



JAGS WONDERLAND

Eight chessboards sit upon each other, integral to each other as slices of pizza or cape yet separated by inscrutable dimensional barriers. On Chessboard Zero lies what humanity calls "Reality", a deterministic and mathematically sound universe in which nothing interesting ever happens...

...so why do the madmen screaming in their cells have a tendency to disappear overnight? Where do the strange shadows in the alleys come from, and why do they leave spilt tea in their wake? There's only so much that Cyclical Psychoaffective Disorder (or Wonderland Infection) can explain, and the Underground-a loose association of those exposed to the lower chessboards-aren't exactly helping with how their main means of support is founded on the idea what's down there isn't real.

Perhaps because further and further down each dimensional manifold, things get stranger and curiouiser. For those layers are the topsy-turvy realms called Wonderland, and they aren't just a place or multi-dimensional construct of space-time. Wonderland is alive. Sentient, even. Everything it touches it warps and twists, and portions of it are ruled by malign, inscrutable entities that would gleefully twist all the laws of physics into crumbling chaos-enough that there are cracks in Chessboard Zero through which they can exert influence. Every day, more and more people see something from the lower Chessboards like a Jabberwocky or a white rabbit, and become *Infected* by it. They're a *carrier* for an alternate dimension, and have gone *Unsane*: Which would somewhat resemble periods of delusion, if it didn't entail actually and uncontrollably falling down through the chessboards into the wild, dangerous worlds below. You're having what those in the know call an *Episode*, and god help the poor bastards near you when you have it because they're coming along for the ride too.

You're not losing your grip on reality.

Reality is losing its grip on you.

The laws of physics and mathematics aren't invalid.

It's just that they're supplemented by the conventions of literature and language.

Enjoy your stay, in this whimsical and terrifying world.

Take 1000 Choice Points (CP) with you, as you venture into madness and whimsy. You may freely choose your age and gender as a human.

As a denizen of Wonderland your age is something completely nonsensical like "As old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth", "Seven years young but only on Tuesdays and when I haven't been to the shop", "Old as the endless cycle of self-hatred" or "Syrup" because you are an emergent pattern of self-referential literary conventions divorced from the laws of physics.

You may start anywhere on any Chessboard you please.

Chessboards

Chessboard Zero: You know this place. You've walked its streets, listened to its music. It's cosy. Abides the laws of physics. It's such a shame that it has a tendency to cave in and send you plummeting down under to where such home comforts as consistency and sanity aren't present.

Chessboard One: This place still looks mostly like reality. But all the people here are mere Shadows of their real counterparts on Chessboard Zero; deranged and caricatured creatures that do a frankly poor job of imitating their counterparts in the world above, often with a Wonderlandish bent. And the cinch here is-every time a human comes down the Chessboards, their particular Shadow-now called a Reflection-sallies up to replace them on Chessboard Zero. That's right, interdimensional travel here risks getting your social life destroyed by your dim-witted doppelganger.

Chessboard Two: Some parts of this place still resemble real life, but there's far fewer Shadows. And much of it is desolate, abandoned and trashed-like it was ransacked. Years ago. And a few parts are just twisted, mutated versions of Chessboard Zero's landmarks. There are monsters here, and things monsters fear.

Chessboard Three: Here we have giant floating islands inhabited by overdressed dwarves, and Victorian-style society that live in environments straight out of a fever dream. The places that do resemble anything from Chessboard Zero tend to show their inner natures, like the counterpart to a shopping mall being the massive *Cathedral of Consumption* populated by six-foot frozen chickens that get angry against the impious.

Chessboard Four: Down here, human concepts become physical objects. Inspiration comes in crystals and vice is farmed while virtue is mined. The beings that live here are just as strange, and the world itself changes with every hour on the clock.

Chessboards Five and Six: Reality here ebbs and deforms like the tide, emulating the worst fever dreams you've ever had. There are vast insane palaces. There are blood-soaked courts. This is Where The Wild Things Are, and where the nightmares you've dreaded become real.

Chessboard Seven: A vast expanse of change so rapid and abrupt that no individual thing can be said to truly exist covers this chessboard. **It is pure, discordant energy.** It is said there are **machines** too (in a metaphysical sense) that created the universe somewhere amidst the chaos, and maintain it. Think of it as the sub-basement of the universe where it keeps its boiler. Folks from Chessboard 0 who come all the way down here don't cast Reflections. It's like they're completely *gone* from the upper cosmos' point of view. **One day, the inevitable and inscrutable laws of mathematics will provoke some very, very big changes here.** Wonderlanders are very much not welcome here. **The Department of Works remembers what they did.**

Origins

All perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant header. Discounted 100 CP perks become free. Showing up out of nowhere certainly is practically the norm in the lower Chessboards, after all.

Drop-In: You're not part of this whole mess and you clearly feel like making a point of that. Untethered by the laws of either mathematics or literature, you can come into this world as you are and find your footing in a world awakening to its own madness. With such detachment from the world comes a sense for the cosmic machinery that underlies this world, and a sense for the vaguely intelligent design that inexorably steers it-though to what end, you don't know.

Carrier: The nightmares won't stop coming, and the drugs stopped helping a long time ago. It doesn't matter what you once were, whether you were holding down a nine to five job or going to school. What matters is that at some point you saw a white rabbit darting into a hole, or a pile of clothes get up and walk into your mirror- and Wonderland got its fangs into you, gave you a trace of its infection that sends you tumbling head over heels into its domains every now and then. You've got to get to the bottom of this mystery before your social life completely crumbles between your struggle to understand what's going on and control it. Make no mistake, *they're out there*. But if it's any consolation, every time you fall down your personal rabbit hole it gets just a little bit easier to make sense of Wonderland...and how to defend yourself there.

Wonderland Native: This damn universe THIS DAMN PLANET THESE DAMN NUMBERS why doesn't any of it make sense?! It's repulsive, like tea stripped of all it's flavour! You should serve the uncivilised brutes up there a taste of Wonderland's strawberry and cinnamon spiced PAIN, take them the tea and serve them their own entrails! That's right, you're another devilishly discordant inhabitant of Wonderland's topsy turvy ecosystem. For now your dimensions are somewhere between two humans and an ant, any supernatural powers you have approximate those of a stage magician if science couldn't actually explain their tricks and you can reliably move in and out of Chessboard Zero with much less fuss than most of the poor souls from above. Beyond that, anything goes! Whether you're an angry peacock in a hat, an angry humanoid broom or a man with a mirror for a face, just remember the only way to look out of place in Wonderland is to be completely ordinary.

Perks

All perks are discounted by 50% under their relevant background header. One 100 CP perk is free, while the others are 50 CP if discounted.

Drop-In:

Dreaming of Wonders (100 CP): Wonderland isn't all that frightening to you. It can still be dangerous, but ultimately isn't it amazing to escape from the daily grind every now and then? For you, Wonderland has a familiarity and wonder that actually cheers you up and makes it easy for you to accept what's going on. Frightening things can still scare you, but the merely strange and anomalous simply inspire you-both artistically, and with the possibility of learning more. Your whimsy also offers you a very slight advantage to discovering more about strange places like Wonderland, and scheming to gain some advantage in them.

Searching For Answers (100 CP): With one foot in each world and no stable ground in either, it's a miracle anyone can keep up with what's going on at any given moment. Nobody's really in control here, but a twist in your fate makes you luckier when it comes to investigations and discoveries of all kinds. Skulking through Wonderland to decipher what's nonsense and what's *urgent* nonsense becomes much more helpful as a way to investigate this world, while back on Chessboard Zero the night watch is just a bit less attentive about locking doors when you're out looking for classified documents.

Papers, Please (200 CP): Stranding you in a world full of shadowy conspiracies and eldritch horrors is bad enough without also depriving you of ID and records. Somehow though, you're getting by just fine. In a curiously unique Twist, any documentation with your basic details written on them can pass as passports, car licenses or any other official documentation for the purposes of passing checkpoints, attending doctor's appointments and other interaction with customs officers. You do need to write some relatively plausible details on a similar document format, this doesn't work on machines or scanners-but the illusory records are convincing enough you might be able to fool someone into "resending" you official records. Do note this is technically a feat of Wonderland-based glamour, and it's possible supernatural entities, powerful science or other unique techniques might be able to see through it.

Carry the Nine (200 CP): Mathematics is quite the inscrutable set of rules, mysterious even for those who dwell in a world defined by its strictures. Even many humans don't get it nearly as intuitively as Wonderlanders get the conventions of storytelling. You, however, are the greatest mathematician of this generation bar none. Complex algorithms and formulae can be done in your head, and while not quite superhuman your grasp of figures hits the limit of human ability-including an eidetic memory. This is pure theory and calculation, but within those bounds you could be an exceptional gambler or actuary.

Teatime Guest (400 CP): Many Wonderlanders hate humanity with the unbridled disdain of those who think math just plain *sucks*, but you're not from here and there's no reason your apparent form should inspire such disdain. Right? Well, right or wrong there's something about you that makes it easier to fit in with beings of unreality or overly fantastic realms. Here, the Wonderlanders consider you another oddball in their odd little world-but one in good standing for what counts as that among their kind, and thus will not hunt you down as they do humans. While some odd Wonderlander customs might still include personal harm and this offers no defence against a Caretaker sweeping you up into their narrative, you are at least guaranteed not to be singled out for punishment without provocation, tend to fulfil your assigned role with little harm done to you before you escape and with a little work might even get one to like you-though be wary of what some Caretakers consider friendship. And in future worlds, you can establish a similar social rapport with beings from realities radically different from baseline Earth.

Doppelgänger Doppalebamboozled (400 CP): While all humans have a Shadow here through which Wonderlanders can inflict all kinds of nasty circumstances on by attacking, you don't play by those rules and you won't have to put up with them. While you never would have had a Shadow anyway, with this perk all attempts to damage you through some sort of proxy are greatly blunted. Voodoo doll curses that could stop your heart just give you a hot curry's worth of heartburn, trying to pin your shadow to the ground with a curse can be escaped from just by tugging hard enough, shooting your past self in the head just gives you a headache in the present and sympathetic magic of all kinds tends to go haywire and misfire around you. Trying to harm you through a direct, interdimensional counterpart like the Shadows or Reflections here is utterly futile, your existence too singular to take any harm from theirs.

I'm Taking Your Rules Home With Me (400 CP): Somehow you've received a sort of counter-infection from your Benefactor, what that lets you stabilise liveable Earthly conditions with all the power by which Wonderland invades Chessboard Zero. In chaotic or inherently inchoate realms of existence or nonexistence-like say, Wonderland, this manifests as a perverse inversion of the typical Episodes in which elements, landscapes and physics from parts of a reality important to you overlap themselves upon the chaos around you. This infection is a part of your body now, tied to your health and wellbeing. While this confers no innate defence against spells and such, supernatural powers dependent on only being useable in a certain reality are greatly debuffed in this zone.

Not only does this render the area habitable, safe and stable for you but the eldritch inhabitants will be compelled by a strange version of unsanity to fit with their closest analogues in the real world. Goblins can suddenly be compelled as if by madness to work office jobs. A living discordant melody can become a placid public broadcast. Hawk-headed women can become ordinary birds. Just be wary about anything capable of fighting off the effects enough to banish or gain control of them. The Wonderlanders certainly can't comprehend the basic concepts of earthly physics, but those as powerful as Caretakers or their greatest servants might be able to blast your counter-infection away in a huff. You may toggle it on and off at will, but someone else depleting a substantial amount of infection from you suddenly will cost

you in overall energy to replenish on the fly, as if having run a mini-marathon, rather than wait for a good night's rest to fully regain

Twisted Little Big Thing (200/400/600 CP): Deep descent or exposure to certain beings can sometimes inflict *Twists* on you: Logic-defying mutations sometimes associated with underlying inner issues. Your wise investment here allows you to gain a massive slew of such alterations, enough to be considered an extremely powerful fighter in Wonderland. Want a luminous red energy field that lets you climb walls or web up others like a spider? It's yours. Want your shadow to be able to spring up and tears into others as a shadowy aura of power, or block attacks from you? You've got it. Want a darkness in your veins that lets you recover from all injury, blood eyes that rend those you hate with scarlet beams or a simply hyper-athletic build? Wonderland. Can. Provide.

For 200 CP you can be one of the more weakly twisted, a fairly puny specimen of those touched by Wonderland. For 400 CP you can be a standard specimen of those who have gained a decent amount of power from their Infection. And for 600 CP such is your arsenal that all the Twists described above can be yours. Only the most experienced and luckiest Infected have come anywhere near achieving your gains.

Your investment here grants a certain continuity. In future worlds, every now and then you spontaneously gain new Twists suiting your self-image. You may choose to show or withhold any number of Twists you have at will-or completely suppress ones you don't consciously desire at all. As one final consideration, while most here can only manifest these traits in the lower Chessboards your investment here lets you manifest Twists on any level of reality you're on.

Department of Works, Provisional Employee (600 CP): On your way into this world a tall, impassive thing with its face hidden by a sheet telepathically offered you a job as a provisional employee of the Department of Works. Well, maybe "amplifier" was a more accurate translation. Either way, you now have the traits of a Looking Glass Maker-though instead of being a bipedal machine with biological components, if you wish you may instead have a specific Twist that manifests machinery out of nowhere as tools, armour or other similar constructs to aid your tasks.

Your physical traits alone rival those of many Caretakers and their stewards, but more importantly you have a tremendous ability to warp time. You can dilate the perceived time interacting with another subject while keeping the actual time as seconds, and blink in and out of anywhere by making short jumps along the timestream-fast enough to be almost untouchable in combat. While the upper scale of your abilities with this alone is unclear, it's likely greatly empowered by your other power. You can disassemble and assemble *anything*, at least in this world. You can take others apart and put them back together with new Twists of your design, spin material out of thin air at a leisurely rate and it was your kind collectively who built the Linear Maze: A series of shelves, cupboards, hinged doorways, murals, back alleys and so on that reflects and lies behind all of Chessboard Zero, and forms the boundary between it and Chessboard One during a controlled descent. Maintaining the natural laws of the universe might seem a daunting task, but you're more than up to it.

Carrier:

Pragmatic Soul (100 CP): Alright, the mirror wants to eat you and your toilet's started singing about the things you never said to your crush but you still want to get *results*. There's something hardboiled about your mindset that stops you from worrying too much about the implications of Wonderland being real, and during times of crisis you naturally focus on what you need to do right now. You find it easy to get it together, and pull out bursts of determination and confidence during your descents into stressful situations. Optionally this can be reflected by your mundane vocation, showing that your time as a soldier or CEO kept your will and body sharp enough to stay alive when reality's out for lunch.

Faith in Crisis (100 CP): Faith may not move mountains **yet** in this world, but a deeply rooted belief in some religion or principle keeps you grounded in a world gone mad. Whatever you have faith in, it's nearly unbreakable and you can mentally rely on it to make sense of the irrational and impossible. No zealot, you're also open minded enough to test your suppositions or observations in objective circumstances rather than succumb to false preconceptions. Optionally, your background may have deep roots in faith or science to reflect your understanding. Both Buddhist priests and physicists have deep reserves of mental acuity that can prove useful in Wonderland.

Commitment Beyond Medicine (200 CP): The Underground, the support group for those who have succumbed to Wonderland's infection, isn't the best guide on how to deal with the dangers down there. For one thing most maintain their members' Episodes are just mental conditions. But they're all some people have. You know how to comport yourself to reassure and soothe someone in tremendous, mentally unstable distress-whether the truly psychotic or someone who has simply been infected by Wonderland.

Early Exit (200 CP): Most of the time exit from an Episode into Wonderland consists of an access point conveniently appearing for the infected to escape back into Chessboard Zero through. You don't have time to be lost in Wonderland though, and somehow you've wrested your infection to your advantage. Whenever you're stranded in a dimension or plane of existence in which you do not consider yourself a native resident at a fundamental level, at will you may materialise some sort of aperture to leave back into a world you (or your origin) are fundamentally native to. Your destination will roughly correspond to your immediate environment and certain supernatural forces may be able to prevent your escape, but as long as your will and focus remains strong you'll always have at least one option to get out.

Postmodern Day Hero (400 CP): There are soldiers. And then there are elite commandos. And then there's the insane, over the top action movie characters that are the rare few with a life as eventful as yours. Somehow you've become an impossibly competent, talented and physically fit specimen of whatever you are-a trait and background that will persist in future jumps. Your mundane talents and attributes are through the roof for whatever you are, and your supernatural powers have seen a great deal of experience and if relevant power-ups from the above too. To give an example, at the human scale of things you could be an ex-jewel thief super-spy who was "recruited" by a shadowy government agency and Infected

because you were deemed capable of averting a disaster on the lower levels of reality. If you were, say, written up as a character in an urban horror game you'd be the overpowered PC that the DM and the table's minmaxer came up with after several beers.

The Magician's Tricks (400 CP each): There are three trades that bind human superstition with the ongoing phenomena of the Chessboards, which some call spells and others simply the Magician's Tricks. Sciomancy: The art of commanding and seeing through the eyes of one's Shadow. Binding: The art of strongly associating what happens on a lower Chessboard to what happens on a higher Chessboard. And Warping the Shadow: Twisting your own Shadow to be more than human. You've gained great skill in one of these arts and are at least passingly familiar with the others, though this perk may be repurchased to master all three. By combining them you can also create more advanced spells. Sciomancy and Binding together can produce blasts of energy from the true magician by Twisting his Shadow. Or with Sciomancy and Binding you may do something normally impossible: Take up objects from the lower Chessboards such as a magic knife, a vorpal blade or a magic box full of horrific fates (though beware, all such objects risk Infecting others).

Even if you did not purchase Masterful Translator below, in future worlds you gain analogous mystic arts that let you replicate those of this world in effect but free from Infection-creating whimsical artifacts from daydreams for example, or animating your reflection to hound others or even transfer its own life energy to you at the cost of depleting its own substance for a time. Should you take Masterful Translator or The Power of Literature, you may decide at the end of the jump whether you wish to gain such replica mystic arts or continue using this world's magic.

Masterful Translator (600 CP): Of the two ways to gain power through Infection, Mastery is often the more consciously pursued means. You've somehow attained complete understanding of your Infection and its place in Wonderland, and have total control over navigating in and out of Wonderland through Episodes. You can easily find your way through the Linear Maze down to Chessboard Six, though the last two may be somewhat daunting. Furthermore you recover quickly from any disorientation related to interdimensional travel, and any extradimensional counterparts to yourself like your Reflection are inclined to be extremely cooperative with your goals. As a special consideration, should you wish in future jumps there may be a similar set of Wonderland-like realities somehow tied to your existence in future worlds you visit. While you will not possess full control over their inhabitants *at first*, all will be shaped at least subconsciously from your dreams and desires. Additionally, from the lowliest talking fieldmouse to the mightiest Caretaker all will intuitively understand on some level how much they owe their existence to you, and even if not fully allied all be as inclined to be cooperative with you as your dimensional counterparts would be.

Significant alterations to the Chessboards of future worlds and prominent individuals may be carried into future worlds. Should **certain important events** occur the Chessboards will continue to follow you-although with the **revelation** of *exactly how much* the inhabitants' continued wellbeing depends on your goodwill, suffice to say it can be safely assumed all in these worlds will bend to your will without question.

Inheritance of ALL and VOID (600 CP): For how weak and uninformed humanity is compared to the Caretakers, it is the Caretakers who have an unhealthy obsession with them. The principles of mathematics are mankind's to master and beyond the Caretakers' knowing, yet all creation contains secrets that favour the former. While you are no stronger, sharper nor greater with this, in future worlds a similar divine plan will lead to you assuming a position of world-changing cosmic divinity in the worlds you visit. In worlds with more classical deities, it could lead you to becoming the head of a pantheon or a greater form of divinity. Even in worlds based on mostly hard sciences, it could lead to you somehow innovating or being subjected to soft science processes and ascend as a powerful AI, immortal energy being or similar entity.

Like the Department of Works, convenient infrastructure or hidden treasures strongly related to your ascension will reveal itself to you with remarkably easy access points. Like humanity itself in this world writ large, unknowingly you will naturally find plentiful opportunities to seek your fate and seize the birthright given to you. And as the Caretakers panic at **humanity's potential unleashed**, you can choose to not have this activate at the beginning of each world-for major factions in the setting will be aware you will become something truly godlike, and entice them to kill or use you for their own ends. To the extent it matters, as your fate occurs on a rather quicker scale than for most here in *this* world you are an ideal candidate for **discovering what lies within the Department of Works**. The numbers don't lie, and they spell disaster for the Caretakers.

Wonderland Native:

Story Told In Flesh (100 CP): Of the multitude of creatures in Wonderland, few stop to wonder how each other's biology works. Whatever your logical shortcomings in biology, you have the approximate full range of motion, strength, agility and so on of a regular human in good health. Even if you're a one-legged skeleton with a dangling eyeball made of cotton candy, somehow your bizarre biology doesn't hinder you in going about your business. In stories nobody asked how walking, talking badgers put their coats on and neither should they be much bothered about you.

Professional Fairytale Monster (100 CP): Some Wonderlands just *know* things. Things like where people keep their blackmail secrets. Things like when people are weakest, or most insecure, or where their grandma lives. Things that would be a fairytale figure's MO. And now, you too have a similar intuitive sense that makes of you a sort of destined hunter of things most sane humans would rather keep buried. Be it their treasure or the moment when their firstborn child is likely to be least attended, your knowledge is as frighteningly accurate and reflexive as it is specific.

Monster In The Mirror (200 CP): What is it with Wonderlanders and reflective surfaces? Does the unreality appeal to them? Does the border remind them of home? Are they just vain? Whatever the reason, somehow you've gained the power to step in and out of mirrors like they weren't there. You can't take anything out or go very far from your reflection, but if there are other mirrors reflected in the glass you may use them to exist behind your victims-I mean, surprised new friends. Any

potentially reflective service can be inhabited regardless of scale or clarity and navigated like a relatively stable environment. You can hide in a shiny doorknob, a sort of pocket dimension clone of a pond or behind a layer of ice.

Suspension of This Belief (200 CP): When some Wonderlanders attack a Shadow or a human with an Infection on Chessboard One, they can throw a Reflection of themselves to simultaneously attack the human or Reflection up on Chessboard Zero. This generally takes the form of a person or object marked with their unearthly nature, such as a truck that moves through a neighbourhood taking people with the hand-mouth of the Bandersnatch sticking out of some of its windows. But why should the fun end where this world does?

In future worlds, when you attack someone's interdimensional counterpart you can automatically manifest a phenomena similar to both yourself and your target in their reality as long as it's very close to your current one. This can also be achieved by attacking a proxy such as a vat-grown clone or a ritually prepared voodoo doll, although much of the attack's force will be dispersed when doing so.

The Jumperwock, With Eyes of Flame (400 CP): You're a dangerous one, aren't you? You may now be larger-up to two stories tall, and mightier than a human. In the case of might while you're still quite finite, consider yourself slightly above the limits of the animal kingdom with the advantage of certain oddities of biology not being a hindrance; you could bring down a rooster's talon with all the strength of an elephant's kick without breaking your bones, for example. In addition you also have some sort of constant environmental effect-like tarnishing, aging and staining objects while constantly excreting garbage. Or maybe sprouting vital herbs wherever you like if you prefer, and defecating animate flowers if you like. It could even be something as ethereal as an aura of being *cool* coupled with the inexplicable ability to walk in plain sight among mundane beings without arousing suspicion. Last but not least you gain some sort of ranged attack like the burning eyes of the Jabberwocky itself.

Naught-y Behaviour (400 CP): Predominant on Chessboard Four, Naughts resemble trim humans whose faces are a smooth, round O shape. They're famous for their trade in deep elements, which they mind...or sometimes trade. It would be a shame to be deprived of such wares in worlds too poor to supply them, so you've developed a technique or procedure that lets you extract mortal experiences. You can use needles to extract vice, or pipe out human rage, or cut the dreams from someone's hair; it all just kind of works when it's you doing it even if your tools are mostly mundane, and in a pinch you can conjure what you need out of thin air. The experiences may be liquids, crystals or even gasses-but generally you can transmute them from one state to another with enough time. Finally, you also have the skill needed to distil, extract or make these things into all manner of enchanted valuables. It may be no surprise that Chessboard Four is where a lot of Wonderland's artifacts are found.

Caretakers and Deconstructionists (600 CP): You're no mere dithering vagabond or insipid citizen, no-you're a Caretaker! Resembling the kind of things that Alice met down the rabbit hole, you're something between an archdemon of the lower realities and a sort of mad god. More specifically, you're a self-sustaining pattern of literature tied to and empowered by an *Office*: Something between a divine title, an arena of

responsibility, a point of view and a hobby. A sort of recursive, mad little feedback loop that generates literary meanings and perspectives that are your calling to instruct, and contemplate, and take responsibility for. Perhaps more importantly, it makes you one of the most powerful beings of Wonderland.

For one thing, it's very difficult to kill your physical manifestation conventionally-though much easier to inconvenience you. Nuke the Queen of Hearts and you wouldn't actually destroy her-you'd just put her *out of your story* for a while. Maybe even forever. It's like she's forgotten you exist, or doesn't ever want to hear your name or even may be scared of you. Cut her, and while she bleeds there is a tendency for her damage to disappear "between scenes" so to speak after performing her narrative role for a while. There are two methods by which your kind is known to die in this world: An extremely scathing literary view by truly notable critics (of which all Caretakers, and only a few humans, qualify as; even Caretakers generally only kill their own kind in numbers, and it's more common for them to "demote" or "banish" or "punish impermanently" the uncooperative of their ranks since that takes less effort) can slay a caretaker. The second is truly fundamental cosmic power made lethal-in the form of the Department of Works' physics-sustaining machinery brought to bear.

That's assuming she stays in her regular form, in which your kind are *generally* only mildly superhuman overall at best-and the exceptions among your kind tend to be entire buildings rather than individuals. You do have one or two very formidable unique powers though; the Queen of Hearts carries a royal sceptre that can cleave through most things at long range, while the Caterpillar's pipe can blight others with hallucinations and Twists, and the Cheshire Cat can teleport or become intangible much faster than other Caretakers while possessing claws that can phase through barriers selectively. When further provoked you can grow your physical form in size and might greatly. Most of you can also throw some sort of devastating power blast up, and teleport at will with a bit of concentration. But your greatest power is described as *Editing* reality. This permits them to utterly unmake or re-envision beings with arbitrary scope within the bounds of their own narrative, though only very powerful Caretakers can do this to other Caretakers-and this power can even vanish projectiles or nullify incoming physical attacks. A truly strong-willed human has a chance to withstand this force, though only escaping into another universe can hope to actually avoid it's effects.

Finally, you are to stories what the sun is to the solar system. At a fundamental level, your Office recreates a slew of phenomena and events that invoke the literary trend you represent. You spontaneously generate and incorporate lifeforms around you to enact this story as a natural facet of your being. Minions are built on a similar scale to a Caretaker, except generally subordinate to them, usually slightly less powerful and fully mortal. Servants are less powerful and built to serve some lesser function of the Caretaker such as being a team of maids, and are produced at a steady rate as they die, are slain or drift away from the Caretaker's dramatic orbit. Actors are narratively significant entities to facilitate the story-and can include humans either caught up in the storm, or manually given specific roles and duties before being released when you deem the story completed.

As an aside, the Caretakers are currently split into two different factions. The traditionalist Caretakers simply wish to destroy mankind for being an unsightly blight on the cosmos in their eyes. The Deconstructionists on the other hand, led by Humpty Dumpty, are convinced humanity must be “civilised” in some fashion to make them amenable for aesthetic reasons, as well as to potentially gain control of the Department of Works. Bear in mind that a Caretaker’s idea of civilising humans includes stitching several of them into a maddened hovering cube of faces that cries to itself when nobody’s watching.

Oh, if you take this without being a Wonderland Native rather than being a Caretaker per se, you inexplicably have their powers-including an Office of Symbol. Think of yourself as generating a “literature field” strong enough to perform their feats.

The Power of Literature (600 CP): In the beginning, most of the universe joined together Everything and Nothing in one cataclysmic frenzy of creation-and what was left over metaphorically dribbled out over the edges, and became Wonderland. You don’t have access to the almighty power of a big bang here, but what you DO have is an unparalleled ability to wield the principal force of creation in it: Literature. Your attunement with this force suffuses you with such narrative power, were you also a Caretaker you would be one of the mightiest of their kind.

By writing stories and having them accepted and popularised in the public consciousness, you can slowly but surely take an even more proactive approach at corrupting the world than what the Caretakers have achieved so far. Phenomena, matter, energy-you can mix it all up and mash it together by literally waving a copy of your popular new story at it, using the story as a conduit to blast marvellous new possibilities into existence until it’s recognisable as a foothold for Wonderland itself. You could even shape and direct this power into focusing on creating new lifeforms, artifacts, events, phenomena or even localised concepts; it’s the pure stuff of Wonderland’s creation after all. It would take stories as popular as a certain Alice Liddell’s adventures to warp a territory into something like one of the Caretakers’ courts or generate a pocket realm equivalent to it, but anything is possible if you can get enough people entranced by your marvellous tale.

Items

Drop-In

The Lewis Carroll Collection (100 CP): Now's as good a time as any to brush up on the malign horrors that rule the worlds below. Just have a real good excuse for why you're consuming so much children's media. You have a massive stockpile of Lewis Carroll story-related media, ranging from the Disney movies to edgy videogame adaptations to YA novels. Virtually every reimagining or adaptation of Lewis Carroll's Alice stories is yours to peruse through-and oddly, much of it has been edited to provide handy hints and allusions about Caretaker habits, preferences and other factoids. That scene where the Cheshire Cat appears before Alice might seem even more worrying when the cat cracks a few trees while chatting to demonstrate his strength.

Prescription Subscription (200 CP): Every week, you'll find a duffel bag full of a large supply of medications you normally need a prescription bag to receive somewhere discrete and convenient for you. No questions asked, no payment to track, and everything sorted into neat bags with instructions for treating specific mental illnesses. None are useful for treating "Wonderland Syndrome" of course, but if you're generous you might just be able to help someone broken down by the horrors of Wonderland to keep from slipping into actual depression. Or you could get super high, or sell them off for a quick buck. Your choice.

[THESIS] by **[LOGICIAN]** (400 CP): Oh look, it's another copy of Alice's adventures in Wonderland! Wait, that part about a nameless forest that can only be found through certain magic words spoken into a fireplace seems new. Why is Alice heading for that well? Who...who wrote this?

*IF FOUR FOURS MAKE SIXTEEN, SCREAMED ALICE
AND EIGHT EIGHTS MAKE SIXTEY FOUR
WHAT'S TO BE DONE WHEN SIXTEEN FOURS
ARE ANTHROPOMISED BY SOPHOMORES*

*WHEN THE DEFINITION OF AN ENEMY, HOWLED THE CATTERPILLAR
IS A FORCE YOU CANNOT COMPREHEND
AND ORDER CAN MODEL CHAOS
THEN OUR ENMITY, WE MUST SUSPEND*

*SUCH IS A **HYPOTHESIS**
THAT LITERACY AND MATHS
ARE NEITHER RIGHTEOUS NOR ABERRANT
BUT MERELY TWO BROTHER PATHS*

...well, that happened. What you have here is a particularly eccentric Deconstructionist's attempt at reconciling the scientific process with the literary conventions that rule Wonderland-which manifests as a sort of written vaccine to Wonderland's infection. By letting other physics-based lifeforms read this book, you

may turn them into more Infected. Letting beings of chaos or nonexistence similar to Wonderlanders instead lets them begin to comprehend how to interact with and adapt to stable realms of existence such as Chessboard Zero, and reformat their natures to thrive and coexist in them.

And for those already stricken by the book's touch, despite the story often devolving into furious diatribes about etymology, the sacrosanct provenance of names and fools who stray from the path reading it has an oddly cheerful and calming effect on the mind, and makes it more intuitive to navigate between worlds. The story itself is seemingly neverending and constantly changing from beginning to ending, though the table of contents somehow lets you navigate between the many beginnings, endings and interludes with ease. If for some reason you want to actually pay attention to Alice's rage-filled quest to viciously assault those who employ improper logical concepts to arguments, that is.

Department of Works Outpost (600 CP): Somewhere in the world is a discrete door, with a sign unreadable to all but you. Opening it will show you it's larger on the inside. Vast factory lines, power plants, catwalks and so on extending for many miles in every direction, under a seemingly endless dark sky. But what should really grab your attention is what everything is connected to and serves to maintain: The massive bank of satellite-like transmitters called Canons beaming up pure light, and energy, and *the harmonious movements of the universe that keeps the laws of physics in good working order* out into your current jump's cosmos. And the great rank of dials at the centre of the array. It will take time to figure out how to alter the transmission slightly, in order to bend the laws of physics to your will. This is not the full array wielded by the Department of Works and other powerful forces may be able to defy your control, which is equal to say-that of one powerful Caretaker, if it could wield physics like narrative. At the very least, you can be assured the safeguards on the dashboard will make it very difficult to destroy anything by accident. But even now it's fairly easy for you to disable gravity over a few miles, or concentrate electromagnetism enough to call down a thunderbolt somewhere in the world, or trigger an earthquake somewhere with a sudden pulse of magma. Just...be careful before trying to adjust the speed of light, or modify the formula for how energy is derived.

Carrier:

An Actually Safe Hospital Ward (100 CP): They're coming! THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU but it seems you're...actually relatively safe in here? How strange. You have exclusive access to a luxurious hospital room in one of the best hospitals of whatever country you're in-the kind of room they'd normally book for A-listers or presidents. Even the extremely polite and supportive staff seem a little perplexed that you're welcome to stay as long as you like, should be disturbed under no circumstances as well as afforded all discretion and are free to leave at any time. Some generous doner has seen to it that everything's been prepaid, including any treatments you may need. In short, this is an excellent place to get unhinged from reality and fall through the Chessboards in peace and quiet, or recover from your adventures. And in a stroke of impossible good fortune, somehow the food and beverages of this hospital are of exceptional quality. In future worlds you'll receive similarly inexplicable access to a similar hospital room.

I Lived Here Before The Troubles (200 CP): But living in a hospital all day's embarrassing, right? Right. Which is a good thing you've got a real nice house in a location of your choice, whether you'd feel safer in the heart of the city or out in the countryside. Two stories tall, it's got the gas, electricity and cabel subscription prepaid for years to come ensuring you can focus all your energy on coming to grips with reality going haywire and the occasional unseen conspiracy. The furnishings and amnesties of this house are excellent, there's a service to order organic food remotely and in future worlds this home can follow you as a Warehouse attachment or by appearing somewhere in the world.

Artifact of Wonderland (400 CP per item, 2 free Caretaker): Wonderland's full of treasures almost wondrous enough to tempt intrepid Carriers back to risk life, limb and sanity for more. You've somehow gained one such item for your personal use, and like much else in Wonderland it casts a Reflection in the real world as something analogous and mundane. Anything perishable replenishes in a week, and anything that requires ammo comes with a massive sack of it that also mysteriously fills up in a week.

- An ornate crystal dagger made from petals of True Love, worked together with an adhesive compound of Jealousy and Nostalgia onto a handle of carved bone-almost indestructible by this world's standards, and when given as a gift to a lover capable of hiding in their heart safely until needed and returning when the danger has passed.
- A love potion with different effects depending on how the leaves are prepared.
- A bundle of dried leaves that when burned spreads terror for several yards.
- A gun that fires pure, concentrated bad luck to catastrophic attack.

The Hand on the Tiller (600 CP): Some men make deals behind doors. Some men make calls in ivory towers that make or break economies. And then, there's you. Whatever your qualifications, you've somehow gained control of a secret organisation or company with great influence in the wider world and insight into

what's going on with Wonderland. If it's a government organization, it's one with higher access than the CIA. If it's a company, it's richer than Apple. Either way, be careful with your power here. You can kiss many legal consequences and social limits goodbye, but too many such groups have been compromised by the Caretakers they sought to contact.

Wonderland Native:

The Table That Should Not Be (100 CP): Oh no. No, GOD no. It's wrong. It's so unbearable to look at, only something as alien and incomprehensible as a Caretaker would think it was a good place to host an important meeting. What do you have? You have a copy of the massive auditorium the Caretakers use (which is fancy, if you like Wonderland aesthetics), that is suspended in a spherical void (but not the harsh space kind; even a human could awkwardly swim through it) and whose floor is a Mobius strip.

But the centre of this meeting place is a table with a ratio of circumference to diameter that is *exactly* 3 in bloody-minded defiance of all mathematical law, for when you absolutely need to frighten and disturb every right thinking committee member present (or guarantee nobody is doing the blasphemy of thinking right at a Caretaker committee). Mortal minds risk madness staring at the inanimate abomination you call a table, and rumours that it is actually a punished or extremely unambitious Caretaker of eldritch horror are unconfirmed...but also not disproven.

Deep Fonts (200 CP): The ground, the seas, the landscape and even the flora and fauna of Chessboard Four are made of the physical manifestation of the human subconsciousness. Laced with the elements of lives, and stories, concepts made metal or crystal and sprouting emotions, once purified or refined they can be forged into all manner of useful items. A great, replenishing landscape similar to Chessboard Four's is now available to you, either by a conveniently surreal door near your residence or as a Warehouse attachment. It seems to cover several square miles before looping back into itself, and never seems to run dry as long as there are living beings in your current plane of existence.

Mine of the Mind (400 CP): The Army of No: A force of mutant soldiers with intense focus on formality and protocol, dedicated to raids on Chessboard One and attacks on specific targets on Chessboard Zero. The Monks of Mourning: Tall, dark-robed hooded figures who spend their lives making brilliantly illuminated works on the minutiae of people's lives or recording the perverse wisdom of the Wheel. You now have a similar force of Wonderlanders just as loyal and resourceful as these groups dedicated to your every whim, organised into what passes for discipline in Wonderland. Even if you are human, these beings will serve you as surely as any Caretaker and it is perhaps this dedication that will save them from a certain **catastrophe** that may occur.

Office of Symbol (600 CP, free Caretaker): The pride and joy of any Caretaker is it's home territory, a location generally up to the size of a large palace that embodies the expression of their narrative Office. There, they can reorder space and time as they wish, though seldom have the clarity of mind to just smash people flat and generally prefer to create more chambers and doors than should be strictly possible, animate the environment into twisting landscapes of madness, bend directions in on themselves or something else rather flashy but ultimately less lethal than gravity increasing a millionfold suddenly. Many also contain unique resources or minions, such as the Hypotherapist's asylum run by faceless mannequins and carnivorous nurse sharks where dark rooms manifest whatever you're most afraid of. Or the Liebrarian's Library, a keeper of forbidden knowledge containing the sum of all knowledge in book form riddled with the largest collection of untruths in existence. Put simply, this domain is the absolute embodiment of some Caretaker's mad logic- but even if you yourself are not a Caretaker, the domain and it's minions bend to your will as if you were.

Companions

Jumper's Very Unhappy Unbirthday Party (50-400 CP): You want to condemn your friends into the downward spiral of reality-defying madness that is this world? Be my guest. Each companion imported here gains 600 CP, one background and any free items associated with that background or it's purchases. This may also be used to create new companions.

Tea For Two (50 CP): I'm going to level with you here. There's not many you should give your trust to in this world. Still, the option's here for those who want it. Each purchase here will give you an opportunity to make a good impression on someone from this world, and if they agree they made leave it with you as a companion.

Alice (100 CP): The blonde woman, no longer a girl, in the high-backed leather chair, thumbing through a book. You're almost certain you've met her before somewhere before. Yet in her too-small blue dress, white stockings and pinafore you can't quite place her appearance. She looks up-a flash of surprise on her face.

"You again! You're back already? Sit, sit. Have some tea. It must be terrible out there, if you've come all this way only to turn back again"

She shuts the book she was reading. "Oh, very well then. I suppose I'll just have to do it myself" she says calmly. "Like the old days. Pleased to meet you again! My name is Alice, would you like to go on an adventure together? Perhaps we can find out who is dreaming of whom, after all"

As she rises to shake her hand, you realise the woman has a long, sharp knife strapped to her thigh.

Not long into your adventures you meet a strange, young blonde woman called Alice who seems to know a lot about what's going on in this world. Alice has the equivalent of Dreaming of Wonders, Teatime Guest, Commitment Beyond Medicine, Modern Day Hero, Masterful Translator and the highest purchase of Twisted Little Big Thing. She is polite, friendly, a little otherworldly and terrifyingly efficient at killing everything in her path with anything on hand.

Drawbacks

Bad Trip Down The Rabbit Hole (100 CP): There are several ways to cope with reality being nothing like you assumed it was, and you've picked one of the worst. You've developed an addiction to some form of pharmaceutical drug, something that can either be gained reliably over the counter or unreliably from criminal enterprise. Your judgement, motor skills and psychological stability have all taken the expected hits. It might be possible to snap out of it, but the way the world's going to hell around you locking yourself away to go cold turkey works as well as seeking actual help.

Wanted For Grand Theft Jabberwocky (100 CP): The police don't like the look of you, and while you haven't been arrested they've got an eye out for any funny business. You did something alarming or humiliating enough in public that you're on thin ice with the boys in blue, and can expect poor treatment and suspicion by them in public. Give the bastards the slightest excuse, and they'll put you away for bail. Clearing your name-or strongarming the force into letting you off, legally or...not legally, will face all the opposition the chief of police himself can level against you.

Oh, and don't think you're getting out of this hassle as a Wonderlander. Chessboards One and Two have their own loopy sort of legal enforcement, and given the less stringent legal proceedings of Wonderland you can expect them to follow you around giving you mean looks. Expect cops to literally sprout from gutters like daffodils shouting their suspicions at you, or lamp posts to get up and start screaming if they think you've done something suspicious.

We're All Mad Here! (100 CP): Schizophrenia. Psychosis. Hysteria. Maybe you should have taken drugs after all, because an untreated mental illness will be crippling you for your time here. As a general rule, the more severe a mental illness you have the more you have it under control but expect a great deal of impairment when it comes to dealing with your situation here. Worse, you've been locked up in a hospital ward for the treatment of your condition without your physicians' awareness you have far, far greater problems-and that all the electroshock therapy is doing is making the glass birds in your mirror laugh at you.

Not Mad If They're Out To Get You (200 CP): Someone high up in a dark suit has it out for you. Someone thinks you've seen too much, or that they haven't seen enough and want you on a vivisection table somewhere. You'll find men armed and trained like commandos pursuing you, unpleasant threats backed by legal action in the mail and unseen eyes following your movements. The good news is whoever they are, they don't seem very familiar with the rules of Wonderland at all.

Interdimensional Carsickness (200 CP): Okay, some folks are novices at traversing the Chessboards through Episodes but you're something special alright-and not in a good way. Some sort of interdimensional vertigo makes it very, very tricky for you to regain your footing upon transit, spending many precious seconds wobbling around trying to get a hold of yourself. Worse this wobbliness seems to apply during the transit too somehow, and as a result can find you careening far off your intended destination moving between worlds. Try not to escape Wonderland only to accidentally end up in Florida.

Insides Outside (200 CP): For starters you're quite moody at the best of times. Anger flares harder, despondence hits harder-it would be no exaggeration to say you show signs of bipolar disorder. The real problem is what it's doing to your body. In Wonderland your lack of emotional control can see your body unfurling into all manner of Twists representing states of mind you'd really rather move past-and while never truly lethal to you, all gained from this factor are unhelpful at worst and awkward to use at best. Even in the real world, your ungainly form will be shown in reflective surfaces of all kinds to give you just the touch of strangeness you need to feel even more alienated and embittered.

The Embattled Heroine of This Tale (300 CP): We may never know how Alice survived her descent into the capricious, terrifying hellscape that is Wonderland-that is, if she ever existed. What we do know is that following in her footsteps of being a bumbling traveller really, really isn't a good tack to take in Wonderland. You seem to have been swept up in a universal narrative: Whenever you encounter Wonderlanders, you feel supernaturally compelled to take their words at face value, trust them and be open-minded to their ideas no matter how strange. The Queen of Hearts could have you willingly putting your head on a chopping block until you realise what a horrible idea that is, and Fate seems determined for you to be frequently taken offguard by the shenanigans of Wonderlanders around you.

Here's a Little Lesson In Fragility (300 CP): This one's going down in history. You have a fragility shared only by one other Caretaker: Humpty Dumpty the mobile egg. Like eggshells, your body is remarkably fragile. While capable of taking a fair amount of punishment, some good hits or a really bad fall will see you shatter partially or entirely. While shattering most of your body will see you reassemble automatically in a few hours and you no longer seem to bleed, that leaves you vulnerable and worse-releases great torrents of bad luck that blight everything around you for a long while. Yourself included. I hope you weren't planning on getting into any fisticuffs this jump

Enemy of Wonderland (300/600 CP): As you arrived in this world, the Caretakers gathered around their hideous abomination of a table to decide what to do about you. Most decided you were somehow even more abhorrent than the humans, and decided to steer the Caretaker war machine to destroying you instead. The Deconstructionists were willing to cooperate with the pure Caretakers for this. While Caretaker organisation is something of a bad joke and the Caretakers themselves, are loathe to come near Chessboard Zero in the same way most humans would rather not root through bags of garbage, don't underestimate how difficult life can be when ALL the Caretakers are willing to exert influence great and subtle to see your life snuffed out. For an additional 300 CP, the gloves are well and truly off for the Caretakers' hatred has focused their minds enough to pursue into the world above.

Scenario (Requires Carrier)

Decommissioning the Department of Works

I suppose we had to talk about **this** sooner or later. It's less of a challenge, really, and more of a mathematical inevitability built into this world. Here's the awful truth: The universe is doomed, and for you that's a good thing.

You see, whatever force designed the universe did indeed intend for mankind to inherit utter mastery of it. The Caretakers themselves are ultimately sentient counterparts of the mechanized and autonomic Department of Works charged with the responsibility for keeping the world together long enough to serve as a sort of cradle for mankind's maturity-yet their pride and arrogance prevent them from acknowledging humanity as their ultimate purpose. The Deconstructionists themselves are ultimately little different from those they disagree with, for their own awful plans for humanity are ultimately insane and pointless. Even their contempt and disdain is part of the grand design, provoking the Infected just to bring about exploration and investigation of the deepest levels of existence.

This plan is *inevitable*, a mathematical certainty built into the world. These are the last days before the unveiling of the outcome of the war between mankind and the Caretakers, and none can say how long until what was meant to be when the stars were still young comes to past. What is not necessarily inevitable, is your participation to accelerate this along should you lack faith that it will happen long enough to reach the rewards.

Somewhere in Chessboard Seven is the truth that the Department of Works itself exists to end. The machines are wrecked beyond repair and their controls are faulty; over billions of years they have undergone *atomic decay*. But there is something humanity can do: Turn off the machines. Hidden in that seventh layer are seven control stations that permit seven humans to simultaneously shut down everything. It's not even particularly hard to do.

Your goal, should you choose to pursue it, is to set that shutdown in motion. To *be* one of those seven, or at least to organise the team that performs this act.

This action will plunge all creation into chaos, removing the boundaries from everything, and causing matter and reality to cease to exist. The Caretakers and Deconstructionists and most of what was never human in Wonderland will be annihilated in cosmic conflagration.

But for humanity, this will bestow enlightenment and freedom. And the universe will enter a higher state of being where true co-existence is achieved between all its aspects.

Able to face the true nature of Creation, able to adapt to the co-existence of EVERYTHING/ALL and NOTHING/VOID through the divine synthesis of mathematic and literature, and enter the CHAOS without fear. What form will this take? At the bare minimum mankind shall be able to wield both physics and literary convention with equal supremacy, becoming the gods the Caretakers merely pretend at being.

As the Canons once broadcasted laws of nature and meanings for life, so too will humanity broadcast its own wishes to define all that is. The universe will be truly anthropocentric, the movements of stars and physical laws dictated by humanity's wishes, and whether the Caretakers are entirely forgotten in the collapse of their houses or remade as slaves is largely academic after that point.

Your reward is godlike mastery of the physical laws of the human universe and over the narrative forces of Wonderland, freely combining the two to achieve all manner of effects. The stars could reflect your joy and laughter, while the pull of gravity match itself to your personal charisma for example. Or you could write legends of a mystical land, and see it form from molten stardust before your eyes.

Should you have adopted a portion of Wonderland to take with your travels, the final level of reality will instead be replaced by the ascended universe. What's left of Wonderland lives and dies as you please, a pathetic vestige of the old chaos reduced to grovelling for the continued right to survive around your homeland.

Go Home

Stay

Move On

Notes

Your Shadow/Reflection reflects your origin from here, at the bare minimum. Whether or not your past self as a dragon or ninja wizard or space robot also gets reflected by the Chessboards is entirely a matter of fanwank, and may be subject to other perks or unique abilities you have.

If you are a human Carrier and take Wonderland Native perks, you are not becoming a Wonderland Native. You are obtaining early access to your birthright.

After this jump, since Wonderland is no longer there to figuratively tug at your infection you gain full control of it. You may use it to access nearby sub-realities, travel into realms defined by human belief or narrative, and slip in and out of certain investments made in this jump easily.

For those who care about game mechanics, Twisted Little Big Thing offers around 16, 32 and 64 points of mutation for the increasing price costs.

Alice, who yes is *that* Alice, is the opening narrator of JAGS Wonderland. Exactly *what* is going on with her is a mystery for you to discover, and probably related to Lewis Carroll's four missing volumes. While a little odd due to being a veteran of Wonderland's shenanigans and probably immortal, she is most definitely human. Just a very Twisted one.

There are too many Twists to reasonably list out, nor is the written list intended to be exhaustive. The given examples are prominent, valid ones but so are abilities like telekinesis, the constant state of becoming more dirty to make your blows hurt others more, a hypnotic tattoo, casting illusions from your eyes and materialising a stylish plate and chain armor as comfortable as clothes. As a general rule if it's localised, not absolute in effect and is a symbol of a narratively dramatic of who you are as a person it can probably be construed as a Twist.