is much the same. From unforgivable human experimentation, to ancient and blasphemous rituals, to the unholy fusion of the two, the terrors of this land can be made into a venomous dagger pointed at the enemy's heart. You know a process, be it scientific, occult, or both, to permanently create unnatural super soldiers from willing participants. This is a distinct process, and requires a distinct power source, both decided now. Anything you could get your hands on here, or that you have consistent access to can be drawn from, so keep in mind you'll need the resource in order to use it. Infused with Seaborn cells, and these soldiers may gain incredible physical parameters and regeneration. Infused with Collapsal fragments, and they may gain unholy powers of life-quenching fear. The exact specifics of this, from the source, the process, and the positive and negative qualities of the result are up to you to determine. Just know that the end result will be powerful, terribly so, and one also prone to its fair share of

horrific aspects, and potentially vulnerabilities. It may slowly mutate them into monsters needing to be put down when the time comes, or turn them into timebombs that will unleash great corruption when they die, but whatever the case they'll be massively empowered by this process. Thus, the stronger and more skilled the soldier beforehand, the mightier this new weapon. Be wary of who goes through this process; as it stands a weak mind and body has a high chance of failure, and the process is straining on the spirit. Those who survive are inclined to a particular fervor or mania, their mind's protestation against the encroachment of the horror defining them, and a means of consolidating their sense of self against it. Screening potential applicants for things like strength of will and loyalty will go a long way towards preventing this kind of power from biting you in the ass.

## Items

### Generic

NOTE THAT YOU CAN IMPORT ALL WEAPONS BOUGHT HERE INTO EACH OTHER, SO YES, YOU COULD IGNORE PERKS AND JUST BUILD A SUPER SWORD

-add mobile cities (ADD OPTION TO TURN ANY OTHER LAND-PURCHASES HERE INTO MOBILE CITIES, OR ADD ONE TO EVERY PURCHASED MOBILE CITY)

: (200 CP)

CRAAAAABS

METAL CRAAAAAAABS

## Races

### Elders & Ancients

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

: (400 CP)

: (600 CP)

Literally just an entire population of whatever demographics from here you want, fills out to sustain properties

### Sankta

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

Endless explosives

: (400 CP)

: (600 CP)

Blessed stationary city

Sarkaz

: (100 CP)

Rusty stolen weapons, melee and guns

: (200 CP)

Witchcraft objects

Sarkaz witchcraft is perhaps more dependent on setup and preparation than most cultures' Arts, but that just makes the payoff greater. Similarly, their Arts can create all sorts of strange artifacts and structures, some carrying an effect of their own, others serving as amplifying factors to any witchcraft. You have a large and constantly resupplying supply of assorted witchcraft supplies and structures, both in components for casting witchcraft, and the common end results such as enhanced weapons and armor. Ancient casting foci, a menacing looking floating throne you can ride around on, and altars for days. Even enchanted funeral robes and matching glowing greatswords so that people you're supplying are dressed properly when they march out to die in battle. You know, the works. Not only do these supplies look absolutely sick, but they massively increase the efficacy and final power of any magical rituals that they're incorporated into. Transporting them may take a bit of work, but the payoff is worth it once you grab enough human sacrifices for that "exsanguination nuke" you've been wanting to try casting.

: (400 CP)

Single drop of pure Teekaz blood, similar sample of ancient lineage in future Jumps

Crazy good magic reagent

Clan Confessions: (600 CP)

CLAAAAAN

While the Terrans of today know the Sarkaz as a singular race, the truth is that they're a coalition of allied races that have since been melded into one through interbreeding following their diasporic years following their frequent mass-deaths. Mostly. Populations descended from the distinct proto-Sarkaz races still maintain themselves, but compared to their original numbers nearly all have been lost. You're now an influential authority figure in a loose population of several **[FIGURE OUT APPROPRIATE NUMBER]**. If that seems like a large number, recall that while this does include a large force of fighting men and women, it also includes non-combatants, the elderly, and children. If you're a base Sarkaz or even a member of another race, then this represents a small diaspora of Sarkaz mixed-bloods that have banded together under your leadership. Their culture is fragmented and oriented more around mercenary survivalism and warfare, with only rudimentary Witchcraft knowledge, but of a few disciplines. If you're a member of a distinct Sarkaz clan such as the Vampires or Gargoyles, this can represent a large population of them under your leadership. If you also have **The Eleventh King** then your leadership can be traditionally backed rather than incidental. If you made a custom Sarkaz breed then this can represent the rest of your kind. Regardless, in those cases the specializations of your Sarkaz population are much more clear.

REWRITE TO BE A SMALLER BUT LARGE SARKAZ POPULATION/OCCULT SOCIETY, LIKE CONFESARII

Within the broader Sarkaz diaspora, those destitute mercenaries and disparate mixed-bloods by the millions, there are smaller populations that hold to older, more ancient ways. Cultivated bloodlines, or at least ones less impure, which retain their distinguishing features from before the thousand races of the Sarkaz became a blurred and indistinct mess. This is a long-cultivated populace of Sarkaz that have fallen under your leadership for whatever

reason. If you're a base Sarkaz or even an outsider then they're a highly cultivated population of base Goliaths, with a few oddities about them for their pedigree. If you're a member of a distinct tribe, then they're of the same, though a curious subset of them. If you made up your own tribe of Sarkaz, this can represent the whole of your clan. Regardless, this population represents several hundred thousand specially bred Sarkaz, smaller than an ordinary tribe, but more focused. Equivalent to a secretive occult society, they have a long religious tradition of investigation into the mysteries of Arts and other strange things, having a powerful Witchcraft repertoire and many esoteric areas of expertise. Their casters aren't necessarily legends like the Nachzehrer King or the Sanguinarch, but in terms of what broad-scale projects they can set up and keep running, their capabilities are great indeed. This is to say nothing of their other facets, as could be expected from a Sarkaz occult society. Elite guards, assassins, messengers, all manner of things ready to loom ominously in the shadows and prop yourself up as a proper antagonist. There is of course a civilian population, mainly of those too young to inherit their more pressing duties. For what it's worth this organization is deathly loyal to you, whatever the reason may be.

Feranmut

Manifesting Thos Beans: (100 CP)

Many if not all Feranmut can seemingly manifest avatars of their own, and possibly create creatures from nothing. Regardless of whatever your limitations on form may usually be, you also have this lesser manifestation running around. It's a small little bean-like plushy thing with a silly emotive face and adorable animal characteristics. If you had a dragon-like tail, it'd have ridges similar to any on it along its back. It's utterly useless for virtually everything, and can't channel any of your powers beyond barely functional cosmetic effects, but it immediately recreates itself nearby if it's destroyed. At least it's durable enough to survive being hugged and squeezed, which you can expect since this little thing is extremely adorable. If you don't want to maintain any avatars outside of this one, you can use it as your main body. Though in this case if it gets destroyed your true form will pop out of it and be unable to re-enter for a while.

: (200 CP)

look into that shit Wang pulled, see if that can be a thing

: (400 CP)

Cult or just rural population that have worshiped you for generations

Seasons Past: (600 CP)

The Feranmut hosts the power to sustain an internal ecology. Things like this are how. You possess something of a private world, perhaps locked away in its own space-time, or perhaps somehow existing within your spirit. It might be a world formed from moments stolen from the past when man was yet to walk the world, or a completely painted plane of reality. Regardless, it's an internally consistent world all to yourself. It can possess a minor number of innate abilities, like slowly eroding the egos of the weak willed who enter, and also serves as an extremely nurturing environment for any lifeforms born of you. Creatures descended from you find themselves nourished with ease, and grow stronger as well. The internal boundaries of this

world are ambiguous, possibly liminal, and while you can enter and even drag people here yourself, as well as leave and expel as you please, once inside there is some thematically fitting way by which unwilling guests can leave. They will however have to figure out what that is themselves. You may also create entrances to and from this place in some manner fitting to its nature. For a painted world, you could make paintings that transport whoever looks at them, for instance. Needless to say, this is quite the defensible position, perfect for sending your manifestations out from.

## Seaborn

: (100 CP)

Deep dark cavern that's easy to live in for you and yours

Fractal Offspring: (200 CP)

Evolution is a collective endeavor. In their efficiency, the Seaborn have dedicated members created for the express purpose of exploring potential evolutionary forks for their betters to benefit from. You have a small number of symbiotic entities, evolutionary arcs whose purpose is to collect genetic information from across the world to use to your benefit. Individually only as strong as a fairly dangerous wildlife predator, they can carry out their task with predation or scavenging. Each is like a living probe, with anything or anyone one consumes being added to the potentially endless index within, with mostly complete bodies conferred a complete genetic map. From here they have two options. The first is to carry their collected genetic information back to you. If you're anything like a Seaborn then the benefits of this should be obvious, with the extra genetic information aiding you in refining your personal evolution. The second is a curious ability of these entities that they can initialize in defense of you. From their collective genetic databases, they can choose one of the many configurations they've absorbed in a relatively complete fashion, and transform into them in whole. Replicating their physical form and even cognitive abilities, these mimics are ultimately mere animals guided by their evolutionary purpose. Once one has shifted into such a form they're locked into it, but if you really want that genetic material you can always just eat them. They'll enjoy it.

: (400 CP)

Massive amounts of non-combat fishes that manipulate environment by working in tandem

: (600 CP)

A strange artifice and organ both; a tangle of vein-like branches of deepest blue, cradling a pale mass seeming to contain a beautiful early-day sky within. It might be that only a Seaborn can truly assimilate it, but only a human can understand the depths of the grief contained within. What you have is the living heart of the Caerula Arbor, one of the Firstborn gods of the Seaborn. Perhaps a duplicate should you not wish to displace the one known, but it is in your hands nonetheless. Possessing it is straining to one's sense of self, and is likely to provoke even physiological rejections in others, but you can handle it better than most. What's truly notable about this organ is that through it, one of the Firstborn can be revived once more... even if that means in a new form. If someone had the proper physiology, they could assimilate into the dead god, reviving it through them, testing the strength of their personality to retain as much of themselves as they can in the resulting deity. From there, one may potentially control the Seaborn as a whole, to whatever ends their tested mind might deem fit, whether that leads to damnation or salvation for all. And if you don't wish to assimilate it into yourself or another? It's still the vital core to a godlike being that even when killed did not so much as die, so much as become the embodiment of the role of 'dead things' in the ecosystem. Even dead its roots reach down, cradle, and draw nutrients from the molten core of the planet. If awakened without a human soul to temper it, it could turn the very stones of the planet into Seaborn flesh, assimilating the planet itself. I'm sure you can figure out *something* to do with something this powerful.



## Collapsal

### Boundless Gifts: (100 CP)

Rootless, beautiful things grow on thin icefields to the north. Nothing extends below them, but wonderful shades unfurl above. The flowering of rootless vegetation is one of the chief signs of Collapsal contamination in an area, great fields of which you can now plant, blooming in beautiful shades of reds and purples. They are simply flowers growing out of the ground, whatever it may be. They grow as easily on soil as they do on concrete or thin ice, and in fact growing along ice you'll see that they have no supporting structures beneath, as though they were in fact rooted *somewhere else* from where they were growing into reality. Merely willing it so can bring large numbers of these flowers in great patches around you, creating beautiful fields of colored petals. These flowers are deeply contaminated, however. You possess an ambient and vague awareness through all such flowers, and they are capable of corroding the health and sanity of anybody standing amidst them. Any corruptive or corrosive effects of yours can be minorly afflicted on others as long as they remain amongst them, and they're far more vulnerable to applications sourced directly from you as well. These flowers can be burned away with concerted effort, but spread themselves slowly even after you've left them alone.

### Theoretically Seeds: (200 CP)

So much hard work saturating an area in *what you are*, only for it to be burned away and scattered like ashes. It's rather unfair, honestly. Well go on then, why not just take things a few steps farther? Whenever an area has become particularly saturated in your corruption, whatever that may mean, you may extrude one of these into the world, emerging from an unseen angle into realspace. A pitch-black singularity emitting a harsh and coruscating light, this Seed will continuously output a corrosive effect on local reality that will see it warping more and more into something *other* than the world. The world below will slowly shift to reach up to it, creating a pillar or grasping arm below it that will almost make it look like it's resting on it, but it will float in place regardless. Metal and flesh may become interchangeable, and channels and caverns shaped like human hands may begin forming inside of ice masses, with rootless foliage blooming all around as the sky becomes nothingness. Any forms of corruption or corrosion that you can invoke or that exist within you might begin to insinuate the space around these Seeds, making it a fiercely present environmental condition. Worse, while methods might exist to curb the corruption exuded, these Seeds represent traces that refuse to be washed away. Even if reality is asserted into its proper form around them by some means, these Seeds will continue to exude corruption, needing to be contained and managed somehow to prevent the outbreak from reasserting itself over and over again, no matter how much time may pass.

### Poisoned Swords: (400 CP)

The Emperor's Blades are some of the most feared military units on Terra thanks to their intense personal power, and how dangerous that makes them when deployed in force. This is due to the Collapsal shards contained within them which fuel their demonic powers. This allows them to be one of the only mortal forces capable of directly fighting off actual Collapsals. This comes at a cost, for while they can fend off those *things* on their own, they are vulnerable to spreading Collapsal contamination elsewhere on Terra if they're slain. Each Jump, starting now, you may make a choice between two options. The first is to receive for yourself an elite organization of super soldiers empowered by an external force. This might be a portion of your power, or one that exists in-setting. Regardless, this power source will make them exceptionally strong, and effective against whatever is empowering them if you choose an external source. The cost of this is that the wounds of any of them will leak minor amounts of thematically appropriate corruption into the world, with their death resulting in a massive blast of such contamination. The second option is to introduce such a group of super soldiers to *another* faction outside of yourself, even one of your enemies. They'll receive the exact same thing, with you choosing what is empowering them and what they thus risk leaking, but if introduced into your enemies things will be slightly worse. The bindings will be faulty, such that if it isn't reapplied after severe enough wounds, the contamination will not cease to spill, and may result in their being driven mad and spreading it even further.

### The Final Door: (600 CP)

'In this world, this purchase will give you an odd amount of control over the alien megastructure to the North. Enough to turn it on, and seal it off to prevent intrusions through it. You would be a great boon to any organizations or nations wishing to study the technology, as your mutual assistance would greatly stabilize results, and possibly lead to a future where it could be used as an actual method of safe transportation. In future Jumps, you'll get a copy of the Door in an isolated location of the world, such as a planet's undeveloped pole, or in some undiscovered ruins. This version will link to a number of known worlds that exist within the setting, or if none exist, a small number of mostly lifeless but habitable planets scattered around the universe. These future versions of the Door will be free of Collapsal interference, and no such beings will invade reality through them.

## affiliations

Great (but not as great as Ursus) Yan

: (100 CP)

Wacky tianshi equipment

WELCOME: (200 CP)

With such a massive population, Yan certainly takes its food production quite seriously. It seems you understand the struggle, or have perhaps found your calling here, because now you're well equipped to tackle this problem. How? Welcome to the rice fields, motherfucker. You now have fully equipped rice fields capable of producing a respectable harvest, the exact size and sophistication counting on however much land you have to work with. As it stands this is only a modest rice farm, but if you truly had enough land and mobile cities of your own, you might have an entire mobile city dedicated to the cutting edge of crop production. And while the fields will bizarrely maintain a pristine condition when not in use, these fields do actually require workers to make use of. Automated systems can be employed here and there if you're advanced enough, but even those have to be manned somewhere along the line.

At Teardrop's Point: (400 CP)

maybe fire ember sword?

Can cut through arts, massive arts blasts even with no originium compatibility

: (600 CP)

Divine weapon, maybe move to 400

Whether strange in dimensions or ordinary to the naked eye, this is a weapon that feels at home in your hands. How could it not, having been made just for you? Possibly possessing some odd layered patterning on, or perhaps *in*, the blade, this is obviously a weapon of unnatural quality. To start with, it is functionally unbreakable, even if it's a massive greatsword that looks like it's made of glass. You can also call it into your hand in an instant, and it can also take the form of a non-weapon artwork for display purposes. What's more notable is the offensive magic that suffuses it, being something wholly different from Arts. Perhaps its swings are tipped in tenebrous ink that splatters in wide arcs as you swing, painting wounds on foes. Whatever the case, it has an offensive capability that is far from insignificant, and can function at a greater range than a melee function ordinarily does, and it costs nothing of yours to make use of. You merely need to go through the motions with intent, whether that be swinging the sword or some ritual movement, and any enemies within a few yards of you will suffer for it. More than this though, this weapon makes for an excellent channeler to any magical powers you have, such as a Feranmut's divine power, easily narrowing it down into a more directly offensive application.

Columbia

: (100 CP)

Robot body, no AI included

: (200 CP)

Human trafficking contacts, can be used for good

: (400 CP)

government grants out the ass

: (600 CP)

Shell companies that you can broach economic actions or experiments through to hide your culpability

Kazimierz

: (100 CP)

The state of Kazimierz, or knighthood, is a disappointing one to many of the old guard. Mercantile corporatism and the commodification of sports have reduced knighthood to mere marketing. That's the view of some, at least. Looked at from another perspective, and countless innocent eyes are watching these matches play out with imagination igniting in their minds. Whether the product of a money making scheme, or genuine fanboyism, there's now a small circle of media that features you in whatever public escapades you're up to. These can range from magazines that feature a snippet on you whenever something fitting occurs, or entire novel "adaptations" that are more like glorified fanfiction versions of whatever you're known to have done. These don't just have their own small circle of dedicated fans, but are also in wider circulation among a wider audience who's less into you, and more into whatever genre this is taking place in. Hell, you may end up in supporting or antagonistic roles in fanworks about other people in the industry. Obviously if you're a Kazimierz knight then the kinds of magazines and books that'd feature you would be the same sort being made of many Knights competing in the Major. If you were a surgeon or something then it might be something popular in medical circles, or just people into medical dramas. Fans can be weird sometimes, but if you're the sort to get a laugh out of this then you're in luck.

Gleaming Silver: (200 CP)

The cultural changes Kazimierz has undergone recently has changed much, but some things have proven curiously stable. What once was born of honorable determination and the call to war is now bought through corporate sponsorship, but the arms and skill of these knights remain. This is a gleaming silver armor, made of a kind of ceramic-titanium alloy, fitted to your form and of such durability as to be able to roughly protect you from a small mortar being fired into you at point blank. It's non restrictive and well weighted, so while it isn't as light as a feather or as seamless as a second skin, with any amount of strength and some practice you'll hardly notice a difference.

: (400 CP)

: (600 CP)

massively corporatized multi-national sporting event like knight tournament, massive cash

For reference, going by calculations given by statements in Near Light, the price of one ticket would be 1/4th the price of a good car.

Sami

Amma's Favorite: (100 CP)

Amma's affection is a fickle thing, likely to melt like morning snow, but it is very real nonetheless. A guardian spirit of Sami, Amma often lets her favor be known through these little trinkets. An unmelting snowball embossed around its surface with beautiful glowing antler-like impressions. You have a small collection of these unmelting little things, enough to give a few away while keeping one for yourself. So long as you keep one on your person you will find yourself enjoying a small increase in health and fortune, though nothing terribly notable. Keep it with you though and you will find it rarely melting into silvery snowflakes and stars. Now gone from you, you will find that in its place a spot of incredible fortune has visited you. A single instant of absurd fortune, perhaps even breaching into results completely illogical. Were you pioneering through the frigid outskirts of the northmost pole with barely functioning equipment, for one day you would find your communication and scanning equipment not only functioning perfectly, but all of your canned foods would open already steaming somehow. Even should a Collapse of logic threaten you, will a river that did not exist prior suddenly forming in your path as forces beyond your ken sought to overwrite the land, this gift of fortune would deliver a sturdy and supply-laden boat to you that you might cross. Small cracks in space might be smoothed over as dimensional stability is restored, and the attempt by an international coalition to restore an ancient technological megastructure could even find an important stage of the process breezed through with no difficulty or resource usage. This gift is truly nothing but a single turn of incredible fortune in the face of adversity. Beware though, for you have no control over when and where this good luck will strike you. It could be wasted on some trivial matter, such as merely making an ordinary day particularly pleasant, and it may go a long time indeed without melting for anything. Whenever a curious snowball melts you will find another one waiting for you wherever you make your home.

Anti-Interference Index: (200 CP)

When causality begins to fray and events no longer follow their expected patterns, it becomes momentarily difficult to maintain functioning scanning and communications equipment. Or at least that's the case for lesser explorers, because you have a state of the art array of such equipment that can be carried on an individual's person, allowing an expedition to maintain contact with their bases as they advance, and scan ahead to get a clear view of whatever obstacles they'll find within a day's work of travel. Notably, the easy and intuitive way that its readings are presented make it easy to notice when the variables its picking up are

abnormal, even when some outside force is causing the device's internals to recognize the values as normal, thereby avoiding any automated alarms. Thus, it's actually quite easy to pick up the redflags of altered physics interactions, giving you a forewarning of instability in upcoming areas. Granted, actually dealing with the problem once it comes to you is your own problem, but hey, at least you'll know.

Layout, Source, Declaration: (400 CP)

Once, the people of Sami sought signs in the wilderness, portending to strange omens through which they sought the wisdom of the land. Then, they happened upon a group of wandering Sarkaz with a gift for prophecy. Having grown tired of the visions of cataclysm they experienced in their homeland, they fled to the northern wastes to live instead, because dealing with time and physics overwriting untouchable mind warping memetically infectious reality parasites is preferable to living in Kazdel. Out of gratitude for no longer being in Kazdel, they shared their knowledge of prophecy with the Samifjod developing their use of Foldartals from them. While a similar system may need to be discovered and meanings puzzled out by those living among them, you have an entire forest's worth of trees with the same properties that make that divination method possible. And by that I mean trees that pretty much do it on their own. These trees, the population of which you can plant anywhere, have a curious quality of sometimes having chunks of their bark break off in large plates. These plates take a bit of the trunk with them, leaving mirrored patterns on both plate and tree. These contain strange and obviously unnatural runic patterns and symbols that convey general meanings. They also contain in broad strokes hints about immediately future events. The land is eager to share its wisdom, and will offer signs that coincide with obvious events so that those seeking to learn will be able to grasp the meaning of that given sign. This will continue in increasing complexity until a system of understanding is founded, whereby a reliable if infrequent system of prophecy has sprung up around them.

Forward Forest: (600 CP)

The land is a living being. Perhaps now you'll understand the truth of it in full? You have a vast expanse of land. It isn't particularly rich in any resources except forests, but sports a healthy population of huntable wildlife. The grasses spread wide when the snows recede, and winter's embrace always gives way to a vibrant spring of life. A pretty cold spring, but still. More importantly, this land is yours. Your people's. Any who you allow to settle on this land will find it a vastly accommodating one. Though it has few resources to give, the land is both gentle and kind. Strangers may never understand, may find the aftereffects of it baffling as they fail to chart it, but the land moves to be of use. Trees will rearrange themselves beneficially, clearing or obscuring as needed. Rivers, too, change their flows and cut new channels through the earth, the old remaining or healing as needed. The land provides as best as it is able. At the center of it all is a singular divine tree. A great and twisting edifice of living wood, large enough that many houses can be built atop its roots and along its lower trunk. This tree is especially responsive to the needs of the people, and will weave root and branch in realtime in order to accommodate the people. Houses sheltered from rain, pathways moved to allow easy travel between buildings built along it. Most impressively is that it can be asked to move its location, supporting with roots even a village built along it in order to carry the people with it wherever they wish to go. Love the land, and the land shall love you

Siracusa

Actually Authentic: (100 CP)

Siracusa cuisine  
FUCK GAUL

Nuova Hope: (200 CP)

A curious development, one that may be mirrored in the near future. For a long while the people of Siracusa have kneeled to the mob, looking to it as both a source of power and fear. They join a family, hoping to never be trampled upon, and become like those who once trampled them. It just keeps happening in these cities where the only law is crime. But not all care for that state of affairs, and economic and political ventures like this are a sure sign of it. This is a nascent city, larger than a town but still developing. The real miracle here is that, at least for this precious and possibly fleeting moment, it is practically clean of all organized crime. While tiny residual remnants of it exist are the kind to use their connections to actually *stall* any attempts to advance into the city, and if not, regulate it. The people here are sick of the mob rule that's defined Siracusa for generations, and the

economic ventures that went into its construction were very clear on keeping to that sentiment, only taking clean money, or donations with no strings attached. As it stands you've become something of a local protector, an informal leader who helped to get the dream off the ground, either by funding to possibly ruinous extents its corruption-free construction, or by actively wiping out hostile attempts to move in by crime families. As it stands this place will be relatively free of crime for a short while even without your interference. In fact, while the average citizen might not recognize it, it is also clear of any behind the scenes manipulators like the Signori dei Lupi. If you're wondering as to the minor price for such a thing, keep this all in mind: This is a small developing city, and while initially free of criminal influence it won't remain that way without protection. Your power over it is also informal at the moment; while you're a recognized protector of it, either for your economic contributions or violent defenses, you're still not its leader. Given your popularity you may become mayor if you announced your running for it, especially if you lobbied a bit harder for it, but that would come with its own responsibilities. Perhaps you could play kingmaker, and with that keep things on track while lessening your own obligation to the place. That, or you could use this chance to absorb it into your own racket, betraying the hopes this city represents. Anyways, this is merely an opportunity. For you, and for the people hoping for a life without the mob.

The Pack: (400 CP)

Beast Lords like the Signori dei Lupi are far from the only of their kind, and many of them display a peculiar ability. The aid that the Wolf Lords give to those that impress them is not merely an intimidating shadow looming over their shoulders, but a gift of many fangs and claws. Possessing the ability to create lesser beings in their image, one such ambiguously sized pack of wolf-like Beastkin has flocked to you in service. These immortal wolf spirits are invisible and intangible until they will otherwise. They are weaker than the Wolf Lords and less skilled in their supernatural qualities. They must become visible to all to attack, and while stronger than any natural beasts should be, their abilities are only those of wolves. Just as well, they share in their progenitors' immortality and tirelessness. They will never grow tired in combat, and are unkillable. If they are struck down they will disincorporate, until around a minute whereupon they'll claw back into being. You may leave them whatever orders you wish, as they have relatively human intelligence. If you have none near you though you may call some into being near you. A small number at first, but as a single battle rages if enough time passes without one dying, another will also be called forth. In this manner a winning battle can only become an even more crushing victory, until a great pack is finally unleashed.

Famiglie [Trasalire](#): (600 CP)

Loyalty, and betrayal. Blood of the veins, and blood spilt from them. In Siracusa, all this and things darker still are what bind a Famiglie together. You're now the head of a powerful mafia family, its engagements spread out across all the official and illegal activities as can be expected of such a criminal enterprise. While lacking anything like a standing army, and prone to internal corruption at certain levels, various professionals of great skill have lent their lifelong service to the Famiglie. Even beyond the various hitmen and extremely skilled assassins that serve the Famiglie's interests, even lower level mafiosi rush and hustle to harass and extort the Famiglie's due from wherever they can, hoping to rise through the ranks for their crimes and piety. While greed and pride suffuse this mass of living crime dramas, or perhaps because of that, so too does a perverse sense of familial loyalty. While you can expect some rats scheming to get ahead, there are also plenty that'll sooner take their secrets to the grave than snitch. In the running of this thing, expect everything from meeting some of your men's grandkids when coming over for dinner, to driving out to the old warehouse to meet an old associate before having his head removed.

Laterano

: (100 CP)

Endless ammo

Did you know that a survey regarding the living expenditures of Laterano citizens revealed that the average Lateran citizen spends half as much money on ammunition as they do on food? Yes, they buy that much ammo, so why shouldn't you invest in a similarly bright (from the muzzle flash) future? You now own a bottomless stock of ammunition for any firearms you own and can carry. This isn't necessarily an infinite supply on your person, but anywhere you live you can have massive and seemingly bottomless stores of the stuff for restocking, taking as much as you can carry on your person on the go. This is ordinary ammunition by the standards of this world, but since you're able to load you and your pals up to the gills in the stuff, you can spend all that cash you'd usually be spending on ammo on snacks instead.

: (200 CP)

Obscenely strong guns

: (400 CP)  
big cathedral cities

: (600 CP)  
God-sealed weapon

Many are the dark secrets that rest in their ancient tombs, their power unbidden by the likes of men. Perhaps you were guided to uncover one such secret, or perhaps discovered it on your own, but you now bear an ancient weapon of some kind. One bearing the fragment of something even more ancient within it. It might be an ancient greatsword that most couldn't hope to wield, or even a staff that serves as an excellent catalyst for arts, but whatever the case the fact that it's a superlative example of its weapon-type is supplementary at best. The *thing* inside of it may be a mere fragment of what it once was, but it still possesses great power. It isn't absolute, being more like a fraction of some greater power, but it's enough to demolish whole scores of foes. For instance, rather than controlling time, it might be capable of controlling, "Time as experienced by biological systems," granting power over how time impacts living beings, from slowing down their perception of it, to degrading them. Of course you could also pick something basic like creating and controlling fire. Regardless, the raging monster inside is enough to wipe out scores of even experienced combatants. The thing also seems to favor you; it doesn't cause much trouble when you wield it, but when taken to be used by another it tends to lash out with maddening visions, followed by possession should it break its would-be wielder's mind.

Lethanien  
: (100 CP)  
Beautiful instruments

: (200 CP)  
Fine ass old-school academies

: (400 CP)  
Psychic living song national constitution

: (600 CP)  
Wizard tower in the void between dimensions

Sargon  
: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

: (400 CP)  
Gem construct army

Catastrophe Cutting Sigh: (600 CP)  
EEEEEXCALIIIIIBAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Victoria claims much of the world as theirs, but in truth both their ruling dynasty and the realm's legendary blade hail from Sargon. Supposedly forged by fairies in grasslands bordering the desert, it was held by the Shah of Past and Future as he warded off calamity time and time again, even sealing off the invasive demons of the South. Perhaps you met these enigmatic 'fairies' yourself, as you've come away with a ceremonial weapon nonetheless capable of a grievously powerful function. This is a catastrophe cutting weapon. Those natural disasters that

plague this land, the floods and hurricanes whose every idiota of matter conveys lethal infection, and the meteor storms which shatter thievery earth, all can be swept aside by this blade. Shining, brilliant light; this blade is capable of firing off blasts of energy intense enough to seemingly blot out the sky for a moment, and upon making contact with a natural disaster such as those will destroy them without harm to the people. Meteors sliced in half before being blown away, and entire hurricanes simply scattered like wind. This can also serve as a terrifyingly powerful attack in a fight. Unfortunately, throwing so much energy at something lesser than a natural disaster is likely to do as much damage to your surroundings as to your target. And potentially you, if you're using this at close range.

## Iberia

: (100 CP)

Inquisitor lamp

There is a saying in Iberia, amongst its Inquisitors. "Because the evil creatures were born from the sea, they were afraid. Afraid of the flames that would never mix with the sea." Whether that's the truth of the matter or not, the most ardent defenders against the encroaching Seaborn wield this fire as a token of their defiance. You may be a part of the Inquisition, or else better have a way of explaining this little thing, because you now have one of the lamps carried by Iberian Inquisitors. A catalyst for unique light-based Arts, this handheld lantern has the unique property of being able to ward away other lifeforms through fear inducing light, affecting even fearless beings like the Seaborn. The strength of this effect is dependent on the user's willpower, however, with a wavering heart unlikely to ward away even feeble sea terrors for long. Even so, with a stalwart will to fight to the last, the light from this beacon may just hold back the tides.

: (200 CP)

Sword-wand for alchemical Arts

: (400 CP)

Prima Materia (figure out what the fuck it does)

We know it lets him cast Arts without Originium or being infected, can replace or function as any body parts, send sensory particles throughout all gas and liquids to detect all area information, maybe mimic artifacts

: (600 CP)

## THE GOLDEN AGE WILL RETURN AGAIN

Church of the Deep

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

Bishop's research (MOVE TO CHURCH OF THE DEEP)

: (400 CP)

: (600 CP)

## Kazdel

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

What do you get when you cross what was once the only developed civilization on the planet, and about 3,000 separate instances of being destroyed all the way from prehistory into the modern day? Scrap material. *So much fucking scrap material.* You may now choose to have as much territory of yours as you wish to be absolutely littered with infinite amounts of industrial ruins and scrap materials. More territory means more throughput, but the supply is practically limitless as people combing over it just keep finding more. All sorts of busted down materials and rusty metals waiting to be recycled, all haphazardly strewn through the land and jutting out in miserably depressing chunks from beneath the soil, such that harvesting them only seems to push more up from the

ground. If you were looking to create an entire fleet of airships you'd have everything you needed right here. You'd just have to get some people with the know-how and some infrastructure capable of recycling these into workable forms.

#### Burning Hate, Raging Souls: (400 CP)

The souls of the unquiet dead are a reality all Sarkaz have to live with. It isn't a matter of superstition; the souls of the Sarkaz dead linger in the world. Technically twice over, actually. In the Sarkaz homelands, great engines of flame roar eternally, their fires never extinguishing. These are the Soul Furnaces, *massive* furnace complexes wherein the screaming vengeful souls of ancient Sarkaz dwell and burn forevermore. They aren't imprisoned there or anything; the Revenants are equal participants in the religiosity of the living Sarkaz. They are given respect and veneration to placate them, and in return they fuel eternal flames with their undying hatred. Regardless, you now have a number of such great Soul Furnaces with which to produce thermal energy and forge your materials. In addition to producing theoretically infinite heat from the ever-burning rage of the spirits dwelling within, proper displays of respect will also persuade them to lend more direct aid than what use they provide in energy production and forging. Rituals of ancestor worship and pious offerings will motivate these Revenants to action. Toss some scrap metal inside, and a mass of flaming darkness will melt them into a misangled horror of flaming metal and darkness willing to guard your cities or march with your armies. Perhaps other uses can be found, like motivating them to possess and enhance the functionality of structures or equipment, adding an automated element to them? Hell, maybe you can torture an immortal in their flames for eternity, giving them something to take their anger out on for a while. Oh, and they also rage when times of great crisis approach, whether it be enemy invasions or natural disasters.

#### The SS I HATE: (600 CP)

When Kazdel was nigh-destroyed (again) a scant few hundred years ago, it became readily apparent to the Sarkaz clans that the march of scientific progress was outpacing their natural advantages in war. Flying warships capable of raining explosive artillery at sonic speeds from miles away neutralized even their fearsome witchcraft, it seemed. Thus the Sarkaz modernized: They built weapons and fleets. Did they leave their old ways behind as they advanced their technology? Hell no, but more on that in a moment. You now have a singular massive flying battleship that outclasses others in this world in a number of ways. Its firepower is capable of vaporizing similar battleships with single attacks, and the way it moves is bizarre, as though it has a free range of motion with unique propulsion mechanisms that don't jeopardize its speed. Its design in and out is a strange mixture of brutalist architecture and ominous cathedral aesthetics. If you brought this to a war with a modern nation, its various nobles would go around backstabbing each other and sabotaging their nation's broader defensive goals just to try and infiltrate this thing and steal the secrets of its technology. What a shame that there's no new technology to steal. No, this ship is powered by fucking ghosts. Long shadows stretch down these halls. Shadows that are alive, and HATE. Any infiltrators are going to be very displeased when three-dimensional clouds of hissing and shrieking darkness begin chasing them down halls, erasing them if they get devoured. These baleful souls are practically omnipresent throughout the ship, knowing all even if they can only do so much at once, and carry out and regulate all of its functions themselves, directing all of its navigation and weapons systems. Hell, they can even slowly repair any damage to it. Piloting it is less a matter of moving controls around so much as entreating the dread spirits to fly your course, which they will faithfully do. But theirs is a bitter rage, and torturous is the witchcraft that they're gleeful to bring to bear against those who displease them. If the ship isn't doing much at the time, like when merely floating stationary or docked, they can free up more of themselves to manifest into a demonic giant of sanity-rending darkness. Individual manifestations of these can be dispelled only by attacks that can manipulate the soul, but their presence to the world is anchored by an ancient sin. They cannot be permanently banished, and will always manifest shortly after being dispersed, and will always try to recreate the ship if it is destroyed.



## Crimson Troupe

: (100 CP)

Universal key to mundane doors

Ticket Not Required: (200 CP)

Spooky cat that knows things, will saunter towards things you should check out, already be in places you're heading to, constantly staring down hidden things that are observing you, may appear before allies and silently lead them to you when you're in need, can't die

: (400 CP)

: (600 CP)

## The Plan

**Ex-Wife Jumpscare: (100 CP)**

Mind space that people you choose can access by sleeping, can control this dream world

Some barriers make it hard to get messages across. Lacking a physical body, one of you living in a quasi-digital simulated universe, one of you being a complete retrograde amnesiac; lots of problems might get in the way of your partner returning your calls. Thankfully you have this strange space, a sort of dream-realm where you can drag the consciousness of another to communicate with them. In a strange dreamlike way they may not realize what's happening at first, taking a while to interact with their environment as more than just a dream. The setting can be anything from a nice idyllic expanse to something reconstructed from your memories. You can choose to drag people here selectively, or just allow for anyone close to you in one definition or another a chance of slipping in whenever they sleep. Just as well you can either choose to meet them in person, or designate a general context for their visit, like information you want to convey through visions and situations. They might not understand exactly what was going on or how it happened, but they'll wake up remembering the dream, likely with extreme confusion and possibly existential dread depending on what they've learned without having the context for.

Making Anime Real: (200 CP)

Samples of mundane animals of all sorts of species, easily genetically altered to become or birth sapient humanoid forms

Low-Tier Doc: (400 CP)

Per jump, one leader completely desperate enough that something you can reveal or provide will drive them crazy into pursuing something you want

'For instance, if you had unleashed some kind of all-assimilating substance on a planet in order to make more of it and what you were planning was to wipe out all life on it, you might be made aware of a military dictator who is weary of his people's bizarrely unending history of oppression and pain. He would be ripe for manipulation, as all you'd have to do was reveal the origins of that world-devouring material and drive him to nihilistic despair, whereupon he'd come to act on his own plan to accelerate global extinction so his beloved people would have a quicker and more painless end.

This Will Go Wrong: (600 CP)

Some strange device, seaborne terraforming project, black crown

## Origin items

Drop-In

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

: (400 CP)

JMPR: (600 CP)

helpful management ai for your properties, or can be imported into another organization's infrastructure in-universe whereupon it'll still be pro-you

### Frontline Leader

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

: (400 CP)

: (600 CP)

### Smooth Operator CHECK UPGRADE MATERIALS FOR REFERENCE

: (100 CP)

your boss likes decking out your dorms for some reason like bro what the fuck

Summary Promotions : (200 CP)

In-universe program for advancing as a fighter, basically a scientifically put together combat training program in the form of funny little booklets and videos, includes footage of Operations edited to look cool as a side bonus, someone in the Field Service Department goin' a little crazy with this

: (400 CP)

modules based on your combat data, after you fight long enough you'll receive an advanced and comprehensive analysis of your fighting ability regarding your strengths and weaknesses. Going over it will immediately improve you in those regards. May be received through in-Jump organizational networks

: (600 CP)

### Base Work CHECK BUILDING MATERIALS FOR REFERENCE

: (100 CP)

Contracts for materials

Material Reinforcement: (200 CP)

fucking insanely durable building materials

: (400 CP)

Perfecto workplace, perfectly stocked, shit filed, does a lot of the work itself through everything just being in the right spot.

: (600 CP)

### Department head

### Oldest Guard

: (100 CP)

: (200 CP)

: (400 CP)

very deep reverential reputation about you in upper crust of your faction, you're an old hero, connection to shit on the level of Emperor's Blades in Ursus for example

: (600 CP)

Black ops deep state enforcer army, scales to size of territory you have

## Companions

COME UP WITH OPTION FOR ALT-TIMELINE VERSIONS OF CHARACTERS LIKE YOU SEE FROM SKINS OR FROM THE IS-MODES, LIKE SANKTA PATRIOT  
GODDAMN EMPEROR'S BLADE SUZURAN WHAT THE FUUUUUUUCK

### Canon companion cost formula

+(Nothing) if they agree on their own

+(-100 CP) to have pre-existing relationship or ordain meeting and ensuing relationship, moderately (you went to school with X and were tight/you're going to meet soon and hit things off, becoming good friends)

+(-200 CP) to have pre-existing relationship or ordain meeting and ensuing relationship, to the extent of being character/life-defining (they were in love with you in the past only for you to go missing ever since THE ACCIDENT which is why they decided to get as strong as they did only they'll soon find out you survived but wait you lost your memory of them and oh god you're on opposite sides but they still love you THE DRAMA)

+(-100 CP) if the character is plot important (like Amiya, Kal'tsit, Dokutah)

+(-100 CP) if the character is notably powerful (like the Abyssal Hunters, Kal'tsit)

+(-200 CP) if the character is stupidly powerful (like the Nacho King, Sanguinipipi, Ishar-mla)

### Op Reserves J1: (-100 CP)

-all companions are nudged by fate to stay in proximity to each other/you in living/occupation, circumstances permitting. So if you join Rhodes Island as an Operator, they might too, and if they are then you'll all be on a dedicated squad together on all missions with dorms right next to each other back home. Otherwise, circumstances will skew however they can to push you all together, like missions from different factions coinciding to the same location or objective, and them being stationed or vacationing nearby or whatever.

**This is intended as an add-on to make in-Jump circumstances more favorable**

**Note: The following Companions are purely theoretical, are based on existing Arknights characters and their relationships, and may be dropped or modified depending on how Origins shape up**

### Dead Ex-Wife

Psycho Dead Ex-Wife

Drop-In - docutah

Occasionally Psycho Daughter

Bitch Ex-Wife

Learning Leader - amiya shit, Black Crown as capstone

Ascalon thingy

Parasocial Psycho Terrorist: (100 CP, Free Learning Leader)

'How bad you ask? Her most prized possession is a collection of photographs she's constantly taking of her with you in the background. Seriously, just dozens of selfies of her smiling or posing for the camera with you in the background as if the two of you were somehow hanging out at that distance, with you just going about your day unaware. You're talking to other people in most of them, and almost assuredly never noticed her taking them

Operator - basic soldier lads

Elite Ops - old guard

Lab Savant - scientist/engineer, science shit

Heart Specially Annihilated: (100 CP, Free Lab Savant)

Rosmontis based

Human experimentation is a boundary that represents infinite potential for those willing to break through it. But doing so innately carries its cost, for those doing the experimenting, and those being experimented on. This wistful, almost ghostlike girl has lost so much of her life. So much of herself. She can barely remember her past, and the gaps in all her thoughts and feelings are defined by a contemplative melancholy. She has continuous memory problems as well, with it being a gamble whether any given memory is going to transfer over to long-term storage or not. Whether you were on the team who did this to her, or if you saved her from that hell, you have a special place in her damaged neural folds. The positive aspects of your relationship stay cemented in her memory, while the negative memories decay away. Conversely, she rarely holds onto positive memories regarding anything else, while generally retaining negative ones. As you can imagine, this has lead to severe dependency issues, and an ever worsening hostility to the world. You're going to have to make a concerted effort to make new positive memories between not just the two of you, but other people and the world in general if you want to save her from further isolation and tragedy. But she has powerful telekinetic Arts, able to accelerate incredibly dense masses at extreme speeds to create

devastating projectiles. These Arts are only made all the more extreme with the intensity of her emotions. Whether it's the fury of the only thing they have left being threatened, or the determination to protect the world they've come to love, the intensity of her developing emotions can skyrocket the force behind her Arts.

Ifrit based

Honest Worker

???

???

Political Power- politicians and businessmen  
Tattered Pillar:(100 CP, Free Political Power)  
Crazy zealot, mandragora based

Lime Ocelot: (100 CP, Free Political Power)  
Absurd quadruple spy, based on Harmonie

Oldest Guard - immortal manipulator types  
Insert Deathless Snake Here: (100 CP, Free Oldest Guard)  
Talulah but compliant

It can be so hard when you put all your effort into raising the inheritor of your ideals (and possibly your soul), only for them to turn away from everything you've tried so hard to teach them. They come away with all sorts of strange ideas, saying things like, "That's a horrific abuse of innocent human life," before stabbing you with a sword and moving out. Hasn't anyone heard of filial loyalty these days? Thankfully you took good care to pick up this protege on terms that would incline them towards adoring you, and with care and effort you've secured the lasting loyalty of someone wholeheartedly intent on carrying out your plans for the world. They'd even make for a willing host if you needed a vessel to survive your current flesh's death, letting you add their power to your own. And what power it is. While their swordplay could use some work to really shore up their few weaknesses in combat, their Arts are already extremely potent. Potent, but simple, being nothing more than some sort of sheerly offensive power like the creation and manipulation of flames. Already they're capable of leveling buildings with precious little effort, and if constantly pushed to hone their Arts, will eventually get to the point where they'll look more like a walking catastrophe than a mortal fighter, being able to wreak havoc upon entire cities with purely destructive Arts.

Banana Monarchy: (100 CP, Free Oldest Guard)  
Figurehead like victoria banana dragon

The problem with propping up figureheads and proxies is that the kind of people willing to insinuate themselves into power aren't the kind to be satisfied with what little they end up with. Indeed, treachery can be such a treacherous business, but thankfully you've found someone with a desire for power that's actually successfully restrained by their common sense.

Indeed, they actually find their schemed for place in the social order you promise to be a highly desirable position, being the exact right mix of control, freedom, power, and responsibility that's suited to them. As a result they're eager to enact whatever schemes for power you have, hoping to achieve the arrangement you two have theorized. She's a useful asset for two particular reasons. The first is that she has a legitimate claim to some line of significant power and authority; possibly being deposed royalty who could claim legitimacy among the common fold, or perhaps a rich heiress who could claim her family fortune if the government scandal to write her off were exposed to the public. The second is her terrifying Arts, which while only having minor directly offensive or defensive power, can somehow produce proxies of her own to fight through. They might be some necromantic ability that raises corpses to continuously fight for her, or some ability to create unusually lasting constructs, but they allow her to pad out any fighting force with even more fighters.

#### Drawbacks

: (+100 CP, +200 CP, +400 CP)  
Increasing levels of Oripathy

Faction Alt: (+100 CP)

Your companions have their own baggage and obligations outside of you that will sometimes pull them away from you to deal with their own stuff, though you can follow them and help them to get it over with faster and have an adventure on their side of life

: (+100 CP)

Hostile wildlife encounters somehow always comes in enough numbers to be “almost like a level in some tower defense strategy game”

: (+100 CP)

Tendency to overwork

Please Be Patient, I'm Fallen: (+100 CP)

You autistic, yo

: (+100 CP) **MAYBE CUT OR REPLACE**

Common troubles of life on Terra often crop up to bother you, like money problems

: (+100 CP) **MAYBE CUT OR REPLACE**

You will sometimes be forced into the wackiest unrelated jobs and shenanigans by circumstances or to survive, like modeling

Zero Sanity: (+200 CP, +400 CP)

Sometimes you mentally break down into WACKYTOWN. At 400, traces of it are present at all times

: (+200 CP, +400 CP)

Memory problems, if already amnesiac due to drop-in, your past is instead something that frequently causes minor problems. At 400 memory actively degrades over time so you constantly forget things from earlier in the Jump.

: (+200 CP)

You traumatized as fuck, lad

Catullus 16: (+200 CP)

It seems you've really made a mark on someone's life. Someone fairly strong, eager to resort to violence, and quite obsessed with you. Obsessed enough that their entire career choice was motivated by thinking it would lead them to you. Obsessed enough that every third conversation with their friends turns around somehow into ranting about you. If they found out you were attending the funeral of some woman whose little girl was saying her last goodbyes to her dead mommy, they'd bomb the entrance and start screaming for you to show yourself, threatening to burn the place down to anyone who tried telling them to leave. Something in your shared past ruined something wonderful that they'd believed they found. You can decide whatever it was that set this madness off. It may very well be a misunderstanding, or at least a matter of withheld information, but they really were hurt. And they've never let it go; never let

you go. They just hate you so much. Enough that they hang on to all of your old things, taking perfect care of them and maintaining them in perfect condition until the day you come back. Enough that the only reason they hang out with their friends anymore is because they used to be yours too. Needless to say, they really, *really* want to hurt you. They don't want to just shoot you from the shadows and end you quickly. No, they want to get in your face and scream it out. They want you to validate how much they hate you, give some sign you feel the same way, and escalate from there. They want an argument that escalates into a fight where they have an excuse to kill you or be killed by you in the belief it will let them move on. They will constantly seek you out, and you'll meet them on occasion even if you do nothing to facilitate it. The fewer your meetings the more desperate they'll be to exaggerate it into a conflict, but no matter how much time you spend in relative proximity it'll eventually boil over into that. Sure, you can kill them, but if you continue to flee or incapacitate them then eventually those moments where you get a word in might wear them down. It will be hard to convince them to let go of that hatred, especially because you find yourself oddly hesitant to just explain matters clearly when it comes to whatever happened back then, but it's theoretically possible. Just be aware that anything that challenges their perspective on things or the validity of their feelings may drive them to get a little desperate. If you can both survive your time here with this mess of toxic intimacy and mend your broken relationship you can take them along as though a free purchase of **[CANON COMPANION OPTION]**. You may decide a canon character for this Drawback, and it may be taken up to five times.

MAYBE MAKE GIVE LESS POINTS,

: (+200 CP)

Hyperexaggerate the amount of whatever discrimination you could face in your time here. Creates casual racism often, sometimes exaggerates what would otherwise have been casual racism into much greater racism

: (+200 CP)

Magnet for minor troubles like near daily gang fights and weekly mafia violence

: (+200 CP)

national or racial loyalty. Deeply ingrained, but not necessarily ever-present on your mind or dominating your life. Doesn't mean blind obedience, can mean incredible sadness and bitterness that what you're proud of isn't living up to your expectations or ideals with a desire to change it

: (+200 CP)

Minor scuffles have a small chance of randomly spawning an appropriately fitting but far more powerful foe. I.e, random gangsters might spawn an elite decades-experienced Arts-using mafia cleaner

1★ Operator: (+400 CP)



With all those options above, I'm sure you've got incredible potential to change the world. Potential being the keyword here. I'm afraid that your abilities just aren't... up to snuff, at the moment. Your physical abilities are lacking, and any Arts or stranger abilities you should have are far more pathetic than as described. In fact, for at least a few months after the Jump begins, you'll be so pathetically frail that you would keel over from a minor sprint. The full power of all your Perks and Items has been locked behind a wall of inexperience, something you can only surmount by actually challenging yourself in live situations. CONTINUE

: (+400 CP)

You have a deeply troubled past with many enemies and mistakes, can choose to be tied to as many in-setting problems as could make sense for your background and options. Regardless, many powerful enemies know you and want you dead

: (+400 CP)

Catastrophe magnet

: (+400 CP)

Possessed by an entity trying to break your will and claim/absorb/possess you

: (+400 CP)

Beacon for eldritch horrors of some type, defaulting to those you're related to if applicable, like Seaborn or Collapsals.

: (+400 CP)

You and your actions are much more visible to people in authority, doing stuff in people's territory will draw more scrutiny, you have to cover your tracks or not act up to not draw Mystery Nigga aggro

: (+600 CP)

The internal situation on Terra is tense, and at times ready to break out into gruesome war, but in the end there's always the possibility of averting that grim fate. There's always a way, somehow, through some channels, to salvage the situation and come to a more peaceful state of affairs, even if it takes a bit of conflict to reach it. Now? Good fucking luck. Ursus will find itself spiralling even farther out of its Emperor's ability to control, the most corrupt of Victoria's nobles will find their power structures spreading and strengthening, and voices like the Consul Horatia will see Aegir thinking that forcibly uniting the land under their control might be the best for everyone. The situation is just terrible all around, not for any of the otherworldly threats hanging on the horizon, but because people just can't help themselves anymore. Parties craving conquest are in power, old grudges are all the more inflamed, national polities are paranoid in the extreme about potential threats, and everyone is just much more reactionary in general. The state of Terran geopolitics was miserable before this. Now, previously minor altercations along borders or involving sensitive subjects that would otherwise be swept under the rug by national governments will quickly spiral into international incidents, serving as justification for anything from international sanctions, counter-attacks, or even internal pogroms. Secretive webs of

alliances could unknowingly erupt into warfare from a previously invisible cold-war. And always, always, there's groups internally sabotaging wherever they live, either from dissatisfaction or foreign loyalties, risking civilian populations and bringing down fierce government scrutiny. This made all the worse by the ever-increasing complexity of the secret webs of alliance and betrayal that are now snaking their through all political and economic entities of significant size, constantly keeping things on a minefield where the position of half of the mines are randomly relocating on their own without anyone's ability to truly comprehend.

: (+600 CP)

Some forgotten person with a past with you has set up an impossible world-threatening scheme that you're the center of. Said mastermind might actually be you.

Bullshit of Damocles: (+600 CP)

'Oh, but this doesn't incline the world towards the paths to any particular apocalypse like what might come to pass with the Seaborn, or a large-scale Collapsal invasion. No, that could be advantageous to specific builds. Instead, this Drawback severely decreases the entire world's luck when it comes to avoiding the various apocalypses poised to befall it, meaning that certain potential apocalypses will become vastly more likely to occur. A certain somebody will be guided towards carrying an ancient Leviathan's essence back to the Sea, a certain Door up to the north will remain slightly ajar, and the military junta occupying Victoria's capital will find their superweapon nearly made complete. Except all of those were already almost going to happen, stopped in the nick of time by a certain wacky medical company/PMC. Which is to say, in this timeline they *are* going to happen unless additional force is brought to bear against these problems. Without your intervention several unrelated apocalypse scenarios are going to hit and annihilate Terra unless you make an active effort to prevent them, and even then may still occur if you perform poorly or fail to recognize the nature of the threats and how best to prevent them. And even if you should be something that makes one specific apocalypse a non-threat, such as being a Seaborn or a Sarkaz, you can be sure that the others will still annihilate you somehow if you're in the line of fire.

Notes

This setting has an internet, but I can't tell its exact limits. Mobile cities obviously have their own that function within their bounds. Lines in Near Light seem to imply that multiple mobile cities belonging to the same countries share internet, but that there's no connection between countries, so any countries that had it would be separate from other country's internet.

Collapsals are weird. First off, "Collapsal," as a name is used both to refer to the entities themselves, and anything and anyone they corrupt/latch onto. This makes talking about or

differentiating what a “Collapsal” is difficult and annoying. In general, the Collapsal Race Add-On is more about making you a Collapsal-tainted thing/invested with Collapsal powers rather than a true Collapsal. Most Collapsed entities aren’t too much more dangerous than they were when alive, but they can exhibit/be surrounded by more dangerous phenomena/traits. The Collapsal Perks are essentially attributing more and more of the more fucked up symptoms to you, making you a far worse case of corruption than the ordinary walking corpses. Taking them won’t necessarily drive you insane. You can theoretically become something like a true Collapsal by taking **Heart of Tin** in addition to going full-tilt on Collapsal Perks.

**On Sankta:** If you’re a non-Laterano affiliated Sankta the Lateran government will still try to get you a gun (and if you accept it, hold you to taking all the tests and regulations), but it won’t be a fiat-backed Item.

Sankta empathy doesn’t really mindfuck you into agreeing with or caring about other Sankta, it just makes you capable of feeling what they are. In other words, you’re only affected as much as you would really be if you could genuinely know how other people were feeling. Yes, this can lead to different behavior, but only in the sense that knowing something can impact how you interact with it. This has led to a very strange culture, and Sankta can pretty much glide around many problems with each other by paying mind to it, but Sankta have different personalities and beliefs and come into (lethal) conflict all the time. They form different opinions and don’t budge for other Sankta, some even shooting each other with intent to kill over it.

If you pick Sankta as your race you can be a Fallen Sankta if you want. This will cut you off from the Sankta empathy network, give you as many Fallen traits as you want (darkening, fragmenting, or both of halo and wings, the growth of Sarkaz horns, the growth of a Sarkaz tail, spooky slit pupils), and possibly subject you to a bit of social ostracism from Laterano. It won’t impact your firearm compatibility though, or any Perks you have.

The rules that make Sankta fall are arbitrary and seem to be based on the Law’s subjective determination on a case-by-case basis. This doesn’t mean that it randomly fucks people over, but that it will sometimes make exceptions and spare some people. Shooting another Sankta should (and has) immediately condemned the one at fault to Falling, but in other times Sankta have shot each other and remained fine, the implication being that the Law decided both were right in that instance and allowed them to do so without punishment.

Fallen Sankta aren’t severely punished in Laterano or by the other Sankta as a matter of course (but they can be punished for what caused them to fall if it was a purposeful crime). Their only restriction is that they can’t publicly reveal themselves as Fallen, but if their circumstances are dire enough they can be banished from the city. They can even serve in government offices. This is in-part thanks to the current Pope, who’s trying to make everything better for everyone. Now, individual Sankta *can* be prejudiced, because Sankta are individuals. The Pope is pretty chill. He likes wandering into random conversations and giving people advice on how to fix their relationship problems and gives guns to children as a joke.

Sankta can interbreed with other races, but the child is almost always of the non-Sankta race. Occasionally the Law will decide that it accepts the child instead and they’re born a Sankta. Things are more interesting if a Sankta and Sarkaz interbreed. The result is a mixed-blood that looks like an ordinary Sankta, but their wings and halo, while still being as bright as a normal Sankta, are fractured and glitchy.

**On Sarkaz:** Sarkaz tribes can get fucking wild. There's one based on slimes (the Damazti) that are all just clones of the same (still existent) initial shapeshifting goo entity, that all randomly split themselves into copies that go their separate ways, take whatever forms they want, and coordinate with each other. That's how they reproduce; they're all offshoots of each other reacting to different situations and acting in concert. That's their "Tribe". Hell, when it finally decided to let itself die, it experienced a conflict of interests between two opposing choices, and it literally split into two who each mutually chose one choice, leaving two new "individuals" on different sides. They're fucking *weird*.

If you're designing your own Sarkaz clan, the two inspirations to look to are generally antagonistic monsters from both religion, folklore, and modern fantasy. Mythological and religious creatures are typically represented in Elder races, but particularly monstrous ones go to the Sarkaz. For instance, hippogryphs and pegasi are represented in Elder races, while wendigos, vampires, liches, and the Biblical Goliath are represented in Sarkaz races. Logically, things like lifespan, physical advantages, and natural Arts inclinations will determine the price tier of a custom tribe (or rather, the reverse). If you want to fluff some of your purchases as being innate traits of your new clan then sure. For example, fluffing **Jump3r** as a racial trait might mean they all have fucking Stands I guess. Try to make it logically consistent with whatever the clan's monster theme is. If you have **The 11th King** then whatever witchcraft and clan gimmick you came up with are supercharged for you as you're royalty. Similarly, because you're making it up and thus no spots are filled, you can choose to be the head of the clan with that purchase. You can make sure of that, and take it with you, with **Clan Confessions**.

Sarkaz warrior culture is fucking wild. When a group of assassins set out to kill the Lord of Fiends, they punished themselves for the sin they were about to undertake (even as they committed to undertake it because they believed it was a necessity) by shaving off their horns and seemingly skinning themselves alive before wrapping themselves in their assassin suits. Sarkaz normal culture is also fucking wild. The Nachzehrer clan practices full-on cannibalism as a battle tactic, power system, religious obligation, and all-around problem solver. They fucking eat each other alive to share their power and show respect to their elders, the oldest letting the younger just bite out chunks of their still-living flesh to eat. Their vanguard go into battle unarmed and just grab the first soldier in front of them and just start eating them alive while everyone around them tries to stab them to death, which only causes them to explode into rot magic.

Sarkaz can apparently interbreed with other races, but the results aren't plainly shown. There's a description of the newborn babies of a Sarkaz and Liberi couple being killed as infants by their neighbors because of how they look. What this means isn't known exactly, but indicates that they look *other*. Or maybe they just look like Sarkaz so everyone else wanted them dead. Who knows?

**On Importing things from this Jump into Jump3r:** There are plenty of options here. If you have **[ITEM WITH FERANMUT SEALED INSIDE]**, you can choose it for this, giving it the ability to manifest a physical form from the weapon to fight, with it being able to use the ability sealed in the weapon. If you have **Betrayed By Death** your Revenants could do the same,

being an intangible shadow monster capable of devouring people into its lightless void. If you had the Collapsal Race Add-On? SHENANIGANS.

The alien laws of reality that **Holy Fool** can extrude into the world are wild. Some known examples of Collapsal Paradigms include:

- Fear and hate becoming nourishment to their subject. Worsened into fear and hate manifesting as independent beings.
- The laws of distance distorting such that the fastest path between two points is not a straight line. Worsened into the fastest path between two points being one that doesn't connect them.
- People's memories and standards of culture being partially overwritten with those of another timeline. Worsened into being so severe that the very definitions of civilization and what constitutes value are unpredictable.
- The boundaries of self and other being blurred, correlating someone to their possessions or environment, such that they experience the pain of their equipment's wear and tear. Worsened into the two being entangled; breaking someone's weapon in half would break them in half.
- The progressive inability of numeric representations and calculations to hold meaning.
- The progressive slide from, "Life being the premise for action," to, "Life being the premise for death."

## On The 11th King:

**Broken Sun** makes you the inheritor of the Civilight Eterna, the Black Crown, and thus the Lord of Fiends. Or at least it gives you an offshoot of it, but you can also just have the main one. The full powers of this shit are unknown and kind of crazy. In one timeline Amiya straight up becomes the apocalypse. Some shenanigans it can do are:

Passive shit:

- Records everything around you, including the memories and motives of others, giving you a record of literally everything that ever happened to you as well as a deep understanding of events.
- Empathically conveys the emotions of everyone around you, letting you understand everyone's feelings, gauge sincerity flawlessly, and roughly sense intent with ease.

Beginner shit:

- Actively read minds and memories.
- "Devour" emotional reactions to pacify others, calming the angry, and healing the traumatized, whether they want it or not.
- Forcing emotions into people's heads to fuck with them temporarily.
- Manifesting black Arts without a casting unit that are extremely strong (when out of control, like if you spotted someone on a nearby mountain about to kill the person you love most, a pitch-black spike might streak out from you and skewer the enemy from literally a battlefield away).
- Perfectly download a lifetime of training by stealing it from the mind of someone who worked for it their whole life.
- Recreate an artifact from those same memories to obtain a sword capable of cutting through Arts.

More advanced shit:

- Erasing whatever you want inside someone's head, potentially completely mind wiping them.
- Doing so in a way so that the loss is gradual and they have a period of functionality before finally biting it.

- Piercing mundane (and seemingly all displayed magical) durability and shields.
- Interfacing with Originium to unzip all the souls it'd trapped in itself to release them to their final destination.
- Laying down curses that will define the futures of entire bloodlines.
- Seeing the future and showing people visions of alternate timelines.

The best way to take advantage of **SUPERSOLDIER CREATION** is probably to select a power source you have from either a Perk or Item, so you always have access to it to make use of the Perk. For instance, **Theoretically Seeds** could be used to make Collapsal-powered Emperor's Blades equivalents.

If you combine it with an appropriate power source and with another Perk that could interact with it to similar ends you can combine the result. For instance, **[Aegir Tech Perk]** with Seaborn-cell based **SUPERSOLDIER CREATION**, or **Holy Fool** for Collapsal ones. What an improved result of such horrors looks like is up to you.

If taken multiple times, the wackos from **Catullus 16** don't necessarily like each other and aren't inclined to work together. They don't want to share.