

Generic Wretched Hive

Jumpchain

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There are...bad places in the world. Some went to hell because of war, plague, or just because economic change meant they weren't seen as worth as much attention anymore. Maybe they were places of great tragedy and could not be rid of the pall that hangs over them, or something cursed the land and doomed it to a slow decay. But some places, like some people, were just born bad.

This is one of those places.

This is The City. There are many hellholes like it, but you'll be heading to this one. Maybe you can destroy it during your time here, or maybe it will keep going on, a rusting hulk filled with human misery. There have been many places like it before. Boom towns fuelled by gold fever, soaked with the blood spilled in small wars between miners and claim-jumpers. Isolated villages where inbreeding sapped health and sanity away, until all that was left were misshapen things with hungry eyes. Fortresses and monasteries, where unceasing devotion to faith or security strained the mind until something broke, and the people within found new and terrifying ways to uphold their ideals.

This is not a place that can be redeemed. There was never anything good here.

You can only endure it...or embrace it.

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To have any chance of surviving ten years here, receive 1000cp to purchase perks and powers.

You may choose your sex and apparent age for free. You may also begin with whatever colorful assortment of mundane tattoos, piercings or scars you like, to help you fit in.

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Location (roll 1d8)

1 – The projects

Sprawling, decrepit, and without hope for a better life, living in these crumbling apartment blocks is only marginally better than living on the street. There's a gang, sometimes several, for each building, and every tenant pays protection...or else. Sometimes a more powerful villain supplants a gang, bending a building to their will. Or the gangs just step aside, and wait to pick up the pieces.

2 – The exclusive nightclub

One of many glitzy and upbeat bars that last until it's time to strike a match for the insurance payout. Booze and party drugs flow freely here, attracting the young who seek to forget about their troubles for a time...but many of them disappear into the hidden levels beneath the dance floor, where more visceral entertainment is provided.

3 – Private penthouses

The preferred home of the wealthiest scum of the city who can afford to live looking down on everyone else. Away from the trash and the smog, behind an army of guards and locked private elevators, they think themselves secure. But in this city, a higher perch just means a harder fall.

4 – The walled enclave

Behind gated walls and security cameras the city's upper class is packed into this delusion of normalcy. Smiling men in polo shirts trudge along private golf courses, throwing lawn parties after coming home from work in armored cars. This is a place of happy families living in neat lines of identical houses. Many of which have soundproofed rooms or basements with bricked-up windows.

5 – The financial district

Kept meticulously clean, this is a place of more subtle crimes, where violence is only permissible from the borderline military that is the local private security. More than anything else, the money here keeps this wreck of a city afloat, and disruptions to business are quickly disposed of. Wiser supervillains send their more photogenic minions to do their business here, as while building death machines and underground lairs means a great deal of money must change hands, the attention of the wider world is one asset the companies that do business here have no interest in accumulating.

6 – The swamp

The first choice for body disposal, the city was built on the swamp and the swamp works tirelessly to reclaim it. No sane person comes here, but the desperate, the mad, and the twisted sometimes make it a short-lived refuge. A few try to cross the swamp to escape the city as a last resort, but the animals here are well-accustomed to manflesh and not afraid of bullets or the powered. Many are not natural creatures, and some say they were twisted long before the city was built here. That might be why the city is the way it is, a corrupted foundation twisting everything built upon it.

7 – The scar

The site of a massive battle between villains, repairs were only attempted once before another super-battle broke out here. And another. And another. A miles-long gash reaching almost to the city's heart, the only rebuilding here was the construction of cheap bridges across the devastation. It is the closest place to a neutral meeting ground for villains in the city and also their preferred battleground, a status encouraged by the most powerful and influential of the underworld to reduce further collateral damage. This place is a maze of fallen towers, craters, strange energies, bleached bones, and haunted wrecks. Scavengers leave trails of rust and ash, hoping for a big score that will lift them from poverty. The few that survive and get lucky ensure that more will always come.

8 – Free choice

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Backgrounds

Dark stranger (drop-in)

Hunched over against the chill, gazes lift as you pass. Some go back to cowering. Others might challenge you. The snitches and the smart watch and learn. You're a new player in the city. No past, no allegiance. An unknown. Dangerous. Make waves, and the powerful will put you down. Or maybe they'll make you an offer, if only to keep their rivals from recruiting you. Hurry up and learn how things work around here if you want survive, let alone thrive.

Punk

A dimebag a dozen in this town, there's no shortage of youths looking for the big score, their next hit, or just something to knock over. Most will live short lives and find ugly ends. A few will get lucky, rising to a position of authority within a gang or getting noticed by someone with real power. Their lives become marginally better after that, but there are no success stories in this town.

Freak

Everyone knows, even if they'll never admit it, that the city is sick to the core and it's always been that way. There's a rot beneath the surface, and some bloodlines have soaked in it for so long, or done something to invite it in, that it becomes plain to see. Bloated or stick-thin, corpse-like or stooping and feral, feared, hated, seen as a beast to cage or hunt. Even the most thick-headed can see that you've been touched by the city. It is your only real parent, and it loves you.

Mastermind

You don't run this town. Nobody does, and nobody can, although a lot of idiots keep trying. No, it's better to carve out a slice of the pie, to stake your claim and find your niche. You do that, and you'll have all the power, influence, and security you could ask for. Unless you start getting greedy or stupid, of course. Sell the super-powered what they need, distract the thugs with something shiny, and learn the more...esoteric rules that govern the city, and you'll do just fine.

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Perks

Dark stranger (drop-in)

100cp – New in town

When you arrive in a new location, word spreads. Soon you'll be on everyone's lips, a nameless fascination in their minds sparked by your appearance. Why do you interest them so? None can say, but they all agree that you're one to keep an eye on. You may turn this perk on and off.

200cp – Smooth operator

You act like you haven't got a care in the world. It's mostly for show. You've got talent, no doubt there, with a solid aim, a great poker face and steady hands that will never shake from injury or adrenaline. But more than that, you can make everything around think that whatever you just pulled off didn't take the slightest bit of effort...as long as you actually pulled it off, of course. You may turn this perk on and off. Sometimes, from some people, you don't want that kind of attention.

400cp – See the colors, read the signs

An outsider is a very dangerous thing to be in a place like this. Every punk you cross might have a gang behind them or be someone's minion. But now you have an innate sense of who and where belongs to what. It's as if everyone you meet and every street you cross is holding up a sign bearing a symbol of allegiance. To cartel, corporation, cult, or supervillain. It's the same for the places you visit. That fancy, completely ordinary restaurant might as well hang a sign: 'owned by the mob.' If a place is contested, or loyalties divided? You can gauge the level of influence each exerts as well.

600cp – A tall handsome man

You entered town as a drifter. A nobody. But dismissing you as a threat is a fatal mistake. You are a killer through and through, your nature hidden deep behind iron discipline, under a pleasant exterior, or perhaps within a mentality for which murder comes as easily as breathing? With your murderous intent so carefully disguised, none will see you as a danger. Innocents will be cautious at most. Guards note your presence, but dismiss you as a non-issue. Even methods that warn the user of impending danger fail to register your intent to do their owner harm. This protection ceases once you do something blatantly suspicious, or violence begins. Once you have actually attacked someone, this perk will cease to apply to them or their allies.

Punk

100cp – War paint

Every gang has their colors. Maybe a tattoo, branding, piercing, or something else. You've can easily create or tweak such skin-deep body modifications even when working on a budget, and you've got enough sense to know what works and what doesn't. The symbols you stamp on yourself are always as distinctive, or as subtle, as you intend for them to be.

200cp – Flush them out

When gangs move in force, people hide or get out of the way. No one wants to be seen as the weakest of the herd, to be singled out and picked off. Making an effort to find something or someone will cause knowledge of your search to somehow find its way to your target and any associated with it. They will feel fear or at least concern, and become more disposed to rash action, though you will have no control over how exactly they react. You may turn this perk on and off.

400cp – Scrap warrior

One man's trash is another man's armory. Rocks, shivs, molotov cocktails, armor made from scrap, whenever junk is all you've got it can somehow put up a good show against things far more sophisticated. Shivs find chicks in mil-spec gear. Rocks crack armored windows, while crowbars pry open security doors. It's not an equal footing, but it'll close the gap and turn a hopeless fight into something a lot less one-sided.

600cp – Tear it down

When you want to do some damage, damage gets done. When you and your allies rampage through an area, far more gets wrecked than expected. Fires break out. Pipes in the walls burst. Stonework crumbles, furniture shatters. Everyone involved will be take scrapes and bruises, stress and fear meaning they'll take longer to get back to a hundred percent. The destruction you cause is almost infectious in the way it effects a wider area. You may turn this perk on and off.

Freak

100cp – Tight guts

You are used to surviving on things most people wouldn't consider food. You cannot be poisoned by anything you eat. Raw meat, rotten food, actual poison, etc. Your health will also not suffer for subsisting on such terrible fare, so long as you can get enough to fill your belly.

200cp – Silent and still

Shelter is rare, so sleeping is dangerous. When you sleep, it is the sleep of the dead. You do not move, do not breathe, and have no heartbeat. You are like stone, having no needs and feeling no discomfort. You are also very difficult to locate when you sleep, through any method. But when something approaches that could be a threat, you immediately awake without any disorientation.

400cp – Predating

You are not the strongest, or the fiercest. You are a survivor, and were born knowing how to hunt, to track, to ambush and pounce. You simply know who in a group is the weakest, the slowest, the most fearful. Who will stand strong, and who will flee from the safety of the pack when spooked.

600cp – At home in rot

You were born to the City. It is in your every breath, and you have long ago become accustomed to the presence of it and things like it. Even in hell itself, evil and corruption of an entirely passive, environmental sort slides right off you. You are a native to dark places, considered such by the very

land and the beings that inhabit it. You are automatically viewed as a part of whatever hierarchy that exists there, and the lowest of native vermin will never attack you unless you make yourself prey. If you are strong enough, some beings may consider you their superior and obey your commands. Some may even seek to enter your service, making offerings and begging favors.

Mastermind

100cp – Man of stone

You're unflappable, able to stare down madmen and monsters. Nothing seem to move you, and even if it did there won't be any physical signs. You'll never show weakness until you're cracked wide open. You're also intimidating in a quiet sort of way, with the kind of posture that makes people mind their manners and step lightly in your presence.

200cp – Good help wanted

You have an eye for competence and work ethic. With a glance, you'll know if someone is a poser or a professional when they claim to have the skills you're looking for. In addition, you may nominate someone as a lieutenant. Whatever flunkies or minions they lead in your name will become just a little more competent and loyal, and far less prone to common screw-ups.

400cp – King's claim

When you stake a claim, there's more to it than just a new sign above the door or a filled-out form. Places you rule are...yours...in more abstract and mystical ways as well. If you have any powers that depend on concepts of ownership, they are far stronger when used on people and things within. Enemies who try to use similar powers on things within your domain find them severely weakened.

600cp – Obligation meter

Loyalty is in very short supply in a place like this. You can bribe, threaten, flatter, hold a man's life in your hands, but you'll never know when someone will turn traitor until you feel the knife in your back. Now there's a little tag over everyone's heart, showing a percentage. The number tells you just how loyal to you someone really is. Watch it rise or fall in real time in reaction to what happens. Learn what makes someone love or hate you. But the number only goes up to ninety-nine. Even with perks, there's no guarantees in this world.

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Powers and super-skills

Before you choose your powers, you must select a *Source*, the phenomena from which your powers are derived. You can freely define how each of these powers work, or where they come from, up to a point. Mad science, brutal indoctrination, cybernetics, mutations, demonic 'gifts'...

Note that some entries have a second or third option, listed below the first and tabbed, and paying the higher cost will grant you the benefits of both the basic and upgraded version.

300cp – Assassin

You are very good at killing things. Good enough to potentially turn even an ordinary item, like a teacup, into a lethal weapon. You have an almost encyclopedic understanding and great skill with weaponry, but you'd lose to a true master or if you tried to fight a specialist at their own game.

100cp – Contortionist

A truly inhuman flexibility, viewers will think your bones are made of rubber after seeing how they bend. You could squeeze your way through any passage big enough to fit your skull. Your limbs can almost completely rotate in their sockets and bend any way you want them to, and you can contract and expand your body to quickly worm your way through tight of spaces.

200cp – Man of many faces

Though you must retain a mostly human shape, you can mold your own flesh and features like clay, and change your own skin, eye and hair color. You can also change your voice on a moment's notice. With a decent sample and some practice, you can mimic a specific voice well enough to fool those familiar with the original. It's still up to you to act the part, though. You cannot change your weight or mass, through your dimensions can stretch or contract by about twenty percent or so.

600cp – Shapeshifter

Either your flesh and bone can be warped in a horrific display, or your body shares the behavior and takes on some of the appearance of a liquid, particulate, gas, or 'other.' You are several times stronger than a normal human, and practically immune to damage from purely mechanical sources, but things like fire or electricity are still dangerous. Weapons and extra limbs can be easily sprouted from your mass, which stands at around five times your original amount. You will die if your body is disrupted by enough energy or all your mass is torn up and scattered.

100cp – Poison child

All of your bodily fluids are incredibly toxic. Skin contact with a single drop is enough to paralyze, any more will kill. You are completely immune to all organic poisons. You cannot turn this power on and off at will until after the jump ends.

800cp – Cauldron

By ingesting chemicals, drugs and poisonous compounds, your body can store, analyze and re-create them later. After ingesting enough samples you can begin to experiment, using the properties of one toxin to refine and modify others. Your body will quickly become a walking chemical lab, and you can easily expel unique compounds designed to ignite or boil away on contact with air. You are completely immune to poison and toxins, to the toxic or corrosive properties of any of your own compounds, and can harmlessly ingest even the most reactive chemical compounds like FOOF or Chlorine Trifluoride. To re-create such things, you must either have the biological capacity to create the needed elements, or your diet must grow to include them. You have full control over this power.

200cp – Rat king

A single type of creature is now under your control. Rats, birds, insects, etc. They become slightly smarter and more coordinated under your direction, and can follow simple instructions easily. You can also communicate to a limited degree with your minions. Rats might be able to tell you that someone is coming, what they smell like, roughly how many there are, etc, but could not read and relay messages or pass more detailed information.

400cp – Hive mother

Stronger and smarter versions of your chosen minions now gestate within your body, released as you need them. Information can be sent and received telepathically, and you can partake of their senses. Needed biomass for growing minions can be gained by consuming ordinary versions, and if you wish you can also take on some physical aspects of your chosen type over time.

200cp – Pleasure and pain

Within a short range and a line-of-sight, you can cause people to experience pleasant or painful sensations and feelings. You could induce euphoria, or make them feel as if their skin was on fire, but that's about the limit of this power's finesse.

100cp – Junker

You're good at keeping things running even with shoddy tools and improvised replacement parts. The end result will always work. Not very well or for very long, but it will work. If you can get a hold of decent materials and tools you can do much better, even cobbling together devices almost as good as those that were made or repaired in a proper shop.

400cp – Mad science

You have a very particular obsession, and are very good at adapting other devices and discoveries to fit your theme. Things like bombs, guns, vat-grown monsters, mutation-inducing formula...anything suitably diabolical is a valid choice. Translating 20th-century tech into your chosen field and bringing it up to comic-book levels is child's play. Acid grenades? Guns that shoot swords? Thermite bullets? Subliminal messages that make people fly into a violent rage? Any of those can be done with a decent lab and an afternoon's work. More advanced science will take far more effort to integrate, should you get ahold of some more exotic materials.

300cp – Power nullification

With a radius of about ten meters, both the mundane and supernatural abilities of your enemies are reduced. Giving your full attention to a single target will reduce an average human to the level of an invalid, while a super will have their powers almost completely suppressed. If there are multiple targets, you can split the strength of your power among them. This requires a little concentration on your part. You can only suppress so much, trying to use this on something of vast and terrible power will only null a small chunk of its power at most.

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Gear

100cp – Your cut

Each week, you receive a small amount of stolen goods. Cash, electronics, jewellery. These things are untraceable, and easy to fence or pawn. Each haul is worth a thousand dollars, give or take, but once in a while you'll get something bigger or hotter, like a few high-end firearms, a sports car, or a crate of very expensive luxury goods. In future jumps, you receive local items of a similar value.

100cp – Shiv

Small enough to palm and sharp enough to slide cleanly through leather and meat, cuts made by this tiny blade bleed profusely. The Shiv won't be found no matter how thoroughly you're searched, and can function as an improvised tool to jimmy locks and pry things open. If lost or destroyed, it will return to you after 24 hours. You may import an existing weapon to gain these qualities.

200cp – Incriminating polaroid

When you want to blackmail someone, just think of them and give this square of plastic a shake. It will show an image of...something. It's something that really happened, sure, but you won't automatically know what it means. Your target will, though. It's a very convincing snapshot of something that will do a good job of suggesting you know all about their most illicit activities. You still have to put in the effort into bending them to your will, but this item will certainly help in that regard. In future jumps, the polaroid will become something appropriate to the setting.

200cp – Spice

Spice makes a good meal great. If by 'meal' I mean drugs. Which I do. So mix Spice with your drugs and chems of choice to get a little bit more 'oomph' out of them and also reduce any unpleasant side effects, like withdrawal or hangovers. Now that's nice, but here's the real benefit of having Spiced drugs. They don't show up. Not on blood tests, not on scans. No bulging veins or glowing eyes if you're into something really freaky. Now if your drug would turn you into a ten foot tall 'roided out man-shaped stack of tumors, that's different. But the subtle stuff? Kept subtle.

300cp – The gun

Although it looks like an aged revolver of an archaic design, seeing this gun in action burns a crystal-clear memory of it into the mind. No witness to its use will ever forget it or confuse it with another weapon. The gun itself performs fantastically. It fits perfectly in the hand while the sound and muzzle flash will never trouble your eyes and ears. It is both powerful and accurate, and never needs reloading. If lost or destroyed, it will somehow make its way back to with after 24 hours. You may import an existing weapon to gain these qualities.

300cp – Cleaning service

You have the phone number of a very competent and very discrete cleaning company. They specialize in cleaning even the really big messes, no matter what they might be. Corpses? They won't care who or how or why. Lab accident involving super-acid? Ok. The ichor of a dead demon threatening to corrupt the land and all who exist upon it for generations to come? You'll have to pay out the nose for that one. Yes, they expect to be paid in proportion to the complexity of the task, in full and in advance. But in exchange they are almost perfect in removing every trace of forensic evidence or molecule of harmful compound. Do keep in mind that the bigger the job, the more time it'll take to complete, and they won't do work in areas where hostile creatures still exist to threaten their workers. You'll have to handle the 'prep-work' yourself before they'll come in.

400cp – Drug allegory

These vials of sickly-looking liquid will grant a low-level super-power to whomever drinks them, but they will fade away after 24 hours unless another vial is drunk. The power each person gets is random, but tends towards the destructive and drinkers quickly learn how to use them. You decide when handing out vials if they will have addictive qualities or not, beyond the simple rush of having powers. Comes in a case of twenty, and spent vials are replenished at a rate of one per hour. If a person who already has powers drinks a vial, their powers will be boosted for an hour instead.

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Warehouse attachments

300cp – The last garden

A tiny slice of peace, this is a place of goodness and purity. Attached to another property or placed within the world, it sends out a subtle call to guide those in need to find it. Evil creatures have extreme difficulty in finding its location or tracking those going to and from it, even if the Garden hides within their own domain. Those who rest within find their pain and fear soothed, curses and foul influences weakened. With time and self-reflection, minor afflictions will be purged completely. There is always clean water and a few edible plants to be found. When you leave a jump, you may choose to have a copy of the Garden left behind for others to find refuge within.

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Companions

Companion Import

For 100cp, you may import a single companion, giving them a background, its discounts, and 600cp to spend. Every additional 100cp you spend doubles the number of companions you import, to a maximum of eight for 400cp.

100cp – Super-girl with daddy issues

The neglected daughter of a yuppie and one of his live-in mistresses, this pretty young girl has bounced between boyfriends, clubs, petty crime, tantrums and a hundred other things. Nothing has kept her attention or made her feel real fulfillment, until she met you. A bit of love, real or fake, will quickly leave this girl wrapped around your finger.

The super-girl with daddy issues has 'Smooth operator' and 'Man of many faces.'

100cp – Young punk

Born into a gang, he joined another when it was wiped out. When that one tore itself apart, he moved on. His skin is a patchwork of gang symbols, the only memorial to hundreds of forgotten nameless dead. He's a survivor, and now he works for you. He'd not expecting you to last.

The young punk has 'War paint' and 'Junker.'

100cp – Adoring freak

This scrawny, slightly fuzzy child has latched on to you after being thrown away by his parents. He desperately wants to be loved and wanted, and tries so very hard to earn your approval. Near-feral from abuse and neglect, raising him to be something other than a monster will be difficult.

The adoring freak has 'Tight guts' 'Silent and still' and 'Rat king (Rats.)'

100cp – Mute thrall

This plain-looking young Asian girl was sold off to a cult at a young age. One of the few survivors among that batch of children, brutal conditioning and lethal training has turned her into a living weapon. Her indoctrination accounted for her eventual re-sale, and so she now recognizes you as her master to obey with unhesitating loyalty. She is capable of speech, but only uses sign language after the inclination to make the slightest sound for any reason was long ago beaten out of her.

The mute thrall has 'Assassination' and 'Poison child.'

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Drawbacks

You may take a maximum of +600cp worth of drawbacks.

+100cp – I gave my word

In this place, a reputation is a powerful thing. You have a reputation for always honoring your contracts and keeping your promises. Some would consider this foolish, others will be more willing to work with you. In reality, you cannot break your word. When you make a promise or contract, anything more formal than an offhand 'yeah, sure' you are compelled to uphold the letter of the agreement regardless of any personal feelings on the matter. You are only exempt from this if you know for certain that the other party has broken their side of the deal.

+100cp – Ain't nothing in this world for free

You just can't seem to keep liquid funds. You'll blow it on booze or strippers, or something will come up that demands quick payment or there's a debt that's due. You'll just barely stay in the black. You won't have a problem getting cash or stealing it, but you'll always quickly lose it.

+200cp – No respect

No matter what you accomplish, you'll never receive any real recognition for it. It'll take putting a gun to their head before someone gives you the time of day, and trying to 'rise above your station' will see your enemies finding common cause in their contempt of you.

+200cp – Loyalty issues

It seems like you just can't rely on anyone these days. Companions are exempt, but for everyone else, no amount of money, threats, or favors will ever be really appreciated. Your secrets will be sold cheaply, your guards slow to step into the line of fire, and your accountants never reporting quite as much profit as you expected. There will be many small betrayals, and a few very big ones.

+300cp – Untouched garden

This is strange...somehow a tiny patch of goodness still exists in this cursed place. Flowers bloom, the air is sweet, sleep is peaceful and untroubled. There is a small stone shrine in one corner, so old and weathered to be completely unrecognizable, yet a subtle power radiates from it that can repel even the City's influence. The place is very difficult for evil to locate, but there are rumors of its existence and several groups are currently searching for it. By ignorance or malice, the Garden will inevitably be destroyed shortly after any others find it. If that happens, you will fail the jump.

+300cp – Ninjas R' Us

You have to wonder if clown cars are involved, because your enemies always have an inordinate number of bodies to throw at you. This doesn't make other factions bigger, but the second you go to battle and the doors open a veritable flood of oddly identical goons will throw themselves into the fray. This doesn't improve their competency, thankfully.

+400cp – Blood of Nero

You are...rather bonkers. You view the world through a lens of delusion, thinking yourself a god or emperor. Or the devil. You're a megalomaniac on the best of days, You don't issue orders, you summon minions and invoke divine authority. You don't have rival gangs, you are a noble who battles rival claimants to the throne. You're not an idiot, but your madness will heavily influence your outlook on things, and canny enemies will exploit the patterns in your madness.

+400cp – Cult of the City

The black heart of the City has corrupted many, but these few have been completely twisted now serve it unknowingly. The City guides them to perform acts that serve to corrupt or slay the few residents who retain their morals. Those in power craft policies to inflict the maximum amount of misery. Others simply make friends and spout poisoned and honeyed words to the innocent. The weak-willed are simply driven mad and sent to murder specific people. Now, the City has become aware of your presence. You can never be sure who is your enemy, if things that happen are just coincidences, or the beginnings of a Rube Goldberg-esque deathtrap set up by the seemingly random and disconnected actions of a dozen unrelated people.

+600cp – Fire and brimstone

All things must end. On the order of a higher power or for a personal vendetta, the City must be destroyed. This is not the simple matter of killing every person here and levelling every building. Even if you were to do those things, the City would still call out to scavengers, to those seeking thrills or forbidden secrets, crafting any number of messages that might appeal to those who would come and create a foundation for habitation once again. The destruction you wreck must be so total, so complete, that the very idea of rebuilding here must become seen as impossible or so utterly loathsome in the public consciousness that no sane person will consider it. But the City will see what you are attempting to do, and unable to act on its own it will expend all its energy to turn

everyone within it to the task of ending your life. Gangs will rise up and unite. The powerful will call their guards and hire 'specialists' from out of town. Supervillains will walk openly and unopposed, all pretense of law suppressed. The ordinary citizens will be driven to fear the 'terrorist' in their midst and mob you on sight. You have ten years to see this done, and during this time the cosmic warehouse and all your out-of-jump powers will be sealed away.

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