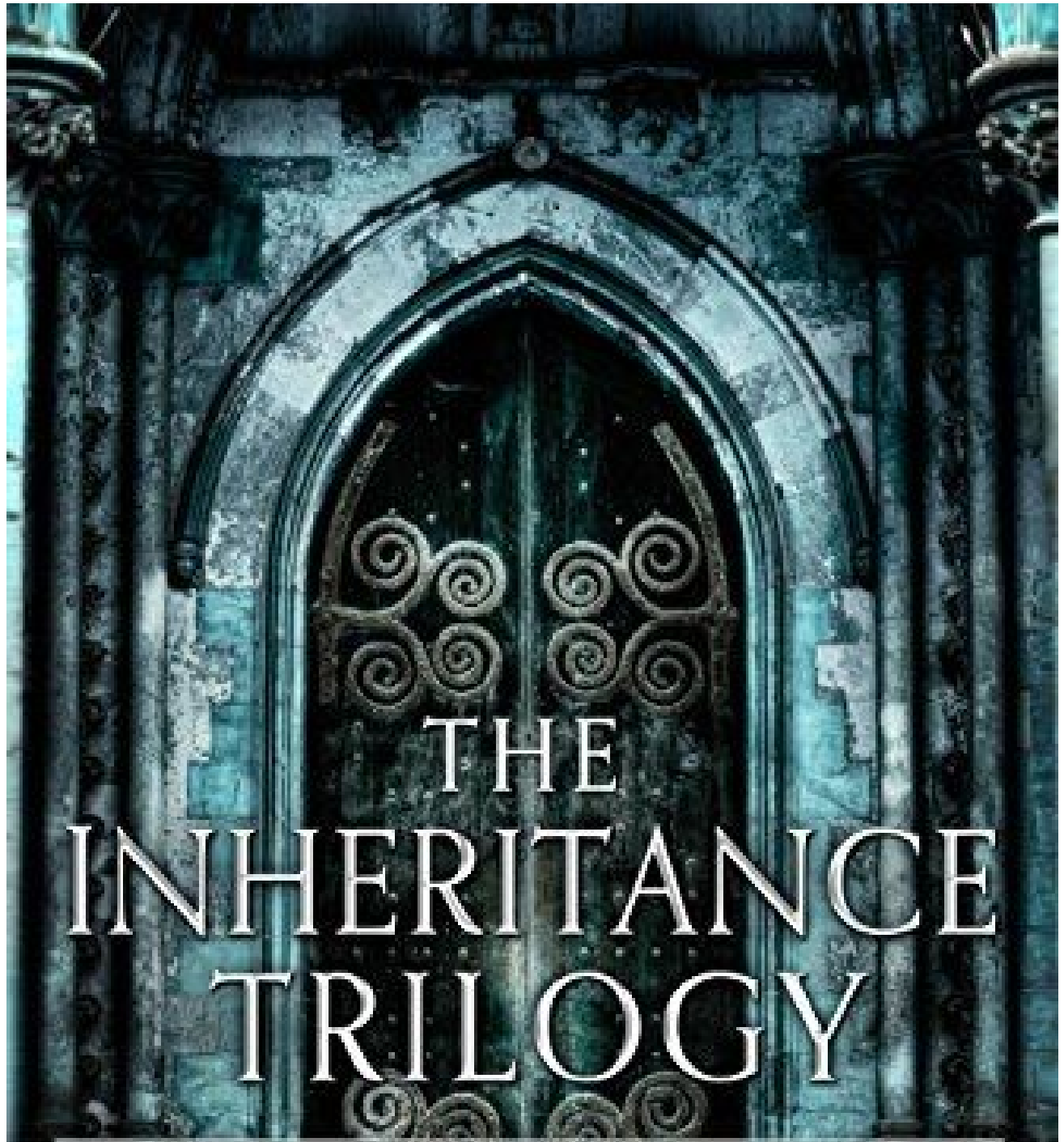




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Introduction

Beginnings.

They are not always what they seem. Nature is cycles, patterns, repetition—but of what we believe, of the beginning I understand, there was once only Maelstrom, the unknowable. Over a span of uncountable aeons, as none of us were here yet to count, It churned forth endless substances and concepts and creatures. Some of those must have been glorious, because even today the Maelstrom spins forth new life with regular randomness, and many of those creations are indeed beautiful and wondrous. But most of them last only an eyeblink or two before the Maelstrom rips them apart again, or they die of instant old age, or they collapse in on themselves and become tiny Maelstroms in turn. These are absorbed back into the greater cacophony.

But one day the Maelstrom made something that did not die. Indeed, this thing was remarkably like Itself—wild, churning, eternal, ever changing. Yet this new thing was ordered enough to think, and feel, and dedicate itself to its own survival. In token of which, the first thing it did was get the hells away from the Maelstrom.

But this new creature faced a terrible dilemma, because away from the Maelstrom there was nothing. No people, no places, no spaces, no darkness, no dimension, no EXISTENCE.

A bit much for even a god to endure. So this being—whom we shall call Nahadoth because that is a pretty name, and whom we shall label male for the sake of convenience if not completeness—promptly set out to create an existence, which he did by going mad and tearing himself apart.

This was remarkably effective. And thus Nahadoth found himself accompanied by a formless immensity of separate substance. Purpose and structure began to cohere around it simply as a side effect of the mass's presence, but only so much of that could occur spontaneously. Much like the Maelstrom, it churned and howled and thundered; unlike the Maelstrom, it was not in any way alive.

It was, however, the earliest form of the universe and the gods' realm that envelops it. This was a wonder—but Nahadoth likely did not notice, because he was a gibbering lunatic. So let us return to the Maelstrom.

I like to believe that It is aware. Eventually It must have noticed Its child's loneliness and distress. So presently, It spat out another entity that was aware and that also managed to escape the havoc of its birth. This new one—who has always and only been male—named himself Bright Itempas, because he was an arrogant, self-absorbed son of a demon even then. And because Itempas is also a gigantic screaming twit, he attacked Nahadoth, who... well. Naha very likely did not make a good conversation partner at the time. Not that they talked at all, in those days before speech.

So they fought, and fought, and fought times a few million jillion nillion, until suddenly one or the other of them got tired of the whole thing and proposed a truce. Both of them claim to have done this, so I cannot tell which one is joking. And then, because they had to do something if they weren't fighting and because they were the only living beings in the universe after all, they became lovers. Somewhere between all this—the fighting or the lovemaking, not so very different for those two—they had a powerful effect on the shapeless mass of substance that Nahadoth had given birth to. It gained more function, more structure. And all was well for another Really Long Time.

Then along came the Third, a she-creature named Enefa, who should have settled things because usually three of anything is better, more stable, than two. For a while this was the case. In fact, EXISTENCE became the universe, and the beings soon became a family, because it was Enefa's nature to give meaning to anything she touched.

Welcome, Jumper, to the Hundred Thousand Kingdoms.

As you see above, this tale is one of Gods and Men, and the similarities between them. This is a tale of what if the Gods created humanity in their image, and were truly just as flawed as them. As said, the three gods were the first. Then, at their hands, came more. Life, growth and change...

As civilization grew among mankind, as the new gods grew into their roles and the world evolved, something took root in Itempas' heart. He came to dislike the time Nahadoth spent away from him, the time he spent with Enefa, with their children and with the pitiful mortals.

And thus came the War of the Gods. Much can be told of it, but the long and short of it is that Enefa died, and Itempas enslaved Nahadoth and those of the godlings that stood with him. He gave them to Shahar Arameri, his greatest priestess, and her children used their power to make themselves the rulers of the world.

But a long time has passed since then, and these are different days. Yeine Darr has just left from her lands, to travel south to the city of Sky, to obey a summons from her grandfather, the most powerful man in the world; indeed, it's uncrowned Emperor, Dekarta Arameri.

You land in the city of Sky, a month before Yeine Darr is due to arrive. You have **1000 CP** to spend. Choose wisely.



Origins

Drop-in: C'mon, you know what this is. You pop into the world, unknown and unseen, literally just appearing in the city of Sky out of nowhere.

100 CP- **Arameri:** You are a descendant of the Priestess Shahar Arameri, granted power by Bright ltempas to command the *Enefadeh*, the slave gods that opposed his murder of his sister and usurpation of the balance. On your head is a black circle, a sigil denoting you as a full-blooded, of the Central Family. Maybe you're one of the many that laze around Sky-the-palace, or one of those who do actual work. You could even be one of the few that Dekarta actually notices. All up to you.

No, you may not be an Heir. But anything below that is open.

200 CP- **Demon Descendant:** The tale of the Demons...it is a sad one, filled with regret and misfortune. Once the godlings laid with Mankind. Once they loved mortals, beings who were but mayflies to them, but they loved them all the same. But it was not to be.

Suffice to say, things happened, and the gods hunted their offspring ruthlessly, drowning cities and villages in their blood. They were all wiped out, completely and utterly.

That is, almost. Some remained, and while no new ones were born, those demons had descendants. You are one such. The power of the gods sings in your veins, begging to be wielded. You find you have one specific talent, expressed always through art of some sort. Be it drawings that are actually portals, or songs so ethereal that you can control minds with them, it is always a potent power.

300- **Godling:** You are a scion of the Three, son or daughter of the Great Gods of the world. Yours is power vast over magic, and more so in terms of the raw might you wield. You can turn into any normal form, human, animal or inanimate, and already know the language of the gods innately.

By default you're a Mnasat, born of a union between two godlings, and the weakest race of gods. You have a Nature, a Domain as you may know it otherwise, which defines you and gives you power. The closer you are to the ideal of your concept, the more power it yields, enough that you could even come to match the mightiest Niwwah, but if you forget it, there's only pain awaiting you.

Of course, the weakness is a relative term. If pressed, you can destroy entire continents. Planets, even.

Gender & Age

Gods roll 5d1000+2500, All others roll 1d10+15. Your gender remains the same, or you may change it for 50 CP. Gods are entirely beyond such petty concerns and may switch back and forth freely.

Perks

100 CP perks are free as per origin. All others are discounted to half price.

Drop-in

Mother's Training- 100 CP

My mother had taught me never to show fear, but emotions will not be stilled so easily.

You are possessed of a degree of poise and confidence that, if not unshakeable, comes close. Even though you might be terrified utterly, absolutely shaking like a leaf in your heart of hearts, not a hint of it will show on your face. This perk makes it so that you are an absolute master at controlling your expressions and body language.

Adapting as Required- 200 CP

She's not hopeless," he said, folding his arms. "Nothing to be done about her looks; I doubt even makeup will help. But put her in civilized attire and she can convey... nobility, at least.

The world is a wide and varied place, with people of all colours, shapes and sizes, all with their own cultures and mannerisms. You come from worlds even stranger. Elves with pointed ears and skin black at midnight, dwarves with bushy beards and drinking problems...there is no shortage of appearances. And you might belong to any of them. But it doesn't matter anymore.

No matter what you look like, you will be accepted into any society you care to join, all things remaining equal. The people will notice your appearance, this isn't a handwave perk for that. But there will always be something that makes them excuse it all the same. Again, this is *only* to do with appearance. You might be a caucasian and fit in perfectly in an African tribe with this perk, but it won't protect you if you commit a murder.

Unbound- 400 CP

“I will mark your brow with a sigil,” she said. “One that cannot be seen. It will interfere with the sigil Viraine intends to put on you. You will look like one of them, but in truth you’ll be free.”

Marks and bounds, sigils and runes...all chains to bind the unwilling. The Power of Enefa, channelled and manipulated by Mortal Scriveners in ways the Great Mother would never have condoned. Not for you slavery and restraint, lashes and chains. You are free, free for all time. You gain a tiny, almost invisible sigil somewhere on your person that will keep you free always, no matter what may seek to change that.

Debts owed to Fae, the spells of a Wizard, the Mind of a Psychic, painful brainwashing...all of it just slides off. You benefit to the fullest extent from any such bargain, and wager nothing. Moreover, whoever tries to ensnare you thus will believe that they succeeded completely, at least initially.

That all being said, it really is easy for them to detect that it’s so, if they think to check. And if somehow, *somehow* someone actually sees this sigil? It doesn’t work on them from that point on at all.

Maker of Masks- 500 CP

“The masks are art,” she said. “Specifically derived from a Mencheyev-Darren method of prayer that long predates the Bright, which they kept up in secret to avoid persecution. Once, they danced their exhortations to and praises of the gods, with each dancer donning a mask in order to act out specific, contextualized roles.

I fought to stifle a yawn. “Yeah, I get the idea. Someone takes an archetype, mixes it with common symbology, carves it out of wood from the World Tree using the blood of a slaughtered infant or something—”

“The blood of a godling, actually.”

You possess the ancient skills of the Northern Tribes, capable of designing Masks of incredibly cunning and beautiful design. They are truly an art, each one would fetch enough money to buy half a village. But there is also more to them than just beauty, incredible as that beauty is.

The key to the real power of the masks is blood and magic. Blood of powerful, magical beings, such as godlings, for one, or their power, stolen somehow or even donated willingly. Whether it works that way for the donor or not, for you the blood possesses a not insignificant portion of the donor’s power and magic, which you are able to imbue into your masks. Using this power, you may make masks that embody an archetype utterly and completely, coming close to truly *making* the wearer into whatever the mask is supposed to be.

This only works for general archetypes, not specific people, and the power it requires is proportional to what you’re trying to have the mask embody. But beyond this, there are few, if any limits to what your masks may make someone into. There was a ‘Universe Creator’ mask in canon,

after all, but to make it one needed to combine powers from all three of the existing ones as the template, and millions of souls as the fuel.

Never a Memory- 600 CP

"The cycle of life and death flows from me and through me," I said, touching my breast. Within it, something—not quite a heart—beat strong and even. "Even Enefa never truly understood this about herself. Perhaps she was always meant to die at some point; and now, perhaps I am the only one of us who will never be truly immortal. But by the same token, neither can I truly die.

Destroy me and some part will always linger. My soul, my flesh, perhaps only my memory—but it will be enough to bring me back."

Enefa was the Goddess of the Balance, of Twilight and Rebirth. One of the Three, she was all but unchallengeable in her creation. But even still, there were things that could kill her. Well...one thing. But never permanently. Enefa died, the world changed, but eventually, inevitably, she was reborn as Yeine. You have the same power now. It doesn't matter how thorough someone or something is. It doesn't matter how completely you are annihilated. You never *really* die. Some part of you, *something* always endures, and it is always enough to restore you to the full extent of your powers.

Until you get this spark, this power is restrained. Three are the Gods, and thus three is the number of times this will save you per jump.



Arameri

Arameri Speech- 100 CP

My commands to the Enefadeh had to be simple and precise. I was to avoid metaphors or colloquialisms, and above all think about whatever I told them to do, lest I trigger unintended consequences.

You are a master at speaking in a riddled, convoluted manner that leaves uninitiated heads spinning, trying to parse just what you said. You know just what to stress, just what words to skip or how to phrase something so it means something entirely different. Unbeatable at word games, everything you say has layers upon layers of meaning, something only those who have a lifetime of practice at this sort of thing can grasp.

Weapons and slaves become 'Tools', orders become suggestions, all the while completely retaining their full meaning. You are also a master at controlling just *what* you say. Not for you slips of tongues. Besides that, you are also an absolute master at penetrating this technique when used by others. You instantaneously know the actual meaning of whatever you read, hear or see, regardless of whatever drama it's couched in.

Most High Lord Arameri- 200 CP

None of the conversation's participants spoke out of turn; no tempers were lost; there were no snide comments or veiled insults. It was all very orderly and polite, despite the size of the gathering and the fact that most of those present were accustomed to speaking however they pleased among their own people.

The reason, I suspected, was the stern gaze of the man who sat behind the Overseer in an elevated box.

It did not take much to guess this man's identity, though he wore no crown, had no visible guards, and neither he nor anyone in his entourage spoke throughout the meeting.

You are of the Arameri, the rulers of the World, masters of gods. And it is obvious. You need not wear any crowns or robes or silks, go around being announced by fancy heralds and supporters in order to show it. They don't need to know your face already, either. Simply your presence is enough to prove who you are.

And along with this, a heavy aura of authority and power exudes from you. People who would be abusive and savage behave like angels, boring stuffy librarians are suddenly party animals...it all depends on you. Depends on your relative power with them, personal, political or otherwise.

Put simply, you may dictate the behaviour and mannerisms of those that surround you, and the extent to which you can do so is dependant on the relative power difference between you and them. All of this can be turned off by your will.

Scrivening- 400 CP

Scriveners learn several mortal tongues as children, before they begin learning the gods' language. This helps them understand the flexibility of language and of the mind itself, for there are many concepts that exist in some languages that cannot even be approximated in others.

This is how the gods' tongue works; it allows the conceptualization of the impossible. And this is why the best scriveners can never be trusted.

The Gods made the world. The Three, and their children, they shaped the laws and structures and life, all of it. And their tongue holds power, to change their creation, to alter and reshape it. Even in mortal hands, that power *means* something. The art to wield it is Scrivening, the manipulation of Godly power by Mortal beings.

You are a Scrivener, educated well and thoroughly in the Gods' tongue, and allowed time to grow and mature. You gain the power to craft great works, to shape the ethereal power of the Gods' tongue and create wonders. Just about all of the magic in this world, be it sigils, or the spells that facilitate travel within Sky, or the communications orbs, fall under Scrivening, and you are proficient at all of them, with the potential to grow into a great master with time and effort.

In future world this takes the form of an extreme talent at all forms of magic, especially that require runes, or sigils, or some variation thereof. You become an excellent all-around mage while being a truly supernal enchanter, warder, diviner, and so on. In addition, you also learn whatever the local equivalent to the language of the Gods is, and can speak it fluently without any consequences that the language would normally cause.

Just to be clear, thi protects you from the words of a language physically ripping your throat apart, not from some god doing it because you dared to sully their language with your tongue.

Arameri Architecture- 500 CP

Above the city, smaller but brighter, the pearl of its tiers occasionally obscured by scuds of cloud, was the palace—also called Sky, and perhaps more deserving of the name. I knew the column was there, the impossibly thin column that supported such a massive structure, but from that distance I couldn't see it. Palace floated above city, linked in spirit, both so unearthly in their beauty that I held my breath at the sight.

You have a gift at utilizing your supernatural powers to build things of wonders. And I don't mean 'wonders' like a big wall or a tall lighthouse, but *wonders*. A vast, sprawling palace hanging in the sky, supported by a column about as thick as a person is entirely possible for you. You could even entirely unsupported if you have the right powers, or another, similar building simply sitting at the waves of an ocean, with neither care nor concern for laws of nature or reality.

You can shape your raw powers, or those in items or any beings bound to you, and use it to create artefacts that hold the laws of physics at bay, and allow your impossible creations to stand tall and resplendent.

Just remember, the more outrageous the design, the more power it takes.

Binding- 600 CP

Consider: An immensely powerful being is yours to command. He must obey your every whim.

Wouldn't the temptation to diminish him, to humble him and make yourself feel powerful by doing so, be almost irresistible? I think it would be.

Yes, it definitely would be.

The power to bind, to make entities older than time and existence and the planet into your puppets and make them obey your slightest whim is granted to you. You may now bind any entity you want to your service, and the bonds will be iron and yet as flexible as you want them to be. The entity will be forced to obey your commands, in the spirit of them, having no recourse or room to maneuver.

However, this comes with a condition. Shahar Arameri was not capable of binding the Enefadeh herself. Not even with Itempas' aid, if she had tried it would not have been enough. She needed power at least twice as much as that of Nahadoth, before the bindings took effect. This is the balance of power you need in order to be able to bind entities to yourself. You must be able to overpower them twice over, either by yourself or with your allies, before you can bind them.



Demon Descendant

An Attraction most strange- 100 CP

“Be careful of him,” she said. To me this time. “Be his friend if you like—if he lets you. He needs you more than he realizes. But for your own sake, don’t love him. He’s not ready for that.”

There’s...something about you. Something familiar, something haunting that draws those of the magical or spiritual persuasions to you, like moths to a flame. An apt comparison, actually, given how human-god relationships are indirectly the leading (and sole) cause of the loss of divine life.

No matter how unreasonable it may be, how destructive, you will, if you wish, exert a very powerful attraction on all gods and godlings, wherever you go.

You find gods, spirits and beings are always favorably disposed towards you, unless you actively do something to make them angry. They will not quite shower you with gifts and blessings the moment they see you, but they’ll be far more likely to do so than they normally would.

Commoner- 200 CP

Magic was power meant for those with other kinds of power: Arameri, nobles, scribes, the Order, the wealthy. It was illegal for common folk, even though we all used a little magic now and again in secret. Every woman knew the sigil to prevent pregnancy, and every neighborhood had someone who could draw the scripts for minor healing or hiding valuables in plain sight. Things had been easier since the coming of the godlings, actually, because the priests—who could not always tell godlings and mortals apart—tended to leave us all alone.

You have a gift for knowing things you shouldn’t and hiding that you do. From a few minor magical tricks, to secrets the On-high would be very uncomfortable with, all sorts of things tend to make their way to you, and you know just how to preserve them and when to use them for maximum effect.

To be more clear, this does not make you a great spymaster, or a super-mage. All it does is give you a few tricks for a rainy day, and a truly superb instinct as to hiding those same tricks. When it comes to concealing things from any kind of authority, hiding from and deceiving people, you are among the best.

Artistic Talent- 400 CP

*“The paint is a door,” my father says.
“A door?” I ask.*

“Yes. The power is in you, hidden, but the paint opens the way to that power, allowing you to bring some of it out onto the canvas. Or anywhere else you want to put it.”

You have the power to weave magic through art. It doesn't matter what form, painting, singing, sculpting or even cooking. You gain an extreme talent for them all, growing in expertise at an unbelievable rate, with your skill and talent maturing, with a bit of time, into something truly magical.

Your workings acquire power of their own. When truly immersed in making wonders of your art, you will be able to use them as substitutes for saying out spells aloud, making gestures, or even grand rituals. Any magic you're capable of, you can wield through your art. Dance around a forge to enchant a sword, sing a song to conjure an army...it's all open to you. You need not spend the full length of time others would on a piece of magic, nor pay material costs, as long as they're not *really* extraordinary. In simple terms, you can bypass them for 'normal' magic, not for Epic, God-tier magic.

500 CP- Demon's Blood

"The demons were as beautiful and perfect as our godborn children—but mortal. Put into our bodies, their blood taught our flesh how to die. It was the only poison that could harm us."

You have a terrible power, jumper.

Your appearance is now very nearly perfect, an ethereal beauty that belies your divine heritage. Your magic too is boosted. Not dramatically, but in subtle ways, making it seem deeper, greater and more terrible any mortal magic. It's effects are just a bit stronger, it's duration a tad longer. But most important of all is your blood.

Your blood is the most toxic substance in the world to everyone other than you and your companions. One drop of it, one, tiny, miniscule droplet introduced to the bloodstream of a godling, God or human, anything and everything except your fellow demons really, will be enough to snuff them out instantly. Beyond this jump, you may use your blood to slay anything at all, but it will require proportional amounts to do so.

600 CP- The Power of Unity

But as he completes the mark and reaches for me, putting his hand on Shahar's to brace himself so that he can lay the sigil in place, something happens. I reach up, my hands covering Shahar's and Dekarta's, and there is a flicker of something, like lightning, along their skins.

There is a blurring. White lines, like the streaking of comets, run through the shapes of our flesh. It is like before, the watching-me realizes—like the time of our oath, when we touched and they made me mortal. But this is different. This time, when the power comes, it is not a wild concussion. There is a will at work: two wills, with one purpose. Something bursts within me and is funneled to a fine point.

We became We.

You have the greatest power of all in this world. The power to wield magic and power *together*. You may pool your powers with others, and as long as you are in direct physical contact, all of you, however many there may be, may wield each others' powers freely. In this state, your minds must also be in sync. The process will fail if any of you resists, and the closer your wills are tied together, the more effective you will be.

If all of you want the exact same thing, and agree perfectly on how to go about it, then your powers will be amplified accordingly, with each of you capable of wielding as many times your combined power as there are people working together. It goes down from here the less you agree upon, to the minimum, which is that if you're barely allied at all, each of you still has as much as the combined pool.

Any and all powers may be shared with this. None may be shared permanently, with the link failing the instant any of the three breaks physical contact or even just grows mentally unwilling.



Godling

Understanding- 100 CP

And because of this, because he did not pretend that love was fair or equal, mortals could mate for an afternoon or for the rest of their lives. Mothers could tell their twins or triplets apart. Children could have crushes and outgrow them; elders could remain devoted to their spouses long after beauty had gone. The mortal heart was fickle. Naha made it so. And because of this, they were free to love as they wished, and not solely by the dictates of instinct or power or tradition.

I had understood this once. All gods did.

There are all sorts of things beyond even the gods' control. One such is their nature. A god cannot help their nature. Indeed, in most cases a god *must* not change their nature, because gods are part of the foundation upon which existence is built, and changes among them would send ripples that could have implications great and terrible. But all the same, they get blamed for those things by others who don't, can't understand.

Not you, though. If you do your best in any situation, or even just the part you could reasonably be expected to do, no one will wrongfully blame you for things beyond your control or for things you do for an understandably benign reason.

The Immortal Perspective- 200 CP

"I was ancient when your kind first began to speak and use fire, Yeine. These petty torments are nothing to me."

You are a god, eternal and forever, and it shows. You have the kind of patience that can only come with true age. Be it the passing of time, someone trying to annoy you or humiliate you or whatever combination thereof, you feel it if and only if you wish to, for whatever reason. All other times you may dismiss them as the infantile tricks they are to you.

In addition, your jadedness is limited only to the negative experiences. For everything good you still have your inner bright eyed, bushy tailed child in you, resulting in someone only your unique experiences could produce, finding equal joy in watching a cat jump around as you do in witnessing stars and comets be born and die.

Your age and experiences play no role in how you interact with others unless you want them to, allowing you to treat someone with all the respect they deserve... unless you don't want to.

Godlike Communication- 400 CP

I followed with her as best I could, watching her carefully deposit each planet where I had found it: this one spinning around a bright golden sun, which was delighted to have it back; that one near twin suns that sang in harmony; that one in the heart of a stellar nursery, surrounded by howling infant planets and hissing, cranky magnetars, where it sighed and resigned itself to the noise.

All sorts of things have life and sentience, far beyond what you may believe. And a god can talk to them all. Not only can you communicate with any and all beings in their native languages, you may talk to *anything*. Trees, planets, suns, all of them have their own voices, and you can hear them all.

They may or may not have deep insights to share, but they will always be willing to tell you whatever happened on then or around them or in them lately, or ever, for that matter. You will also be able to impart relevant contexts to them incredibly easily, so that they understand what you're talking about. You find that it takes you no time at all to teach a road the idea of a license plate, or get a mountain to care about a buried hiker, things like that.

Of course, saying 'Hi' to the universe in its own language can get it trying to say 'Hi back', which can be...tricky. As in, city-breaking tricky. Good thing you have perfect control over how you talk, eh?

Elder- 500 CP

First came the niwwah, the Balancers, among whose ranks I am honored to be counted. We are called Balancers not because we balance anything, mind, but because each of us has two of the Three as parents in what we have come to realize is a balanced combination: Nahadoth and Enefa in my case, Itempas and Enefa in others.

Next are the elontid, the Imbalancers. Again, this name is not because they take any active role in the maintenance or destruction of existence, but because they were born of imbalance. We did not know at first that certain mixes among us are dangerous. Nahadoth and Itempas, first and foremost—Enefa made them able to breed together, but they are both too similar and too different to do so easily.

Remember how you're supposed to be a Mnasat, a lesser god? No more. With this perk, both of your parents were among the Three now, making you one of the most powerful beings in this Universe. You're an elder god, one of the greatest of their Children.

You have two options at this point.

You could be one of the Niwwah, the children of Enefa. They tend to be associated closely with Humanity, her greatest creation. Their domains tend to be tied to human efforts and concepts. Trickery, Deceit, War, Childhood, Death, Dreams are all examples of what your nature could be.

On the other hand, you could be a Greater Elontid, a child of Nahadoth and Itempas. Enefa was the creator of humanity, and having none of her in you, you are beyond such concepts. You are, instead, the embodiment of one of the primordial forces of the Universe. Negation and Hunger are two canon examples. There was a third, but no one really knows what Ral the Dragon does, other than snarl and spit fire.

Anyway, both choices have their ups and downs. The Elontid have much greater powers, being far above and beyond the Niwwah, but they are also more *limited*. Beyond the deeper concepts, they

can only have on Nature, and are sharply defined by it. On the other hand, Niwwah can have multiple domains. Three, to be exact.

Apotheosis- 600 CP

It will be our task to assist the godlings, you see, when the time of metamorphosis comes upon them. When they become gods in their own right."

I digested this in wonder and felt a little fear at the implications. Godlings could grow into gods? Did that mean gods, then, could grow into things like the Maelstrom?

When you're immortal, it's easy to consign yourself to the idea of never growing, never changing. As it turns out, it's rather premature. You are a godling, Jumper, but that doesn't mean you can't one day be a God.

No matter what heights of power you may have reached, it doesn't mean you can't reach greater. This takes two forms. First, your raw potential in all things is limitless. While your progress may slow down at a certain point, it will never truly stop. As long as you keep working to improve yourself, you will always be able to increase your skills and abilities.

Secondly, much as all the godlings in this world hold the potential to transition to full Godhood, you find any and all forms you take in the future pushed to the absolute maximum of their potential. It doesn't matter if it is of flesh and blood, or pure magic, or otherwise. This perk makes it so that with time and effort, you *will* rise to the absolute top of your kind.



General

Rhyme and Riddle- 50 CP

He was astonished and skeptical and hopeful and frightened, all at once. But he searched my face with such sudden intensity that I realized, far later than I should have, what he was thinking. When I did, I started to grin, and that did it: his eyes got as big as twenty-meri coins.

“Trickster, trickster,” he whispered. “Stole the sun for a prank.” En pulsed on my breast, pleased to be mentioned.

You are famous, Jumper. Of course you are, you’re a godling! But beyond that, even compared to your fellow divine beings you’re known, and known well. There are songs written about you, and tricks and riddles.

And so will there be in any future worlds. A small poem, a riddle, something that can instantly and definitively be linked to you and your powers will always follow you, spreading your legend.

Items

The 100 CP item is free for the respective origin, and the others are discounted.

Wherever relevant, you may import existing items at no additional cost.

Drop-in

Mark- 100 CP

The Arameri have their forehead marks, other nations have theirs, even the gods have their own sigils and marks of power. And now so do you. You have something, maybe a phrase, a symbol, a word or even an item, which serves as an unquestionable mark of who and what you are.

What this means specifically is left up to you to define, but anyone who sees it will know instinctively that it comes from you, and simply having it on you will serve as an unquestionable proof of your identity, in this jump and all those beyond.

This mark cannot be falsified or forged, or rather, people will always know if it is. Anyone who bears it will be recognized as coming from you, with no possibility for doubt or confusion.

Blood of a God- 200 CP

You have a small quantity of divine blood, an intensely powerful reagent for magical experiments and workings. It's good to scribe runes with, and channels magic like nothing else. Also, it can be used to replace any other needs for 'blood' in a potion.

Book of Spells- 400 CP

This is a Scrivener's dream, a complete book holding everything you need to become a Master Scrivener. It has a complete dictionary of the Gods' tongue, allowing you to know the exact words for anything and everything. Besides this, it also carries every single Scrivening ever made in this world, a complete record.

In the future too, it updates with a vast store of local magical knowledge, enough to make you an absolute master equal to the best of the best in whatever styles of magic exist. Also works for others as long as you allow it.

Arameri

Wealth- 100 CP

That one item that gives you money. This is enough money to keep you in comfort and luxury for ten years. Carries over to future jumps, converts across currencies as needed.

The Palace- 200 CP

A copy of Sky comes along with you, both the city and the Palace. The citizens of the city acknowledge you as their ruler, but things mostly run themselves, unless you want to act directly. The palace itself is a massive, luxurious thing hanging seemingly precariously on a single thin pillar far above the city.

Kingdom- 400 CP

Your family rules a Hundred Thousand of them, you know? They likely won't even notice one gone. You may take a Kingdom with you, a full nation with millions upon millions of people, a vast land area, numerous cities, towns and villages, trade and diplomatic relations with other nations, and all the other things nations have.

In future jumps you may place it in the setting, where it incorporates itself as a relatively unknown realm far from the notice of outsiders. Otherwise there is a door in your warehouse that you can use to access it in it's own pocket dimension. The population recognizes you as their leader and ruler, and is deathly loyal to you and anyone you designate.

Demon Descendant

Art Supplies- 100 CP

What is a sculptor without a chisel? A painter without a canvas? Not you, thankfully. You have a bag. It's a simple brown bag, but simply by reaching into it, you may draw out anything that qualifies as art supplier, from rolls of canvas, colours, brushes, musical instruments and all else.

Shop- 200 CP

Being an artist is well and good, but you do need to eat, don't you? This is a small, cosy little shop where you can sell the fruits of your art. It does good business, easily enough to keep you in style, but more to the point, it is always legal, no matter the state of the place around it.

No city guards will come bothering you for bribes, no priests will titter at heretical connotations in your work. And the customers it attracts tend to be the well-heeled sort too, and generous with their funds.

The Conspiracy- 400 CP

It takes a lot to keep bloodlines alive when literally under fire from the gods. It takes even more to become a significant, if not dominant force in society, all under the gods' eyes. You have an organization around you, a small but extremely effective group of influential, well-placed people dedicated to keep you alive and carry out whatever plans you may have.

While not all-powerful, their reach is long and surprisingly deep, to the extent that they likely have more than one Arameri among them. You get an equally powerful organization in all future worlds, and in every case they're deathly loyal to you and your cause.

Godling

Shifting Garb- 100 CP

Gods are ever-changing, both on the inside and the outside. And while we can't do much for the inside, the outside is a different matter. You have this. A suit of clothes, a complete set from head to toe that can take any form!

It doesn't matter what it is, just imagine the outfit and this can become it, can't acquire any magical or even normally defensive properties, as that's not what it's meant for. Moreover, it always fits you. Always, regardless of how small or big you get, so long as you remain humanoid.

Sun Pendant- 200 CP

You have a nice locket. It's a cute thing, a spherical pendant, seemingly made of gold. Well, for all intents and purposes it *is* made of gold. Just don't make the mistake of thinking that's all there is to it. This little thing is, in truth, an actual sun. A proper star, magically made into this by a trickster god.

Even in this shape, though, it possesses it's full reserve of energy and matter, which is placed at your disposal to do with whatever you will. You also have perfect telekinetic control over it, allowing you to move it even as fast as a bullet if you wish.

Godly Realm- 400 CP

Sometimes, the stink of the mortal world gets just too much. Gods need their own realm, a world that is truly *them*. Nahadoth has his roiling chaos, Ral has his realm and the Spider hers, while Elhodi has her Infinite Gardens.

You have your own, similar domain now. It is a parallel universe of it's own, existing alongside the 'main' universe. Just about everything about it is left up to you to decide, from its size to the nature of its inside. The one limitation is that it cannot support sapient life. That gift is Enefa's and hers alone, it cannot exist in a world like this.

Companions

Import- 50 CP

You may bring in any existing companion for free, or create a new one. In either case, they get 800 CP to spend as they please.

Drawbacks

Ugly +100 CP

Well, not *quite*, but you're definitely not going to win any beauty pageants anytime soon. You're short and squat, more than a little overweight, and your face is, at best, plain.

Mannerless +100 CP

Different places call for different mannerisms and behaviours. Unfortunately, you seem entirely unable to grasp this simple fact. You act atrociously wherever you go, overbearing and intolerable, and in general go about being an unpleasant nuisance.

Arameri Morals +300 CP

If there has ever been, in all of fiction, a clearer case of 'power corrupts' than house Arameri, it's not known. Unfortunately, you have about their level of morals now. You are driven entirely by your whims and desires, heaving random cruelty around you wherever you go. Simply uncaring and unable to factor in anything like basic decency or morals in your plans, pray that you don't ever have to rely on others.

Carelessly Chosen Words +300 CP

There are entities in this world, beings that are old and mighty, around whom you must watch your words with the utmost diligence. A task that, for you, seems to be impossible. You have a habit of saying carelessly, making sweeping statements and granting stupidly broad remits, which you can be certain will eventually come back to bite you.

Demon +600 CP

Oops. You're a demon, Jumper! Or rather, you're believed to be one. Every single god and godling in this world, from the Three to the last godlings believes you to be what in other worlds would be called a Demigod, but in this world is called a demon.

They believe that your blood is the only poison that can kill the immortal gods, and they hate and fear you for it. You're hunted wherever you go, to be eliminated at all costs. Even forces other than the gods hunt you, for their own purposes. Such as extracting all your blood and coating arrows in it.

Enefadeh +600 CP

Or you could be enslaved. You're one of the Enefadeh now, a god who fought at the side of Nahadoth and Enefa in the Gods' War, and lost, to be enslaved by the Arameri family. If you're not a god at all you're just one of their mundane slaves, most likely a distant cousin of the family itself.

Expect daily humiliation, torture and the rest that comes with enslavement to a clan of irredeemable monsters. There is powerful magic that binds you to them, and holds you from turning your powers or magic on them.

You cannot disobey any of their orders, nor can you kill them out of hand since there is powerful magic that binds you to obey their commands and protects them from you. You must find a way around it, subvert it, or do something else before your stay in this world ends, but the point is that you must be free. Otherwise your chain ends and you remain here, and likely in this same state, for the rest of your miserable life.

Choices

Stay

Really? Whatever.

Go Home

Traumatised? It happens.

Leave

*Sleep, little little one
Here is a world
With hate on every continent
And sorrow in the fold.
Wish for a better life
Far, far from here
Don't listen while I talk of it
Just go there.*