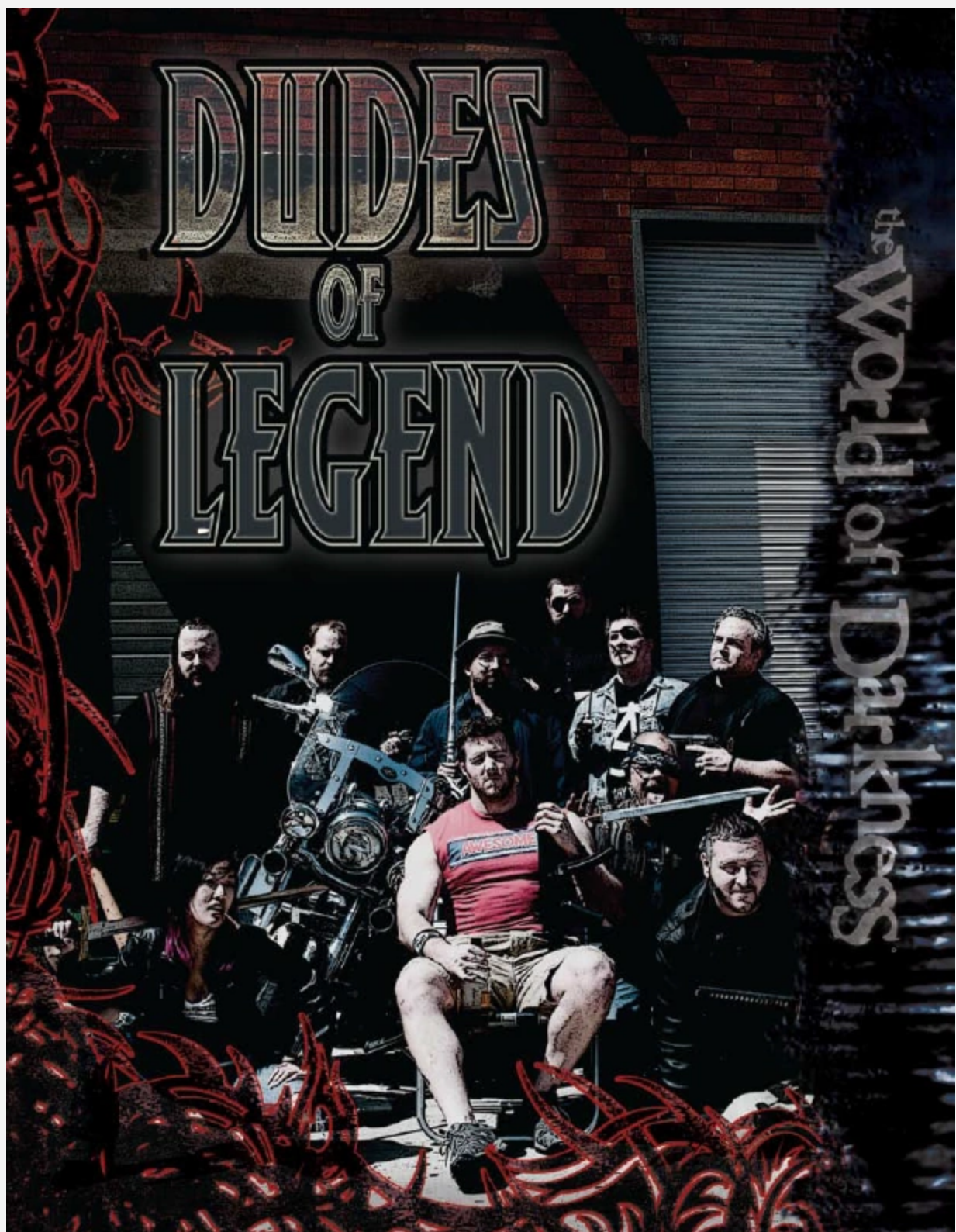




World of Darkness : Dudes of Legend
(How To Be Fucking Awesome)
Jumpchain by Cthulhu Fartagn

What's Up, Dudes?

Let me take you on a trip down memory lane. First, take a puff of this. Then sit back. The world is dark, mostly because everything important happens at night. Everyone is wearing shiny black leather outfits and wearing sunglasses at night. Some weirdo in a fedora carrying a blade walks past you, and instead of laughing, you cross to the other side of the street to avoid being cut down by his awesome power.

This is the 90s, where sex, drugs, and rock and roll aren't just cool, they're king. Shame? Cringe? Hasn't been invented yet. The internet is mostly porn, on account of how social media won't come around for another decade and change. This is the best time to live your best life, and everyone knows it. There are also vampires lurking in dark alleyways, and hordes of other beasties besides. And you? You're one of them. The creature lurking in the dark. It's hip. Hot. Sexy. Vampires don't sparkle yet, so instead they ooze badassitude and bleed awesomeness. Or if you'd rather be a Werewolf, a Mage, or something else entirely, that's also fine.

But, uh, not all of your fellows seem to have gotten that message. Some of them are whining and moaning about student debt or their investments or not being able to go out in the day anymore, or how they accidentally ruined their favorite shirt while turning into a wolf to beat the shit out of evil but they're missing the forest for the trees. You live in an action movie now. You're the hero. So load up with more guns than Neo, Trinity, and Morpheus put together and cut down everything that gets in your way, then fuck all the hot bitches. Maybe get a blowjob while you take a shit, that'll show the world how cool you are.

Now, you have two choices. One is for reasonable people doing reasonable things because of silly little reasons like game balance - which, let's be honest, has always been a joke the instant you put two of these together. The other is more interesting. So. First option. You can take any three options from this little shindig for free. But that's all you get. Second option? You take this and have to deal with whatever passes for 'balance' these days.

+1000 Cool Points
Or
Any three options free

Origins

Ain't nobody got time for those.

Vampires

Exist, and you might be one. Or a Mage, or a Werewolf, or any other Chronicles of Darkness creature. The important thing is to have fun, so pick your fav and lets go

Details

Age? Gender? Race? Man, I don't need to know those things. Pick up a character sheet for Chronicles of Darkness and go ham. Anything that's a valid option there is a valid option here.

Discounts

Assuming you went with balance, you get two discounts on perks of each price tier, with the exception of capstones of which you may only discount one, and one on items of each price tier. Things priced at 100 cp are free when discounted.

More About Genders

I do not care. Really, I don't. You can be a male stripper if you want, more power to you. The women need something pretty to drool over too you know. Hell, you can wear female clothes if they make you feel pretty and I'll clap politely. That said, some of these options are specifically designed for men or for women. Please use your best judgement as to which one of those you qualify as, and what happens if you take them as the opposite gender.

The Good Shit

100 cp - Bare Thy Chest To Conquer All

Let's start off nice and slow. Shirts are for losers. You, who want to show off your RIPPLING MUSCLES and whatnot, shouldn't wear one. Don't got any of those? First off, sad. Secondly, this is an imagination game. You do now. It won't affect your strength score or whatever the game mechanics say you're supposed to have, but they look nice. Secondly, as long as you're baring your RIPPLING MUSCLES to the world, you count as wearing a mild amount of armor, as though the world was afraid of ruining your good looks. Not quite equal to a kevlar vest, a bit more than just wearing a thick leather jacket, but obviously looking nicer than both. Lastly, your exposed RIPPLING MUSCLES serve as an excellent point of conversation, making you seem extremely persuasive. Like, not even if you can work a mention of them into the conversation, just having them on display at all is enough for them to work their magic. And, if it needs to be said, yes, this works if you're female. You just can't be wearing a bra, as that counts as at least partially covering your chest.

100 cp - The Beast Rider Cometh

So, uh, have you ever seen a scene - heh, scene a seen - in a movie where the guy kicks the door of the car open when he's moving at like 40 miles and hour, jumps out, and starts coolly walking away from the about to crash car as he shoots at whoever is following him? Or maybe the opposite, jumps into it while it's in a side slide to drive away. That shit is cool as fuck. Can you do that? ...I dunno, man, can you? This isn't really about that, I just needed a cool story about vehicles. Anyways, you can ride a horse. Or a bear. Or a velociraptor. Or a Unicorn. Or a Pterodactyl. Now, uh, you may have trouble finding most of those things in the modern day unless some ancient vampire has been religiously making sure his pets survive into the new era, but don't worry about that sort of thing. Anyways, you can ride pretty much anything with style, assuming you can get onto it's back in the first place.

100 cp - Bullets Aint Got Nothing On You

Getting shot, as a general rule, is a pretty awful experience that I don't recommend. Unless you like, want to show how badass you are or something. That's not important. What's important is not getting shot. You can dodge bullets like you're Agent Smith or Neo. You don't even have to move your damn feet, just be like "I roll dexterity and athletics" and however many successes you get determines how fucking cool you're about to be. That said, as long as you're numbers are bigger, you just dodged those bullets like a fucking badass and there's good odds any women watching are now wet. If not... Well, dodging most of them is still better than dodging none of them, even if it's less likely to get you laid.

100 cp - Fuck Falling

Do you have any idea how many of my characters this has killed? None. Because they were all afraid of heights. I mean fall damage. Like, yeah, nobody likes getting thrown out the window of the thirtieth floor of a building, but I definitely don't like it. So fuck that. Fall damage is a fuck ass pansy who can go get fucked, and you know why? You don't take damage from falling anymore. When you hit the ground you just sorta twitch and moan for a minute or two before limping away to walk it off, and that's if you don't stick the landing. If you do stick the landing, even that isn't an issue. Oh, and you can add your Expression to your aerial maneuverability, because cool landings are like poetry. Try not to land on grandma. Or do, I'm sure the blood splatter will be sick as hell.

100 cp - John Woo Two-Gun Mojo

So, like, for the sake of this dumb thing known as game balance, there tends to be drawbacks to using two weapons at once. Or to use weapons while moving. Like, shooting a guy from a moving vehicle is harder than shooting him from a standstill. Luckily for you, you're too cool for that to be a problem you suffer from. That's right, feel free to fucking ignore any stupid limitations like that. You're just as accurate firing two guns as you are one, and you're just as accurate firing while jumping around like a fucking ninja or doing some martial arts bullshit as you are while standing still. Please note, actual martial arts bullshit not included. Though for some reason, whenever you do a particularly sweet trick involving you jumping around like a loon while shooting two guns, some doves will appear out of nowhere to cinematically frame how cool you are.

100 cp - You Might As Well Jump

You have to let it all go, Jumper. Fear. Doubt. And disbelief. Because you can jump roofs like you're in the fucking matrix. How high up you are? Doesn't matter. How far apart the buildings are from each other? Barely matters. If a mark one eyeball can see the other side clearly, you can make it. That said, that isn't the limit here. No, the limit is about two and a half miles. There is a catch though, this kind of power, as much as it should be free - no really, it should be free, EVERYTHING in the original document was free - does in fact have a price. You have to focus. Take a moment to clear your mind. Pretend that Morpheus is giving you lessons on how to jump roofs like a badass. Spend a point of willpower. And then you'll be able to make jumps of up to two and a half miles. ...As long as it's from rooftop to rooftop. If you're on the ground, you're shit out of luck, this is about jumping roofs, not doing the long jump like you're in gym class. Gym class sucks, you should skip it and do drugs like all of the cool kids.

200 cp - Fearful Priapism

You, good sir, have an erection. It has lasted six months, two weeks, three days, seventeen hours, and twelve minutes. Coincidentally, that is how long you have been receiving continuous oral sex from the many women who gazed upon your turgid manhood and promptly devoted themselves to the divine instrument hanging between your legs. ...That's an unrealistic number? Eh, maybe. Sounds cool tho, and it helps you get an idea of what we're working with here. You're the kind of guy who walks into a bar, drops his pants, and walks out with a girl on each arm rather than a police officer on either side yapping at you for indecent exposure. Because you have a fucking awesome penis. How and why are irrelevant details, with what it looks like being only mildly more relevant. It looks like it wants to breed the nearest woman and all her female family members. Most importantly, it gives you more willpower for resisting the temptation to do stuff you don't want to do. Somehow.

200 cp - Glitter Is For Vampires And Strippers

Nyyyyyygrhhhhh. Twilight came out in 2008. And yet somehow vampires who fucking sparkle are so endemic these days that they're leaking into this 90s retro experience. But, fuck it, we ball. You sparkle now. Like a fag. Which is why everyone you talk to assumes you're at least a little gay. Though, uh, that's potentially beneficial in just a moment. As for the actual benefits to being a fag - I mean, to sparkling... For some reason, this makes you way better at socializing. Like, the shimmery lights fascinate people or something and make them way more open minded about you and what you have to say. Because you sparkle all the time, by the way, not just when in sunlight. Though speaking of sunlight, if you happen to be a vampire or something else that fears the sun, well, don't. You can walk in it. Mind you, you would take massive penalties to basically every physical activity you could try to do while under sunlight, and your dice can't explode or crit or whatever you want to translate you being just kinda exhausted into on a mechanical level. But you can go out in the sun and not explode, so maybe that's worth it? Or, if you were something that could already do that, enjoy your sparkly glittery socialization bonus.

200 cp - Homoeroticism Equals Secret Power

See? See? I said people assuming you were gay could come in handy. That's this. That's now. See, much like wizards, who are of course total losers who reached their thirties without ever getting laid, you have magical powers. Except yours are powered by gay sex. Like, two strippers making out. See, you have a Numen, a magical spell that is normally reserved for ghosts and spirits. You unlocked it by getting drunk and high with some bros one night and making out. That's how you got your first magical power. Now, uh, not being a spirit, you have to focus for a moment, maybe mentally imagine Morpheus giving you a pep talk, in order to use this ability, but other than that? Go fucking wild. You can use it as many times as you want as often as you want, as long as you can get yourself into that mindset.

200 cp - Mad Ninja Skillz

Look, there are certain immutable laws of reality. One of those is that Ninjas are really fucking cool, and if you ever end up playing a stealth character, you should totally be a Ninja. So bibbidi bobbidi boo, a Ninja is you. Bam. You've got cool Ninja powers. Why am I capitalizing Ninja? Because they're Ninjas. Anyways, go ahead and pick from one of these five awesome ninja techniques - the ability to transform yourself into a shadow, the ability to ignore a portion of the opponents armor when using appropriately sneaky-stabby weapons, a technique that makes you immune to wound penalties for one hour at a time, the ability to walk/run/crawl on water, or a permanent upgrade that triples your ability to jump in any conceivable way because Ninjas obviously have super cool jumping powers. You now have that technique. Only one though, you don't get to be greedy. If you want the other four, I have another option for you later.

200 cp - The Really Good Monster and the Teachable Moment

First off, you suck. Secondly, do drugs. Thirdly, I'm sorry, since when were you under the delusion that this game was PG13 or some shit like that? This is about vampires murdering each other and drinking their blood and having tons of sex because of how cool they are. But you, you, you! ...You're family friendly. And it *works*. Whenever you hand out a morality lesson, people are more likely to actually listen to you, and you're even rewarded with random bursts of insights and inspiration towards your goals when they actually take that advice. Worst of all - for me - is that you're highly resistant to whatever kind of degradation you'd normally be subject to. Frenzy, be it born of blood or rage? Yeah, you get some decent bonuses for resisting that. On the good side - for me, again - is that you don't ever suffer from mild issues whenever you do degenerate. It's either major problems or absolutely nothing.

200 cp - "Blumpy"

So uh. This one is a bit weird. And gross. Like, every kid loves toilet humor, but once you hit a certain point things just get kind of confusing. So. Blumpy. It's a portmanteau - that's a word that means a combination of words, if you're uneducated - of the words blowjob and dump. As in, the act of taking a shit. With a y on the end for some reason. Anyways, you're gonna want to get a lot of these from now on, because every time you do you'll find that you're just a smidge luckier for a bit. Could be a few hours, could be days, but it'll basically save you from the next major fuckup you were gonna get into and help you turn it into a minor fuckup. Or even a success! As long as it's within that time frame, at least. Oh, and for some reason, this gets way better if it's a demon giving you the blumpy. Why? I dunno. Bragging rights or something. I don't pretend to understand how this fucking game works.

400 cp - On Vile-Bodied Feculence and Moral Degeneration

This is also disgusting, but at least it doesn't involve you moralizing at me. Don't kill that guy, don't fuck his mother, what are you my mom? I'll do what I want! And so, apparently, will you. Cause, uh, you are disgusting. Visceral so. Beyond your looks - and protip for games like these, you can look like almost anything you want to look like - you have something extra going for you. Pick one of these three things. One, you stink like you went swimming in blood, gore, sewage, and toxic waste and haven't taken a shower in a decade, and everyone who comes near you has to resist the urge to vomit. Two, you're so goddamn ugly and or a freak of nature that people have a hard time being moral near you, and are more likely to slip into self-destructive habits from the sight of you. Like a recovering alcoholic needing a stiff drink to deal with having had to deal with you. Or three, every time they look at you people have a not insignificant chance to pick up a mild mental derangement. You know, the kind of thing a Malkavian normally has. This occurs every time someone looks at you until it finally hits them, and lasts until you die. ...Not actually sure why you would want this, but hey, more power to you.

400 cp - Sacred Vagina

In mythology, the ladies have some fairly strange lady parts and get up to some really weird shit. Like, that chick fucks mountains and gave birth to the oceans. That chicks fucked the sky and gave birth to a few million gods. It's crazier than who you voted for in the last election. First off, you can take big insertions. Like, you could hide a rifle or a greataxe inside yourself and nobody would be able to tell. A mage could point a magic scanner at you and be like, yeah this is a perfectly normal stripper doing normal stripper things, and then when they turned to leave you'd take the greataxe out of your vajayjay and cut his head off. Despite being that loose, you feel great. It's hard to focus on anything but how great you feel when they stick it in, which has potential as a distraction. Bit hard to pull off mid battle though. Additionally, you give birth to weird shit, such as Vampires, Werewolves, Awakened Mages, Changelings, Prometheans, Lucifuge Hunters, Sin-Eaters, Ghosts, Demon Possessed, and Unicorns. Does it make sense for a newborn baby to be already a Vampire, possessed by a demon, or literally anything like that? No, but you don't have a regular vagina, you have a Sacred Vagina. And the divine coochie gives birth to weird shit all the damn time. And now so do you.

400 cp - Strippers Make the Bestest Characters Ever

Congratulations, you are now the coolest thing in the World of Darkness. Yes, even cooler than Ninjas. You're a stripper. Look, I know that doesn't sound all that impressive, but name one guy who doesn't love strippers. And if you bring up gay men I'll counter with lesbian women. Anyways, because of all the long hours of spinning around on that glorious pole, you're super athletic and are really good at a surprising number of things. You're also really damn good at kicking shit to death and dealing critical damage to mens balls when they get too handsy, so you're amazingly scrappy and good in a brawl. And, like some kind of broke musician sitting on a street corner with his guitar and an upside down hat, you have the ability to pick a pole, start spinning, and basically immediately men will gather around and start throwing cash at you. Don't ask me how it works, it just does. Doesn't matter if you're the hottest lesbian vampire dominatrix around or someone who took On Vile-Bodied Feculence and Moral Degeneration - when you start spinning, someone who is into you will show up to beg for a lapdance. ...Please for the love of god don't take that perk with this, I didn't need that mental image and I regret writing the sentence that caused it.

400 cp - You Are A Deadly Schoolgirl

Strippers and Ninjas might be awesome, but nobody can deny the appeal of a schoolgirl. A skirt of potentially but not necessarily scandalous length, a nice sweater that probably has a simple pattern and her school crest... and a naginata to cut you to pieces with. Deadly and gorgeous all wrapped up in one package. And, for the record, I make no differentiation on age or gender - as long as you're willing to wear the outfit, I'll simp over you. Naturally, this comes with several benefits on the grounds of 'because I say so'. Firstly, you learn all the mental stuff twice as fast. You know, like geography, history, languages, hacking, the skills you roll intelligence with. Because you're a student, get it? Secondly, you're dainty and polite and would never punch someone, but you would style all over them with a cheerleader routine or your ballet classes. Dexterity is your combat stat, now and always, and kicking a guy is your go to technique, and one which is absurdly effective for you. And lemme tell you, some of those heels are scary. They can be longer than actual knives! Lastly, you have martial proficiency in a Japanese weapon of your choice, because I watched Kill Bill recently. You're welcome. No wait, that's the other shittier game about dragons in dungeons. You know what I mean though!

400 cp - The Wacky Fishmalk Is King

Alright, so, hear me out here. You're a Malkavian. You know, one of those haha funny slap people with a fish in the name of Satan. Or Santa. Definitely one of those two things. And you're now one of them. Boom. Except... they don't exist. Which isn't to say you also don't exist, because you're one of the things that don't exist, but... yeah. God damn reboots, am I right? Anyways, you now have as much of the benefits of being a Malkavian as you want. This can potentially mean anything from having an extra vampiric Discipline despite being a Werewolf or a Promethean, to outright running on oWoD rules instead of Chronicles rules. And, as an added bonus, you now get more vicious the crazier you are. You also kinda sorta get stupider, but if you stare into the face of god and go a little mad you'll end up wicked clever if not very smart. Oh, and because the wacky fishmalk is, in fact, king, every time you haha funny guy and slap someone with a fish - or other suitably fishmalk activities - you'll gain a small but permanent growth in power. It has to actually be funny though.

600 cp - Mad Ninja Skillz (Part 2)

WERE BACK BABY! Hey so remember those five options I gave you earlier when I was talking about how cool it is to be a Ninja? What were they again? Merging with shadows, cool jumping skills, being immune to wound penalties like you're Monty Python and the Holy Grail's Black Knight, stabbing people really hard and just ignoring their armor because NINJA BACKSTAB or whatever, and running on water like you're Jesus? And you could only pick one of those? Well congrats, this is the other four. You're now, like, the ultimate Ninja badass. Honestly, this option is pretty simple. Fuck balance. Become a badass. One technique might be enough to make you a Ninja, but with four of them, or even all five if you're buying both? Yeah. You're the boss Ninja. Consider buying a dot or two of retainers so that you can have a clan of Ninja minions, like you're Shredder or something.

600 cp - Murder Systems

Look, we all know why you're here. You want to unleash all the dark and towering impulses that you have without getting arrested. Fictional violence is almost as good as real violence, sometimes, and by god - I'm about to become a dealer, because have I got something kickass for you in this little white bag. EXP. Otherwise known as 'experience', which is that thing you need in order to learn new magic spells or buff up your strength. I mean personally I think you should hit the gym, but it's an abstraction for growth, so - anyways. That's shit and you need more. And I have your fix. You now get a point of experience whenever you kill someone, and can potentially get more if they have a super-low humanity (or equivalent) score or they're some kind of fascist police officer. A super corrupt cop? Potentially worth eight whole ass points. And of course there's loot, which can vary from a sony walkman to a tiny robot that punches you in the dick, to a bag of chocolate coins that are oddly tasty. Did they have this before you killed them? Probably not, loot tables are weird.

600 cp - We're Gonna Mary Sue This Motherfucker

My god. You're perfect. ...No like actually, you're legit genuinely perfect. Nothing bad has ever happened to you in your entire life, your parents never so much as grounded you, and you were the ace of the Tennis Club, Sewing Club, Swim Club, Track and Field Team, and Student Council President all at the same time. Your school might not have even had those before you showed up, they made them just so that you could shine as brilliantly as possible. Honestly, it's kind of disgusting. This perfection has conferred multiple benefits upon you. Firstly, appearance 5. Unless you want it to be lower for some reason. Secondly, you're bribing the dm. If you do something that would normally have consequences and they can be fudged, they probably will. For vampires and werewolves this includes never going into a frenzy unless you want to, but isn't limited to just that. A Promethean Sue would likely never lose themselves to Torment, for example, unless it somehow benefitted them. Do note this only affects things you get to roll for - a Mage getting slapped by Paradox is an automatic process. Then again, why is someone 'perfect' casting so poorly in the first place? Next up, you don't have to indulge in vices in order to reaffirm your place in the world or your faith in yourself - mostly because system-wise, you don't have one. You use your Virtues for that instead, which means that you can potentially gain willpower by giving money to a homeless guy. Speaking of doing nice things for people, you are, you're also a social juggernaut and it's stupidly fucking easy to talk basically anyone into worshipping the ground you walk on, at which point they get buffed to being way better at doing basically anything as long as they're doing it for you. Because you deserve the best, you thinly veiled self insert you.

600 cp - Mash It Up For Maximum Supremacy

Yesssssssss I knew you would see the true glory of this jump. And in your infinite wisdom (and mine for writing this option in the first place) you've decided to share it with others. You see, if you buy this perk, then not only will you become the coolest dude on the block whom everyone has a vague sensation of owing some minor favor to... but every single person in the fucking world will gain three picks from this jump, perks or items, or some of each, added to whatever power they already have. Or don't have. Obviously yes, this includes other player characters, important npcs, and so forth, but this also includes background characters and people in future jumps. Because badassness deserves to be free, so I'm gonna let you take it with you to future jumps. Honestly, this is basically just the unbalanced mode option from way back at the start, but, you know, random. So it's a balanced version of unbalanced mode. Someone could end up with three 100 cp perks, or two 600 cp perks and a 200 cp item. The only catch is that they can't end up with this perk. No infinite recursion bullshit allowed here, sorry. And no, not even if you have a companion buy it. Other people get three picks, not more.

The Other Good Shit

100 cp - Cock Acolytes (Or Cock-olytes)

Now strictly speaking, a cool dude like you doesn't really need this. You should be a bad enough dude to just sorta spend some time at a bar or a restaurant or a supermarket and walk away with as many bitches as you want. That said, you may not have time to do that in between all of the other world-saving and monster-slaying you're bound to be doing. Like, imagine having a nine to five job and then halfway through your shift you get a call that a nearby werewolf clan has been corrupted by the Wyrms and you're the only one who can save us. Yeah. Might as well stay home and hit a blunt, that way you'll be appropriately high and not chained down by corporate bullshit when the time comes to do something badass. ...Sorry, got distracted - you've got groupies. A handful of hot bitches - or dudes, I won't judge, there's potential roleplay bonuses to that - that exist to follow you around and suck your dick. More or less. As for why you should buy this as an item instead of doing it manually, well, you'll get more automatically if they die somehow.

100 cp - The Myth of the Magic Katana Is No Myth At All

In order to truly become the Ninja you were meant to be, there is something else that you will need. No, it isn't a black spooky outfit. No it isn't a bright orange one either, that's from the wrong decade. No, you need a Ninja Katana, the ultimate weapon. And, like, historically, yeah, not that great. Shitty iron makes shitty swords. Fuck that and fuck anyone who says Katana's are terrible. This is nippon steel folded 100 times by, like, a fae blacksmith or something suitably epic. I declare it to be the coolest fucking thing and so it is. With that in mind, go ahead and choose one of these - armor piercing Ninja Katana, stupidly durable bullet deflecting Ninja Katana, mirror-like and mildly hypnotic Ninja Katana of Narcissus, the Ninja Katana of sexiness which makes you look exceptionally sexy, and the absolute murderblender Katana where 7s count as successes and you get to reroll every success you get.

100 cp - Anything Up To Size 10

Alright, I'm gonna take a step back for this one and just chug away at this bottle of totally legal substance. You have free reign on this one. You can do whatever you want. There's only one limit here, and it's the name of the item - you can have anything you want as long as it's below Size 10. And that's cumulative, not one singular item. Want ten items at Size 1? Want three at Size 3 and a Size 1? As long as it adds up to Size 10 and no more, you're good. For perspective, a Sports Car is Size 10. So you could have one of those. And most handguns are Size 1, so you could have ten of those. A Heavy Machine Gun is Size 5, so you could have two of those... or one of them and five handguns. Or you could have five cats, because those are Size 2. Or you could have ten bags of lsd. Guess what size those are? Oh, and Alligators are Size 7, if that's relevant at all.

100 cp - Double Dildo As A Weapon

You know, no man with any pride should own this. Or any dildo, really. Unless you're gay and want to take it up the ass. Toys like these are for chicks, unless you plan on making them into a baseball bat. Which is... more or less what this is, I guess. I mean it's a bit floppy for that, but it can hit fairly hard if you swing it right. Better still, the sheer shame of getting cockslapped by a fake cock can often cause peoples minds to just sort of short out. They aren't quite sure what just happened but they're pretty sure it sucked. Like that time you accidentally opened up two girls one cup. Or maybe it's just an oddly good weapon to do some knockout shots with, given how many people faint

200 cp - The Beast Rider Cometh (Part B)

It's pretty hard to be famous for riding a bear to work each day when you don't have a bear. And no I don't mean some gay guy with a fantastic beard, I mean an actual bear. Black bear. Brown bear. A motherfucking Polar bear if you want it. Anyways, as an officially designated Beast Rider, you now have a beast. You can even have an extinct animal if you want, like a Velociraptor or a Pterodactyl. Your beast is, if not perfectly tame, then tamed enough to the point that it will willingly let you ride it for lengths of time and will probably not maul any pedestrians who try to take pictures or pet it or send it back to whichever zoo they think you stole it from. Speaking of, when some fucking peace officer tries to take your 'wild animal' from you because you don't have a license for that - just show them this. It's a license. You have a license to have your wild animal. You are, after all, an officially designated Beast Rider. And no, it's not just a piece of paper saying 'I do what I want' though to be honest that would actually be cooler. Fuck the police.

200 cp - The Trenchcoat of Hotness and Holding

Behold, the ultimate 90s fashion - the trenchcoat! Not only does it keep the rain off you, but it looks fucking badass. Everyone should wear one of these. All throughout cinematography, a bunch of fictional guys who were totally awesome rocked this style, from Inspector Clouseau to Neo. That's a glowing recommendation when you're as high as I am right now. But you need more. You need mechanical advantage. You need three extra dice to a skill determined by the color of the coat. Let's start on that. Black coats? Intimidating. White coats? Spooky, they amp your Occult score. Brown? The coat of a detective. Plus three Investigation. Grey? Expression. Literally any other color, like blue or pink? Fishmalk. You take a mild derangement while wearing it. But, but - that's not enough. As can be clearly seen in the scene where Neo walks through a metal detector and then reveals he's got a shitton of guns strapped to his body, trench coats are great at hiding things. That's why you have a bit of extra space here, roughly equivalent to Size 10. Ten guns? Two big guns? Sports car? It fits and nobody will know until you dramatically whip it out.

200 cp - The Truth About Desert Eagles

Is that they're the best gun in the world. It's that simple. Not because they're the strongest gun, or the most effective. No. They have the best name. Desert Eagle. But, the gun itself... is it really cool enough to live up to that name? Well, given that I just gave it an upgrade, yes, yes it is. See, you now have a Desert Eagle that shoots Desert Eagles. The bird. You have a gun that shoots birds. Not chicks though, a gun that shoots women would actually be less effective unless they were pmsing. Anyways, the birds. The gun doesn't actually shoot them all of the time. More like 30% of the time. The other 70%, the gun is still a fuckass hand cannon that blows holes in people just like it ought to, but when you hit that lucky roll, you also get a big swooping bird coming out of the gun to home in on whoever you were aiming at like they stole your cheetos. If in absolutely dire straits, the birds this gun summons can also pull double duty as used car salesmen.

200 cp - Robot Parts

One day while you were staring at some broads tits instead of the road, you got into a car accident. Unfortunately you were too cool for school, and as such had no health insurance. Never fear though, one of the local doctors was a loon and offered to install a hard drive into your ass to help you overcome the brain damage. You're the six hundred dollar man now. Or, uh, fucking terminator or robocop, I don't know. Whichever one you think is coolest. Or whichever one you think your mom will think is coolest. Anyways, this makes numbers go up. Shitty hard drive? One dot of intelligence. Hyper oscillation nerd hard drive? Five dots. Robotic arm? Strength. Jet boosters in your feet? Dexterity. The downside to this is that your willpower is a bit weaker, since the programming to use these things makes you either too emotional to be resolved or too logical to be composed. Or something like that.

400 cp - Your Face Will Be Dripping With Awesome

Let's break it down. Ninjas? Awesome. Strippers? Badass. Schoolgirls? Deadly. You? Me? Hopefully we're at least one of those things, not sure I'd be able to call myself a man otherwise. If I ever make a character that isn't one of those things I just won't show up to the game and you'll have to drag me out of the nearest bar because I'm drowning myself in shame at having made such a normie. Anyways, you have a, uh. A base. A crib. Possibly. Pick one of the above three paths to true power. You now have connections to a location suitable for that path. I suspect it will be a school, a strip club, or perhaps a mall, but as long as you can sell it to your storyteller I don't really care. You could be a student, or staff. A stripper or a bouncer. ...Not sure what you'd do at a mall other than work there or go shopping, but maybe there's a secret Ninjas only underground base? Anyways, none of that actually matters. What matters is that you can use this place as a recruiting grounds to pick up as many of your chosen type of character as you want. Or, if you can convince them to do so, you can try and learn a new trick or two from them.

400 cp - The Myth of the Magic Katana Is No Myth At All (Part II)

So, how's your tolerance for the good stuff? Or your self control? If either of those are good, you should remember that I already offered you this. Buuuut, I also offered you Mad Ninja Skillz twice. This is basically that, but as a sword. You picked one unique gimmick for your sword to have - now you get the other four. But, uh, since this is slightly more complicated than just teaching you new skills, I'll let you customize things slightly. You can have four more swords, one for each of the other gimmicks that you didn't pick - or just straight up four of the five if you didn't pick one in the first place, like a loser - or you can have a sword with all four gimmicks on it. Or all five. You bought the other version of this option previously, right? So assuming you bought both - which ought to be a no brainer, like me remembering to bring a bag of cheetos to game night - you can have five swords total, two swords, or just one Ultimate Ninja Katana.

400 cp - Herr Doktor Mister Tight Pants

Behold! The tightest of tight pants! The skinniest of skinny jeans! Well, if they were jeans and not shiny black leather. My Cheeto eating, sprite drinking, hookah sniffing ass could never fit into them. Except, that's the magic of these pants. Anyone can wear them. It'll just hurt. A lot. Harder than that time your mom spanked you, or your Mommy stepped on you. The good news is that once you get them on, they force all of the awesomeness in your body into your upper chest area. There's also three buttons around the waist. Use the first one, it hurts a little to wear, and you get mildly luckier. Use the middle one, it hurts a lot, you get a lot of extra luck. Use the last one and you take a level of lethal damage, and you get a whole lot of extra dice to use as you please. Oh, and, if you have any children, they puff out of existence while you're wearing the pants, as all that damage is being dealt directly to your balls. Or your ovaries. Either way, if you're wearing these pants, you don't have kids. Unless you do some sort of Fae-shit plotline to delve into the could-have-beens and never-weres to get them back.

400 cp - Sacred Vagina •••••

Alright, so. This one is a bit out there. I may have been high and drunk while designing it. Mr Rogers and Mr Rogers gave me some advice on how to handle things. Anyways, your vagina. Uh. I hope you're a girl, because if you didn't have one of those before, you probably do now. Anyways, your vagina is the shit. So much so that it sneaks off your body while you're sleeping to plot world domination. Like, your vagina is a high tier information broker. It has a degree in ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. It graduated with honors from Harvard. It's trying to gather up enough information to convince Caine to embrace it and make it a second gen vampire. What that would do to you, I have no idea. Especially if you're, like, a Promethean or something. Suffice to say that wherever the fuck you end up, your vagina is going to have it's finger on the pulse of the underworld and know way too much about the Deep Lore. Don't worry though, it'll look out for you in the meantime. Be a damn shame if the rest of your body died, you know?

Bitches and Homies

Free - Homies

Aint nobody got time to write this description for the hundred and tenth time. Let's speedrun this shit. You can import as many companions as you want, I don't give a shit. They get 600 cp to spend on The Good Shit and The Other Good Shit. They get discounts. Enjoy going on an adventure with your homies.

Free - Bitches

Aint nobody got time to write this one either. Pick a bitch. Fuck her. Fuck her like the government fucks me when I pay my taxes. Congratulations, she's your companion now. And, uh, being supportive of alternate lifestyles or whatever, gender doesn't actually matter. You can be a guy fucking girls or a girl fucking girls or an ancient and powerful tentacle monster fucking guys. I don't care. Enjoy going on adventures with your bitches.

100 cp - Am I Even Real?

HEYYYYYY there old buddy old pal, how ya been? Me? Oh, you know, locked in a display case. It's not so bad, really. You would not believe the faces people make when they look away, I move, and then they look back. PRICELESS! Anyways, I think I'm gonna have to move soon. I've been hearing horns and dogs. You know, the wyld hunt. So, uh. I was hoping you'd be down for some murder? You know, kill my Fetch so I can get my life back and all that? Eh? You have no idea who I am? Oh whoops, must have mistaken you for some other handsome motherfucker. But seriously though, mind helping a Mask out? Hook a brother up? Share the love and the lsd? I've got some great powers I can help you out with, but uh, due to some external circumstances I'm afraid I can't do much on my own. It's, well, I need a body. Preferably mine, but quite frankly I've got no idea where that went. Probably still in the Henge.

100 cp - A Friendly Ghost

Some time ago there was a murder on the far side of town, a family that lived in a mansion just outside of the city center. They disappeared. Nobody knows what killed them or what happened. Three days ago there was a fight between some vampires and a werewolf, and a detective got caught in the fighting. He didn't make it. Except yesterday he passed you on the street. You recognized him from the papers. If you chase him down, you'll find that he's been brought back to life by a powerful spiritual being in order to solve the mystery of its own murder - and it's one of the people who went missing from that mansion. The closer to solving the mystery they get, the more powerful they become. If they manage to find the Geist's name, body, and get the rest of the family laid to rest, well... There will be a very powerful zombie detective wandering around looking to fight the good fight. Sounds like the kind of guy who would make good backup.

100 cp - A

In this world there is a certain organization. That organization handles a class of individuals they refer to as Sleepwalkers. Simply put, it's anyone who does not personally possess some form of special power, but is aware of it. Men who drink vampire blood, or those who see the inner workings of heaven and hell and are marked by them. This seemingly average man in a black suit specializes in the granting, and taking, of such abilities. To turn a Ghoul who wants to escape his cruel master back into a normal human, in exchange for his knowledge of the supernatural. Or, when needed, to manufacture an individual with a specific power that is useful to the organization's goals. As for what those are? They're a bit vague, but they seem to want the creatures of the night to take as few human servants as possible.

Stuff Going Wrong

0 cp - Chronicles of MY DICK

You know, I just got used to the lore, and then the fuckers went and rewrote all of it! Admittedly, some of it is cooler now, but the rest is just garbage. So, if you prefer the original, the og, the old World of Darkness to this Chronicles of Darkness stuff... Go right ahead. The jump is now set in the older universe. This may or may not cause problems, and I'm just gonna shove all the extra work this might cause onto you. Like, figure out how the mechanics work yourself. Or in some cases, like Sacred Vagina, it might be funnier to not do so. Just imagine giving birth to a Promethean and the whole universe freaks out because wtf is that?

0 cp - How To Be Fucking Awesome

So this jump is technically capable of being a standalone product... but at the same time it kind of isn't. Sorry about that. Sure, you can just say you're a vampire and pick up a few options to be a Ninja vampire, but this is technically an optional rules supplement. As such, if you want to take this whole thing and shove it up the ass of another World of Darkness jump, you go right ahead. The entire point of this is to enhance the levels of fun that you're experiencing, so if you want to do something utterly stupid like that, you can.

+100 cp - Mule Kicked

On your first day in the jump you're going to wake up in style - with a massive headache, and somewhere you don't recognize. There will be a mule. Or a goat. Or a horse. Some kinda four legged creature that's probably a beast of burden. While you're still getting your bearings, it's gonna kick you. It'll hurt. Probably break a rib. This will leave you with a perfectly reasonable dislike for the animal, random flashbacks to it whenever you smell or taste whatever drugs you were on to get here, and said animal. ...What? It's not like it left or anything. Have fun getting it out of wherever the fuck you are. Or just leave it there and skedaddle before someone shows up and demands you take responsibility.

+100 cp - Kneel And Suck

Some guys when they're playing games like these can kinda go a little crazy with power. It's an infinite world, a world I control, I can do anything, I can kill anyone, I can have as much sex as I want, I can have a hot lady pat my head and tell me she's proud of me. Anyways, this can lead to them kinda treating anyone who isn't them as... well, background characters. Not like they matter. They can't go to the store and buy me snacks, so I might as well kill them. Or something. Anyways, you. You have a very shallow understanding of women. If she's strong, she's a disposable minion. If she's hot, she's for sex. If she's neither of those things, she's irrelevant and you should kill her, steal her credit card, and buy more guns and ammunition to shoot people with.

+100 cp - The Internet

These days, more and more stuff is going online. Porn, yes, someone wrote a kickass song about that, but also just everyday stuff like maps and books and information. Like, just last week I broke into a guy's apartment, hacked into his laptop, and deleted his attempts at translating the Necronomicon. Plus one humanity for me, amiright? Anyways... you can't use computers. At all. Like Sailor Moon, you have no idea how to use them. I would say that if you so much as touch them they explode, but that could be weaponized. So, uh, you're just negatively competent when it comes to them. Let someone else do stuff with them, because you can't. If you try, you will inevitably end up watching very gross documentaries, like how useful orangutan shit is for farming.

+200 cp - Five Dots of Drugs

Is this real? Is it fake? Like, I'm sitting here giving you merits and flaws to spice up your imagination game. Except they'll be real to you if you RP hard enough... won't they? ...Sorry, I went a little deep there. Didn't mean to drop that on you, it's just that my therapist hasn't been taking my calls. Uh. Anyways. Let's counterbalance with haha funny slap you with a fish kind of stuff. All the powers and perks and good shit in this jump? They're now being cast from a special resource. It isn't blood or rage or magic power or anything like that. It's drugs. All the stuff here is now powered by drugs. If you wanna use them, you're gonna need to take a whiff of something nasty.

+200 cp - Mild Derangement

Gonna be real, I haven't read the rules recently, so I barely remember what qualifies as mild for the purposes of this. Anyways, you're weird. Wacky. Perhaps even crazy. Not the kind where you cut yourself with a knife in an attempt to let the voices out, that will never be cool, but a more normal kind of crazy. Like, you have a phobia of rats. Or cats. Or bats. Or your aunt Marge. Or Tuesdays. Or maybe you check every single bill above 1\$ because someone handed you a fake 20\$ once and it caused you to miss rent for that month. Or maybe you just don't trust people, at all, ever, unless you're holding a gun to their head or otherwise have a ton of blackmail on them. Anyways, living in this fucked up world has left you kind of fucked up yourself, so you have at least a few things wrong you. Or you could actually read the rules and pick up three mild derangements. But uh. That takes effort.

+200 cp - IT BURNS

Ready to be a vampire, Jumper? No? TOO BAD! You now burn in sunlight like the disgusting leech you are! Like the mold on the underside of my bed, you will be purged in holy fire! ...Eh, what's that? Not a vampire? A werewolf? Well, too bad. You burn anyways. Go read the rules on how this shit works, because you're subject to them. I'm sure this won't confuse the fuck out of everyone who witnesses this. Maybe you can work it into your backstory and claim you pissed off a sun god by fucking his moon wife or some shit like that? Eh, we'll workshop it.

+300 cp - Jumper Sue Must Die

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. You're too cool for this world. Too awesome. Too badass. You need to die so that you can release that badass back into the universe so that all us less fortunate people can become swole. To that end, every day when you wake up, there's a one in ten chance that a massive conspiracy to kill you will just sort of pop into existence. Like a bad fart. No wait, that was me. My bad, had a burrito with too many beans last night. Anyways, one in ten chance that your day will just be absolutely fucking cursed. Car accidents will occur by the dozens, each one careening out of control directly towards you. Ancient vampires will set off rituals to kill the entire city, but mostly you. Werewolves will decide to murder anything tainted, but mostly you. I would say 'try not to die', but I don't get paid unless you do, so... fuck you, bitch.

+300 cp - Enemy Vagina

So. Your Vagina. We've talked about it before. It does some crazy stuff. And then it wanders off on its own sometimes to do its own thing without your knowledge or permission. Up until now this was a good thing - it had plans, but it needed you for them. It no longer does so. Or perhaps, like every 30 year old man, it dreams of moving out from its mothers basement - which is to say, from between your legs. Not sure how, but it thinks it can get away with it which is all that really matters. So... you have my congratulations, because your vagina is now plotting to separate from you permanently and become its own existence. Obviously, your vagina is just as awesome and badass as you are, which has the potential to be problematic given that not only is it just as cool and powerful as you, but also smarter.

Don't ask me what happens when a guy takes this, I swear to fucking god.

The End

Go Home
Stay Here
Move On

Notes

Q - What the fuck

A - April Fools book from White Wolf. It's aggressively 90s.