

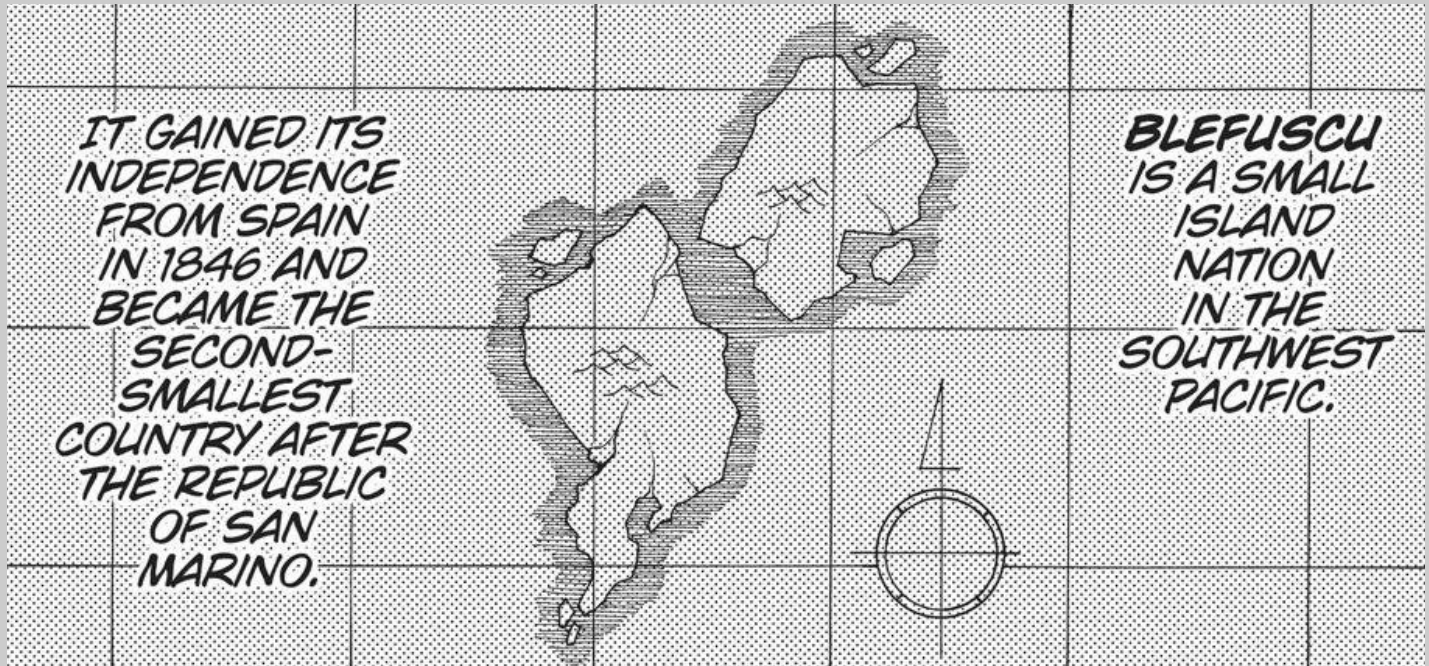
†HE VOYPICH HOTEL

STORY AND ART BY DOUMAN SEIMAN



A JumpChain Compliant Document

By Yorokonde



Sometime before the civil war thirty years ago, the island of Blefuscu was a popular tourist destination for the Japanese looking for a tropical vacation. They poured money into the island, building hotels and restaurants but abandoned it without a second thought once the fighting started. Understandably, the locals are less than enthusiastic to see Japanese tourists again now that everything has calmed down.

Not that there's a lot to see. While the few towns survived with minimal damage due to a majority of the fighting taking place in the jungle, poverty has taken nearly as great a toll. Orphans are common and many have banded together to create new families after the loss of their old ones. Scars and missing limbs are so common that people with prosthetics arms and legs are almost a more common sight on the island than those without. Landmines still scatter many parts of the jungle and banditry driven by desperate need make even careful walks outside the cities a task to dread.

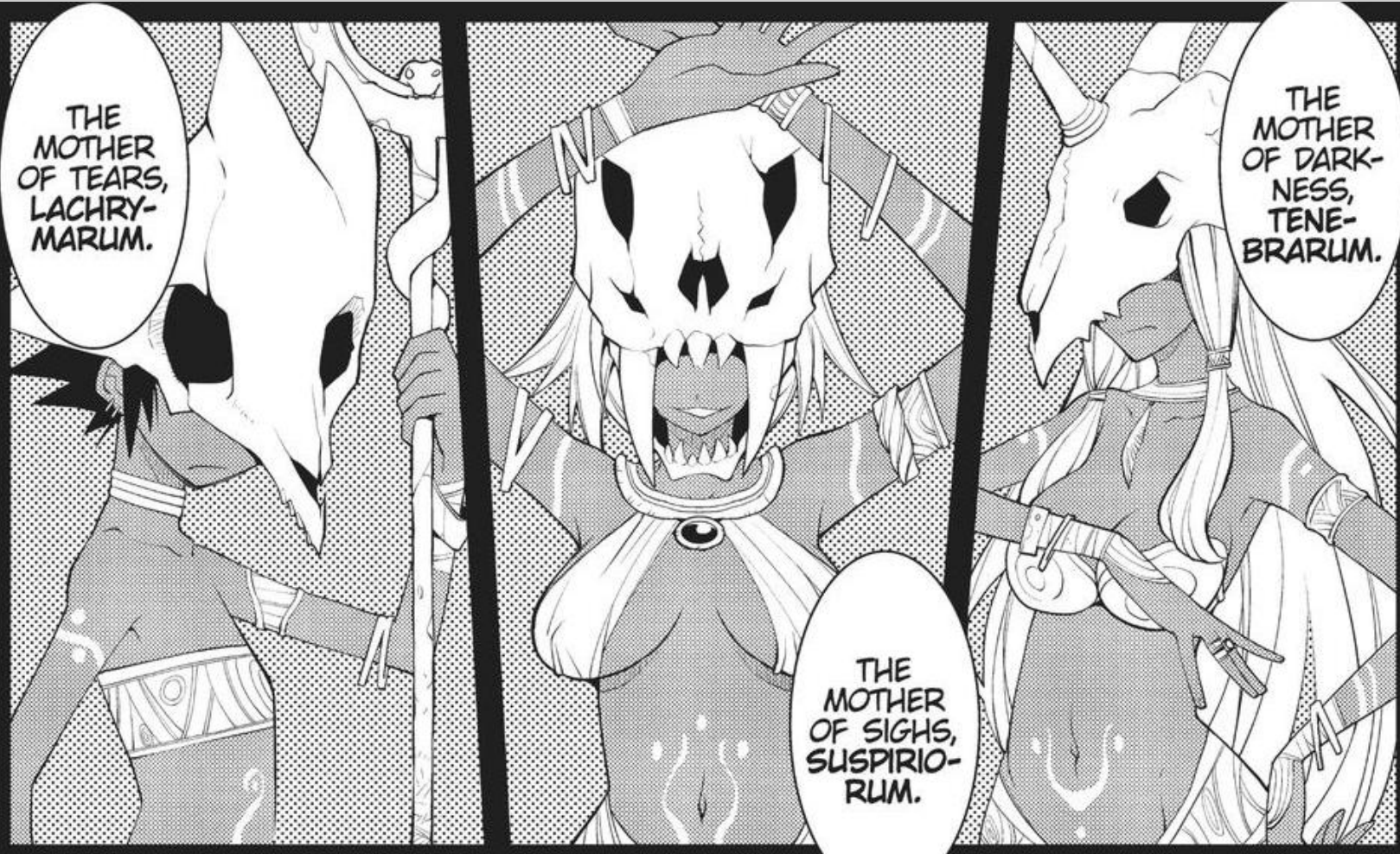
Despite all of that, people do their best to live and work and survive on the island simply because it is their home. If one doesn't look too closely, it's almost normal. But scratch even a thin layer of make-up off the island's skin and all sorts of nasty secrets start spilling out.

The locals tell stories running the gambit from strange to impossible to utterly macabre. The tallest tree on the island sports a human skull impaled on its highest branch. Tigers roam the island's jungles, nearly extinct but maneaters all. A serial killer who doesn't leave clues has been leaving a trail of corpses in their wake for months now. Then there's the new drug flooding into the underworld that is addictive like nothing else but offers mind-numbing bliss and pleasure for a few hours.

Strangest and most well known of all these is the story of the three witch sisters. A thousand years ago they were worshiped by those who lived on the island. They offered their fantastical magic powers to the locals in exchange for food and shelter. Their worshipers were cured of disease, healed of wounds, and given favorable weather at all times. It was a peaceful island of happy people.

At least until the Spanish armada arrived looking for gold and silver. They invaded with thirty thousand men, intent on wiping out the locals and taking everything of value. The island's inhabitants were in no state to fight back. So they begged the three witch sisters to save them.

And they did. Almost. For while they were women of true magical power who had come from the far north and learned the secrets of Chinese alchemy, they were not immortal. Nothing is. The Spanish lost almost their entire force, but in the end, they prevailed.



The Mother of Tears, youngest of the three, Lachrymarum took an arrow to the eye and disappeared.

The Mother of Sighs, middle sister, Suspiriorum was captured, beheaded, and brutally dismembered.

The Mother of Darkness, eldest sister, Tenebrarum was felled by a poisoned arrow and died.

It is said that before they died the three sisters each uttered a curse upon the island they had defended.

Those who died on the island's soil would linger.

Those who were dead would appear to the living.

Those who sought to add blood to the island would find misfortune stalking their destiny.

Those who would still walk upon their soil, take care and take these.

+1000 CP

Origins

You may choose your gender for **Free**



Hitman (Free) [Age: 21+2d8]:

Where there are people, there is crime. And where there is crime, someone is going to want someone else dead eventually. You're there to help those people keep their hands clean in exchange for a sizable amount of currency. Whether you're Yakuza, a freelance assassin, or you belong to some other organization it all shakes out to be the same. Your profession is one of waiting, sudden action, blood, and death.

Detective (Variable):

Child (+100 CP) [Age: 6+1d8]:

You're one of the local island brats. You might have a family, but there's even odds of you being orphaned because of an accident with the leftover landmines from the civil war. As you might expect you're not all that strong because of your young age and the adults of the island tend not to take you very seriously. Still, people sometimes let things slip around children they wouldn't around adults.

Adult (Free) [Age: 21+2d8]:

Believe it or not, there is an actual police force on the island. Despite it being rather small and underfunded those who take up the badge are more dedicated than most. Typically only those who desire to clean up the streets and take down the bad guys join up here. But otherwise you're no different from any of the other locals.



Robot (100 CP) [Age: 1d8]:

There's a rumor that the reason the local government is so low on funds is because they are funneling that cash into a secret lab that is making a horde of killbots. Which is silly. Everyone knows that nobody makes killbots. You're a completely ordinary robot detective, activated only recently and sent to fill out the ranks of the island's police force. Just don't expect anyone to make too much of a big deal about you being a piece of living science fiction.

You do have a list of features built into your body you should be aware of. You're made of titanium and able to take a landmine blast without more than a little scorching. You have a whopping four horsepower at your disposal and can think with all the speed of a first generation Intel processor. You're able to fly (provided you buy a flight system), have an all-terrain tread system included (that's loud enough to wake an entire neighborhood and slower than walking), can emit body odor or a gas that makes women's periods come later than normal (supposedly to help you blend in with humans), and can dispense various liquids from your fingers (if all you want is condensed milk, skin moisturizer, mayo, or a "savory sauce"). You also have way more fingerprints than normal everywhere on your hand (don't look at me, I've got nothing).



Devil (400 CP) [Age: 200+1000d8]:

As it turns out, Hell is very much a real place in this world and devils do make their way “upstairs” from time to time. Mainly to tempt mortals into selling their souls by catering to their deepest desires, but sometimes just to get away from Hell. Thankfully the big man doesn’t take too much of an interest in what his minions get up to. So if you want to slack off eating donuts nobody is going to get on your case for it.

While Devils are all unique individuals, they have a number of common physical traits. Each one has a pair of horns atop their head, though the exact style of them varies widely, as well as a long, thin tail with an arrow point at its end. At a whim they can cause their fingers to grow long claws of terrifying sharpness and even a casual use of their superhuman strength would be enough to crush a lucador’s hand. Most have two eyes like normal people, a number of them have one large eye in the middle of their face instead. They also have all the beauty one would expect from a fallen angel. Oh, and don’t worry about mortals figuring out what you are unless you want them to see. They would have to have magical talent to see through the passive glamor that makes you look normal enough.

Witch (800 CP) [Age: 100+500d8]:

The three sister witches of Blefuscu were more than mere legends. They were, and still are as a matter of fact, as real as anyone else. Certainly those who practice the magical arts are in the minority these days, but they are still around. You are proof enough of that at least. The circumstances that lead to you visiting the island are your own to come up with. It’s entirely possible you are a fourth sister, or brother, to the three and have been there all along. Or perhaps you learned from a different master and came only for a vacation. While Witches share a number of common powers, they are otherwise as diverse as humans are anywhere else.



Perks

*Each Origin receives their **100 CP Perk** for **Free** and a **50% Discount** on their other Perks*

General

Takakura Ken (100 CP): Any Yakuza will tell you that the stories of “good guy” Yakuza are straight up crap. There’s simply no such thing. The few who try end up dead quickly enough. Still, it is possible to hide away the blood and pretend you aren’t an awful human being. You’re capable of exuding an aura of being a decent, kind person despite what the truth beneath might be. Naturally this will help people trust you more quickly.

Green and Purple Thumb (100 CP): Where there’s poverty, there’s drugs to help people forget how much life sucks. Pot, Mary Jane, Hashish, or whatever you want to call it, is both cheap and effective at that. When it comes to growing the stuff you’ve got a talent that puts others to shame. You know how to mix and blend and grow varieties that will put someone right out of their fucking mind or make them as horny as a bunny in the spring. Or both at once. Maybe even enhance the medicinal purposes if you’re feeling altruistic. You can alter the addictiveness as well, given a few generations to experiment.



You Can See Us? (100 CP): Most people who don’t have magical talent, or something seriously wrong in their heads, can’t see the dead who commonly wander this island. Hell, most of them are blissfully unaware that there’s magic in the world at all. Perhaps you had a spirit medium somewhere in your past. Whatever the case, you can see, hear, talk to, and even touch the ghosts who have yet to pass on.

My Hobby is Collecting Stories (100 CP): It’s a strange hobby to be sure, but you’re in good company around here. Your head is crammed full of stories to suit just about any situation. Long and short ones and enough of them to cover the whole spectrum of genres and emotion. Some aren’t entirely made up either, containing nuggets of useful information if you can find where fact and fiction meld. Additionally, you are good at getting people who might not otherwise share stories to add to your mental collection.



Time For A Break (100 CP): A lot of odd and unusual people drift to Blefuscu for one reason or another. Sometimes manga artists are among them, having landed on the shores for a change of scenery or simply to use the cost of a hotel bill to light a fire under their ass. While you might not be one of the great mangaka of the day, you have a moderate talent at art, writing, and storyboarding that would see you to producing a well received manga should you send it to an editor.

Secret Ingredient (100 CP): Everybody has to eat. Even robot detectives and ageless witches. While there aren’t many great chefs left on the island after the civil war, and subsequent losses from stray land mines, you’re good enough to serve as a hotel’s executive (and probably sole) chef without hearing any complaints. Give yourself some practice (and keep the poison away from the dishes) and you might even earn yourself a few Gichelin stars someday. What? No, I’m sure I spelled that correctly.



Luchador Extreme! (200 CP): The manager of the Voynich Hotel has been a well known oddity of the island for nearly thirty years now. He built the hotel, in fact. He's also a luchador who wears a different mask every day and once punched a tooth out of Chuck Norris' mouth. You, like him, are a luchador of uncommon strength and endurance that could be an equal for the living legend himself.

Matching Scars on the Heart (200 CP): Despite the proliferation of scars and missing limbs among the population of the island, the real damage was done much deeper than their skin and bones. So many people simply broke down and needed help to cobble themselves back together. They made new friends, met new people, and slowly knitted themselves back together with those bonds. Making new friends comes more easily to you now, especially if you and they both have some scars to try and heal.

Love Is Blind (200 CP): Two people meet, slowly fall in love, and end up happily ever after. A story as old as time made strange by the details filling the gaps. An ageless witch and Yakuza accountant or the ghost of a genius physicist and a mediocre manga artist have no business falling in love with each other. Yet, such is life and love. You are similarly afflicted by love made stronger through its strangeness, allowing those you pursue romantically to worry less about the differences and enjoy the bond growing between you. While hardly foolproof, you will find this proclivity acting more strongly on supernatural beings of all stripes.



Patchwork Being (400 CP): Good news, bad news time. Bad news, you were almost killed recently. Quite bloodily too. Ripped limb from limb. Good news, you're still alive. Sort of. Using a lot of thread, several magic needles, and scraps of witchery, you were stitched back together. Your body is now covered in scars that would not look out of place on Frankenstein's Monster. On the plus side, your flesh absorbed some of the magic used to partially resurrect you. This has given you strength and toughness quite a bit past superhuman. You could shatter a truck sized boulder with all your strength behind a kick. Shrugging off the blows of a demon, or getting hit by a speeding car, aren't outside the realm of possibility at all. Just be careful when you shake someone's hand, yeah?



Hitman



Top 100 (100 CP): You're not just some mad-dog killer sitting at the bottom of the Hitman charts. You're effective, clean, professional, and most of all, stylish when it comes to getting the job done. Every Hitman has a signature weapon and they know how to use it. Choose a weapon, be it your favorite or simply one you have taken a liking to. It must be fairly specific such as throwing knives instead of just knives or a Glock 19 instead of just pistols. You are talented enough at ending lives with that weapon to land yourself on the Top 100 list of hitmen in this world. No small feat considering the skills of those on the list.

Rumor Monger (200 CP): Most people think being a Hitman is all about the killing. Admittedly, that's the end goal usually, but there's a lot more to think about than just where the sharp end of your knife goes. You need to know the area, understand the locals, scout possible sites of interest, and come up with a few escape routes once people start dying. As such, it is really helpful to know how to get people talking and how to steer conversations without being obvious about it. Admittedly, most of the time you end up with tidbits of information that aren't really useful, even if they are interesting, but sometimes you'll hit paydirt.

Criminal Blind Eye (400 CP): Let's be honest, a lot of people really don't pay attention to what's going on around them. Even if you start casually chatting about your latest hit and how the blood splattered the wall in the middle of a cafe. You could be talking about a video game or your favorite movie for all they know. Why assume the worst? Now even normally attentive individuals, like law enforcement or sharp-eared detective kids, won't worry too much when you start talking about your criminal activities in public. Just don't actually pull out a weapon and you could talk about the time you gleefully murdered three dozen children, complete with photo evidence, without raising an eyebrow from those around you. This also has a sidelong benefit that most people tend to not associate you with criminal acts without direct evidence to the contrary.

Not Ready To Die Yet (600 CP): There is a certain quality that separates the very best hitmen from those casual murderers and weirdos that are so common towards the bottom of the ranking. It could be argued that it is professionalism or a certain bloodlust, but what so often allows those at the top to stay in place is a stubborn refusal to die when they should. After all, killing people is a dangerous occupation and more often than not spots in the rankings are vacated through the hitman dying than managing to retire.

Your ability to stay alive despite your wounds borders on the comically absurd even among your fellow professionals. Shot in the neck? Put some pressure on it and you'll be stumbling along for at least another ten minutes. Arm cut off? You'll have time to beat the offender to death with your severed limb before you risk expiring. Your sheer determination to stay alive won't keep you going forever though. But you can expect to last anywhere between five or maybe ten minutes past the point when your heart should have stopped or when you should have gone past the point of bleeding out. If you manage to get some serious medical attention before that happens, you stand a reasonably good chance of recovering. Even better if you happen to stumble across a Witch.



Detective

An Eye For Trouble (100 CP): Blefuscu may seem to be a generally lawless island, but there are still those who value a certain level of peace among their war torn streets. They are few, ill-funded, and often lacking certain technological tools a more modern country's police force might employ. Instead they rely on their eyes, instincts, and experience. You've got some experience at using all three around crime scenes, allowing you to pick up on small clues and piece together what happened given some time to study the area.

Brotherhood of Blue (200 CP): Teamwork is the key to cracking any case. Nobody can be everywhere at once, especially when a serial killer is on the loose. And having someone to watch your back when the bullets start flying can be the difference between solving the case and going home in a body bag. Those you work alongside will more easily come to trust you and be worth trusting in turn. This is especially true when they are working towards the same goals as you.



Undercover Operative (400 CP): To catch a thief, sometimes you have to become a thief. It may be distasteful to smoke all that mind bending pot and then collapse into a state of utter bliss on the bathroom floor. But you're just tough enough to do it! In order to catch criminals, of course. You can disappear into a role like the best of them without letting it touch your true self in the least. None of your mannerisms, tendencies, or even unconscious phrasings will let anyone know you're not who you wish to appear to be. Yet you'll be ready to return to yourself at a moment's notice for a suitably dramatic reveal to bust the perps.

Inescapable Conclusion (600 CP): Of course, all the teamwork and undercover work in the world won't mean a thing if you can't actually solve the case. Gathering up all the disparate clues, subtle motives, and enigmatic emotions of a crime as a whole and then putting them together to reach the right conclusion isn't easy work. Yet you have a knack for stumbling across and recognizing the vital bits of information necessary. Passing comments from fellow officers trigger keen insights. A change in the way someone holds themselves later reveals their guilt when you recognize them in a household picture. You may not be Sherlock Holmes, able to suss out the criminal from a single conversation or even within a few hours, but given time and effort you will be able to discover the truth behind even the most clever and inscrutable crimes.



Devil

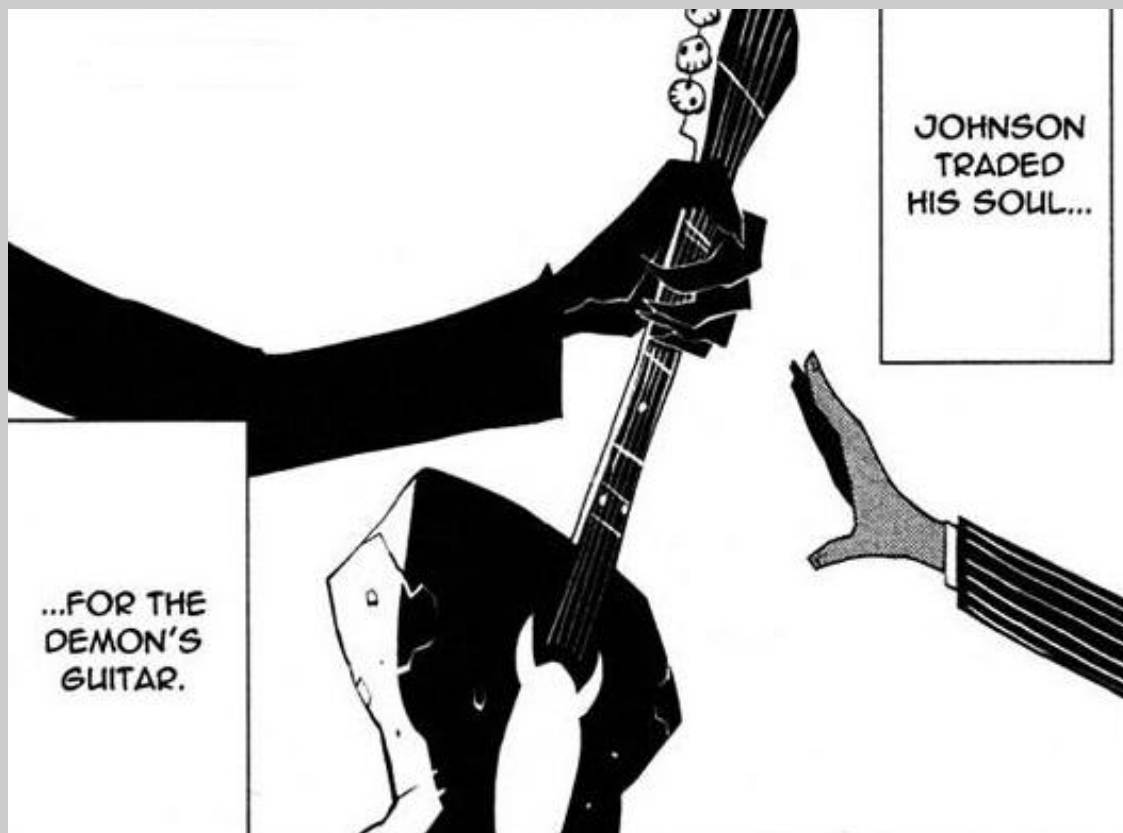


Sinful Flesh (100 CP): You're straight from hell with a body to die for! Because, let's face it, the original Fallen Angel isn't interested in spending eternity looking at uggos. Your flesh is sinfully delicious to look upon. Envy is quite common among mortals when you allow them to see you as you truly are. Muscle clings to you in all the right ways to accentuate lithe sensuality without becoming an eyesore. What little fat there is on your body goes straight to where it will do the absolute best to make you drop dead gorgeous.

Forked Tongue (200 CP): A silver tongue is skillful enough but they are blumblers in the art of conversation when it comes to a forked one. You've got a devil's tongue, literally, when it comes to convincing, lying, or diplomatically leading others along in a discussion. You could sell igloos to Inuits and make them think they got an absolutely spectacular deal to boot. So just imagine what you could do with a desperate person willing to sell their very soul for what they truly want.

Searching To Hell And Back (400 CP): Devils have all been around the block more than a few times. Even the youngest of them were cavorting and seducing Romans. So it's little wonder that they know where they can lay their hands on even the rarest of goods. A two hundred year old wine? You'll have it by tomorrow. One of the original silver pieces paid to Judas? Might take you a few weeks. Some common sense? Hey now, don't expect the impossible. Simply put, Devils are pros at finding the impossibly rare and even if they don't know where something is themselves, they usually know one who does.

Moving Hell And Earth (Free, Exclusive): Most mortals know the story. Wait by a crossroads on a moonless night until the midnight bell tolls its last peel. Then a devil will come to offer you whatever you desire in exchange for your immortal soul. Admittedly, the story is a little outdated at this point. No self-respecting devil limits themselves to crossroads at midnight anymore. But the rest of it? Absolutely true. Even the lowest of devils have the ability to bargain for a mortal's soul in exchange for three wishes. Like most things with devils, there is a catch though. The devil must provide the mortal's desires without fail or else the deal is void entire. Additionally, the more the mortal asks for with their wishes, the shorter the rest of their life will be. After all, hell isn't interested in waiting sixty or eighty years for a return on its investment. A man who asked only for a guitar that allowed him to play like the best there ever was given ten years before his death. A woman who asked for a weapon unlike anything seen on earth, a powerful mask that turns thoughts into speech, and larger breasts had only most of a year. The one caveat is that no wish can bring another back to life. God has exclusive rights on that ability and Hell isn't interested in starting a war...not yet at least.



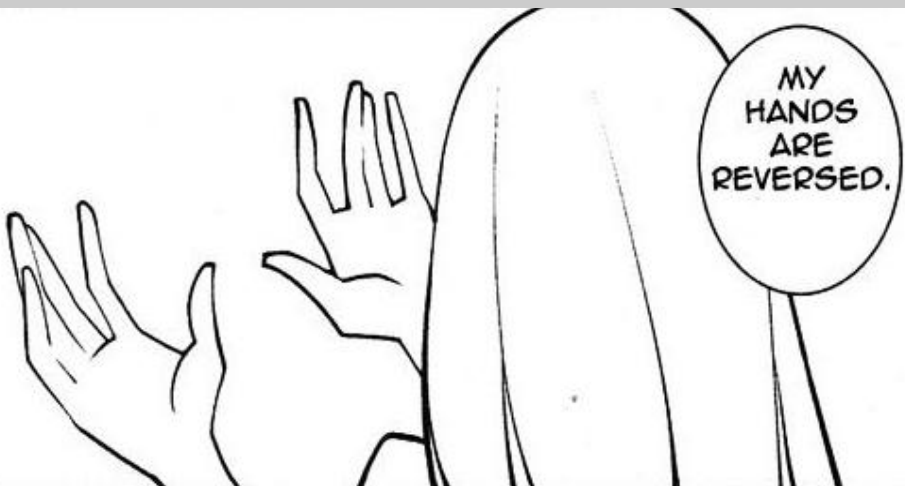
Witch

Immortal Body (Free, Exclusive): Witches are not born with a full talent for manipulating a primal force of this world that most are completely ignorant of. They are taught over years, sometimes even decades, by a Mother Witch to cultivate the sensitivity to magic that makes them what they are. One of the first lessons is learning how to draw magic inside of the body to keep it close at hand. A side effect of infusing oneself in this manner is a slowing of the aging process to practically a standstill. Witches have been known to be millenia old without appearing any older than when they first learned the craft. Unless they desire a little more mature beauty.

Ancient Innocence (Free, Exclusive): As anyone who has lived through the last thousand years of human history can tell you, people suck a lot of the time. There is always war, death, disease, despair, and cruelty lurking in the shadows just waiting to be unleashed. So one of the lessons a Witch must learn is how to survive the mental trauma of immortality without going mad in the process. Thankfully, this is a lesson you took to with ease. By taking a short vacation away from the worries and dangers of the rest of the world, you are able to overcome deep emotional trauma you may have experienced. The more serious the scars the longer you will need to rest in peace before they are truly healed. At least the one thing you have now in abundance is time.

Mana as Lifeblood (Free, Exclusive): With mana drawn into the body and the mind kept clear of corrupting influences, the third lesson all Witches learn is to keep their bodies alive and well. For while mana itself is enough to keep age at bay, wounds are another matter entirely. By seeping that mana into muscles, into the blood, and even into bones a Witch can grant themselves a body that can live through even the most heinous of wounds. Mind you, continuing to live is not the same thing as being proof against injury. There are certain, unknown and buried, ways of killing even a trained Witch. And grievous wounds, such as the loss of an eye, will not be healed by mana alone. Do not allow your gift to become a curse through carelessness. [1]

Last of the Coven (Free, Exclusive): As one of the last practitioners of the old ways, there are few secrets of mana that you have not searched out and found. Your arts would allow you to stand toe to toe with the last of the Three Sisters but it is unlikely you would best her. Even still, your magic is potent and nearly unrivaled in this modern world. You can perform the act of spiritual healing to slip your hands beneath the flesh of another to pull out toxins, clean out diseases, or even seal wounds without resorting to knives. You are capable of telekinetic assaults with no more effort than your mind that is capable of ripping a dozen hardened Yakuza apart in less than ten seconds. Some witches have also discovered the ability to help the spirits of the departed to move on into their afterlife by chanting sutras or other holy works. You also have one of the rare and nearly forgotten talents of body stitching. You are capable of reattaching severed body parts of others with nothing more than a needle and thread applied to the skin. No mucking about with hooking up nerves or suturing veins.



Just make sure you put everything back on the right way. There have been cases of Witches slapping heads or hands back on backwards. These may not even be the extent of your talents, but you will have to discover in what direction your magic can grow on your own.

Items

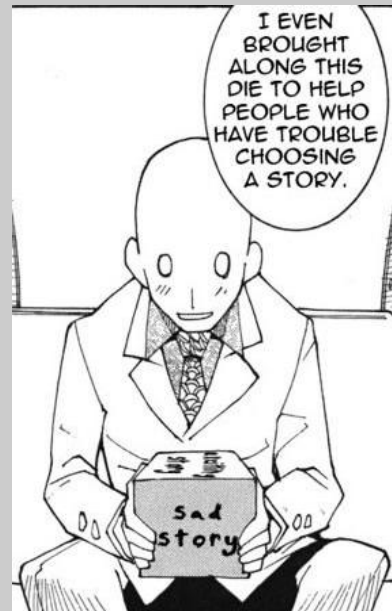
*Each Origin receives [1] 100 CP Item for **Free** and a 50% Discount on [1] 200 CP and [1] 400 CP Item*

Dress Like A Luchador (100 CP): For a Luchador, few things are as important as his mask. It is a bold statement to the world, a concealing shroud of mystery, and a fashion statement like no other. To many, their mask is even their honor! However, wearing the same mask every day would get a little dull and this is a lively place. So you'll be supplied with three hundred and sixty-five different Luchador masks. Wear a different one every day! Hand them out to your friends and have a wrestling tournament! Do whatever you want with them.

Mercero (100 CP): There's two things keeping any amount of money moving around the island of Blefuscu. Scamming tourists and the brisk drug trade. Mercero is the latest craze to hit the streets but you'd better grab it quick. It won't be around for long. This variant of marijuana acts like an upper instead of a downer, kicks in like a truck, and is as addictive as crack squared. Those who smoke it can expect to experience euphoria, a loosening of inhibitions, a skyrocketing libido, and a manic increase in energy. Normally you would have to worry about a whole host of side effects without a daily dose, but this twenty pound brick has been bred to be non-addictive. So enjoy the high without worrying about those pesky shakes. Don't worry about running out either. A new one will be dropped off to your bedroom every time you roll your last joint.

Plain Suitcase (100 CP): Nothing special going on here. Just a regular suitcase like the kind any tourist might bring with them on vacation. This one is even a little ratty and looks especially uninteresting to anyone who might be thinking about stealing it. Just because it's stuffed to the gills with 100,000 Japanese Yen notes doesn't mean there's anything interesting about it. Nope. Nothing at all.

Conversation Cube (100 CP): Sometimes it's hard to know what to talk about the first time you meet people. Thankfully, the Conversation Cube was tailor made to help break that awkwardness that two people experience during their initial acquaintance. Simply pull this small, ordinary sized dice out of your pocket, give it a twist, and it will unfold in a Conversation Cube! With six sides, each denoting a broad range of story types, all you have to do is give it a roll and you'll know what kind of story to break the ice with. And thanks to our subtle enchantment, most people will feel inclined to go along the Conversation Cube and tell you a story as well.



Box of Elephant Poison (100 CP): There's an urban legend that wanders around Blefuscu from time to time. It features one of the many ordinary convenience stores common to the island and claims that this one in particular has unusual items that can be found nowhere else. Of course, such a thing is silly to truly believe in. Why would anyone be selling a box of poison that could kill an elephant inside a minute with merely a teaspoon? Then again... if that was true, where did this box come from? And don't worry about running out. When this box is empty you'll always be able to find a new one on the shelf of a local supermarket or grocery store for a very reasonable price.



Eye Patches (100 CP): While there is nothing magical or special about this box of several dozen eyepatches, they can be a handy thing to keep around. You never know when you're going to lose an eye and need to keep from horrifying people with the gaping skull hole in your face. Or maybe you just want to be prepared for having to play a pirate at a moment's notice. Either way, you've got more than a few options in a whole range of colors and designs.

Total Slaughter (100 CP): Most people think that this magazine, prominently featuring guns and all sorts of killing devices up for sale, is a joke put together by some cosplayers who like to pretend to be hardcore assassins. Few realize that it truly is what most people mock it for. A twice monthly magazine that ranks the top one hundred assassins currently working in the business as well as a one-stop shop for hitmen who want to buy implements of death. This special subscription will find you no matter where you head to in the multiverse and will give you a list of the top local assassins. Sadly, you won't be qualified for ranking because we are told you would hog the number one spot for some time to come. The magazine will also feature a number of exciting stories about spectacular jobs pulled off by the local assassins on the list.



Revolver (100 CP): Practical, black, and deadly. This magnum revolver isn't fancy or even special. But who doesn't need a new gun? Treat yourself. You'll find five bullets resting in its six chambers each day, though you can always reload it yourself if you have the caliber on hand. Strangely, the revolver always smells as if it has been recently fired, even if left sitting for an extended period of time. The sixth bullet? They say that it was used to shoot a tiger.

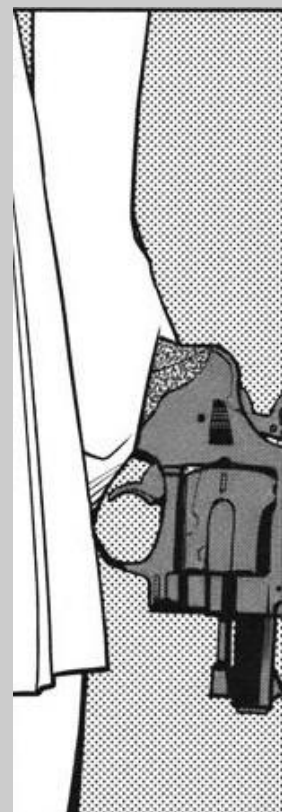


Needle and Thread (100 CP): A favorite tool of Witches in their more gruesome healing practices. This set has been mildly enchanted by their previous owner and will serve you equally well. The needle will always find the string on your first attempt and will never dull through use. You will also never find the spool empty of thread, which is as fine as spider silk and even stronger. Used together to bind wounds they will help those injuries heal ever so slightly faster.

Questionable Clothing (100 CP): Are you sure you want this? There are many other fine offerings about. Well, if you insist... This cardboard box is filled with a number of shirts in various styles, colors, and with a number of "provocative" phrases printed on them. They will all fit you as perfectly as if they were tailored specifically for you. You may even find a few new shirts inside the box from time to time. Just don't blame me for the kind of attention you get walking around with "Fuck me!" and "Baby Factory Open for Business" on display.

The Finest Beverage (100 CP): Truly there are few who could argue that Calpis is the king among drinks. Milk, water, and lactic acid mixed together into an ambrosia that few could deny is delicious. Who would have thought the mortal realm possible of creating such a heavenly brew? This bottle will never run out of this finest of drinks, even should you share it with a hundred others. You will find a brandy snifter of truly ridiculous size included so you can consume the maximum amount of this glorious, milky, acidic beverage.

+1 Weapon (200 CP): Most hitmen and assassins can be identified by their choice in weapon. They strive to make them distinctive and in doing so imbue them with a bit of a soul. Or so the stories go at least. This weapon could be any handheld weapon one might find in the modern world. A pistol is just as valid a choice as a sword or hatchet or even a rifle. So long as you can carry it around you are free to choose what suits you best. This weapon will be unbreakable by anything that isn't at least a +2 weapon. Which is a silly stipulation in any case. Nobody has a +2 weapon. They're a myth. You will find it impossible to misplace your +1 weapon and will discover it more accurate and damaging in whatever way that is appropriate for your chosen type.





Robot Jet Flight System (200 CP): There he goes! Soaring through the air with the greatest of ease! Dadadada DADA! Ultra-... No, wait, wrong show. But now you, or your favorite robot pal, can fly through the air just like a certain silver superhero at the speed of an unladen swallow. You'll need to refill them with unleaded gasoline every so often, but they are quite fuel efficient so you should get your money's worth. Just watch out for where, or how hard, you land.

The Raven of Lies Mask (200 CP): Normally you would have been offered the Rabbit Mask of Truth at this point, but it seems as though that artifact has gone missing. So instead we're excited to offer you its darker, more dashing, brethren. This crow-like mask isn't all that realistic, but offers enough detail to ensure that nobody looking at it mistakes it for anything else. There is no small amount of magic woven into its feathers as well. When it is worn over the entire head, it allows its wearer to tell when other people are lying. Others are also more likely to believe the lies spoken by the wearer if one is careful and smart when they weave them. Finally, it gives its wearer truly excellent night vision. All nights with any amount of moon in the sky would appear just as bright as noon with even moonlit nights being only as dim as twilight.

Pouch of Sugar Cubes (200 CP): Regular, ordinary sugar cubes might not seem like much compared to some of the other items on this list. But let me assure you that they come with a secret few outside the Witches circle know. Ghosts and ghouls, indeed undead of all kinds, adore the taste of sugar cubes. That's right, even the incorporeal are able to ingest sugar cubes and they are often eager to trade one or two of them for small favors. Scaring some rude guests away or helping guard a home for a night are about the scale of favors one might expect from the undead given just these cubes. Though you can afford to be generous because this pouch will never run out of sugar cubes. And you never have to worry about ants getting into them either.

Entertainment Center (200 CP): Few men and women of culture can turn down a game played among friends at the end of a long day. And few games speak of refinement as mahjong and pool. This set is among the finest examples of both style and usefulness that one could find. The pool table will automatically recover and rack the balls at the end of each game and the mahjong table can be set up to play with a simple push of a button. Moving them around may be a bit difficult, so both break down into a number of easy to carry and easier to reassemble pieces should you need to do so. Also included is a set of rules for both games and a number of their variations. Because I'm not sure what a Nietzsche Panty Shot is, but I'm pretty sure it means you're playing mahjong wrong.

Witchly Censer (200 CP): At first glance this small, clay incense pot may not seem like anything out of the ordinary. But simply light the small candle inside and wait a moment. A sweet, light smoke will begin to issue forth that seems to all but invite people to breathe it in. Those who inhale its smoke will grow sleepy almost immediately and sleep peacefully for several hours at least. Of course, should you have a potion or your own mixture of incense you wish to disperse, this censer can share their magical effects with equal ease.



+2 Weapon (400 CP): These should not exist in this modern age. They are an artifact of a time when magic was much more common and battles were waged between those with defenses much more potent than mere steel plates. How they came to be on offer is a secret best kept in the dark. The devils would not be happy to learn their armory has been plundered. This pair of prosthetic limbs look exactly like normal flesh and blood versions but are so much more. They are packed to the rafters with blades so sharp you could cut through flesh, muscle, even bone like a hot knife through butter. Now then, the only choice left to you is which two limbs you would like them to replace. Arms or legs or one of each, it's up to you. Don't worry, their installation will be tolerably painful. You shouldn't lose consciousness more than once or twice.

Badge of Honor (400 CP): The Esteemed One Hundred are only just starting to be formed on the island of Blefuscu. It will become a group of crime fighters, detectives, and those who generally want their home to be better than it is. Why only one hundred members? Because that's how many buttons Leader had. But we found one more and are pleased to offer you the one hundred and first medal. This one is more than a simple mark of pride and comradery. This medal, when given to another you share a strong bond of friendship with, will allow you to bring them along with you on your strange and wandering journey. They will become a full Companion with all that entails. You receive one, and only one, of this medal so be sure of your choice before you give it away.



Crossroads (400 CP): The place where paths meet have always held great intrigue and importance to myths of all cultures. They are places where one can bargain with devils, meet one's destiny by sheer chance, and sometimes meet the truest friends one will ever know. Of course, the trick is finding a crossroads that is more



than a simple meeting of paths and learning to tell the difference. Not all crossroads are truly mystical. But this one is. In each world from now forever onwards you will find this waypoint, sometimes more than once but never when you are trying to find it. It is a place of meetings where the boundary between native realms grows thin. You will meet strange entities that offer you services and deals that can be innocently straightforward or deviously convoluted in their terms. But you will always find what they offer intriguing and useful. If you can pay the price they are asking. Don't worry, they won't ask for anything as serious as your soul. Not usually.

The Hallows (400 CP): A second hotel has been added to Blefuscu, much to the surprise of the locals who doubted their small island had enough tourists for another to spring up. It is fated to be slightly less popular than the Voynich Hotel due to its macabre sense of style and a subtle air of creepiness. Both pervade the one hundred and thirty rooms spread across five floors. And the less said about the state of the basement the better. For all that, it will generate a small but steady income if the ghastly servants are left to their own devices. Ghastly being the key word here. For The Hallows hides a secret that few would suspect. It attracts the spirits of the dead and allows them to interact with the living once again. Most of them are quite willing to work at the hotel simply to enjoy being able to feel alive again. You might get a few troublemakers wandering in every now and then, but you doubtless have ways of dealing with them. As well as more interesting ways to make use of a steady stream of spectral entities.



Companions

A Mortal Crew (100 CP): For those with existing Companions this option allows you to import your friends and family into this world with either the Hitman or Detective origin. Each Companion receives all the standard freebies that their appropriate origin would normally gain as well as 600 CP to spend as they wish. You may also use this option to create new Companions that you will meet during your time in this world. This option allows you to import or create up to four Companions with each purchase.

A Devilish Friend (200 CP): This option allows you to import one of your existing Companions into this world with the Devil origin. Due to the additional power this origin comes with, the Companion will gain all four of the Devil perks but nothing else. You may also use this option to guarantee a meeting with a new Devil who will eventually become your Companion during your time in this world. This option allows you to import or create a single Companion with each purchase.

A Fourth Witch (300 CP): Or perhaps fifth if you have chosen the Witch origin for yourself. You may use this option to import one of your existing Companions into this world with the Witch origin. They gain nothing besides all four of the Witch's perks. You may also use this option to find yourself in the company of a Witch of your own design who will become a Companion during your time in this world. This option allows you to import or create a single Companion with each purchase.



Tracer Bullet (100 CP): The streets are hard and cruel. They smell like desperate mixed with blood topped with a side order of criminal scum. This child of ten or so looks, acts, and talks as if he just stepped out of a crime noir novel. And not a particularly good one at that. He comes with the Detective origin, along with all of its perks, which makes him strangely effective despite his tendency to narrate his own life in overly gritty detail. Who knows where he got a trenchcoat and wide brimmed hat in his size. He also carries a **Revolver**, though it has one blank bullet in addition to the empty chamber. Even he never knows which of the five it will be.



Drawbacks

800 CP Limit. Limit 1 Origin Exclusive Drawback.

Allow Me To Tell You A Story (+0 CP): Of a time back before the island became the tourist trap it is today. When magic was real and present in the world. Where three witches wanted nothing more to be left in peace on a small tropical island. Oh? You've heard this one before? Well, here's the kicker. You're going to be a part of the story this time around. You're still going to start on Blefuscu island but now the year will be 1846. Just a few days before the Spanish land a small army, try to kill everyone, and leave with as much as they can plunder. Should you do nothing and stay out of the way, the three witch sisters will manage to defeat them, though it will cost them much. Perhaps, by choosing this, you wish for a different ending to the story?

Lost an Eye (+100 CP): You just got here! How did you manage to put out an eye already? It must have been those pesky landmines. Ah well. You have lost one of your two eyes to shrapnel from a landmine. The scar around your empty socket is pretty intimidating as well. You will be unable to regenerate or replace the eye during your time here. New accidents will always spring up within a few days to rob you of the eyes should you attempt to circumvent it. Glass eyes are all right though.

Lost in Translation (+100 CP): The locals on Blefuscu mainly speak Japanese because of all the tourists who have been invading for decades, but they have sprinkled in words and phrases from a number of other languages. Normally this wouldn't be a problem. However, your grasp of the local dialect has a few holes in it. While you could overcome this in time with a little time immersed in the culture, you're always going to verbally stumble from time to time. Crude phrases and curse words will slip into otherwise normal conversations or you will mistake innocent colloquialisms for much cruder equivalents.

Clumsy (+100 CP): Some people just never seem to grow out of their awkward teenage years or are in the middle of them right now. Your body never seems to do exactly what you tell it to do and this manifests in small, jerky movements tacking themselves onto your intended motions. Practically speaking, this causes you to occasionally drop things, stumble over your own feet, or bump into objects more often than usual.

Noisy Neighbors (+100 CP): It's like people don't know how to build proper walls anymore. No matter what room you spend your time in, it also seems like the neighbors are having a party. Or walking around upstairs with concrete shoes on. Or banging on the pipes for reasons only madmen dare to contemplate. Maybe just crank the stereo up a few more notches. Perhaps invest in some sound blocking headphones.

Eternally Messy Room (+100 CP): How on earth do you live like that? Is that sock moving? I don't remember there being mushrooms on this pizza before... Ugh! How? Just... how?! No matter what room you decide to shack up in, even if you change it repeatedly, you'll always find yourself ankle deep in a dirty room. The kind of room seagulls would avoid if they had any other choice. Cleaning only seems to make the problem worse somehow.



Flatlet Problems (+100 CP): Boobs are a treasure to be enjoyed. And, like treasure, they are best enjoyed in two heaping handfuls if not more. Should you be female, this drawback is going to give you an intense, but private, desire to increase the size of your breasts and experience a stab of envy each time you see a pair bigger than yourself. For males, you will become overly enthusiastic in the presence of large breasts, to the point you will find it hard to concentrate on other matters until they are removed from your sight. Either way you'll be sure to run into individuals who are well endowed more often than you normally would.

Weak Constitution (+100 CP): Oh dear. It seems your body has a few problems it has trouble working around. You'll grow queasy from time to time and break out in short coughing fits at others. While uncomfortable, it won't be anything a good antacid or throat lozenge won't clear up.

Compromised Constitution (+200 CP): This is getting rather serious now. In addition to the occasional nausea, you've gained a severe case of anemia that will leave you light headed at times. Once in a while it will cause you to go weak in the knees and become unable to stand for a short time. Additionally, your coughing fits are an almost daily occurrence now.

Death Sentence (+500 CP): Are you sure? Well, damn, okay, if you want the points that badly. You've got slightly less than one year to live. How much less? Well, let's leave that as a surprise. And just so we're clear, if you die because of this time limit you will be going home. Thankfully there's a way out. Hell is looking for a human operative on the island. Someone to do a little dirty work from time to time. They'll call on you whenever they need something for another client. A fresh corpse, some eyes for a blind girl, or maybe a magical trinket buried somewhere. Whatever it is, you're going to have to dig it up for them. Each time you do, you'll get some time added onto the end of your life. Oh, and don't think you can just depopulate hell to get around this deal. There's a cause in the contract for exactly that.

Stung by a Tsetse Anal Testicular Horsefly (+200 CP): A native insect to the Blefuscu island and one that is found nowhere else in the world. Its bite causes high fever, hallucinations, itching, and severe dizziness in a matter of hours. There is no known cure for the poison it injects, but thankfully it is never fatal and runs its course within a few days. However, those damned horseflies just keep finding you. Even in places they have no business being. Flee to space? There will be one waiting inside your space suit. Wandering the arctic circle? There's going to be one doing the backstroke in your tea. Simply put, one of these nasty insects is going to find and bite you every few months. You are going to lose several days battling unpleasant symptoms each time. And no, I don't know who named the thing, but thankfully it doesn't live up to it in any way.

Well, That Sucked (+200 CP): Buried in your memories is a particularly unpleasant day from your youth. One in which you were forced, or unable to stop looking, as a person you cared for was blown up by a landmine. Don't worry, nobody you actually cared for died. It was just someone from this universe you never met. But the memory is still there all the same. And it haunts you. How exactly this affects you depends on your own personality. Perhaps the memory pushes you to acts of dangerous heroism to try to protect others from getting hurt. Maybe it assaults you in your sleep, causing you to lose hours of the night trying to settle back down. Or perhaps loud noises send you into nervous spasms for a little bit. Whatever the case, expect the memory to bother you at least several times a week.

You've Got Your Heart In The Wrong Place (+200 CP): As well as your liver and lungs and... well... everything. All your internal organs are jumbled around to the point that a doctor looking inside you is going to wonder how exactly you're alive. Don't worry, it won't get in the way of your regular life. You're still healthy and whole. Just try not to get injured. You'll never know what will get nicked instead of what should be there.

Wild Dreams (+200 CP): You're going to have truly nutty dreams during your time in this world. The kind of dreams where you see your dead grandma spouting one-liners in between advice. Or where you'll find a nine-armed buddha cuddled up next to you warning you about your restaurant getting audited by the Gichelin inspectors. They're really vivid dreams too, so you might have some trouble telling that they aren't real.

Whiny Little Sibling (+200 CP): Good news! You get a brother or sister of your very own! Bad news! They're constantly whining about having to pee or being hungry or the car/room smelling like blood. Honestly, it's almost like they haven't seen a dead body before. Do your best to take care of them, don't let them die, and try to keep them happy. That last isn't a requirement or anything but it's generally a good idea to be nice to kids.

Low Maintenance Virgin (+200 CP): In other worlds you might be a sex god or goddess, but all that appeal has gone right out the window. You're woefully ignorant of the ways of love and will have mild panic attacks when intimacy comes knockin'. Someone patient might be able to help you past your hangups eventually, but they'd better expect to spend quite a while in the 'not quite friends' zone while you figure things out.

Bounty On Your Head (+300 CP, Hitman Exclusive): You've been accused of doing something unforgivable in the eyes of the criminal world. You might have squealed on your former boss, knocked off another assassin without being under contract, or maybe you cut and run with a lot of someone else's money. Whatever the

case, the criminal underworld is looking for you because someone wants your head. At first only simple goons will try to bring you in. But the more you kill, evade, or simply disappear, the more the top one hundred hitmen are going to get interested in bringing you down. Oh, and don't worry, there's always more hitmen in case you depopulate the whole list.

Instantly Recognized (+300 CP, Hitman Exclusive): Most hitmen build up a persona, distinctive style, or even a certain way of killing that guarantees them some time in the spotlight. Some are more successful than others. You have become one of the most well known for one reason or another. So much so that any other hitman is going to be able to spot you from a mile away and know you for who you are. While that is perhaps the point, your instant recognition will usually result in a misunderstanding as other hitmen assume you're there to steal their payday. Or perhaps they'll simply announce the fact in a crowded room with more than a few law enforcement agents on hand. I hope you really like being the center of attention.

One Step Behind (+300 CP, Detective Exclusive): You always seem to be just one step shy of getting the answers you want. People tend to beat you to the punch and solve the case just as you're fitting all the clues together. Or the string of serial murders suddenly stops as soon as you've started to get a handle on who the perpetrator might be, leaving you with a cold case. At best, this makes you seem unlucky to your fellow law enforcement enthusiasts. At worst, you look incompetent or even actively helping the criminal element stay one step ahead of the law.

Gag Character (+300 CP, Detective Exclusive): Cracking bad jokes the moment you wander onto a crime scene is just in bad taste. Tripping over your own feet and face planting into the corpse's open chest cavity is appalling and disgusting. What do you think this is? A comedy manga? This is real life! Unfortunately, you seem to be the instrument of the universe's bad sense of humor. You'll do everything described above and more as if you were a true gag character in someone's more serious manga. Thankfully, you'll still be able to pull off a heroic moment every now and then, when it really matters. But otherwise? Lean into the skid.

One Star Syndrome (+300 CP, Devil Exclusive): Devils have their own ranking system down in hell and it denotes not just prestige, but levels of power granted by the great evil himself. One starred devils are the rank and files, two stars are the heavy hitters of the underworld, while three stars are the trusted left hands of Satan himself. Each promotion is earned through successfully tempting souls from mortals in spectacular good deals or just pure bulk. However, you're going to have a really hard time earning those promotions thanks to the machinations of your fellow "coworkers". They always seem well placed to take credit for your schemes or harpoon them entirely. It's not impossible to earn a promotion, but you're going to have to work damned hard.



Witches Everywhere (+300 CP, Devil Exclusive): Traditionally, Witches are content to leave Devils to their own devices unless they directly interfere with a Witch's business. And most Devils are smart enough to steer well clear of the few beings capable of handing them their asses on a silver platter without breaking a sweat. Unfortunately for you, you just keep bumping into these magical powerhouses and pissing them off. Most of the time you won't even have to try to find one kicking down your door wanting answers as to why a scheme of yours was taking money from her pocket. Sometimes you might even be innocent. But it's probably a good idea to be diplomatic, take your lumps, and do whatever they want you to do. Otherwise they could very easily send you back to Hell. And you don't want to know how long it takes to make it back to the surface from down there.



Rotting Body (+300 CP, Witch Exclusive): Do you remember what was mentioned before about certain poisons killing a Witch's body but their magic keeping them alive anyways? Well, you get three guesses as to what happened to you, and if you need more than one then the rot has already reached your brain. Being trapped in a rotting corpse of a body isn't the worst thing in the world but it could also be a lot better. For one, you're going to have trouble controlling your bowels. And yes, you do still need to eat to keep what passes for your body functioning. You're also going to be obviously dead to anyone who even glances at you sideways. If the gaping chest wound isn't enough, then the bluish tinge to your skin and filmy look to your eyes are dead giveaways. Most serious of all is your mana. All of it is going to be used to keep your body from being degraded further, so don't expect to be casting any magic while you're here. Still, at least your mind is intact. That's something.

A Shell of Your Former Self (+300 CP, Witch Exclusive): Well, this is certainly interesting. You've managed to misplace your heart somewhere. Don't worry, it's safe and you're not in danger of starting to rot or anything. However it seems another Witch got ahold of your heart and has sewn it up inside another body. Normally this would be a silly thing to do, but Witches truly talented in the art of sewing people back together can actually animate a corpse with another Witch's heart. Of course, it's a terribly rude thing to do and few Witches alive even have the talent to pull it off. The corpse in question is up and moving around with a flat, emotionless version of your own personality rattling around inside of it. The shell won't have full access to your powers, but it will have enough that tracking it down and reclaiming your heart will be the work of years, if you ever truly manage it. Don't worry. Even if you don't manage to reclaim your heart before the decade is over, we'll make sure you get it back when you leave. Perhaps an emotionless version of yourself won't be so bad to leave wandering the world. After all, what's the worst that can happen?



The Bill For Your Stay

Pay In Full

If you'd like to head home.

Permanent Tenancy

If you'd like to stay in this world permanently.

Duck Out

If you'd like to move on with your journey.

Notes

[1]: In the manga, it isn't shown exactly what is needed to kill a witch. A poisoned arrow killed the body of the eldest sister but her soul, and her magic, managed to keep the body moving for thousands of years afterward. Admittedly she couldn't use her magic afterward without her body decomposing further. Beheading and dismembering doesn't kill them either, as the middle sister demonstrates.

Personally it probably involves destroying the brain, like a zombie, or perhaps poisoning the heart directly. Or the magic of another witch. But for the purposes of the perk I invite you, the author of your story, to responsibly fanwank the specific ways to kill you now. You must still be able to be killed without wildly exotic means that nobody but those in a few specific realities will be able to pull off. Keep it reasonable.

Or don't. I'm just a note, not the Jump Police.