

Jumpchain/CYOA by Drinkplentyofmalk

Behold Bob Smithson, an uninteresting, average man with an uninteresting, average life. He lived by himself in a normal suburban home, did an acceptable job at running the local newspaper stand, and had a pleasant, agreeable personality that led to his neighbors politely remembering his name. Bob's existence was uneventful almost to the point of noteworthiness, but not quite. Then, one day, Bob was touched by the fickle finger of fate. Fate, in all her fickleness, said unto Bob: **YOU'RE FICKED!**

Then, a flying saucer crashed into Bob's roof, and he was drawn into the affairs of an arranged marriage between two interstellar empires. Then, the local reclusive old lady forced a mysterious box into his hands that got FBI agents on his doorstep (and an extraterrestrial dragon violently landing another spaceship on Bob's roof). Then, his jar of peanut butter collided with a biologist's experimental gene solution, and the end product rapidly grew into a superintelligent monster whom he adopted as a daughter (and who, in a fit of emotional confusion over this new familial dynamic, proceeded to pilot a rocket into his roof). THEN, he had to step in to stop a gigantic alien's sheer biomass from blowing up Earth via residual teleporter anti-matter. (Guess where, out of the planet's entire surface, the alien ended up landing.)

Bob Smithson had become a weirdness magnet. New and incredible events constantly crash into Bob's life, making him privy to secrets and fantastical aspects of reality that most would never dream of... in part, because most people wouldn't dream of encountering things like planet-busting explosives, ancient monsters, and violent lunatics. Still, Bob's friendliness, honesty, and belief in doing the right thing usually helps to get himself, the world, and his newfound loved ones out of certain doom... though to be honest, his sheer obliviousness to the scope of what he encounters also helps.

Bob's world is a strange one, where the few blessed (or cursed) by fate may wake up to unicorns grazing on their lawn, or experience a dozen superhero origin stories while going for a walk, or find three-hundred-year-old ninjas hiding in their attic. It's almost as if Bob's life was

turned into material for a goofy comic strip running in a college's sci-fi society newsletter, before transitioning into a webcomic with a heavy focus on continuity and dramatic weight. I mean, to pull a random example out of the air.

You'll be spending a decade here, and not everyone can see the beauty in chaos. It doesn't matter if you're an average citizen of Generictown USA, a fearsome space pirate, or something quite strange yourself: expect the unexpected. Here's a thousand **Chaos Points** to spend on the choices below. You'll probably need them.

+1000CP



ORIGINS



Drop-In

You have no prior history in this world, and you're ready to see what it has to throw at you. Someone hopping in from another reality would hardly be the weirdest thing the people around here have seen this month, so don't expect to be able to brag about it.

Nothing Special

At least, that's what how most would describe you. No one would ever expect that you, just another person living their day-to-day life, would get involved in the affairs of the most spectacular beings in the universe and succeed where they can't. That's usually when you surprise them.

Qualified Professor

You're on the precipice of the biggest breakthrough in the history of your field; you can feel it... but you just don't have the reputation or funding you need for the career you want. A job as a teacher, professor, or lecturer might not be the best fit for your genius, but it pays the bills.

Authority Figure

Small town police, FBI agents, chieftains, spacecops, and heirs to massive, sixty-five million years old space empires: there's a lot of positions of power which require a diplomatic mind, tact, and humility... and even more people within those roles who are entitled, power-hungry, or just plain incompetent. Hopefully, you're an exception to the rule.

The Sneaky Type

Trained ninjas count you as a peer, as do international jewel thieves, and seasoned galactic criminals. You're not necessarily a fiend nor a bad person, but you have a refined taste for sneakier, craftier ways of solving problems, protecting what's important to you... or just getting what you want.

SPECIES

Human (Free)

The (current) dominant species of Sol-3, humans tend to be ignorant and oblivious of the wider scope of the universe they live in. Arguably, this is a positive: Earth's clarification as a nature preserve within the bounds of the Nemesite Empire keeps them safe from most threats, but is also the only thing stopping them from outright annexation into the empire. Most humans are fine, once you get to know them.



Alien, Robot, or Other (Free/-100cp/-200cp/-400cp)

Anything not listed elsewhere on this sheet, from intergalactic citizens of the universe, to conscious AI in robotic bodies, to things native to Earth and hidden from sight. If taken for **Free**, you're generally equal in capabilities to a human. For **100cp**, you have a minor advantage that will occasionally come in useful, like being able to ingest dangerous chemicals, or having a squishy body. For **200cp**, you have one simple and useful ability that will often be useful, like flight or four arms. For **400cp**, you have two very useful abilities, like having a hard carapace and sharp claws.



Nemesite (-200cp)

Butterfly-like humanoids native to Nemesis 3, whose vast interstellar empire is over 65 million years old. Nemesites have four arms, live an average of two thousand years, and have natural flight via their large wings, but their low-gravity homeworld and hollow bones result in fragility when in higher gravity environments (such as Earth). Political tensions often boil between nemesites and the species under their power, who may not appreciate subjugation into a space empire older than their entire histories. While as varied as any other species, more privileged or haughty Nemesites look down on "groundlings" and "heavybones". Current heiress to the throne, Princess Voluptua, is an exception to the rule.



Bigfoot (-200cp)

Ook, ook. Bigfeet (because "bigfoots" doesn't sound right) are an ancient species native to Earth. Their ancestors adapted to deep subterranean areas to escape the "Old Winter" of the Ice Age, and didn't leave when the resulting climate became too hot for their hairy bodies. Bigfeet clans are found in deep caves, and spooky abandoned mines. While most Bigfeet have incredible strength and durability, are skilled in combat, and have tamed unicorns to act as pets and war mounts, their small numbers and disinterest in the surface usually keep them from seeking conflict with humanity.



Furmian (-200cp/400cp)

Thousands of years ago, mysterious aliens came to Earth and experimented on fauna to more closely resemble their human brethren, granting them sapience, speech, and the ability to walk on two legs. Compelled to act as protectors of Earth against alien threats, they lived on the hidden island of Furmia, and stoked myths like the minotaur and tengu whenever they appeared to man. Infighting destroyed their original utopic home, but the remaining population continue their work while working in the shadows, and recruiting any new furmians who happen to mysteriously crop up... though they still get sighted, modern people just think they look like living cartoon characters. Bugs Bunny may or may not have been based on a real guy. Each furmian has a useful biological ability belonging to their template species (such as crows and bluejays being able to fly, and ants being incredibly strong), and cost **200cp**. Hybrid furmians have the powers of their two parent species, such as an ant/spider hybrid being physically strong and able to shoot webbing, and cost **400cp**.



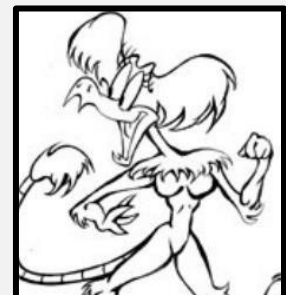
Dragon (-400cp)

Millions of years ago, massive fire-breathing dragons were Earth's dominant species, constantly making leaps in scientific advancement. However, their technology outpaced their maturity, and they succumbed to a world war with powerful Iridium bombs that destroyed their society and kickstarted the Ice Age. The survivors adopted pastoral lifestyles in the wildernesses of Europe and Asia, until pressure from human knights and hunters forced them to resurrect their ancient technology and adopt a new homeworld. Now living on the planet of Butane, some dragons continue with simple hunter-gatherer lives, while others eagerly re-extend, with cities made of massive spires and vast terraformed landscapes... though their annexation into the Nemesite Empire is a constant source of political tension. Dragons can fly and breathe fire due to internal gasses, though their hollow bones make their massive size less of a bonus to physical strength than one might expect.



Peanut Butter Monster (-600cp)

You think, therefore you are. When Dr. Jean Poole's experimental cocktail of vertebrate genetic material (including cats, dogs, flamingos, and a tiny sample of her own DNA) collided with Bob Smithson's jar of crunchy peanut butter, a unique new form of life was born. Molly Smithson was the first of her kind, and other fuzzy pink "monsters" (in the Sesame Street sense, she insists) have been cloned from her genetic material: you have entered this world as one of them. You have a natural brilliance and perfect recall for all things academic, with an instinctual specialty in engineering. Just a month of study would put you on the same level as humanity's greatest thinkers, and you'll be capable of building and manipulating machinery most advanced intergalactic folk would consider utterly outlandish in less than a year. You have razor-sharp



claws and fangs, a semi-prehensile tail, and legs that allow you to sprint faster than a charging bear.

However, you're not *quite* the ideal superbeing: an incredibly fast metabolism means you constantly feel at least a little peckish, and it can take twelve meals worth of food to feel satisfyingly full. You also enter the jump at the moment of your creation, and must grow into physical maturity (well, teenagerhood) over the course of one month. The mind is a plaything of the body, you'll be influenced by whatever you experience during this rapid



childhood; a month full of love and care will leave you well adjusted, but perhaps prone to pacifism, while being abused or neglected... well, won't make you pacifistic. You can certainly overcome these instincts and behaviors, but it'll take a bit of effort and time on your part. Oh, and you have Molly's exact appearance and voice, though your knack for technology and science will probably make that a moot point sooner or later.

COMPANIONS

Companion Import (-50cp to 200cp)

Import companions from previous jumps into this one. Each companion costs 50cp to import, and receives 600cp of their own to spend. It costs 200cp to bulk import eight of them.

Canon Companion (-50cp/-200cp)

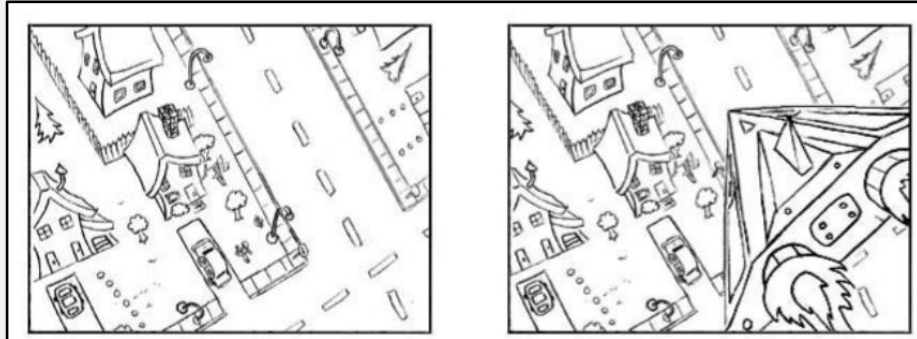
Spend **50cp** to bring canon characters from this jump (and/or any OCs you create) along with you for future ones, though they must willingly agree to do so. If you wish to bring along a hyperdimensional being of significant power relative to most mere three-dimensional folk, such as Coney the Island or Gosh (son of Golly), you must spend 200cp, and have some way to communicate with them on their level.

A Pet (-100cp/-200cp/-400cp/-600cp)

A pet, incredibly loyal to you so long as you treat it correctly. May be an import, or an OC created from scratch. For **100cp**, you have a mundane but often helpful pet such as a dog or cat. **200cp** nets you an animal that has some kind of useful ability, such as bigfeet unicorn foals being able to run silently without leaving tracks. For **400cp**, your pet may have an ability while also being strong, fast, and large enough to carry your weight. For **600cp**, your pet is a massive and powerful beast, such as the kaiju native to the Toho System, or Unigar, a mutated unicorn who can cause small earthquakes with her galloping. Housing, feeding, and taking care of your pet is still your responsibility.

STARTING LOCATION

Choose your starting location from the following list of options.



- 1) Bob Smithson's roof, 1234 Avenue Street, Generictown USA.



- 2) Anywhere within the infinite expanse of the Universe other than Bob Smithson's roof.

PERKS

Weirdness Magnet (Free, Prerequisite **Fickle Finger of Fate** Drawback)

Maybe you *want* the strangest things to come crashing into your life, no matter where you are. After this jump is over, you retain the **Fickle Finger of Fate** drawback, albeit with a toggle. May you live in interesting times... when you care to.

Cameos (Free)

You and those around you semi-frequently notice fictional characters from settings other than the one you're in: Jimmy Olsen might take your photo for the local paper, you might run past Mystery Inc while investigating monsters, and any gravel pit worth its salt contains the Doctor's TARDIS. These cameos are always ephemeral references that last for a few moments, and will never actually impact the world around them, beyond maybe making you laugh. Toggleable.

Comic Book Time (-100cp)

Time moves differently in serialized narratives. People seem to celebrate more Halloweens, Christmases and New Year's Days than they do birthdays, and dozens of world-shaking, status quo-changing events that take months to experience are assumed to fit into a compact few weeks when they're over with. With this toggleable perk, any setting you're in behaves a tiny bit differently: time still passes as normal, but everyone's aging is slowed to a glacial pace, and no one seems to notice or care.

Character Cards (-100cp)

Whenever you meet someone new, your mind automatically assembles a page's worth of info on them, such as their appearance, the date you first met, and a few paragraphs consolidating everything important you know about them. You gain an additional updated page each time you encounter the person, an infinite amount of them can be stored in the back of your mind without issue, and you can bring any of them to the forefront in an instant. You'll never be caught in the awkward position of forgetting someone you went to school with ever again!

Pantomime-No-Jutsu (-100cp)

You are skilled enough at charades to communicate simple information to anyone who doesn't speak your language. Including sound effects may be considered dishonorable, but no one can stop you.

Bishie Sparkles (-200cp)

A lot of people need shape-shifting tech to look as good as you. People are often charmed by your looks. Actual bishie sparkle effects generated by your face and body are optional and toggleable.

Supposed Disfigurement (-200cp)

If you're an alien, monster, or something else out of the ordinary, you should probably stir panic while walking in broad daylight... but for some reason, a lot of people don't seem to mind. This

isn't because everyone is oblivious (though some certainly are), but because most latch onto reasonable assumptions before outlandish possibilities. So long as someone isn't intentionally looking for something out of the ordinary about you, they'll come up with rational explanations for your appearance and behaviours that they can understand: someone just catching a glimpse of you might think you're a trick of the light or sign they should stop drinking, while your neighbours will think that your tail, beak, or pink fur is the result of an unfortunate disorder, not that you're an alien or strange beast created in a laboratory.



Above Average (-200cp)

You're of above average ability in either a specific physical attribute native to your species (such as a bigfoot's strength, or a bird-based furrman's flight), or a specific learned skill (such as sprinting, marksmanship, or bluffing). May be taken multiple times.

I am Bob-Man (-400cp)

You have an alter ego that successfully functions as a smokescreen for your regular identity, even if it's as implausible as wearing a domino mask and declaring yourself "[Insert-your-name-here] person!" That said, those with notable intelligence, reasoning skills, or common sense will be able to see through you if they try hard enough, so some actual effort would go a long way. No matter how lazily devised your alter ego is, it *will* work on anyone for at least a few moments.

Random Superpower (-600cp)

Cosmic rays, being abducted and experimented on by mad scientists, contact with a radioactive rubber tree... there's a lot of ways for someone to come across abilities widely considered to be superpowers, and you've experienced one. You have a fantastical ability that no other member of your species does, such as flight, super-strength, or the ability to stretch your body like rubber. May be taken multiple times.

Genius IQ (-600cp)

You have one of the greatest minds in your solar system, and you effortlessly excel in all things academic; your brain naturally sorts massive quantities of facts, figures, and ideas in just the

right way for you to recall and connect them in moments, and you're got a natural aptitude at pushing one field of your choice into exciting and new places.

Holidays Off (-600cp)

At the start of each year, you may choose ten dates such as personal anniversaries, observed holidays, or cultural celebrations: you can now toggle things so that nothing unpleasant or unwanted happens on those dates for you, your allies, or those around you. Exciting and dramatic things may still happen, but only insofar as they're within the spirit of the day and what you feel comfortable dealing with, such as surprise parties, visits to amusement parks, and unexpected visits from friends and holiday-relevant figures.

For example, you'd experience exactly the level of spookiness you'd want on Halloween, whether that's staying home with candy or spending the night in an abandoned house, but you'd never encounter unpleasanties like antagonistic ghosts or monsters unless desired.

ORIGIN PERKS

Each origin gets their respective 100cp perk for free, with all following perks in their tree being discounted by 50%.

Drop-In

Watch Me Break the Fourth Wall (-100cp)

Some people aren't aware of the fact that they're in a work of fiction, others love to make asides to an audience, and a lot of people around here see it as a mundane fact of life. Whenever you talk about the fictionality of the world around you, from tropes to creators to gameplay conceits, no one thinks you're crazy, just talking about something as casual and instantly forgettable as the weather.

Artificial Gravity Always Works (-200cp)

You're savvy when it comes to science fiction; you always have a sixth sense for where exactly the world around you falls on the spectrum from heavy SF to light Sci-Fi, and which common genre tropes are or aren't currently in play for you to exploit.

Comic Strip Captions (-400cp)

A staple of comic strips are helpful captions that point things out to the reader, clarifying details that aren't obvious due to stylized art, or refreshing their memories of plot beats from dozens of pages ago. You can read these captions whenever they appear (or you simply have an incredible intuition equivalent to them) which often confirms your suspicions, provides useful hints, and outright gives you access to information you would've struggled to figure out rationally.

Side Jokes and Cutaway Pages (-600cp)

Some comics feature additional gags drawn in the margins, and sometimes cut away from the current plot for the sake of a jokey cutaway, both of which are often of ambiguous canonicity. Whenever you're at the height of a serious, dramatic, or life-or-death situation, a small part of your mind feels as if it's just experienced a pleasant five-minute-break; useful for cutting down stress, keeping your cool, and devising and developing plans on the fly.

Nothing Special

Homemade Cheesecake Recipe (-100cp)

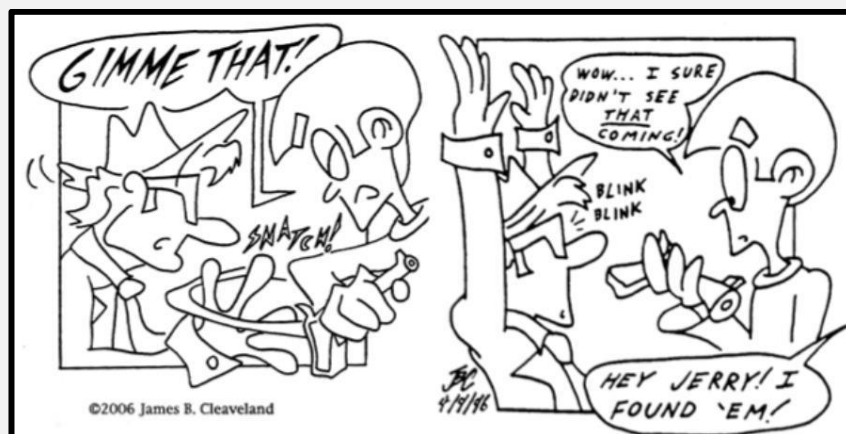
You've got a knack for cooking and baking common, typically unremarkable dishes in such a way that they become delicacies to those culturally unfamiliar with them, from interstellar aliens to ancient ninjas.

My Life Flashed Before My Eyes (-200cp)

Whenever in danger of becoming gravely injured, knocked out, or otherwise incapacitated, you're guaranteed to see your life flash before your eyes in an instant. Afterwards, one useful memory will be right at the forefront of your mind: maybe it directly solves your current problem, unlocks a memory thought lost, buried, or hidden to you, or it simply provides access to whatever emotional state you want to be in at that moment.

Surprising Tenacity (Or Dumb Luck) (-400cp)

Whenever someone has you at their mercy, you can find yourself tapping into a burst of subconscious courage that they might not have expected from you. Whenever you act on this impulse, you're guaranteed a quick and easy advantage over your antagonist, such as by snatching the weapon they're threatening you with out of their hands.



A Belief in Something (-600cp)

Many people consider reality a cold, uncaring place, but you believe in something that pushes against that idea. Your belief could be in yourself, some higher power, an inherent goodness in others, or something else that may be easily dismissed as naive: this belief is unshakable, and lets you face the most bleak, existential threats on even footing. The only thing that can change it is yourself: you may freely give up on a belief and/or change which one this perk applies to at any given time. You're also great at describing your belief in such a way that makes others understand your perspective, even if they don't or can't agree with it.

Qualified Professor

Professor at Generictown University (-100cp)

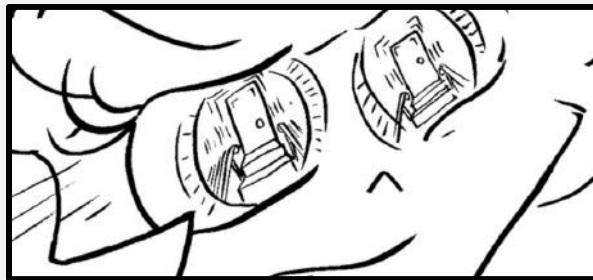
You have the knowledge of a skilled college professor in a traditional academic subject of your choice, such as biology or art, alongside the skill of teaching it to others.

YOU! (-200cp)

Teaching isn't a profession for the faint of heart, and you often need to project so the entire class can hear you. Your voice never gets strained from talking loudly for long periods, and you can raise your voice, shout, and scream in such a way that intimidates violent aggressors and disorients giant monsters, robots, and other creatures.

Tesseract Vision (-400cp)

You've had a unique encounter with a hyperdimensional object, and now you can see a bit *deeper* than most. You can see things that are phased out of existence, maneuver around spaces with more than three dimensions, and generally notice a lot more of the spacial complexities of reality than most. Might cause light dizziness until fully trained.



Egad! (-600cp)

Despite what your salary might say, you're at the height of your field. If you're advanced enough in a specific discipline and devote enough time to a project, you can break the bounds of what those around you consider the rules of reality, and get results that tend to only exist in the realm of mad science. For example, a biologist being able to create artificial life, or a more generalized scientist being able to effortlessly replicate someone *else's* recipe for artificial life with just a few DNA samples.

Authority Figure

150 Years of Diplomatic Training (or Common Sense) (-100cp)

You have mastery over an incredibly rare skill that takes most people decades to learn: you can immediately notice averagely tricky gaps in logic, such as realizing that someone is bluffing when they're threatening you with a weapon that would kill them too. This perk might seem redundant, but you'll feel really embarrassed the next time you miss something so obvious.

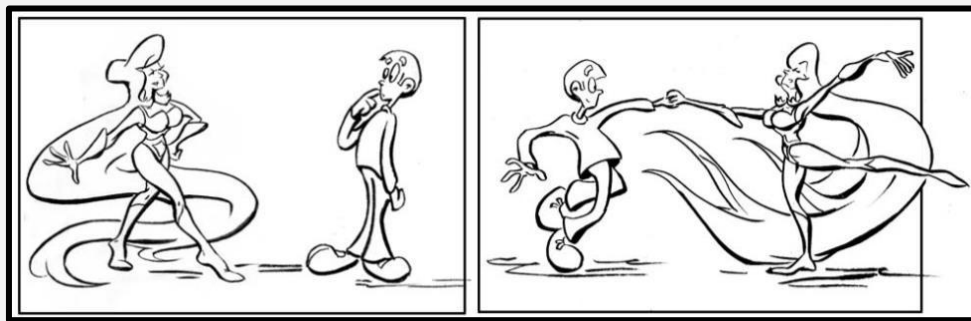
Civilized Ritual Combat (-200cp)

When all other avenues for discussion break down, you know how to leverage the oldest piece of protocol in the book: convincing your enemy to accept an ultimatum that whoever bests the

other in a duel, fistfight, or other conflict, gets what they want. While not every enemy will be so honorable to keep their end of the bargain if they lose, challenges like this can always stall for time until new opportunities present themselves.

Trusted Contact (-400cp)

Agreements both formal and clandestine exist between the most disparate of peoples. You are trusted and seen in a favorable light by a different species, nation, or group equal to or lesser in power to your own, and can regularly call upon their assistance for simple matters as often as you like, or occasionally for larger favors. Once per decade, it's reasonably easy for you to get a similar reputation with a group that fits the description, provided they have no reason to distrust or dislike you beforehand.



I Believe Thee to Be a Being of Honor (-600cp)

If you put in the slightest effort to show your best traits, they shine through. It doesn't matter if someone intensely dislikes you on a personal level, has severe problems with a group you belong to, or even both, if there's any overlap between a trait of yours and what they respect in a person, they will notice it.

The Sneaky Type

Try the Sock Drawer (-100cp)

They never think to look in the sock drawer. You have a knack for hiding objects in mundane places where few would ever consider looking. Even if someone does think to check, there's still a chance that they'll manage to miss it.

Meditation Jutsu (-200cp)

You can perform Meditation Jutsu, an ancient shinobi art that shuts down your body's processes in a way that leaves you completely still, and undetectable to both mortal senses and many technological means. You could hibernate in one spot indefinitely, even hundreds of years past your species' natural lifespan! ...Though, someone can easily get the drop on you in this state, and hibernation times longer than a day lead to being incredibly sluggish and hungry when you wake.

My Next Heist (-400cp)

You can comfortably crack advanced security systems, contort your body around to avoid laser grids, dash around about in the dark, and then do it all over again while holding onto something

OH! I'VE WANTED TO MAKE ONE OF THOSE. BUT I FIGURED I'D NEED



Ninj! (-600cp)

Ninj - the onomatopoeia for something which makes no noise at all. So long as you're even slightly deliberate and mindful of your actions as you make them, your body makes no detectable noise whatsoever. This effect also applies to any objects or clothing on your person, such as metallic weapons, bags of priceless jewels, and anything else that should logically emit noise when in motion or use.

ITEMS

Purchased items are guaranteed to be on hand immediately or soon after entering the setting, and will be repaired, replenished, or returned to you in working condition in a week if damaged, depleted, or lost.

Flares and Bellbottoms (Free)

Like most comic strip characters, you have a dozen copies of a single outfit that you are almost always seen wearing. Wherever you buy clothes, you can purchase another dozen of it in bulk for basically nothing.

Stack of Books (-100cp)

A collection of a few dozen big, bulky tomes, on subjects as varied as fairy tales to philosophy to quantum physics. These books are so densely packed with information that they contain the academic equivalent to a small library entirely on their own.



Genericville News Stand (-100cp)

A simple news stand that sells comics, gumdrops, tastefully risqué magazines, and newspapers. These wares automatically refresh themselves every day, and are always local to wherever you currently are.

Court Sash (-100cp)

Nemesites use ceremonial sashes to denote that someone is a member of the royal court, or otherwise an associate of their highest authorities. You own one (or an equivalent belonging to a different group or species), designed in such a way that even completely alien cultures can quickly recognize the importance it symbolizes.

Universal Translator (-100cp)

A simple ear (or equivalent biological area) mounted device that can automatically translate any commonly spoken language across the universe, as well as quickly inferring new ones.

Interstellar Communications Gadget (-100cp/-200cp)

Something that can transmit and receive messages across any number of light-years. For 100cp, you get one too bulky to casually move around without effort, and which may be best positioned as a strange art installation on your lawn. For 200cp, you gain a rarer handheld one.

A Weapon (-100cp/-200cp)

Some kind of weapon, as well as some experience with using it. 100cp for weapons found on earth, such as a handgun, sword, or nunchaku, and 200cp for more technologically advanced weaponry, such as a ray guns and laser-based weapons.

A Home (-100cp/-400cp)

Somewhere stationary to live that you fully own the deed to, as well as some small amount of property around it. For 100cp, you get something equivalent to an averagely sized and pleasant suburban household, and 400cp nets you something the size of a small mansion.

A Vehicle (-100cp/-200cp/-400cp/-600cp)

A means of getting around, as well as whatever license you need for it. It costs 100cp for a mundane earthly vehicle like a common car or moped, and 200cp for more fantastical vehicles like a submarine with a dozen weapons mounted to it, or a very small spaceship with a tractor beam and a few laser turrets. For 400cp, you own an averagely sized spaceship with enough in-built weaponry to measure up to most space pirate vessels, and 600cp grants you an impressive spaceship befitting royalty, such as something miles wide with cloaking tech and a space-warped cargo hold.



Angry Mob License (-200cp)

A piece of paperwork that automatically updates to be from the highest authority around, allowing any disruptive group of people you're apart of to bypass local laws about mass assembly, being disruptive, and getting in the way of other citizens and private businesses. So long as your group doesn't commit any blatant acts of major violence, vandalism and theft, lesser authorities cannot exert any power to stop their actions.

Chez Jumper's (-200cp)

Generictown has a lot of small business and restaurants, from the French-themed *Chez Elmo's*, to the 50s diner experience of *Akbar's Malt Shop*, to the practicality of *Herb's Garden Supply*; you own one of these businesses, or an equivalent small-town store or restaurant specializing in something specific. Your business automatically changes to reflect the setting around it, becoming a suitably designed and stocked equivalent that won't appear out of the ordinary.

Medical Nanite Dispenser (-200cp)

An advanced handheld spray containing clouds of micromachines that administer first aid... via forming into plaster casts, bandages, and crutches, and that's about it. Still, these constructs accelerate healing much faster than their mundane equivalents. Contains enough nanites that it will rarely run empty, and used nanites automatically return to the spray device when their job is done.

Bigfoot War Horn (-200cp)

A ceremonial item that expels a loud, booming noise that rockets in all directions for three miles. Provided they understand what the sound signifies, it can quickly summon willing allies from within that distance.

Holographic Disguise (-200cp/-400cp)

In this big and varied universe, it's always useful to have a method of disguising yourself among the locals... or you might want a disguise for less than scrupulous reasons. For 200cp, you gain a holographic producer built into an article of clothing, such as a hat or glove. It can quickly swap between preset disguises in moments, but these are still holograms: features that don't match the disguise such as beaks, extra arms or tails will still physically interact with the

environment. For 400cp, you own a Nemesite-grade genuine shapeshifting gizmo built into a piece of clothing, capable of actually morphing your external physical form into presets of another person or species.

Pocket of Pingulo-Pongic Particles (-400cp)

Highly volatile atomic particles created as a side-effect of iridium bombs: you have enough to mutate one infant creature of your choice into an utterly gigantic, unaging beast with an instinctual skill for stealth, such as turning a simple newt into a massive lake monster.



Butane Power Armor (-400cp)

A set of power armor bespoke to your species, designed by the dragons of Butane. Capable of surviving in the vacuum of space, propulsion, and has a space-warped interior that always makes your proportions look flattering.



The Mugafan (-400cp)

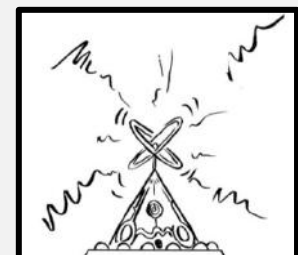
A set of power armor fashioned by the Mowanians, a tiny species of vicious warlords. While this action-figure sized armor is too small for you to wear without some kind of external method of shrinking yourself, you can simply pull its legs to trigger its arm-mounted laser blasts and use it as a powerful energy gun.

Borformite (-400cp)

A big chunk of borformite, a highly unstable, multidimensional material sought after by anyone who wants to secure power or defend themselves. Whenever any standard energy beam is focused through refined borformite, it becomes a massive explosive blast capable of penetrating any three-dimensional matter. Only geniuses can devise ways to neutralize it, and conflicts between two parties with borformite weaponry may end in cities brought to rubble.

Tesseract Generator (-400cp)

A machine capable of adding a fourth dimension to the interior of any three-dimensional space. While typically used for the practicality of warping buildings to contain much more than their exteriors should allow, incorrectly setting a Tesseract Generator can turn an environment as simple as a suburban household into a confusing and disorientating maze. While it must be initially placed within an environment to manipulate it, it can remotely sustain dozens of environments at once, even from planetary distances.



Gene Solution (-400cp)

A vial of marinated genetic material collected from dozens of vertebrates, the likes of which took biologist Dr. Jean Poole five years of work to marinate and cultivate. The cells rapidly reproduce and form into a sentient lifeform when incubated in a good medium, such as crunchy peanut butter: in that case, it creates a quickly growing and super-intelligent monster with pink fur. It's unknown what sentient lifeforms may be created if the substance incubates in a different medium.

Iridium Bomb (-400cp)

A radioactive explosive developed by the ancient dragons of Earth, with an explosive yield comparable to that of an asteroid six miles wide getting pulled into Earth's orbit and colliding with it. Held within an unassuming black box that comes with a five-minute-long timer.

Power Siphon Guns (-600cp)

A device consisting of an input gun and an output gun connected by a wire, made for siphoning forms of radiation and energy and redirecting them; if used on an individual with energy or radiation-based superpowers, you may point the output gun at yourself and steal them, if biologically compatible. Or, you could just redirect the energy into a houseplant and see if you can make it sapient.

Bigfoot Diamond (-600cp)

A diamond approximately the size of a beach ball, taken from the bigfeet-inhabited coal mine near Generictown. It's worth a fortune to those who covet such gems, and even chipping off a fraction of it will likely give you enough money to live comfortably for a long time.

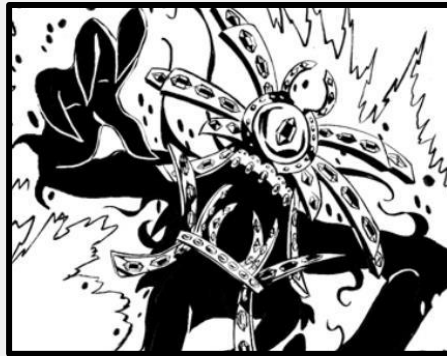
Spacecop Ring (-600cp)

A ring usually only handed out the most trusted of spacecops, those expected to patrol massive sectors of space alone. When worn, it generates an energy field that allows you to fly, and multiplies your biological strength by fifty... though, not necessarily your durability beyond helping you punch and lift, so you may still be pierced or bitten. While these rings can be removed or drained of power by outside forces, they phase slightly out of the third dimension to appear and feel completely invisible, so an opponent might not even realize you're wearing one.

**Treasure Monster(s)** (-600)

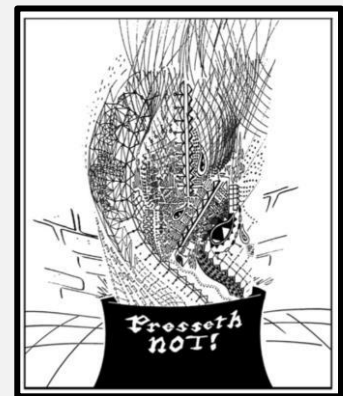
A hivemind of fanatical, artificially created servant creatures consisting of a biomass of dark goo contained in various jewels and crystals. These creatures can form into a gooey being strong enough to smash through a large building in seconds, and competent enough to repair it

in just as much time. The biomass may create more of itself by incubating in other gemstones, and it can place its gems onto statues and other objects to animate them. It craves orders of all kinds, and would be overjoyed at the notion of an eternity of getting to serve drinks.



I'naga Dha Davveeda Generator (-600cp)

One of the peaks of nemesite technology: a simple box with a single button on it. This is a tesseract forge designed to produce a single, self-contained, self-sustaining, and fully conscious spacetime distortion, capable of altering all reality and matter around itself by thought with its sheer energy output. This being is an *I'naga Dha Davveda*, old high Nemesite for “The Butterfly of Iron”, based on its appearance as a colossal metallic imitation of their species. While these living weapons were devised for a possible war against a powerful enemy, the Iron Butterflies were quickly phased out: their sheer level of power combined with their incredible mental



processing capabilities always lead to them to go mad moments after being “born”. They can be killed despite their immense levels of power, and they can be reasoned with, but not immediately saying the right thing to quell their existentialistic terror can result in mass destruction before they’re willing to relisten to reason. The box does not replenish as most other items do: you only gain one, and it can only generate a single Iron Butterfly at a time: pressing the button after a week or more has passed will forcibly return their matter into the box, and pressing it once more will generate a new one.

I'LL SHRED THE SPACETIME IN WHICH YOU
FLOAT. I'LL UNRAVEL THE MATTER AND
THE NAUGHT AND THE VERY ALL OF YOU!!!



DRAWBACKS

Time and Replacement Toggle (Free)

Choose when in canon you first appear, and if you replace an existing character.

Longer Stay (+100cp)

Stay in this jump for an additional ten years. While you may take this drawback as many times as you like, you don't receive additional points beyond the first. (So no becoming a nemesite and taking this 200 times for 20000cp, you scamp.)

Funny Name (+100cp)

Maybe your name is a pun related to your vocation, like the biologist Dr. Jean Poole. Maybe your name is a vaudeville routine waiting to happen, like Ahem, or Heywood J. Lookathat. Maybe it's even a reference, like the Dean of Generictown University's surname being Martin. Whatever the case, your name will cause those you meet to either be confused, less inclined to take you seriously, or just plain laugh in your face. Expect hypocrisy if you dare point out their own silly name.

Irritating Neighbours (+100cp)

The lady next door shouts at you when she thinks you're walking through her yard, those darn kids a few blocks down are always stealing stuff from your place of work, and one of your acquaintances thinks it's hilarious to tackle you when you're not expecting it. While almost everyone you'll meet in this setting will have big personality quirks, this drawback guarantees that no matter where you are, a few people will have them pointed squarely in your direction.

I feel Off-Model Without It (+100cp)

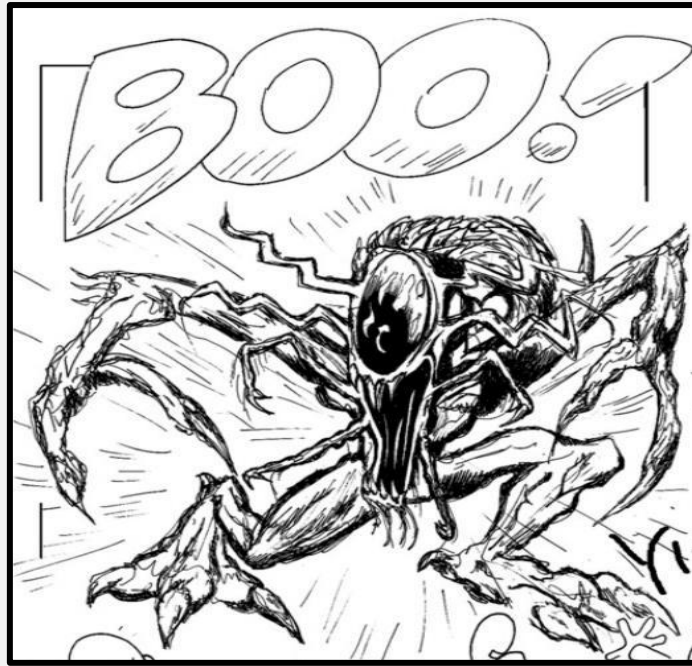
There's an accessory you're always seen wearing, such as a hat, hairband, or scarf, and you feel uncomfortable without it. You may deliberately remove it for a few minutes or to sleep without issue, but being separated from it for longer, losing it, or having it taken from you will give you an intense flush of frustration and irritation that won't go away until you find it again, or replace it with something similar.

Poor Manners (+100cp)

It doesn't matter how hard you try; you just can't get a grasp on this etiquette thing. You have a mundanely obnoxious trait that you cannot unlearn and will regularly come up in social situations, such as eating like a slob, or prattling on and on like an egotist. May be taken multiple times, if you dare.

Halloween Monster (+100cp)

Once per Halloween, an unstoppable beast will burst through any obstacle in her way to get in front of you and scream in your face, and her appearance always changes just enough that you'll never get used to it. As soon as she leaves, things continue without interruption.



Funny Way of Talking (+100cp/+200cp)

You talk funny, and it can be hard for people to understand you or take you seriously sometimes. For 100cp, it's something cultural that you share with others, such as the Butane dragons' mock-medieval speak, or Rocko Sasquatch's exaggerated Brooklyn accent. Other people with the accent or those familiar with it can understand you without issue. For 200cp, you speak in such a way that is entirely your own, such as Molly's excitable mix of sesquipedalian and hyperactive teenage girl.

Rough Childhood (+100cp/+400cp)

You begin this jump imprisoned somewhere unpleasant that you cannot escape from for exactly one month. Maybe it's a secret laboratory that feeds you nothing but kibble, or a prison in the lint mines of Dustworld. You'll be provided with food and water, but that's all you can be promised. This drawback is worth 400cp if you're a **Peanut Butter Monster**, as this month will encompass your entire rapidly progressing childhood and give you instinctual behaviors that will take effort to suppress and unlearn.

Your Family Has Too Many Kids (+100cp/+400cp)

But you knew that. You'll amass a complex web of extended familial dynamics that you can't run from: you might accidentally create an artificial lifeform who sees you as a parent, and it might make a robot who views *it* as a parent and you as a grandparent. The lifeform might get a clone who considers them a sibling, and *they* might make *another* clone that views *them* as a creator-slash-sibling. The dynamics that form as a result of your newfound family tree will be the stuff of a sci-fi sitcom, and you'll need to step in from time to time to help work things out, or try to set some of them on better paths. Everything just described is the normal version of this drawback worth 400cp: for 100cp, you simply become a member of Bob's own largely positive, but often chaotic family unit.

Your Next Nemesis (+100cp/+200cp/+400cp/+600cp)

There's someone out there who has it out for you, and fate has decreed that you will consistently cross paths despite your best attempts to avoid each other. Any attempts to kill, impair, or imprison your enemy won't stick for long. You may take this trait once for each tier, but each risks the odds of your rogues gallery teaming up, or coincidentally crashing into your life on the same day.

For **100cp**, this antagonist is someone akin to an armed, bank-robbing thug: either all brawn but no brains, or vice versa. They pose some real threat to you, but would only be truly dangerous if they could get their hands on external weaponry or technology.

For **200cp**, your foe is someone both physically and intellectually intimidating, and who has access to decent enough equipment and weapons, but whose ambitions and means will rarely (if ever) get to an interplanetary scale.

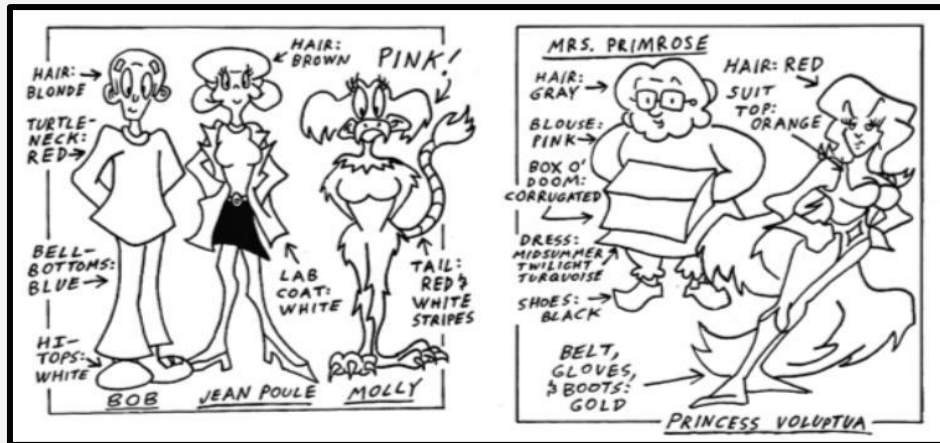


For **400cp**, your villain is equivalent to Fructose Riboflavin, a two-thousand-year-old Nemesite who has spent his long life becoming skilled in martial arts, engineering, and intimidation tactics. They might have some major screws loose or be getting on in years, but they'll consistently have access to some form of powerful weapon or equipment whenever they appear, such as power-siphoning guns and borformite-powered warships.

For **600cp**, your enemy is akin to Coney the Island, or one of the Iron Butterflies: an extradimensional entity with abilities like imprisoning three-dimensional beings within their interiors, or warping reality around them with their sheer energy output.

Monochromatic (+200cp)

You see the world in black and white... though not in the sense that you're prone to categorization, in the sense that you're colorblind. Expect this be an issue on occasion, and for reality to make jokes at your expense often.



Hey, Wouldja Look at That! (+200cp)

Whenever you see something completely unfamiliar to you, you cannot resist the compulsion to alert everyone around you by pointing at it and shouting “Hey, would you look at that!” or an equivalent phrase.

Name Tag (+200cp)

Cops and security guards in this universe tend to wear large nametags pinned to their uniforms, and so do you: you have a job, role, or compulsion that requires you to consistently wear a name tag or similar identifier. While you may remove it, you’ll often find yourself forgetting to do so before entering dangerous or stealthy situations.

Ben and Jerry (+200cp)

No matter whose jurisdiction you’re in, a duo from a local branch of law enforcement will semi-frequently drop by to stick their nose in your business. While their personalities vary, they’ll usually end up making a situation worse when they pop up, such as by bothering you when you’re trying to concentrate, or pulling a gun on a creature you’re trying to talk down from a fight.

Temper, Temper (+200cp)

When you’re furious at something, your immediate response is to angrily shout at whomever or whatever is bothering you. You’re not a raging lunatic, as this only comes out in situations where you have every right to be irritated, but it does take considerable effort to rein in.

Raised by Humans (+200cp)

You’ve spent your life being raised by a different species to your own. You fully understand the culture you were raised in, but learning anything about the culture of your biological species will be challenging, and potentially make you feel isolated.

North American Grammar Squirrel (+200cp)

You’ve gotten the attention of a squirrel of the *Squirrelidae dickandjaneicus* variety, also known as the North American Grammar Squirrel. They will regularly pop up to correct your improper grammar usage, tautological redundancies in speech, and other foibles. You cannot kill, harm, or imprison this squirrel, and antagonizing them with deliberately bad grammar will only cause

them to appear more often. If you perfect your speech, the squirrel will take it as a challenge to expand their nitpicking repertoire to other subjects. Telling anyone about the squirrel will cause them to think you're suffering vivid hallucinations, and only the select few also tormented by it will know you're telling the truth.



- (*"Tautological redundancies" is both tautology and redundant, and I sincerely doubt that you needed to clarify that they will occur in speech. Come on, now.*)

Hasta La Wiedersehen (+200cp)

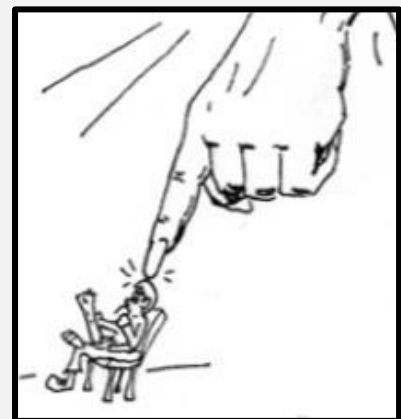
Even with the aid of sci-fi translator tech, the complexities of the many languages spoken across the universe confound you. Whenever you speak or are translated into a language that wasn't developed by your own species, you confuse words, mix together phrases from different dialects, and generally come across as clueless. You can communicate simple ideas just fine, but anything more nuanced gets lost in translation.

Outcast (+200cp/+400cp)

You were born different, and the world won't let you forget it. For 200cp, you were born with a defect or complication that makes it challenging to form connections with most members of your own species, such as being a bigfoot born without hair. For 400cp, your issue is an obstacle that isolates you from a vast majority of species around you, such as being the size of a mountain.

The Fickle Finger of Fate (+200cp/+400cp)

You are now a weirdness magnet, and the most interesting things in the universe will be drawn to you like moths to a flame. It doesn't matter how reclusive you are, contrivances will involve you in interstellar political events and ancient grudges, often at the expense of your professional and personal life. Problems from all over will make their way to your doorstep, people you've known for years will turn out to have massive secrets, and you might get really tired of having unexpected guests over for dinner. Not everything will be for the fate of the galaxy, but even quiet days will consist of being chased around your house by a monster. For 200cp, you and those around you get involved in an inexplicable adventure once per week, with a one in four chance that they'll be particularly dangerous or involve you playing a part in something massively important. For 400cp, you rival Bob's own weirdness magnetism, and your adventures now have a one in two chance of being dangerous or involve you playing a part in something important.



Is There No Roof in Beauty? (+400cp)

Maybe you're a robot or living weapon made for a very narrow purpose, you're an entirely new lifeform that has to figure out its place in the universe, or you're just plain existential.

Ontological quandaries weigh heavily on you, and you often find yourself wracked by melancholy. While you can feel contentment in the short term, it will never be long before your mind wanders back to unsolvable, bothersome topics.

Love and Space (+400cp)

Whether you're looking for love or just want some nice platonic relationships, being caught in a social web of people with big personalities and emotional issues can be tricky. With this drawback, your close interpersonal relationships with peers gain an added edge of drama: not to say the people around you will become completely irrational or overdramatic, but tensions, jealousies, personality clashes, and frustration about romantic incompatibility can boil over, and people will usually only get around to communicating their feelings in the middle of larger adventures.

Out of Time (+400cp)

You're from a time period hundreds of years prior to the 21st century, and have wound up in the future. You don't understand anything about this modern, foreign world you now live in, and must relearn everything from scratch, from language to culture to what fridges are. On top of that, the fact that the world you knew is dead and gone will often bother you.

Aaaugh, My Thorax! (+400cp)

People from planets with relatively light gravity often find themselves more vulnerable to injury while on Earth. Unfortunately for you, you're a weakling who has such a multiplier on you at all times. You can do anything that a normal person can just fine, but you take longer to heal from physical injuries than a member of your species is supposed to.



There But For the Grace (+400cp)

You have a sibling, clone, or other comparable figure who has a radically different way of interacting with the world than you. They are just as competent as you are, and the two of you look so alike that you'll regularly be mistaken for one another, needing to put up with the other's enemies, or facing the consequences of each other's actions. They may not necessarily be an "evil twin", but they will exhibit personality traits you dislike, and it'll be very hard to convince them to behave otherwise.

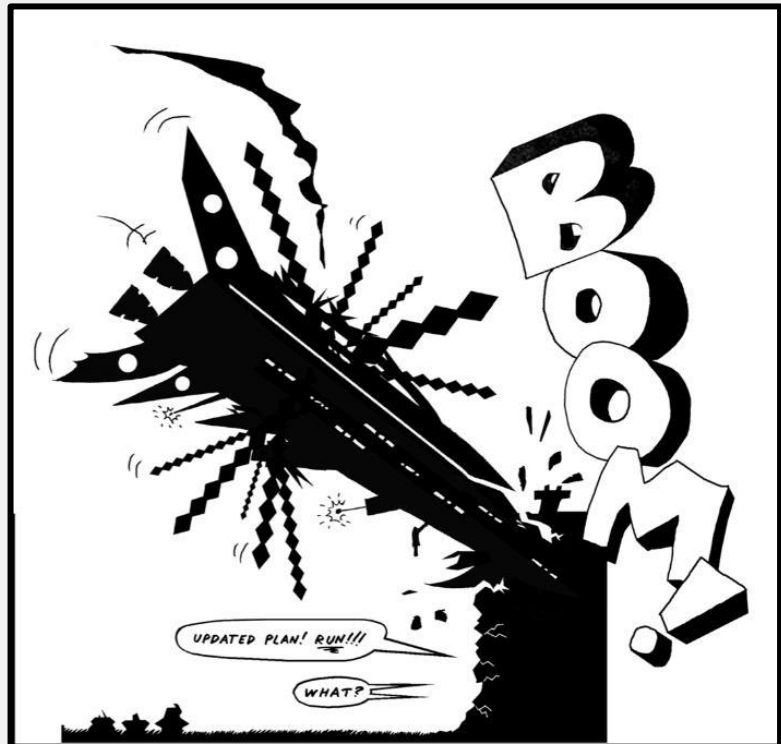
MY ROOF! (+600cp)

It doesn't matter where or when you are, or if an adventure is beginning, progressing, or ending: something will always manage to crash into and destroy your roof. Or spaceship window, or vehicle, or some other extremely important thing that you own and must use on a daily basis, and will cost an irritating sum of money to fix so frequently. Even if you try to live a possession-free lifestyle, the curse will affect other people's property in ways that force you to foot the damages anyway. While you can call in favours or use outside context powers to avoid paying the repair people, any workaround will only work once, and your property will be damaged once a week, if not more.

Enemy of the Mowanians

(+600cp)

The Mowanians are a tiny, ant-sized species that nonetheless maintain a notable space empire... largely because their size allows them to skulk around the nooks and crannies of much bigger ones. They tend to build big to compensate: their spaceships are toweringly large, their power-armor is durable, and just a sliver of borformite can fuel dozens of their potent multi-dimensional energy weapons at once. Their culture consists of neigh-indecipherable codes of honor and traditions, such as



fashioning their armor to resemble the opponent they expect to face next... and they've begun making armor that looks like you. Once a week, you'll have to put up with a ship of Mowanians hunting you down and challenging you to trial by combat. If you manage to completely destroy or make peace with one clan, another will show up to take their place. While the clan that Bob faced were a bit of a joke, you'll find that each group you fight brings their own distinct complications and methods to the table.

Seeking This Dream of Revenge (+600cp)

Some things never stop burning. You've been slighted by a vast space empire, and you *need* revenge. Maybe they're your own people, maybe your justifications are sympathetic to the point where your enemies pity you, and maybe you even want to go about things nonlethally, but you *are* filled with the compulsive need to make their empire fall, and cannot be distracted from your goal for more than a few hours. Whoever your enemies are, they are a massively widespread force with access to some of the best technology in the galaxy. Even if you manage to achieve your lofty goal, the political ramifications will shake thousands of inhabited worlds, and you may never feel truly satisfied.



FINAL CHOICES



You've inexplicably survived a decade of adventures, and you've come out of it with some cool new skills, courage you never thought you had, and some newfound friends and family... or, maybe just a tail striped like peppermint.

Stay Here, and continue to experience new inexplicable adventures for as long as you draw breath.

Go Home, and feel a sense of relief that you'll never again have to wake up to the sound of a spaceship crashing into your roof.

Move On, and see what other flavors of chaos the worlds out there have to throw at you.