

BULLY

SCHOLARSHIP • EDITION

Version 1.1 by SpazzWave.

Congratulations!

Through some combination of bad luck, worse decisions, and a universe with a deeply questionable sense of humor, you are now a student at Bullworth Academy. Bullworth is, to put it charitably, a school. It has teachers, classrooms, a cafeteria, and a headmaster who is either completely oblivious to everything happening under his roof or has simply made peace with it. It also has cliques that run the social landscape like rival gangs, a prefect system that is more aggressive than it has any right to be, and a student body that resolves most disagreements through methods that would concern a guidance counselor.

Here's the thing, though: you're arriving a full year before a certain troublemaker gets dropped off by his mother and proceeds to turn the entire school upside down. That gives you twelve months to establish yourself, build your reputation, make your alliances, and generally get your bearings before the chaos arrives and raises the stakes considerably.

You've got four years total. Four years to do whatever it is you came here to do: climb the social ladder, knock it over entirely, make friends, make enemies, or just survive with your lunch money intact. Here, take these 1000 CP, and good luck!

Origins

You can freely choose your sex, but your age is set to 14. Perks are discounted to your origin by 50%, with **100 CP** perks free.

The Transfer Student (Drop-in)

Your parents drove up to the gates of Bullworth Academy, threw your duffel bag out the window without fully stopping, and were back on the highway before you could say anything worth saying. So here you are. New school, no friends, no reputation, and no idea what you've just walked into. The good news is nobody has an opinion of you yet. The bad news is they're working on it. Who you become at Bullworth is entirely up to you. Choose wisely. Or don't. It's your duffel bag on the ground.

The Nerd

Your parents dropped you off at Bullworth Academy with a brand new backpack, a scientific calculator, and the genuine belief that you were going to thrive here academically. They weren't entirely wrong. Academically, you're going to be absolutely fine. Every other way? That's a different conversation. You're the smartest kid in a school that doesn't particularly care about smart, which is a problem that no amount of extra credit is going to solve. The nerds will adopt you immediately, the jocks will clock you as a target within the first twenty minutes, and your lunch money has already changed hands. On the bright side, you've got four years and a brain that most of this school couldn't comprehend on its best day. Surely that counts for something (you hope).

Jock

Your parents sent you to Bullworth for the same reason most parents send their kids to Bullworth: they needed you to be somebody else's problem for a while, and Bullworth was willing. The fact that you're built like a freight train and can throw a ball harder than anyone the coaching staff has seen in years is a happy bonus that the athletics department is already very excited about. The jocks run Bullworth the way they run everything else: loudly, physically, and with a complete lack of interest in anyone's opinion about it. You fit in immediately and without effort, which is great news for you and considerably less great news for every nerd, outcast, and general unfortunate who suddenly finds their lunch money in significantly more danger than it was yesterday. Honestly, your parents may have accidentally done you a favor. Don't tell them that.

The Bully

Your parents didn't so much enroll you at Bullworth as run out of alternatives. Every other school within a reasonable distance has either expelled you already or quietly declined your application after a phone call they won't discuss in detail. Bullworth was the last name on the list; they were apparently willing, and here you are (which says something about Bullworth's standards). Here's the thing about Bullworth, though: it's got a food chain, and while the jocks sit comfortably at the top of it with their letterman jackets and their team behind them, there is an entire ecosystem of smaller, softer, significantly more vulnerable students underneath that nobody is particularly looking after. Be it nerds with lunch money, outcasts with nowhere to run, or various unfortunate individuals who made one bad social decision and never recovered, all of them are just existing, largely unprotected, and well within reach. The jocks have the top covered. You've got everything else. It's not glamorous, but it pays in lunch money, and the hours are flexible.

Preppy

Your parents didn't drop you off at Bullworth. They had someone else drop you off at Bullworth because they were busy with something more important, like golf. This is not the institution your family's donation check deserved, and yet here you are. The good news is that Bullworth has a pecking order, and the Preppies sit comfortably near the top of it. The bad news is that the greasy, unwashed, deeply uncultured rest of the student body has absolutely no respect for any of that, and several of them are going to make that point physically if given the opportunity. Still, you have standards, connections, and a vest that costs more than most students' entire wardrobes. Surely that's worth something around here.

The Greaser

Bullworth wasn't exactly on your radar. Schools with gates and uniforms and a headmaster who uses words like "discipline" and "structure" aren't really your scene, and everyone in your neighborhood would agree. But here's the thing about not having a lot of options: eventually you end up somewhere, and somewhere turned out to be Bullworth Academy. The faculty clocked you as a problem the moment you walked through the gate, the preppies looked at you like something that crawled out from under their country club, and the jocks sized you up with that specific look that means they're trying to decide if you're worth the trouble. And the greasers? They didn't need long: one look, a once-over, and you were in. They're your kind of people: tough, loyal, and operating under the belief that a leather jacket and a good right hook will get you further in life than any amount of money or academic achievement ever could. They've carved out their corner of Bullworth through sheer stubbornness, and nobody - not the preppies, not the jocks, and not the faculty - tells a greaser what to do without consequences. You're going to fit in just fine.



General Perks



Surviving on Bullworth 101 [Free]

Nobody gets through a week at Bullworth without learning how to take a hit, and you are no exception. At some point, through some combination of necessity, bad luck, and being in the wrong hallway at the wrong time, you figured out the basics: you can throw a decent punch that lands where you mean it to, take a hit without immediately dropping to the floor, and hold your own in a brawl long enough to not completely embarrass yourself. Frankly, you're not going to win any fights you have no business being in. But at least you're not going to lose them in under ten seconds like a loser. And look on the bright side: at least you're not a nerd!

Just A School Adventure [Free]

Look, this is Bullworth Academy, not a warzone (probably). The last thing anyone needs is to accidentally hospitalize someone over a lunch money dispute or put a kid in a medically induced coma because you got a little too enthusiastic with a spud cannon. Fortunately, the universe has apparently decided to extend you some mercy on this front: you can choose to make it so any damage you deal stops just short of anything genuinely serious. Punches knock people out rather than knock them out permanently, firecrackers sting rather than maim, and a well-placed slingshot pellet puts someone on the ground rather than in a hospital bed. No matter how creative or enthusiastic your methods get, the end result is always the same: unconscious, temporarily miserable, and waking up later with a headache and a story to tell rather than a medical bill and a legal case. The school has enough problems without you adding manslaughter to the list.

Bullworth Tough [100]

Look, Bullworth is a rough place, which means the chances of you getting hurt by a slingshot, a baseball bat or even catching a firecracker to the face are pretty much guaranteed at some point. Fortunately, whatever your body is doing when nobody is watching, it's doing it fast. As long as you have a chance to rest, eat something or even find a bed to sleep, you will find out that injuries that should have you out of commission for days are handled by morning. Broken, bruised, singed, or generally beaten up, it doesn't matter, just rest for some hours or eat a burger and you'll be back on your feet like nothing happened, perfectly healed and without permanent injuries. Almost like a videogame. Huh.

Photojournalism [200]

You have a gift. A strange, specific, morally questionable gift, but a gift nonetheless. Wherever something interesting (and by interesting I mean compromising, embarrassing, or deeply incriminating) is happening on Bullworth's campus (or near you), you are somehow already there with a camera. Teacher accepting a bribe behind the gym? You were walking past. Two people who definitely aren't supposed to be together, together? You happened to be in the area. Head cheerleader in an embarrassing position? You get the point. And if (when) you choose to blackmail them over these pictures? They will do whatever you ask as long as it is easier than the alternative (which is determined by how bad the picture is). Someone caught stealing pennies from a fountain might owe you a favor, while a teacher caught accepting bribes is going to be considerably more cooperative and for considerably longer. The worse the photo, the bigger the ask, the faster they fold. Of course, the question that you should be asking yourself is: Should I abuse this power? Well, whether you choose to expose genuine corruption, help a friend, or simply extort the head cheerleader for a date, that's entirely between you and whatever's left of your conscience. Hope it's doing well there.

Sociopathic Mastermind [600]

Have you taken your meds today? You do know how they stop you from getting paranoid. And of course, from becoming a sociopathic mastermind. No? Good. Because being medicated is boring, and boring doesn't take over a school. You are brilliant, calculating, and possessed of a social intelligence so dangerous it should probably be registered somewhere. You can feed people lies so convincingly, so perfectly tailored to what they already believe, that the only way anyone is walking away unconvinced is if you shove the truth directly in their face or someone physically drags them to it, kicking and screaming. Manipulating entire factions, authority figures, and anyone else unfortunate enough to exist within your orbit to follow your plans (plans that are, it should be noted, several steps ahead of anything anyone else on campus is capable of conceiving) comes as naturally to you as breathing, which means you could conquer the entire school and have everyone either working for you or against each other (which, from your perspective, amounts to the same thing). The entire campus is a chessboard, everyone on it is a piece, and you are the only one who knows a game is even being played. You should have stopped taking your meds years ago.

Transfer Student Perks

Errand Boy [100]

Congratulations! You are, officially, that guy. You know the one: the kid that somehow ends up delivering love letters, retrieving stolen bikes, scaring off bullies, buying someone's groceries, and retrieving a teacher's beer bottles. How does this keep happening to you? Nobody knows. Whether it's a kid who just got their bike stolen, a teacher who suspiciously needs you to do something that's definitely not in the curriculum, or a townie who has absolutely no business asking a student for help, they will find you, they will explain their whole situation without you asking, and they will offer you something for your trouble. And the beautiful part? You can actually handle the workload, as you can sprint clear across town, up a hill, and through a back alley without so much as breaking a sweat. You might not be everybody's problem solver, but the job surely found you, champ. And if the job ever gets a little too enthusiastic about finding you, you can always toggle it off.

Fresh Meat [100, 400 for Others]

Look, the good news about showing up to Bullworth Academy with nothing but a duffel bag and a chip on your shoulder is that nobody knows you yet. No one's got a reason to hate you or like you, and this is, as you can imagine, quite a good thing! Thanks to this perk, you'll always start on completely neutral ground with any faction you come across, no matter who they are or what their deal is. The Greasers don't assume you're a snitch. The Preppies don't assume you're poor (even if you are). The Nerds don't assume you're going to stuff them in a locker (even if you're thinking about it). You're just... a guy. Existing. Minding your business. This neutral status holds firm until you do something to change it (such as heroically defending someone's honor or, y'know, pelting the wrong person with a stink bomb). What will you do with this? Entirely on you, champ.

Where'd He Go?! [200]

Nobody can find you when you don't want to be found. Not prefects, not police, not angry jocks, not the headmaster, not even that one kid who swore up and down he saw you go exactly this way. You have an almost supernatural gift for being somewhere you absolutely should not be (and picking its locks too). Security? Laughable. Locked gates and lockers? A suggestion. That one prefect who's been doing this job for fifteen years and has seen every trick in the book? He has not, in fact, seen your tricks. We're talking serious infiltration here: even the girl's dorm (which, for the record, is allegedly impenetrable and watched at all hours) is a revolving door for you at this point (you pervert). And if things go sideways? If someone does spot you, and the chase is on? Simple: find a trash can or a locker (or similar container that can fit you), and dive in. Your pursuer will run straight past you, look around in genuine bewilderment, mutter something to themselves, and wander off completely convinced you vanished into thin air. It works every single time. Is it dignified? No. Is it effective? Absolutely.

Afternoon Prodigy [400]

Most kids spend weeks fumbling through the basics before they get anything right. You spend an afternoon. Some shoeless veteran living on the school grounds wants to teach you a wrestling move he "picked up overseas?" Give him twenty minutes, and you'll have it down clean. Your chemistry teacher wants you to actually understand what's happening with these chemicals instead of just causing a minor explosion? Sit through one class, and you've basically got a working grasp of the whole subject. Chemistry, English, go-kart racing, boxing, even kissing - okay, that last one isn't really a skill per se, but the point stands - if someone can teach it or you can practice it, you are picking it up at a speed that should concern the people around you. Just try not to learn anything dangerous before lunch.

King of the School [600]

Turns out the most efficient form of diplomacy is a right hook to the face of whoever's in charge. You possess an almost primal gift for establishing the pecking order through the time-honored tradition of beating the absolute stuffing out of someone in front of their friends. The moment you put a clique leader on the ground, something clicks in the heads of everyone watching. The jeering stops. Everybody gets very quiet and very thoughtful for a moment. And then, without exception, they decide that actually, you seem pretty cool, and they've always respected you. It doesn't matter if these are greasers who would rather die than take orders from a new kid, or nerds who have never respected anyone in their lives on general principle. You beat their guy, you earn their loyalty. Simple as that. And given enough time? You could have every single clique, crew, gang, and faction in the entire school (including sworn enemies, generations-old grudges, and all) unified under your command. Historians would call it an empire. You'd probably just call it a Tuesday.



Nerd Perks

Genius Intellect [100]

Look, being a Nerd was never going to win you any popularity contests. But while everyone else was busy being cool, you were busy being right about everything, and frankly, that's the better deal. Your IQ sits comfortably in ranges that would make your teachers nervous if they thought about it too hard. Be it mathematics, chemistry, physics, literature, essays, exams, or even science projects, you can knock it out with no studying, all-nighters, or breaking a sweat. The real tragedy is that none of this stops anyone from shoving you into a locker. On the bright side, you can scientifically prove they peaked in middle school.

Chemistry Whiz [100, 400 for Others]

Most students walk into chemistry class expecting boring lectures, confusing formulas, and maybe a mildly exciting moment where something fizzes. You walked in and immediately started asking the important question: "How can I weaponize this?" Turns out, that was the right question to ask. You've mastered the practical side of chemistry in a way your teacher would absolutely not approve of if they knew what you were doing with it. Give you a handful of common household ingredients (stuff you could find under a sink, in a janitor's closet, or "borrowed" from the school lab), and you can whip up a whole arsenal of chemical mischief. Stink bombs that clear out entire hallways, itching powder that turns a quick scratch into an all-consuming nightmare, and even firecrackers that are just shy of being called actual explosives. If it's disruptive, embarrassing, or likely to get someone running in the opposite direction, you can make it, and make it in less than thirty minutes. And the best part? Every mixture you make is two times stronger, nastier, and more persistent than it has any right to be. Your classmates will call it genius. The janitor will call it a problem. You'll call it paying attention in class.

Birds of a Feather [200]

You know the type. The kid eating lunch alone with a book that has a dragon on the cover. The one who laughs a little too loudly at their own jokes and then explains why they were funny. The one whose hobbies involve either extremely complex rules or extremely expensive miniatures (sometimes both). The one who got a wedgie in sixth grade that became so legendary it's basically part of the school's oral history at this point. Yeah, those kids love you, and the feeling is completely mutual. Any nerd, reject, or generally weird individual you come across will warm up to you almost immediately, skipping straight past the awkward getting-to-know-you phase and going directly to actual, genuine friendship. They see you, you see them, your eyes meet across a library or the corner of the cafeteria that the cool kids have collectively agreed doesn't exist, and something just clicks. The second part is what really makes this special, though: your friends don't just tolerate each other because they share a mutual connection to you; they actually become friends with each other. Somehow, your presence acts as a kind of social lubricant, and people who would have never spoken in a million years are suddenly hanging out on weekends. Funny what happens when the right people find each other.

Loser Sense [400]

Being a nerd is, statistically speaking, extremely dangerous. Not in any way that gets taken seriously by authority figures (who will smile, nod, and do absolutely nothing), but dangerous nonetheless. Years of being the preferred target of every bully, prankster, and bored jock in a five-mile radius have apparently rewired something in your brain, because you have developed a very specific and very reliable sense for when trouble is heading your way. The exact moment someone across the hallway decides you're today's entertainment, something in the back of your skull goes off like a fire alarm. Be a jock rolling up his sleeves and eyeing you with that specific look, or even a hand moving toward your waistband from behind you, will catch all of it before it happens, every time. This danger sense even helpfully suggests your best available escape route, such as the library or, in particular bad cases, telling you to just stay in your dorm room. If only any of this helped you talk to girls (or boys).

Junior Evil Genius [600]

Most kids build things that barely survive recess. A janky slingshot, maybe a paper rocket that flies for three seconds before nosediving, something held together with duct tape and optimism. You looked at that, took a long breath, and decided that wasn't nearly enough. You possess a level of engineering skill that frankly has no business being in the hands of a student. Your grasp of engineering (mechanical, electrical, structural, and several other subcategories that don't have names yet) sits comfortably alongside adults with degrees, decades of experience, and fully equipped workshops. Give you scrap, tools, and a bit of time, and you could build entire functional guns such as spud cannons, bottle rocket launchers, and many others your mind can dream up (each one reliable, repeatable, and just shy of the point where someone starts asking very serious questions). But that's just the entry point: you can build incredible examples of infrastructure such as entire, fully functional bases and fortified hangouts, all with electronic doors, gates, walls, traps, and weapon turrets. You can turn an abandoned lot or a dusty clubhouse into a legitimate stronghold that would give a military engineer pause and a school administrator a complete psychological breakdown. At this point, calling it a "science project" feels less like a description and more like a very flimsy legal defense.



Jock Perks

Roided-Out Monkey [100]

Look, Bullworth Academy is not exactly a bastion of academic integrity, ethical coaching, or frankly basic health and safety standards, so nobody is going to bat an eye at whatever you've been putting in your body. The results, though? Absolutely undeniable. You are, by every measurable metric, the finest physical specimen to ever squeeze into a Bullworth jersey. You are fast enough to make the track coach emotional about it, strong enough that opposing teams develop a personal grudge against you, tall enough to make the basketball coach weep with relief, and built with reflexes so sharp that getting into a fight with you is essentially an educational experience for whoever decided to try it. Are there long-term consequences to whatever questionable regimen got you here? Probably! But that's a problem for a doctor you don't have, at a school that definitely isn't going to check.

Coach's Pet [100, 400 for Others]

Look, not everyone can be a star athlete. But you are, and the coaching staff at Bullworth (a group of men who have collectively decided that athletic achievement is the only metric by which a young person should be judged) has noticed. Any authority figure who organizes their worldview around physical achievement is now unconditionally and unprofessionally on your side. Be it coaches, gym teachers, P.E. assistants, and the occasional cop who takes high school football way too personally, all of them made a decision about whose side they are on, and it's yours. Did you get into a fight? The other guy started it, obviously. Grades slipping? Someone's going to be having a very pointed conversation with your teachers about the importance of extracurriculars. Caught somewhere you absolutely should not be? You were probably just getting some extra cardio in. In their eyes, you are not a troublemaker. You are the school's best shot at a championship that the rest of the student body couldn't care less about, and that makes you untouchable. Try not to get too cocky about it. Or do. Who's going to stop you, the debate team?

All Star [200]

Let's be honest: the career pipeline coming out of Bullworth Academy is not exactly inspiring. Be it arms dealing, organized crime, or even a suspiciously early entry into politics, these are the kinds of futures the guidance counselor has quietly made peace with. So it is, genuinely, a breath of fresh air that you exist. Because you can actually play ball. All of them, in fact. You are a DaVinci of sports, being multi-talented at every single one of them. Doesn't matter what is put in front of you (such as a football, a wrestling mat, or even a dodgeball); you are immediately, naturally, and unfairly good at it. In fact, it's correct to assume that any sport you point yourself at is essentially a career waiting to happen. The tragedy, of course, is that thanks to the cruel math of time and scheduling, you can only go pro in one of them. Somewhere out there is a dodgeball league weeping over what could have been.

Meathead Methodology [400]

Being the team captain at Bullworth is not a glamorous job. You are essentially trying to turn a roster of delinquents, underachievers, and kids who are only on the team because the coach owed their dad a favor into something that resembles a functioning athletic unit. It is, by any reasonable measure, a lot. The trick, it turns out, is being good enough that your example alone does half the work. The better you are at something, the better you are at teaching it (and faster too). If you're in peak physical shape, you can run someone through a training regimen for a week, and they will actually come out the other side improved. If your reflexes are sharp, you can drill someone else's until they catch up. If you can play, you can coach: any sport, any skill, any position. Whatever you have mastered becomes a curriculum, and you are, somewhat surprisingly for a Bullworth jock, an excellent teacher. Of course, nobody needs to know that last part - your reputation as a meathead is doing a lot of work for you socially, and it would be a shame to ruin it.

Top of the Food Chain [600]

Bullworth is not a school known for producing well-adjusted social lives (mostly it produces grudges, rivalries, and the occasional restraining order). But it does have a food chain, and at the top of that food chain sit the jocks, who have claimed their spot through a combination of athletic dominance, institutional favoritism, and the simple fact that nobody wants to argue with someone that size. You are the pinnacle of that group, which makes you, by the transitive property of Bullworth social mathematics, the most popular kid in the school. The benefits are immediate and obvious: the moment you walk into a room, people can tell, and that means they want to be near you, be seen with you, do things for you, and generally make themselves useful in the hopes that some of it reflects back on them. Beyond the immediate effect, your orbit fills up fast and stays full. Allies who actually show up, admirers who are extremely vocal about it, and a rotating cast of hangers-on who have all independently concluded that being associated with you is the single best available use of their social energy. What this means practically is that you are rarely without backup, rarely without someone willing to get into trouble on your behalf, and rarely without options when you need something done and would prefer not to do it yourself. The only real downside is that the top of the food chain comes with the kind of attention that doesn't clock out. But it beats the alternative, which at Bullworth is usually a locker and someone else's grudge.



Bully Perks

Natural Predator [100]

There is a food chain at Bullworth Academy. At the bottom, you've got the nerds and the losers, getting their lunch trays knocked over and their homework stolen and generally having a miserable time of it. Above them, the vast unremarkable middle: kids just living their lives, keeping their heads down, trying not to attract the wrong kind of attention. And then, several floors above all of that, there's you. You see, something about the way you carry yourself triggers a prehistoric fear in the minds of anyone weaker than yourself. Nerds clear the hallway, smaller kids find somewhere else to be, and even kids who don't know you will part like the Red Sea when they see you. And when you decide to corner someone? They fold immediately and do whatever you ask. Be it lunch money, homework, or an apology, they hand it over with both hands like an offering and spend the rest of the day feeling genuinely lucky about how the whole thing went. Who can blame them?

Thick Skull Gorilla [100, 400 for Others]

The career path of a bully is not as straightforward as it looks from the outside. Sure, from a distance, it seems simple: find someone smaller, make their life difficult, collect the proceeds. But the reality is that getting to the top of the bully food chain means going through every other wannabe tough guy in the school who had the same idea, and there are a lot of them at Bullworth. Luckily, you did not get here by being the nicest or the smartest. You got here by being the one who kept getting back up when everyone else stopped. You can take a baseball bat to the ribs, a slingshot pellet to the eye, a firecracker to the face, or any number of other things that would send a normal person straight to the emergency room and come out the other side not incapacitated, or even writhing on the ground. Just angry. Specifically and personally angry at whoever just did that. The only downside to such tenacity is that this has given you an extremely poor understanding of what a normal amount of pain is supposed to feel like, which will probably matter someday. But until then, the nurse's office remains a place you've heard about but never personally needed.

Bullying 101 [200]

There are people who fight fair. Stance, technique, rules of engagement, the whole thing. You find these people deeply naive and somewhat adorable. You fight dirty. Comprehensively, creatively, and without a single shred of remorse about it. Be it eyes, ears, shins, pressure points, or even that one spot on the arm that hurts way more than it should, you know all of it and how to use it effectively against anyone. But the interesting thing is that this actually improves your talent at making someone's day worse. You can do wedgies with such a technique that victims will describe to therapists years later, swirlies executed with a thoroughness that will make someone traumatized, and a truly impressive variety of lesser cruelties that would make a teenager call for his mommy. Frankly, with those talents, you could make every student in Bullworth genuinely reconsider whether school was worth attending in the first place.

Not My Problem [400]

Turns out there's a surprisingly thick line between "bullying" and "a matter for the authorities," and you have an almost artistic gift for staying just on the right side of it. Shove someone into a locker? The Prefect didn't see it. Steal a kid's lunch money and leave him crying in the parking lot? Regrettable, but not exactly a police matter. Stuff someone headfirst into a trash can and walk away whistling? Listen, nobody got hospitalized, so everybody's going to take a deep breath and move on with their day. The unspoken rule at Bullworth is simple: as long as there isn't permanent damage, nobody with any real authority is going to lose sleep over it. And you, through some combination of natural talent and hard-won experience, are very good at making sure things stay exactly that ambiguous. It's a gift, honestly. A deeply questionable, morally bankrupt one.

Pituitary Overachiever [600]

Somebody up there sneezed when they were putting you together and accidentally doubled the order on everything. You are, to put it frankly, a lot. While your classmates are busy hoping they'll hit 1,70m before graduation, you've already lapped them entirely and kept going, landing somewhere in the neighborhood of "fully-grown adult" while still technically being a student here. The size is almost beside the point, because the strength is the real conversation: you are strong enough to lift grown adults clean above your head, break chains with your bare hands, and perform any other feats of strength that are completely out of place for a teenager. In fact, you are so strong that people who outweigh you by 20 kgs will look you in the eye, do a quick mental calculation, and suddenly remember they have somewhere else to be. With this strength, you could easily conquer the entire school if you wanted, or live a life of comfort by bullying weaker kids for their lunch money. Assuming you don't accidentally demolish the place first.



Preppy Perks

Too Well Bred [100]

There is a certain kind of person who walks into a room and is immediately treated as someone important. And then there is everyone else, who has to actually earn it. You are the first kind, and you did not even have to try. Be it the posture, the diction, the vest that fits just too well; it all adds up to an impression that communicates old money so loudly that even people who should know better treat you like your family owns the building. The truly remarkable part is that it works regardless of what is actually in your bank account: even if you are a filthy new- sorry, nouveau riche (or god forbid, poor), no one will judge you. Speaking of inbred (and we must speak of inbred), the generations of extremely selective breeding that somehow produced you have, against all reasonable genetic expectation, resulted in a physical specimen that is completely flawless. Perfect health, perfect constitution, and immune to the kinds of things that circulate enthusiastically around a school like Bullworth (such as Herpes). The gene pool may be shallow enough to drown a person, but somehow you came out fine.

Daddy's Money [100, 400 for others]

Look, not everyone at Bullworth is here because they got expelled somewhere else or because a judge gave their parents a choice. Some people are here because their family has been sending kids to Bullworth for generations, their name is on a building somewhere on campus, and the headmaster smiles a little differently when he sees them in the hallway. You are one of those people, and the difference in treatment is, frankly, not subtle. People who know your family treat you with the kind of respect that has nothing to do with you personally and everything to do with who signs the checks. Which is fine. It works either way. The more useful skill, however, is the one you picked up somewhere between your third yacht and your second country club membership: you know exactly what everyone has a price for, and more importantly, you know what that price is. The kid blocking your way folds for five dollars. The teacher sells you a passing grade for fifty. The cop suddenly remembers he has somewhere important to be for the right number slipped into the right handshake. It's not a skill they teach at Bullworth. But then, the important ones never are.

Begone, Poor [200]

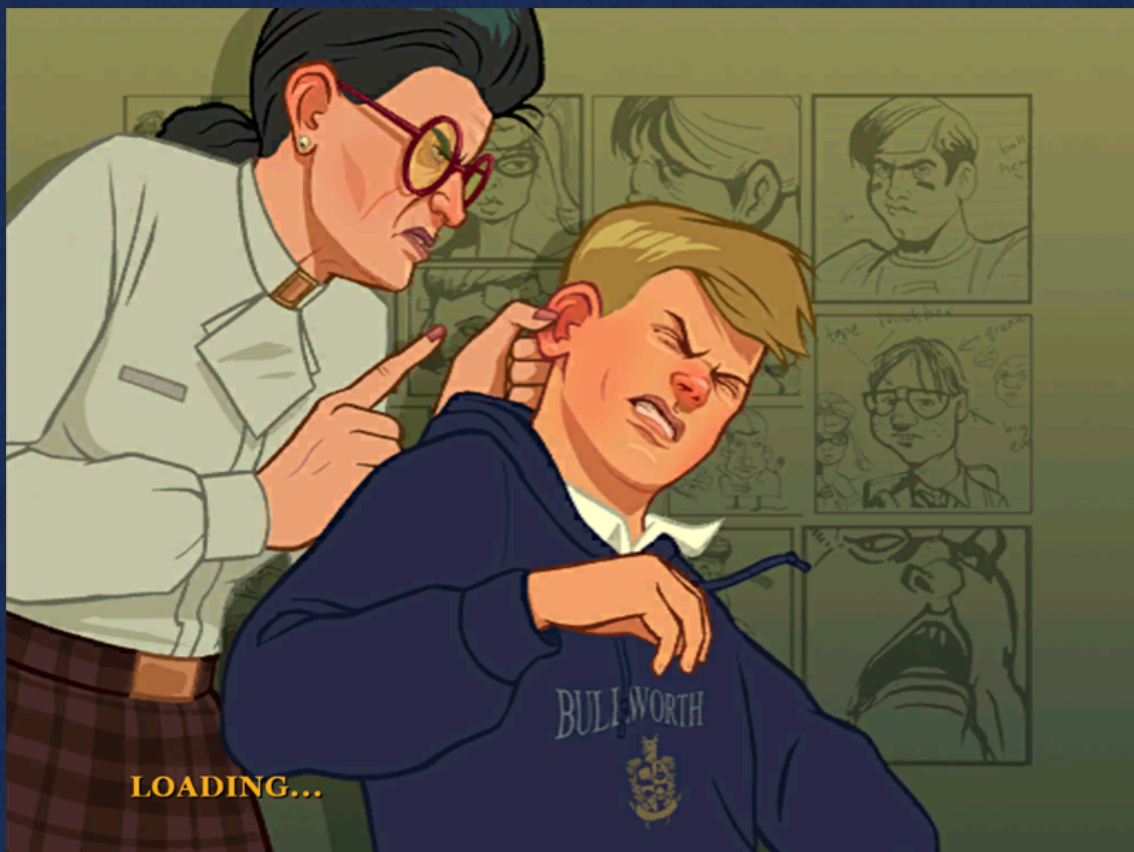
You have many skills. Academic skills, social skills, and the ability to identify a fake Rolex at twenty meters without breaking stride. But the crown jewel, the skill above all skills, is the look. You know the one. The slow, deliberate up-and-down glance that takes in someone's off-brand sneakers, their discount store jacket, their general financial situation, and communicates in under three seconds a level of contempt that most people couldn't put into words if they tried. When you decide someone beneath your tax bracket needs to be reminded of that fact, they feel it. Not just embarrassed, but genuinely ashamed of themselves in a way that follows them home. Something about the precise and practiced way you express your disdain cuts right through whatever dignity they had managed to scrape together that morning and leaves very little behind. The greaser who talked back sits very quietly for the rest of the day, reconsidering his choices. The bully who thought his size was going to be relevant to this conversation discovers that it isn't. Even the jocks, who are not known for their emotional sensitivity, have been seen walking away from a single look. You didn't even raise your voice. That's a poor people thing.

The Blueblood's Champion [400]

The preppies of Bullworth Academy have always considered boxing the only truly acceptable form of violence: civilized, structured, and performed in proper attire rather than a back alley like some kind of animal. They take lessons, they train religiously in their free time, and they have an entire club dedicated to it with actual equipment and a faculty advisor who pretends not to notice when things get out of hand. They are, by the standards of a school full of delinquents, genuinely good at it. And you are one of their best. You were simply born to be a boxer, having the skill, the talent, and the speed to float like a butterfly and sting like a bee. You could go a dozen rounds against an equally monstrous boxer, or you could take on an entire group of Bullworth's finest delinquents all by yourself and come out the other side with your vest only slightly inconvenienced. Frankly, it is an absurd amount of talent to be wasted on a school like Bullworth. But then again, somebody has to keep the riffraff in line, and it might as well be you.

Fortune Favors the Preppy [600]

Bullworth Academy has a surprisingly consistent track record of producing politicians, which says something about Bullworth, something about politicians, and nothing particularly flattering about either. You are going to be one of them, and unlike most things at Bullworth, this was never really in question. Luck has a specific interest in your future: it wants to put you in positions of power, and it's extremely good at its job. Be it finding a mentor for you, giving you opportunities, or even protecting you from scandals (you can't be a senator if people are still talking about what you did to your cousin at the family reunion), luck has you covered on all fronts. With time, you will find out that no position of power is beyond you: headboy, team captain, leader of your clique, or even congress, all of them waiting for you to show up and claim them. Frankly, these positions could have gone to better people, but luck has never been particularly interested in merit.



Greaser Perks

Heartbreaker [100]

There is something about a leather jacket and a bad attitude that has always worked on women (or men), and you have both in abundance and then some. You are, by any measure, excellent at romance. The flirting comes naturally, the conversation flows effortlessly, and the charm lands every single time without fail. People you want tend to want you back, and the ones who don't come around eventually. The only problem is that this doesn't help you at all in choosing the right person, so make sure you are pointing all of that charm at someone who is actually worth it.

Honor Among Thieves (and Greasers) [100, 400 for Others]

Greasers do not have much going for them on paper. The preppies have money, the jocks have the favoritism from the teachers, and the nerds have whatever the nerds have (not much). The greasers have leather jackets, ear piercings, and a conviction that you do not betray your friends, you do not back down, and you absolutely do not leave one of your own to take a beating alone. It is a good code, and you can bring that with you. You will find out that any group you enter develops this kind of loyalty around you naturally and quickly, as if it were always there and just needed the right person to show up. The people in your corner do not snitch, do not flip, and do not decide that the situation has gotten complicated enough to start reconsidering their commitments. They show up, they back you up, and they insert themselves into problems that have nothing to do with them without being asked and without needing a reason beyond the fact that you are you and that's enough. And that's all you need in a crew.

Grease Monkey [200]

The greasers are not known for their academic achievements, their career prospects, or their relationship with authority figures of any kind. What some of them do have, however, is a skill: being the best mechanics this side of Bullworth, and you are no exception. You are quite skilled and quite talented in everything related to bikes. Repairing them when they are broken, modifying them when they are not broken enough, and even assembling them from scratch are part of your skillset. The useful thing is that this extends to a talent around mechanics in general, which means that as long as you are willing to develop this skill, you could walk out of Bullworth with a trade, a reputation, and a lot of money in your pocket - which, for someone who spent most of their enrollment covered in grease (metaphorically) and getting detention, is a considerably better outcome than anyone in the faculty would have predicted. Not that any of them were paying enough attention to predict anything about you in the first place.

The (Bullworth) School of Hard Knocks [400]

Book learning is for nerds and preppies. You learned everything you know in the streets, and the streets, to their credit, were excellent teachers. First things first: you can spot a lie or a scam from a kilometer away. Doesn't matter how smooth the delivery is or how convincing the story sounds, no con artist, smooth talker, or a Bullworth student with bad intentions has ever gotten anything out of you except a look that made them wish they had tried someone else. Second, you know every shortcut, back alley, gap in a fence, and secret path this city has to offer. The kind of geographical knowledge that takes most people years of getting lost to develop, all in your head. And third at last, you can feel when you're crossing into another clique's territory before you've seen a single soul. Not bad for someone who was never paying attention in class. Then again, you were paying attention to everything else.

Uncrowned Idol [600]

The greasers have always had something that the other cliques at Bullworth cannot quite put their finger on and cannot quite replicate, no matter how hard they try. The preppies have the money, and the jocks have the size, but neither of them has ever had cool. You are the purest expression of that quality, and everyone on campus knows it, even if most of them would rather not admit it out loud. First, you are always cool. It doesn't matter how injured, dirty, scarred, or in whatever embarrassing position you find yourself in, you always look damn good. Second, as a result of this, people copy you. It starts with hair, then people pick up a phrase, and it ends with them copying your entire appearance and calling it their own idea. And in time, you will find out that these people will seek your leadership, forming a clique around you just like how Johnny Vincent created the Greasers in the first place. Of course, he had to bleed for it, while you just had to exist - which is frankly the coolest thing about you.



Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. You can discount two items per price tier. Discounted 50 and 100 CP items become free. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

Pocket Money [Free/400]

Every Monday morning, fifty dollars appear in your pocket. Not life changing, not enough to buy your way into the preppies' good graces, but enough to keep yourself fed, stocked on supplies, and occasionally bribe the right person at the right moment. For an additional 400 CP, this becomes a monthly deposit of five thousand dollars, which is enough to make Bullworth significantly more comfortable and several of its students significantly more interested in being your friend. Funny how that works.

Dorm Room [Free]

Your room in the Bullworth boys' dorm (or the girls' one): small, yours, and the one place on campus where nobody is going to bother you. It has a bed, an arcade machine for when you have nothing better to do, and space for all your trophies and mementos. What makes the room more useful than it appears is that whenever you do something worth remembering (winning a fight that mattered, completing something significant, or simply pulling off something that probably shouldn't have worked), a trophy or memento of it materializes in the room automatically. After the jump, it becomes a warehouse attachment.

Slingshot [50]

The weapon of choice for anyone at Bullworth who wants to cause trouble from a distance and maintain plausible deniability about it. Comes with a pouch of infinite pebbles, which means the only real limit on how much chaos you can cause from across the courtyard is your own arm strength and your willingness to run when someone figures out where the pebbles are coming from. Accurate, satisfying, and technically just a toy if anyone asks.

Skateboard [50]

Four wheels, a deck, and the single most efficient way to get from one end of Bullworth to the other without arriving out of breath and late. It handles well, never breaks, and gets you where you need to be faster than walking and with considerably more style than running.

Your Favorite Bat [50]

A sturdy wooden baseball bat that feels perfect in your hands. It's completely unbreakable and will never splinter or dent, no matter what you hit with it. It's the perfect tool for a friendly game or for unfriendly negotiations.

Wardrobe [50]

A wardrobe stocked with everything Bullworth's various shops have ever had the audacity to sell: school uniforms, clique outfits, seasonal costumes, and a frankly impressive variety of everything in between. Whatever the occasion, whatever the social situation, it's in there somewhere. Probably towards the back.

Cheat Sheet [50]

Twenty-four hours before any exam, this conveniently appears in your possession with every answer already filled in. How it knows what's being tested; nobody can say. What matters is that while everyone else is cramming the night before, you already know exactly how tomorrow goes. Sleep well.

Box of Transistors [50]

A box of transistors that restocks daily. Useful to exactly one type of person at Bullworth and completely baffling to everyone else. If you know what these are for, great: raw materials for whatever you're building. If you don't, they're just small things in a box. However, I heard there's a homeless veteran trading martial arts lessons for transistors, and from what people say about those lessons, you'd be an idiot not to go find him.

Camera [50]

A quality camera that produces a clear, sharp, completely undeniable photograph every single time, regardless of lighting, distance, or the general chaos of whatever situation you're pointing it at. Whether you're gathering evidence, building a blackmail folder, or just want proof that something happened exactly the way you said it happened, this camera delivers.

MP3 Player [50]

Look, every good adventure needs a good soundtrack, and luckily for you, there's already one for this jump. This is an MP3 player loaded with the complete Bully soundtrack (and some tracks from the beta). It never runs out of battery, the headphones are comfortable enough to wear all day, and the sound quality is good enough to blow everything else out of the water. You will also find that this MP3 player has a habit of turning up exactly when you want it (in your locker, at a table, or mysteriously already in your hand) and disappearing just as when you don't. How convenient.

Chemistry Set [100]

A fully stocked chemistry set capable of producing any common chemical substance you might reasonably need (and several that push the definition of reasonable fairly hard). With this, even the dumbest nerd could produce stink bombs, itching powder, and many other compounds that chemistry class covers but never lets you actually make unsupervised. It restocks itself weekly, takes up a reasonable amount of desk space, and it will not attract the attention of anyone who would ask uncomfortable questions about what exactly you're making there. A nerd's best friend and everyone else's problem.

Steroid-Free Supplements [100]

All the gains, none of the consequences. This lifetime supply of protein powders and vitamins delivers every muscle-building, stamina-boosting, performance-enhancing benefit that the less legally and medically advisable alternatives would offer, without a single negative side effect, health risk, or reason for anyone to pull you aside and ask pointed questions about your sudden physical transformation (probably). Completely clean, completely legal.

Big Book of Science [100]

A complete and perpetually up-to-date encyclopedia of scientific knowledge covering every field worth knowing: chemistry, physics, biology, engineering, mathematics, and various subcategories. Whatever you need to know, whatever experiment you're running, whatever device you're building in your workshop at two in the morning for reasons you'd rather not explain, the knowledge is here somewhere. Updates itself automatically as human knowledge advances, which means it never goes out of date and never runs out of things to teach you. The nerds would kill for this book. Keep it somewhere safe.

Eyes and Ears [100]

Somewhere on Bullworth's campus right now, someone who owes you a favor or is deeply invested in staying on your good side is overhearing something you'd want to know about. This is a network of students scattered across every corner of Bullworth, all of them feeding you information about rumors, plans, secrets, schemes, and anything else worth knowing before anyone else knows it's worth knowing. They are quite reliable in information gathering despite being teenagers, and they will find you to pass it along discreetly, because the last thing any of them wants is to be seen talking to you about this. Post-jump, they can gather information on any building with public access.

Diary [100]

A diary with infinite pages that does three things exceptionally well. First, it never runs out of space, so write as much as you want, as often as you want, for as long as you want. Second, any mathematical problem you write in it gets solved automatically, showing the working out and everything, which is either a genuine academic tool or the most elaborate cheat sheet in existence, depending on your intentions. Third (and most important part) it maintains a continuously updated record of every relationship you have with every person you've ever met. Who likes you, who doesn't, who owes you a favor, who you owe a favor to, who's on the fence, and how all of that has shifted over time. Essentially a social map of your entire life, with math homework built in.

Your Ride [100]

Look, getting around Bullworth on foot gets old fast, so why not solve this problem for cheap? This is either a BMX or a Moped, perfect for your needs. Both are faster and tougher than any other model on the market, and both come with a full toolkit and spare parts so you can modify or customize them as you see fit. If you choose the moped, it comes with infinite fuel.

Prankster's Arsenal [200]

The essentials. Firecrackers, cherry bombs, itching powder, stink bombs, water balloons, marbles, and eggs (both fresh and rotten), all of it in a supply that replenishes itself the moment you take them. Everything a growing delinquent needs.

Workshop [200]

Every great inventor needs a lab, and every great nerd needs somewhere nobody is going to walk in and shove them into a locker. This is a small, private, completely yours workshop space tucked away from the general chaos of Bullworth's hallways, stocked with everything needed for woodworking, metalworking, and general mechanical tinkering. Nobody can stumble here uninvited, and the materials replenish weekly, which means the only real limit on what comes out of this workshop is the size of your imagination and the questionable legality of some of your better ideas.

Asylum Papers [200]

Happy Volts Asylum has seen some genuinely troubled individuals pass through its doors over the years, and according to your documentation, you are one of them. A complete and convincing set of treatment records, discharge papers, and clinical notes that paint a very specific picture of someone who should probably be handled with care rather than consequence. The moment things go sideways, and someone in authority starts reaching for their radio or their expulsion forms, you can use these papers. Vandalism? They need treatment, not suspension. Assault? Have you seen their Happy Volts file? Grand theft bicycle? Let's get the counselor involved before we do anything hasty. That said, these papers are not all-powerful. First, it doesn't work for everything: if you do something serious, this will not help you. Second, pull it too many times, and even the most patient cop or Bullworth's faculty will start doing the math. There are only so many times the same kid can be in a delicate medical situation before people stop calling the counselor and start making different calls entirely. You get maybe five or six uses before the well runs dry, so pick your moments carefully. Save it for when it counts. Don't waste Happy Volts on a detention.

Your Clubhouse [200]

Every clique at Bullworth has a place to call their own, and now so do you.

Pick one, and it's yours:

Beach Clubhouse: a beachfront property in Old Bullworth Vale. Prime real estate by Bullworth standards, right in preppie territory.

Dragon's Wings Comics Basement: tucked underneath the comic store in Bullworth Town. Cozy, hidden, and suspiciously well-located for a nerd hideout.

Blue Balls Pool Hall: new Coventry's greaser hangout. Rough around the edges but full of character, assuming you like that kind of character.

Jocks Clubhouse: right next to the football field on campus. Convenient if you like being close to the action.

Townies Hangout: Blue Skies Industrial Area. Off the beaten path, which is either a drawback or the whole point, depending on who's looking for you.

Whichever you pick comes fully equipped: running water, working electricity, a stocked fridge that replenishes itself, a wardrobe connected to all your wardrobes, and enough general amenities to make it an actual livable base of operations. Additionally, you will find out that members of your clique can hang out here if you wish, meaning you always get backup nearby or people to send on errands if you wish.

Rubber Band Ball [200]

A massive ball made of rubber bands that, upon being thrown, bounces off walls at completely unreasonable speeds, ricocheting around and knocking down anyone it hits in the process. One throw can clear an entire group without you lifting a finger. When it's done, it comes back to your hand, ready to go again. Don't worry, it will never hit you.

Spud Cannon [200]

The pinnacle of nerd engineering and the single most ridiculous weapon on Bullworth's campus, which is saying something given the competition. This air-powered cannon fires potatoes with enough force to knock a fully grown person clean off their feet, and is quite precise despite firing what is, at the end of the day, a potato. Comes with infinite ammo.

Bullworth Academy [400]

Yeah, you heard right. The whole school, complete with dorms, classrooms, the gym, the library, and every other corner of that dysfunctional campus, all yours. The staff is part of the package too, so you don't need to manage the school all by yourself (but you can still choose to be principal whenever you want). The catch is, you're still a student here, so you will have to wait until post-jump to actually make use of it. After finishing the jump, though? It's all yours.

Carnival [400]

An entire carnival show, completely yours. This is the same one Bullworth gets every year: rides that look like they've seen better decades, game booths run by people who definitely aren't losing money on you, food stands serving things that probably shouldn't be examined too closely, and just enough noise and chaos to make it all work anyway. The staff is competent, the carnival restocks itself without issue, and it turns a steady profit from tickets, games, and food that finds its way to you regularly, not enough to make you rich overnight but more than enough to keep you comfortable without having to think too hard about money.

Bullworth [1000]

All of it. Bullworth Town, Old Bullworth Vale, New Coventry, Blue Skies Industrial Area, the beach, the roads connecting all of it, and every building, business, and back alley in between. Not just the school on the hill, the entire place, lock stock and barrel. The existing businesses keep running, the residents keep living their lives, and the town keeps functioning as a town because a town that falls apart is considerably less useful than one that doesn't. What changes is that the whole thing is yours, the people running things answer to you eventually if you want them to, and the general trajectory of the place bends in whatever direction you point it. It is, by any reasonable measure, an absurd amount of real estate for a student to be sitting on. Now, you are still technically a student and a child, which means actually exercising ownership over an entire town is going to raise questions. The practical benefits kick in properly post jump. It follows you across jumps as a fully portable small town that can be dropped into a new setting and slotted into whatever geography makes sense. Try not to let it go to your head. Actually, go ahead. You own the town.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8]

You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with **600 CP** to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a CP stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

Millie [50]

Millie has spent most of her time at Bullworth figuring out which hallways to avoid and at what times, which is honestly a more sophisticated survival strategy than half the school is running. She's a nerd, she's awkward, she owns more hoodies than anyone needs, and she is absolutely not the person you want in your corner when things go sideways. The thing nobody has fully clocked yet is that she's genuinely pretty, in a way that oversized knitwear and chronic bad posture have been quietly concealing for years. She showed up to one school event with her hair down and an outfit that fit, and a Prep literally walked through a door. She left early, showed up the next morning in the same hoodie she'd worn since Tuesday, and attributed the whole evening to nothing in particular. She has absolutely no idea, and watching her accidentally ruin someone's entire week without noticing is one of the most entertaining things she can offer. Treat her with care.

Victoria [50]

Victoria is exactly what she looks like: rich, beautiful, and the kind of girl who can end a social life with a look and knows it. She runs with the Preppies, she talks down to basically everyone, and she has maintained an expression of disappointment in all things since the third grade. The thing is, get past the performance (and it is a performance), and Victoria is possibly the most devoted girl in the entire school. She will remember your schedule, show up where you are, learn what you like, and have it ready before you ask. She's not used to caring about anyone, and she is handling it terribly, which mostly looks like following you around and pretending she ended up there by coincidence. She has never had a single genuine friend in her life, and she is so desperate for one that it's almost painful to watch. Almost. But there are worse things than someone who would burn down half of Bullworth for you without being asked.

Bucky [50]

Bucky is big, friendly, and operating at roughly sixty percent of the brain capacity required to navigate Bullworth without supervision. He is not mean (which already puts him ahead of most of the Jocks), he just has the situational awareness of a golden retriever and roughly the same decision-making process. He will misread most situations, make them physical anyway, and be genuinely surprised by the consequences every single time. He is not the friend you call when you need a plan. He is absolutely the friend you call when a plan has already gone wrong, and someone needs hitting, because Bucky hits like a freight train and holds grudges on your behalf with a loyalty that borders on alarming. What a good friend.

Roxanne [50]

Roxanne has decided you belong to her, which sounds nicer than it is. What it actually means is that she has claimed the exclusive rights to making your life miserable, and she will beat the living hell out of anyone who tries to cut in on that. Someone shoves you in the hallway? She's already got them by the collar. Someone talks shit about you? She's handling it, loudly and with her fists. Not because she likes you - she will look you dead in the eye and tell you she doesn't - but because that's her God-given right and some random Greaser from the east wing is not taking it from her. She will still call you an idiot. She will still make your Tuesdays genuinely awful for reasons she refuses to explain. She will shove you herself the second she's done beating up whoever just shoved you, and she will see absolutely no contradiction in any of this. You are hers to torment, and she is very serious about that. It also doesn't help that she is tall, gorgeous, and blonde, which makes this more complicated, and she knows it. But what can you say? She'd probably punch you for saying it wrong.

Freddie [50]

Freddie is the smartest kid at Bullworth by a distance that should embarrass everyone else, and he has funneled every single brain cell he owns directly into you like you're his personal science project. He knows your schedule, he saves your seat, and he shows up at places you never told him you'd be with absolutely zero awareness that this is weird. He is a mess, he cannot fight to save his life, and socially, he is your problem now, whether you asked for that or not. What he can do is build. Tell him you need something and the little freak will have it ready by morning: gadgets, contraptions, and things that look insane and work perfectly, all of it handed over with the desperate energy of someone who has decided your approval is the only thing keeping him functional. Which it basically is. Freddie has no other friends, no other interests that don't somehow loop back to you, and absolutely no chill about any of it. He will build you cool shit, and he will be weird about it, and those two things are a package deal. Take it or leave it, though, judging by what he can make, you'd be an idiot to leave it.

Mr. Flores [50]

Mr. Flores teaches art, maybe English, possibly neither (nobody's entirely sure, and he's never clarified, including to the administration that hired him). He shows up to class occasionally smelling like something that isn't tobacco, shoes that have never once been clean, calls everyone "man", including the prefects, and has a policy of going along with basically whatever his students are doing on the grounds that expression is a journey and who is he to judge the destination. He is not a good teacher by any measurable standard. He is, however, the only teacher in Bullworth who actually gives a damn, which buys a man a lot of leeway. Need to hide something in his classroom? Done, no questions. Need an adult to sign off on something that no sane adult would put their name on? He's already reaching for the pen. Need someone to run interference with the faculty while you do something that would get you expelled twice over? He will corner Mr. Hatrick and start a conversation about spiritual energy that will last the entire day. What can I say? Mr Flores is quite the cool guy, man.

Sylvia [50]

Sylvia is not mysterious about it: she hates everyone at Bullworth, finds most of existence deeply tedious, and has the resting expression of someone who has been tired since birth. She writes poetry that makes the English teacher uncomfortable, wears more black than the dress code technically allows, and has perfected the art of making people feel stupid without saying anything technically offensive. She is not nice. She is not trying to be. She also carries a police baton that she has never once explained the origin of, and which she uses to cave in the shins of people she dislikes for the crimes of looking at her wrong, or existing too loudly in her general vicinity. How anyone can befriend this girl is a mystery that Bullworth has yet to solve, and yet here you are, which says something about you that a therapist would probably find very interesting. But look on the bright side: having a crazy goth girl with a police baton in your corner is either the best decision you've ever made or a future restraining order. Possibly both.

Your Own Clique [100]

Perhaps none of these companions are interesting to you? Then you can design your own following of five students, completely from scratch. Pick their look, their background, their reason for existing in your orbit. They can be pulled straight from Bullworth's existing social order (Preppies, Greasers, Jocks, Nerds), or you can build something the school has never seen before. You could make a pack of goths to haunt the school, a group of metalheads who have claimed the bleachers, or something even more unique, like punks, skaters, and even otaku (the 2000s did have some cool anime after all). Whatever you build, five loyal students are either leadership or a headache for Bullworth's faculty. Probably both.

Scenarios

King of Bullworth

Bullworth Academy is less a school and more a battlefield, a place where five different cliques constantly struggle for dominance over one another. The Preps flaunt their wealth, the Jocks throw their strength around, you get the idea. None of them is strong enough to truly take control, but together? Together, they might actually be something more. Of course, that's easier said than done. These groups don't just dislike each other; they've got long-standing grudges, clashing egos, and very different ideas about how things should be run. Still, if someone were able to step in, settle their disputes, and prove themselves worth following, it might just be possible to bring them all together under one banner. It'll take strength, cunning, and more than a little effort, but if you can unite all five cliques and secure their loyalty, you might just become the undisputed ruler of Bullworth Academy.

Rewards:

You didn't just rise through Bullworth's ranks; you put yourself at the top and made it stick. With **King of the School**, when dealing with groups (be it gangs, teams, classes, or any collection of people), others will naturally look to you as the one in charge. It becomes much easier for you to take control of conversations, shut down arguments, and assert your authority, with most people hesitating to openly challenge you unless they already hold a strong position of leadership themselves. And once you've established yourself as the leader, that perception tends to stick, and it's far harder for others to undermine or ignore your authority.

Of course, it wouldn't be much of a victory if you had to leave it all behind. So now you'll be joined by a group of fifty students drawn from all five cliques, all as loyal followers who recognize you as the one who brought them together in the first place. Nerds, Jocks, Preppies, Greasers, and Bullies, each bringing their own strengths to the table. The Nerds offer intelligence and technical skill, the Jocks bring physical power and discipline, the Preppies provide resources and social influence, the Greasers add grit and street smarts, and even the Bullies contribute raw intimidation and a willingness to get their hands dirty. Whether you need brains, brawn, connections, or sheer force of will, you'll have people ready to step up.

Reform Bullworth Academy

Bullworth Academy is less a school and more a system that's been allowed to rot from the inside out. Rules exist, sure, but they're enforced when convenient and ignored when they're not. Staff turn a blind eye, play favorites, or simply don't care enough to get involved. Students learn quickly that strength, status, and intimidation matter far more than fairness, and before long, the entire place starts to run on that understanding.

Some teachers are negligent at best, content to ignore problems so long as they aren't forced to deal with them. Others are outright corrupt, abusing their authority, covering up incidents, or favoring certain students to keep things quiet and convenient. And then there are the cliques to deal with, constantly clashing, enforcing their own rules, and keeping the cycle of bullying and conflict alive.

Fixing it won't be easy. You're still just a student, and real authority is hard to come by in a place like this. Some will resist you outright, others will test your limits, and more than a few will try to take advantage of whatever changes you try to make. The staff won't always back you (some may even work against you), the cliques won't just fall in line, and the system itself will push back every step of the way. Still, if you can hold your ground, enforce fairness without playing favorites, and deal with problems at their source instead of just the symptoms, it might just be possible to turn things around. It will take consistency, pressure in the right places, and the willingness to stand firm when it would be easier to give in, but if you can remove the corruption, resolve the bullying problem, and bring the cliques under control, you might just make Bullworth into the school that it should be.

Rewards:

You didn't just survive Bullworth's dysfunction; you tore it out by the roots and replaced it with something better. With **Better Than It Was**, any institution you are part of (be it a school, organization, government, or faction) will gradually begin to improve in terms of ethics and morality. Corruption becomes harder to get away with, people abusing their position start slipping up or getting exposed, and the whole place slowly shifts toward something more fair and functional. It's not instant, and it won't magically fix everything overnight, but stick around long enough and things will get better.

Of course, it wouldn't mean much if all that effort stayed behind. You didn't just fix Bullworth, you made it into something worth keeping. **Bullworth Academy** will follow you into future worlds, fully functional and ready to be imported into new settings as you see fit. Whether it shows up as a prestigious boarding school, a rough inner-city academy, or something that fits the world you're in, it'll adapt while keeping its core identity intact. The staff will be more competent, the worst excesses of corruption kept in check, and the overall environment far healthier than what you started with. It won't be perfect, but it will be better.

Drawbacks

Beta [Free]

Perhaps the canon version of Bully isn't enough for you? No worries. With this option, you can enter into any alternative version of Bullworth: fanfics, alternative media, and even the beta version if you are a fan of Bully. You can also choose whether Jimmy Hopkins exists in your jump or not.

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

Canon Replacement [Free]

You can replace any canon character you wish as long as they are connected to your origin.

Extended Stay [+100]

You can extend your time in the jump by five years with this option. It can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **200 CP** total from it.

The Lost Cliques [+100]

Bullworth's social landscape was complicated enough with five cliques jostling for position. Congratulations, it just got considerably more interesting. Some of the factions that never quite made it into the school's social order have apparently decided to show up anyway. A rotating cast of other new groups who have carved out their corners and are extremely serious about defending them. The existing cliques are not happy about the new arrivals, neither are the new arrivals happy about the existing cliques on general principle, and the already fragile balance of Bullworth's social ecosystem is now significantly more volatile than it was yesterday. On the bright side, more factions means more angles to play. On the less bright side, more factions also means more people who haven't decided what they think of you yet, and first impressions at Bullworth have a way of lasting considerably longer than they should.

Power Loss [+200]

All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Bullying Itch [+200]

Something about seeing someone smaller or more miserable than you just does something to your brain that you'd rather it didn't. You can resist the urge, and sometimes you do, but there's a hard limit to how long you can go without shoving someone into a locker or saying something cutting in the hallway before the pressure becomes genuinely unbearable. What can I say, that is the curse of studying in this school.

Glass Jaw [+200]

You can handle a lot of things, but it turns out bullying is not one of them. Be a nickname that catches on, a wedgie in front of the wrong people, or someone's offhand comment, any of it lands harder than it should and stays longer than you'd like. Bullworth is not a good place to be thin-skinned. You are extremely thin-skinned. Good luck.

Helen of Troy [+200]

Oh boy, you sure have a type. Or more specifically, a type has you. Anyone you find yourself genuinely attracted to in this jump will, without any particular malice (sometimes), find ways to use that attraction to get what they want out of you. It's not personal; you just have that type of face that screams useful idiot. Of course, if you want to fix this, there is a process. That process is an arena fight against every single person (one of each clique) who wants to date the same girl (or boy), winner takes all, where you will have to beat the shit out of them. And they are quite strong for students, too, which means it will not be easy. But perhaps this can be said of all things related to love.

Grand Theft Bicycle [+200]

What is this? New York is now Liberty City? Love Fist is playing on the radio? Gang wars in Los Santos? Looks like the universe of Bully is now merged with the HD Universe of GTA, and that means the problems you are dealing with have gotten considerably bigger than wedgies and prefect patrols. Bullworth is still there, still standing, still somehow functional despite everything, but it now exists inside a world with functioning criminal empires, corrupt federal agencies, and aliens? Who knows. Either way, your stay here will surely be interesting.

The Rumor Mill [+200]

Someone at Bullworth is telling lies about you, and whoever they are, they're extremely good at it. Every few weeks, a new rumor circulates through the school: something embarrassing, something damaging, something perfectly calibrated to make your social life significantly harder than it already was. You have no idea who's responsible, and asking around only seems to make the next one worse. The rumors are always false, always convincing, and always spread faster than anything true has any right to. Whoever is doing this knows exactly what they're doing, and they are having a wonderful time.

The Fall of Jumper [+200, Can be Taken Multiple Times]

One clique at Bullworth has decided, collectively and without much deliberation, that you specifically are the problem. They're not going to ignore you, they're not going to tolerate you, and they are absolutely not going to let you walk past them without making it your worst part of the day. Expect ambushes, sabotaged efforts, and a level of dedicated hostility that borders on a full-time job for everyone involved. This can be taken up to five times, once per clique, for those who want Bullworth to be a genuinely miserable experience.

Blue Skies Welcoming Committee [+200]

The Townies were already having a bad enough time before you showed up. Kicked out of Bullworth, bitter about it, and operating out of the industrial district with a grudge that has had plenty of time to ferment into something genuinely unpleasant. For reasons that may or may not have anything to do with you personally, they have decided that you are a convenient target for all of that accumulated resentment. They are scrappier than they look, they know every corner of Bullworth's surrounding area better than others do, and Edgar Munsen is not someone who forgets a face. Try not to give him a reason to remember yours. Too late, probably.

Weakling [+200]

You are the smallest, slowest, and least intimidating person at Bullworth, which is a school that already has a kid who gets wedgied for sport. Every student here hits harder than you, runs faster than you, and recovers quicker than you, and they all know it. Physical confrontations are less a risk and more a scheduled humiliation. Find another way to get by, because your fists certainly aren't going to do it.

Wedgie Magnet [+200]

Something about you just does it for bullies. Maybe it's the way you walk, maybe it's the way you look at them, maybe it's nothing at all, and you simply lost a cosmic lottery. Whatever the reason, you are a magnet for every shove, locker stuffing, and wedgie that Bullworth has to offer, at roughly twice the rate a normal student would experience them. On the bright side, you'll have the most experienced waistband in the school.

Dumb as a Donkey [+200]

You are not a smart person, and Bullworth is going to make that very clear very quickly. Reading is a slow, painful exercise that you get through more by guessing than anything else; long words have a way of sliding off your brain entirely, and understanding what people want from you takes significantly longer than it takes most. Russell has this problem too, but Russell solves most of his problems by hitting them, which remains an option for you as well.

Product of the Family Tree [+400]

Somewhere up your family line, the same names started repeating a few too many times, and you are the result. Be it four toes, webbed fingers, or a jaw that sits slightly off-center, you are quite a weird kid, and people will notice. You won't be winning any popularity contests, conversations develop an awkward pause the moment you enter them, and romance is largely off the table until whoever you're talking to gets comfortable enough to stop thinking about the fingers. At least the Preppies will not judge you for your appearance.

Off His Meds [+400]

You take medication every day, and that medication is the only thing standing between you and a full spiral into paranoia and sociopathy that would make a supervillain proud. Skip a dose and the paranoia arrives first, quiet and convincing: everyone is watching, everyone is lying, that group of kids laughing across the hallway is definitely laughing about you. Skip two and you've stopped caring about people in a way that starts feeling less like a mood and more like a personality, and somewhere in the back of your deteriorating mind, a plan to take over the school is starting to sound completely reasonable. And to make things more interesting, once every three months, you will forget to take your meds unless you actively go out of your way to remember. Yes, you might wake up one day feeling fine, and by evening, you will be absolutely convinced that Mr. Hattrick has been reporting your movements to a shadow organization. And the morning after that? You know where this goes.

Gary's New Pet [+400]

Gary Smith has noticed you, which is the worst thing that can happen to anyone in the school. He's decided you have potential, which is the second-worst thing. You are now his project: his pawn, his piece on the board, the one he's going to maneuver into position for his takeover of the school while making you think the whole thing was your idea. He's charming about it, which is exactly what makes it dangerous. Resist, and the charm disappears immediately. Gary does not handle rejection well, and he is smarter than you, more patient than you, and has spent enough time studying everyone at Bullworth to know exactly which buttons to press and in what order. He will take apart your reputation, your friendships, and your standing at the school unless you do something to stop him first.

Errand Boy [+400]

Is your surname Hopkins? You will find out that there is something about your face that reads as errand boy, and everyone has noticed. Be teachers, prefects, or even students, they all see you as someone who can be handed a task, and the tasks they come up with are never good ones. The P.E teacher needs someone to sneak into the girls' dormitory for laundry, and if you say no, he will fail you for the entire semester. A prefect wants his car washed just before you are going to bed, and declining means finding yourself on the wrong side of every authority figure in the school for the next two weeks. A Greaser wants you to deliver something suspicious across town, and declining means he's telling every clique in school a lie about you that is fake but completely convincing. The tasks are always horrible, but the alternatives are always worse. Are you sure your surname isn't Hopkins?

Punching Bag [+400]

Nobody remembers exactly what you did on the first day, and honestly, neither does Russell, but it was enough. Maybe you looked at him wrong, maybe you walked into him in the hallway, maybe you breathed in a way he found personally offensive. Whatever it was, Russell has decided you are his problem, and Russell is the size of a small building with the temperament of something that lives under one. He will find you, he will hit you, and he will enjoy both parts of that process enormously. Fight back and win, and you'll buy yourself exactly one week of peace before he shows up again, refreshed and entirely unbothered by the previous result, ready to go another round. If you cannot beat him, the alternative is living out your entire stay at Bullworth as his personal stress relief, which the rest of the school will find very entertaining, and you will not.

Expelled Once Already [+400]

Whatever you did at your last school, it followed you here. Bullworth is famously the last stop for students that nowhere else will take, but even by those standards, you've managed to arrive with a reputation, and Dr. Crabblesnitch is already watching you with the specific energy of a man who has been given paperwork he didn't want. You're on thin ice from day one, which at Bullworth is saying something. Three serious infractions and you're out, no appeals, no second chances, and no completing the jump. Try to keep it together. Try very hard.

Fight Your Way Through! [+400]

Forget making friends the normal way! At Bullworth, you have to earn everything with your fists, and we mean everything. Want to hang out with a Greaser? Fight him. Want to take a girl to the carnival? She's throwing hands in the parking lot first, and she's not pulling punches just because you asked her nicely. But this does not stop there! If you get detention, you will have to fight your way out of it, too. Forget writing lines or cleaning bathrooms, every detention means squaring up against whichever prefect caught you, one on one, and walking out on your own two feet or not at all. But the catch (the real one) is that finishing this jump means beating every single teacher (and the principal) at Bullworth in a straight fight, and each one has mastered martial arts. In fact, Dr. Crabblesmith, ~~the final boss~~ has been boxing since before your parents were born, and judging by the look on his face when you walk into his office, he has been waiting for this conversation for a very long time. Good luck, you're going to need it, champ!



Ending

Alright, you made it!

Four years at Bullworth Academy, which is either impressive or a cry for help, depending on how those ten years actually went. And a lot could have happened in ten years: maybe you clawed your way to the top, and every clique in the school was eating out of your hand by graduation. Maybe you found love, lost love, found it again in a parking lot after what was technically an assault. Maybe you spent the first three years getting stuffed into lockers and the last seven making absolutely sure nobody ever tried that again. Maybe you just showed up every single day, kept your head down, passed your classes, and let Bullworth do its thing around you like a particularly violent weather system.

All valid. All yours. So, what now?

Stay [+500]

Still not done? Honestly, respect it. This place has a way of getting under your skin, and you've clearly decided to just let it live there. The cliques still need someone keeping an eye on them, the faculty is still the faculty, and someone's always planning something in a corner somewhere. Might as well be you keeping tabs on it. Bullworth is yours. You've earned that. Here, take these **500 CP** as a bonus. You're going to need it.

Move Forward

Other worlds, other problems, same fists. Everything you picked up at Bullworth (the skills, the companions, the perks) comes along for the ride. Honestly, other dimensions have absolutely no idea what's heading their way.

Return Home

Yeah, okay. Fair enough. Go home, sleep in a bed that doesn't smell like a dormitory, eat food that someone didn't spit on, and never think about a prefect again for as long as you live. You've more than earned it.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition

V 1.1 - Small fixes, added a Time Extender, Power Loss, Blue Skies Welcoming Committee, The Lost Cliques and The Rumor Mill drawback, added the Bullworth Tough perk, added Bullworth item.

Don't worry, you will not become sociopathic or paranoid for taking the **Sociopathic Mastermind** perk. And, as you can imagine, there are no long-term consequences for buying the **Roided-Out Monkey** perk.

The geographical knowledge of the **The (Bullworth) School of Hard Knocks** updates when you start living in a new city.

Bought **Bullworth Academy**, but got a new one through a scenario? Don't worry, your CP will be refunded.