

A Canticle for Leibowitz



Based on the book by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

Created by ArchAngel621

But the princes, putting the words of their wise men to naught, thought each to himself: If I but strike quickly enough, and in secret, I shall destroy those others in their sleep, and there will be none to fight back; the earth shall be mine.

Such was the folly of princes, and there followed the Flame Deluge.



Introduction

Greetings, dear Jumper.

After the 20th century is obliterated by a global nuclear war known as the *Flame Deluge*, humanity lashes out in fear and rage against the very knowledge that birthed such weapons.

This violent backlash, called the *Simplification*, sees mobs of self-styled “Simpletons” slaughtering the learned and burning books en masse, until illiteracy becomes nearly universal.

In the wastelands of the American Southwest, a new light flickers: the Order of Saint Leibowitz, founded in honor of a martyred engineer, devotes itself to preserving fragments of mankind’s lost wisdom. Within their abbey, monks safeguard ancient blueprints, diagrams, and relics—the *Memorabilia*—even if they cannot yet decipher their meaning.

In a nightmarish, ruined world slowly awakening to the light after sleeping in darkness, civilization begins its slow and painful recovery. The monks’ tireless preservation of knowledge secretly nourishes the fragile rebirth of science, but the old perils of pride, ambition, and war inevitably return. Spanning hundreds of years, the story follows humanity’s cyclical struggle between ignorance and enlightenment, faith and reason, creation and destruction. Through satire and tragedy, it reveals a haunting truth: no matter how high mankind climbs, it remains bound to repeat its grand follies and grievous mistakes.

Here’s 1000 C.P. to spend on things. Buy yourself something nice.

I’ll pick you up in ten years.

Is it truly in your nature to destroy yourselves?

Setting

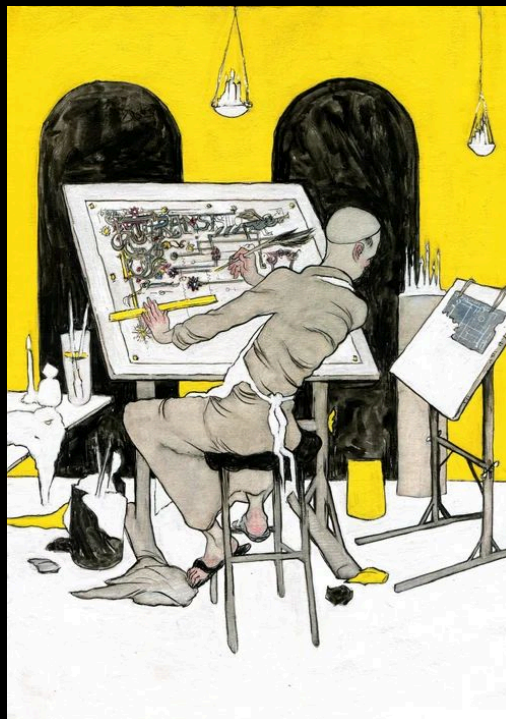
Across more than a thousand years, humanity struggles upward once more, repeating the eternal cycle of ignorance, rediscovery, and hubris.

Choose Your Time & Location of Entry.



Fiat Homo

Set in the 26th century, the world is a wasteland, reeling in the aftermath of the Flame Deluge, a global nuclear catastrophe that shattered civilization and nearly erased history. What little remains of human knowledge is treated as heretical or demonic by fearful survivors, and books are burned in the wake of the Simplification—a violent purge of science and literacy. Amid these ashes, the Order of Saint Leibowitz clings to scraps of the old world: engineering diagrams mistaken for sacred scripture, relics sealed in fallout shelters, and whispered fragments of Latin. In this time, you walk among tribal warlords, starving pilgrims, and robed monks—each trying to define meaning in a world that no longer remembers why it burned. Knowledge is fragile. Faith is stubborn. Survival is a prayer.



Locations

You'll start the day that Brother Francis meets the Pilgrim with Girded Loins.

Roll 1d6 to determine your starting location or pay 50 C.P. to choose.

Free Choice

Pick any location that you desire, but be careful, this world is unforgiving. Try not to end up dinner.

Monastery of the Albertian Order of Leibowitz

In the aftermath of the Flame Deluge and the Simplification, the desert monastery of Saint Leibowitz stands as a fragile bastion of order amid barbarism. Located in the arid wastelands of the American Southwest, it is isolated, austere, and heavily fortified against raiders and suspicious peasants alike. Within its thick walls, the monks of the Albertian Order devote themselves to the preservation of fragments of pre-Deluge knowledge, lovingly copying blueprints, lists, and texts into illuminated manuscripts they do not always understand.

Fallout Shelter

Near the abbey of Saint Leibowitz lies the ruins of an old fallout shelter from the time of the Flame Deluge. It is here that Brother Francis, a novice monk, encounters a mysterious wanderer who guides him to relics hidden within. Among the artifacts discovered are scraps of writing, diagrams, and personal effects — including what appear to be notes and a grocery list connected to Leibowitz himself.

The Village of Sanly Bowitts

The small desert settlement of Sanly Bowitts lies not far from the abbey of Saint Leibowitz. Isolated and harsh, the village survives by clinging to superstition, barter, and suspicion of outsiders. Its people live in the long shadow of the Flame Deluge and the Simplification, where fear of knowledge still lingers and literacy is distrusted. To the monks, Sanly Bowitts is both neighbor and threat: a place where pilgrims pass through, rumors spread, and mobs might one day rise against “bookmen” and relic keepers.

Valley of the Mistborn

The Valley of the Misborn is a desolate exile ground where the genetically monstrous victims of the Flame Deluge are forced to live, shunned by the rest of society in seclusion from the world. These “misborn,” marked by deformities and sickness caused by radiation, are cast out as outcasts, feared as cursed, and treated with little more than pity or disgust by the unblemished. Life in the valley is harsh and impoverished, with few resources, little protection, and no hope of acceptance beyond its borders.

New Rome

The Catholic Church is one of the few institutions left from the Enlightened Age, and thus, one of the oldest in the world. It is considered proof, even among more skeptical scholars, of the Bible proverb: "And the gates of Hell shall not overcome it." Even when those gates opened wide, a torrent of destruction.

Before the Deluge, the original Vatican City dispatched a delegation of high-ranking cardinals to North America for an "emergency conference." The Pope of that time, Paul VI, charged them, however, with guarding a vital package: copies of the Church's records and documents; at least as much as they could carry. Due to fragmented notes, it is lost to time whether they succeeded in meeting the conference. It is a fact, though, that they had arrived recently when the Diluvium Ignis began, and survived.

The atomic fires scorched Rome, along with large parts of Europe, thus seemingly severing the heart of Christendom. Yet the Keys of Saint Peter had already passed on to the Delegation, being the highest surviving members of the Catholic hierarchy. The Apostolic Succession was

The Simplification, however, brought an age of horror. Though the mobs considered the Catholics "mere God-minders" and ignored those who stepped aside, it made little difference. As sanctuaries faced increasing attacks, Innocent XVI was forced to move the Vaticano-Mobile to safer grounds. In the process, it passed through the Arrostock, Old Quebec, and the Lakes. It was at this time that "Rome" received a request from Saint Leibowitz, then an aspiring clergyman.

In 1998, a relatively secure outpost was set up along the Mississippi River, near what was St. Louis. After a Thanksgiving Mass, the City of New Rome was founded after decades of searching. Among the first structures to be completed were St. Peter's Basilica (the 3rd Incarnation) and the Vatican Archives.

The Holy See became a hub for both missionary work and information over the next centuries. For a time, it held a monopoly on the delivery and study of news on the Continent; from this would emerge the (in)famous Vatican Diplomatic Service. Generations of experience provided the Church leverage against various threats, from the Neo-Cathars and Bayring Hordes to corrupt leaders and Schismatic Orders.

Today, New Rome remains a potent religious and scholastic center. Its long-standing Papal Guards remain one of the most formidable soldiers in the service of Christ. Diplomatically, the Holy See maintains neutrality, but holds good relations with many (if not most) of the Christian

nations. With rising dangers coming from Texarkana, however, there are calls from within the Basilica to place it under interdict.

Fiat Lux

It is the year 3174; centuries have passed, and the Dark Age begins to recede. Kingdoms and city-states rise where dust once ruled, and a fragile renaissance stirs. Scholars—often guided by the Church—rediscover the ancient tomes, reverse-engineer fragments of science, and dream of progress. But the past is a dangerous teacher, and the same forces that once ended the world now whisper in the minds of men once more: ambition, pride, and power. The Order of Saint Leibowitz still preserves the Memorabilia, now drawing the attention of philosophers and princes alike. This is a time of uneasy balance between faith and reason, Church and State, miracle and machine. Will the light you help kindle reveal salvation—or cast longer shadows?



Locations

You'll start the day Thon Taddeo's letter arrives at the Monastery.

Roll 1d6 to determine your starting location, or pay 50 C.P. to choose one.

Free Choice

Pick any location that you desire, but be wary. Even though the light of reason is returning to this world, danger is everywhere.

Empire of Denver

Denver was once the center of Colorado. When the Dilvium Ignis occurred, Denver was one of the few larger cities that escaped destruction, but not the fallout. Within a few months, the State Government, whose rule quickly shrank to the city and its environs, was unable to cope with the chaos and banditry. It was said that the Governor and his remaining staff were hacked apart while attempting to flee the Simpleton mobs.

Amidst the anarchy, local businessmen and gang leaders managed to divert the mobs out of the city, primarily by "delivering" their rivals. Having established a relatively stable base, these men formed a new coalition to establish order. At first, they sought to forge a new "United States" from the ruins. Over time, however, this faded away as their successors molded a feudal aristocracy to solidify control. By the time the first Catholic nuncio was sent here, any notion of "America" had long given way to a collective of barons.

For the first 5 centuries, Denver slowly expanded into the surrounding villages. In 2643, the Nobles "convened" to appoint Baron Edward Hasrk as Emperor Edward I of Loyal Colorado. The Empire, as it became known, quickly asserted its rule over the barely remembered boundaries of the Old State. This was at first hampered by rival fiefdoms, schismatic Orders and the ever-present Plains hordes. By the 30th century, their rule was secure.

Today, it is a gateway to the Western coasts, as well as its guardian against the hordes. It is known, among other things, as a Catholic haven, hosting the Abbey of Saint Leibowitz. Yet recently, Emperor Edward VIII called for vigilance against Texarkana. The storm clouds are brewing across the Continent.

Texarkana

Contrary to old fables, this city is not the same as its pre-Deluge counterpart. Once straddling the States of Arkansas and Texas, the original quickly succumbed to the atomic fires. What few symbols of authority that survived the initial chaos were soon rooted out in the Simplification. When the dust cleared, the area was virtually uninhabited, save for a few villages that sprang up on the outskirts.

Though some residual memory of American solidarity, these early villagers began cooperating with each other over consolidating this now tabula rasa. Such was the case that over centuries, these gradually expanded into the empty ruins, until eventually melding into a singular community. In 2577, the leaders of the district villages formally established the City-State of Texarkana; its name taken from numerous broken signs.

At first, the Mayor was chosen from members of one of the original villages. Unfortunately, power struggles were quick and resulted in frequent cases of infighting; even when Catholic missionaries called for more "rational solutions." This continued for 280 years, until the Captain of the Guards launched a coup against the then-ruling Mayor Jean Hendrick Eden. The Captain, one Petrek, was proclaimed Mayor Hannegan I in 2860.

From their relatively secluded enclave, the Hannegans embarked on a massive campaign of expansion and intimidation. It is known that these "Warrior-kings," as opponents call them, seek to achieve (and surpass) what the old United States had: a new Manifest Destiny. Against warnings from the other civil powers and even New Rome, Texarkana still remains to this day aggressive. There are rumors of dealings with the Nomads, with ties to the current Hannegan's ambitions.

Mississippi Republic

The Mississippi River was once known as the "Father of Waters" by the Americans. A vital lifeline for trade and transport, it offered wealth and prosperity to the Old States it crossed. This was true particularly in Louisiana and Mississippi. When the Deluge came, the crumbling remnants of the Federal Government attempted to use the river as a barrier against fleeing refugees, destroying bridges and "restraining" those who crossed. It failed. Those who didn't die from fallout or the swarming masses fell before the madness of the Simplification.

Some refugees, however, fortified themselves in riverside towns to fend off the mobs. It is not known how many of these towns there were originally, but by the time the chaos subsided, only two survived: Wilets and Fort Adams—by then, 50 years had passed since the Diluvium Ignis. The settlements, however, were relatively distant; connected only by the Mississippi. The only way to survive, the councils realized, was to keep the river between them safe from bandits and trespassers.

This arrangement was kept for the first 4 centuries. In that time, however, new villages had emerged along the river, and trade was once more beginning to trickle. Catholic priests and missionaries from the period noted how "unusually secure" that peculiar segment of the great river had become. In 2498, the Two Towns, as the original communities came to be known, unified the villages between them, mainly through bargaining. The new confederation was organized on vaguely remembered figments of Republican government; its "Councilor" was chosen from the Two Towns. At the dawn of 2500, the Most Serene Republic of the Mississippi was formally established.

It need not be said that at the time, it was still small and vulnerable; it ruled little more than the segment of the river under its influence. To further solidify their power, the Councilors

encouraged the merchants to trade with other villages in and out of their territory. This offer was extended to mercenaries and opportunistic peasants willing to seek fortune.

For the next 300 years, trade and commerce along the Mississippi grew rapidly. The incentives commissioned helped boost their reputation and prestige on the Continent; many of New Rome's later architects came from the guilds of Fort Adams. In that period, however, territorial expansion remained severely limited. Any effort to move East was thwarted either by the forest tribes or plunder-minded "Pope's Children." The Republic thus had its eyes on the Delta.

In 2910, Councilor Ferdinand Meditine sent his troops to secure pirate havens along the Delta. In the process, however, they succeeded in capturing the marauders' stronghold of Baton Rouge, once the historic center of Louisiana. The city came to be the Republic's main port to the Gulf states and a vital trade link with the interior.

The current Republic is outwardly prosperous and stable. With the recent threats from the Hannegans, however, the merchants question whether money will be enough to save them now.

The Great Plains

The American Plains were historically one of the more sparsely populated regions on the Continent. Even after the oft-forgotten Pioneers subverted the natives, much of the area was used either as farmland or grazing ground; according to the Memorabilia, at least. Not much had changed when the Flame Deluge came. Refugees mingled with rural ranchers and farmers as towns burned and fallout spread. More radical changes, however, were soon to follow.

It was clear within the first 5 months that any semblance of order had utterly collapsed. Many Simpleton mobs eventually formed among the survivors here, hunting down hapless learned and upper-class folk in the communities that remained functional. Droughts and desertification soon rendered the (once-productive) fields completely worthless. The disgust and frustration of the farmers, in time, mutated into a characteristic hatred of "grass-eating."

Tribal clans had already formed by the time the last Simpletons faded into them. Initially, the dominant elements were descendants of the ranchers, who upheld a corrupted version of the "Cowboy" mythos. Their grip on the people was challenged by those of Native American descent. Amidst this struggle, it was the latter that ultimately won out, molding the nomads into essentially surrogate Indians. The "Cowboy" influence gradually decayed into leftover terms such as sharif (sheriff) and gynsligan (gunslinger). Perhaps this was the final victory of the natives over the Great White Man.

Although the nomads engaged in occasional raids on frontier villages and fiefdoms, they were content to fight out amongst themselves over the Plains. It was only in the 26th century, during the "Bayring Influx," and the intermingling that followed, that the clans began to gravitate towards one another, united only in their increasing aggression. Raids became more violent and frequent in intensity, prompting bordering nations to fortify themselves. Such was their danger that the Church commissioned Crusader Orders to quell the barbarian heathens, some of whom broke from New Rome altogether.

Much more recently, questionable developments have emerged. The current Chief of the Clans, "Mad Bear" Hongan Os, is reportedly under the influence of the ruling Hannegan of Texarkana. With the clans increasingly restless, mounting evidence points to Texark's machinations using Mad Bear as a puppet. Perhaps the days of the nomads may finally be drawing to a close.

The Protectorate of Utah

The story of Utah is tied to that of the followers of a Pre-Deluge Christian offshoot: the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Apart from the Vatican Archives and distorted pagan tales, little reliable evidence exists on this matter. It is known, however, that their founding prophet was "Josepsmi" and they called themselves "Mormons." They formed the majority of that American State, with the Capital near the Great Salt Lake; due to its name lost to time, it's referred to as Salt Lake City.

The Diluvium Ignis consumed much of the countryside, starting with Salt Lake City, destroying the Mormons' religious core. The surviving communities were quick to dispose of their remaining ties to the United States and established an alliance called Deseret. The Simpleton mobs, however, proved too much for the Mormon militias. As the bloodletting rampage continued, handfuls of survivors managed to flee into the desert and hilltops, forming "salvation havens."

Despite attempts at forced polygamy, the Mormon population was unable to recover from the chaos. By that point, conflict had grown over increasingly different versions of their own faith; abject destruction was taking its toll. In a final attempt, they scattered on haphazard migrations to greener pastures, in the hopes of forming new Deserets. The Mormons eventually found themselves absorbed into the tribal groups that emerged in their absence. Efforts to evangelize backfired as they themselves "went native." What remained of that offshoot dissipated into paganization 2 centuries after the Deluge. Polygamy and warped fragments of the old faith were soon all that endured.

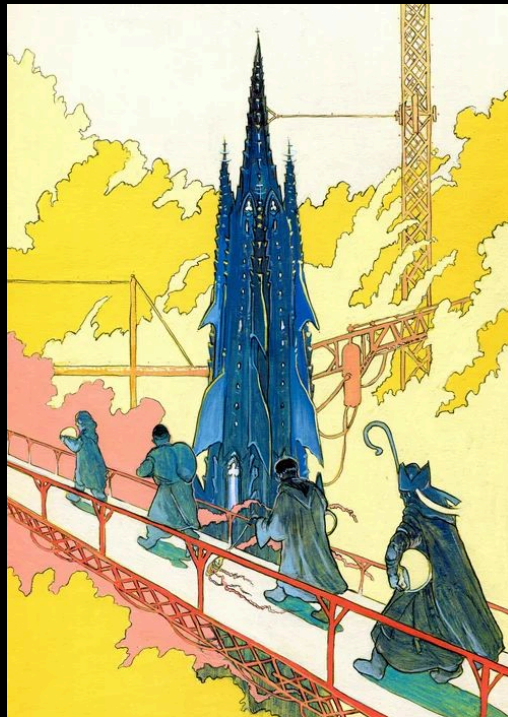
The Utah, as the tribes came to be known, repopulated the countryside, but struggled to sustain themselves. This was in part due to its isolation from the rest of the Continent. By the 26th

century, however, men began to escape the tribes to find new pastures, including the Venerable Francis Gerard. Some returned, either to usurp or convert their kin. In 2753, Utah was "reconstituted" as a Duchy, with its citadel at Filmore. Bickering fiefdoms and the Schismatic Orders, however, continually plagued the country, prompting Duke Brigham to seek vassalage with Denver in 3011.

Today, Utah is relatively autonomous and under the safety of Denver. With the looming threats to the East, however, there are fears that its dark nightmares, which have long haunted its past, may return.

Fiat Voluntas Tua

The wheel turns, and humanity once again soars. It is the year 3772. Satellites blink across the stars, cities hum with power, and old weapons find new names. But beneath the gleam of progress lies the same fatal flaw: the inability to learn from the past. War simmers on the horizon, cold and calculated, ready to blossom into a second apocalypse. In this era, the Church is no longer guardian of forgotten lore but keeper of conscience, struggling to remind mankind of its soul before it's too late. The world teeters on the edge of annihilation or ascension—and you arrive at the breaking point. Will you flee with the faithful to the stars, or stand to rewrite the end of the story? The skies darken. The choice is yours.



Locations

You'll start nine years before the Second Flame Deluge. You best make accommodations for what's coming.

Roll 1d4 to determine your starting location or pay 50 C.P. to choose.

Free Choice

Pick any location that you desire, but be wary. It's not the end of the world, but you can see it from here.

Atlantic Confederacy

The Successor to NATO and one of the leading secular powers of the post-Deluge world. Based on the remnants of civilization along the North American and Atlantic seaboard, it consolidates into a technologically ambitious state rivaling the Kingdom of Texarkana and the Asian Coalition.

As rediscovered science fuels industrial growth, the Confederacy becomes expansionist and politically aggressive, eager to secure resources, influence, and scientific expertise.

Its relationship with the Church is one of uneasy balance: the Confederacy recognizes the value of the Memorabilia preserved by the monks of Saint Leibowitz but resents clerical authority over knowledge. It pursues its own agenda, often using technological advances for military strength and geopolitical dominance. By this point, it has grown into a global superpower, locked in nuclear brinkmanship with the Asian Coalition.

Asian Coalition

One of the dominant geopolitical blocs. The Successor to the Warsaw Pact. Like the Atlantic Confederacy in the West, the Coalition represents a unification of post-Deluge states in Asia, wielding both industrial capacity and military strength. As humanity once again masters nuclear energy and space travel, the Asian Coalition becomes a central player in the delicate balance of deterrence and rivalry that defines this renewed age.

The Coalition is portrayed less through intimate cultural detail and more as a symbol of escalating international tensions. It embodies the same ambition and pride that doomed the old world, ready to contest power with its Western counterparts. The monks of Leibowitz and the Church watch uneasily as the Coalition and the Confederacy edge toward confrontation, knowing that another nuclear holocaust could once again plunge the world into darkness.

The Centaurus Colony

Humanity has regained industrial might, rediscovered science, and even reached into space. Among the most significant achievements of this reborn age is the founding of the Centaurus Colony, a settlement established on a distant world orbiting Alpha Centauri. The colony represents both the culmination of humanity's long climb out of the ruins of the Flame Deluge and a desperate hedge against repeating old mistakes.

The Centaurus Colony serves as a beacon of survival beyond Earth, carrying with it fragments of human culture, faith, and knowledge safeguarded by those who feared another nuclear

catastrophe. For the monks of Saint Leibowitz and their successors, it is both hope and tragedy — proof that humanity can spread to the stars, yet also an admission that the Earth itself may once again be doomed by its own pride and power struggles.

Origin

Roll 1d8+10 to determine your age, and your gender remains the same as it was previously; either of these may be changed for 50C.P. each.

Drop-In – (Free)

You fell into this scorched Earth with no history, no records, no past—at least not one anyone here can recognize. Unburdened by loyalties to Church, state, or tribe, you walk as a stranger in a land that remembers only ashes and myths. You are an anomaly: your knowledge does not match the world around you, your tools defy classification, and your instincts are ill-suited for superstition or dogma. This dissonance is both your shield and your burden. Some might call you a demon, others a saint—or simply mad. But in a world recycling its own tragedies, your unfamiliar mind might be the only thing capable of breaking the cycle.

Monk – (100 C.P.)

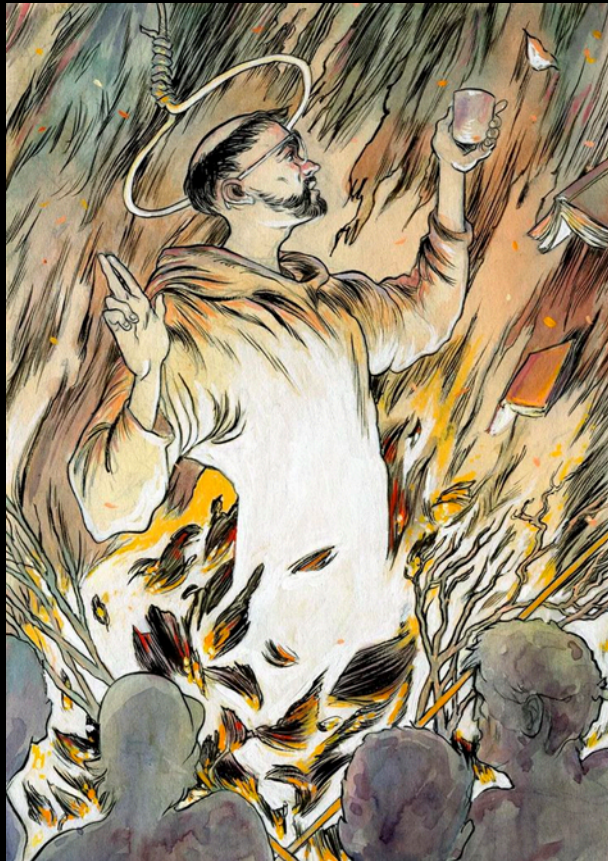
You are a Brother—or perhaps a Sister—of the Albertian Order of Saint Leibowitz, humble servant of the Church and guardian of the sacred Memorabilia. Within the cloisters and scriptoriums, your life is one of toil and devotion: copying texts by hand, protecting relics from marauders, and guarding the fragile flame of learning through centuries of darkness. To the outside world, you are both revered as a holy man and reviled as a hoarder of secrets, a paradox that can draw both pilgrims and persecutors to your door. Your vows bind you to faith, ritual, and the silent endurance of a mission you may never see fulfilled—the resurrection of civilization itself.

Intellectual – (150 C.P.)

You are a seeker of truth—a scholar, engineer, historian, or scientist—living in a world that mistrusts the very knowledge you chase. Once hunted as scapegoats in the Simplification, intellectuals live now as shadows of their former glory, feared and needed in equal measure. You stand on the knife's edge of progress and persecution, forever balancing your drive to rediscover and innovate against the suspicion of a world that remembers all too well the cost of unfettered science. To pursue truth here is to risk becoming both savior and heretic.

Prince – (50 C.P.)

You are power given form in a broken world—an inheritor of old-world authority or a strongman carving dominion from the chaos of scattered tribes. Whether a vestige of pre-deluge politics, a baron of farmland, or a desert chieftain ruling by force and decree, your role is to command, to scheme, and to hold fragile dominion in an age where literacy itself is rare. You must navigate shifting allegiances, barter with monks who keep knowledge locked away, and keep your people fed and loyal against hunger, rebellion, and rivals. In your hands lies the chance to rebuild kingdoms—or repeat the mistakes that drowned the last one in fire.



Perks

For each origin, the 100 C.P. perk is free and the others cost half.

General

Language – (100 C.P.)

- “In the beginning was the Word... and you still remember how to speak it.”
 - You possess an uncanny, almost instinctive ability to understand and speak the languages of fragmented civilizations. Whether it’s the broken, mutated dialects of desert scavengers, the courtly jargon of rising city-states, or the solemn liturgical Latin chanted in echoing monasteries, you comprehend and communicate with fluency and cultural sensitivity. This understanding goes beyond literal translation—you grasp tone, intent, idiom, and social nuance as if you were born into each tongue. You can read sacred scrolls, technical blueprints scrawled in ancient shorthand, and even decipher graffiti or dogma warped by centuries of ignorance.

Jack of No Trades – (100 C.P.)

- “A stranger in every land, yet never out of place. Where others stumble through foreign ways, you move with practiced ease.”
 - Wherever you go—monastery, city-state, or wasteland—you can pass as one of the people, earning bread, shelter, or safe passage by slipping seamlessly into their world. You have the ability to quickly mimic local trades, customs, and practices well enough to pass as a native participant. Whether it’s farming, smithing, carpentry, scribing, or even basic medical care, you can pick up the essentials after a short observation. You’ll never be a master, but you’ll always be *good enough* to pass inspection or perform the job decently. You can adapt to cultural traditions, etiquette, and religious rites with ease. From bowing properly before a king to making the sign of the cross like a monk, you never look out of place. Locals are less likely to notice you as an outsider if you act within their trades and traditions. You fit smoothly into communities by mirroring their daily life. You’ll never

achieve *true expertise* this way—your scribed manuscript won't match a master's illumination, your blacksmithing won't rival a seasoned craftsman—but it will be more than enough to fool casual scrutiny and keep you from standing out.

Survivor's Instinct – (100 C.P.)

- “The land provides for you, even in its harshest hours. Where others starve, you endure.”
 - The monk on pilgrimage who never dies in the desert, the refugee who always finds a safe hollow, the wanderer who outlasts famine. To others, it may look like luck, but you know it is something deeper: the land itself whispers where you may endure. You can always locate safe, drinkable water within a reasonable distance—whether it's a hidden spring, morning dew, or a stream just beyond a ridge. No matter where you are—wasteland, desert, forest, or city—you can always find or fashion a place to rest that offers protection from weather and danger. It may be humble, but it is secure. You instinctively recognize which plants are safe to eat, even in unfamiliar lands. You may not know their names, but you know which sustain and which poison. This is not flashy survivalism, but quiet providence. You never return empty-handed from foraging, and you never go without a place to lie down, even when stripped of every possession.

Drop-In

The Poet – (100 C.P.)

- “A tale told twice becomes a parable. A parable told thrice becomes scripture. And in scripture, you may bury anything.”
 - You possess a knack for weaving stories that both entertain and conceal. You can craft parables, fables, chants, epics, folktales, or sermons that captivate listeners, carrying subtle moral lessons—or carefully buried secrets—without revealing your true intent. Your words naturally adopt the rhythm, tone, and authority of sacred texts. Priests may believe you inspired, while common folk take your stories as divine wisdom. You may encode facts, instructions, or even forbidden knowledge within your tales, disguising them so that only the discerning (or those you wish to guide) uncover their deeper meaning. Once told, your stories echo in memory, retold by others like folk scripture, spreading across villages, monasteries, or even nations. Your words flow with a cadence that echoes scripture—solemn, memorable, and deceptively profound. With this perk, you may preserve knowledge in plain sight, hidden under layers of faith and entertainment. You are both bard and scribe, prophet, and deceiver—depending on how you wield your tongue.

Cloak of Neutrality – (200 C.P.)

- “The world’s hatreds pass over you. Where you stand, no blade is drawn.”
 - Some may even whisper you are a living saint, a messenger, or a curse to those who dare to strike at you. To others, you may appear blessed, untouchable, or taboo—an entity the world simply cannot cross. You radiate an aura of absolute neutrality that shields you and those under your protection from suspicion, harassment, and unprovoked hostility. Bandits, raiders, inquisitors, soldiers, and zealots will not attack or harass you so long as you remain a neutral party. They may glare, mutter, or posture, but they will never strike the first blow. Nations will not declare war on you, armies will not raid your lands, and rulers will not see your presence as a threat—provided you take no overt sides in their conflicts. You may walk safely through war zones, even standing in the middle of two clashing armies, and both

will instinctively leave you and yours untouched. This effect covers those traveling openly under your banner, flag, or symbol, ensuring companions, followers, and settlements share in your immunity. The protection holds only so long as you maintain genuine neutrality. If you take sides, provoke violence, or betray the trust of your status, the Cloak falls away.

Untouched – (300 C.P.)

- “The fire that scoured the world passes over you, leaving only the ash of memory.”
 - You are completely immune to the harmful effects of radiation. Fallout storms, radiation, contaminated environments, scorched ruins, glowing craters, and irradiated wastelands pose no threat to your body. You will not sicken, weaken, mutate, or die from exposure—whether brief or prolonged. You may travel freely through blasted zones that others fear, scavenging in ruins or seeking relics lost to time. Not only are you completely immune to radiation, but you now radiate a subtle field of purification and renewal. By lingering in a place or focusing your will, you can purify irradiated soil, water, and air, reducing fallout levels to safe limits. Contaminated food and supplies touched by you become clean and edible. Areas you inhabit for weeks or months begin to heal unnaturally fast—plants regrow, animals return, the and poisoned earth recovers decades ahead of its natural cycle. To the wasteland itself, you are nothing less than hope incarnate.

Cancelling the Apocalypse – (500 C.P.)

- “The hour strikes, the fire rises, the sky falls—and yet, by your will, the end is stayed. Once in every age, once in every world, you turn back annihilation.”
 - You are the one who ensures that humanity has another chance. You have the power to halt a single apocalyptic catastrophe, extinction event, or world-ending disaster in each Jump. You can intervene in any calamity on the scale of extinction—nuclear war, runaway plagues, world-shattering magic, climate collapse, asteroid impacts, or even the Flame Deluge itself. The event is averted, undone, or redirected so that the world survives. How this manifests depends on the nature of the crisis. A nuclear exchange might fizzle as missiles fail to launch, a plague may suddenly burn out, or an asteroid might

harmlessly veer off-course. Your intervention may appear miraculous, scientific, or simply uncanny coincidence. You may only use this power once per Jump, regardless of the number of apocalypses present. When you expend it, the world will endure this catastrophe—but future threats must be met by mortal means. Preventing the end does not guarantee peace. Wars may rage, nations may collapse, and famine may spread—but the planet and its people will endure instead of vanishing. The cycle continues because you willed it so.

Sanctuary – (700 C.P.)

- “The broken and hunted hear your call. Across deserts, cities, and ruins, they come—seeking the one place that will not cast them out.”
 - To the persecuted, you are home. You have the extraordinary ability to summon the persecuted to your side. Whether they are exiles, heretics, hunted minorities, slaves fleeing bondage, or simply the poor and downtrodden, they are drawn to you by an irresistible sense of hope and refuge. This can be done in two ways.
 - The persecuted begin to wander in your direction, feeling a pull they can neither explain nor resist. Distance and danger do not deter them; they will cross wastelands, rivers, or even entire nations to find you.
 - Alternatively, you may designate a location, and the persecuted you have called will be teleported directly there—safe, whole, and with whatever meager possessions they can carry.
 - You control who is gathered. You might call only scholars fleeing inquisitions, only refugees of war, or even a specific faith, ethnicity, or persecuted class. The power will respect your parameters exactly, ensuring you do not gather more than you can handle.
 - Those who arrive are predisposed to trust you and see you as a leader, protector, or messiah. They will not immediately treat you as a savior—but they will follow your guidance, for you are the one who gave them sanctuary when the world denied it. At first, you may summon hundreds. With experience and conviction, you may call even thousands or millions, assembling entire hidden nations of exiles and refugees under your protection.

Wandering Jew – (800 C.P.)

- “Through centuries you walk, neither fading nor falling to time. The world changes, burns, and is born again—but you endure.”
 - You share in the strange, weary immortality of Benjamin, the Wandering Jew. You stop aging entirely from the moment you take this perk. Your health remains as it is now—neither declining nor improving with time. Your body no longer ages—your skin will not wrinkle, your hair will not thin, your bones will not weaken with time. Others are far less likely to notice your unnatural longevity. People around you will rationalize your unchanging appearance, overlooking what they should recognize. Only those who watch you across decades—or who apply intense scrutiny—may begin to suspect. You may still be wounded, poisoned, or killed by violence, but barring such an end, you could walk the Earth until its last sunrise. You will see kingdoms rise and fall, civilizations rebuild and burn again. You will watch companions, friends, and even enemies wither while you remain. Memory becomes your truest burden, for nothing escapes the eyes of one who never dies. To some, you may become a prophet or legend, whispered about across centuries. To others, you may be seen as cursed, an outcast doomed to walk until the end of time. Yet in every era, you endure—a constant thread through humanity’s endless cycle of flame and rebirth.

Monk

Memorabilia – (100 C.P.)

- “A tattered scrap of vellum, a broken chalice, a shard of glass—others see junk, but you feel the weight of centuries.”
 - Where others see ash, you see the threads of continuity that hold the world together. You become a living curator—one who cannot walk past history without recognizing it. You gain an intuitive sense for when an object holds historical or spiritual importance, no matter how mundane it may appear. When you handle or pass near an item with significance—an old manuscript, a lost tool, a cracked relic—you feel a pull, a quiet recognition that this object has a place in history. You know it should be preserved, studied, or revered. Sacred objects stand out even more. A reliquary, a saint’s bones, or a chalice blessed by centuries of prayer radiate a quiet aura in your perception. Even false relics reveal themselves as empty, while true ones stir your soul. This sense works even for objects dismissed as junk—like the blueprints preserved by monks in *A Canticle for Leibowitz*. To you, the hidden meaning is obvious: this scrap could one day shape the destiny of nations. While this perk tells you that something *matters*, it does not explain *why*. A cracked mirror might be tied to a great betrayal, a tattered cloak to a martyr’s death. You must decide what to do with the truth you have uncovered.

Living Scriptorium – (200 C.P.)

- “The mobs sought to burn memory itself. Yet here, against all odds, a few voices of the old world endure.”
 - In a world where knowledge is always in danger of being burned, forgotten, or censored, you are a one-person archive. You possess an extraordinary gift for the preservation of knowledge through both memory and hand. You can flawlessly transcribe manuscripts, diagrams, or texts with absolute fidelity. Every dot of ink, every faded line, every ancient symbol is reproduced exactly, even if the original is damaged or nearly illegible. Illuminated script, mathematical notation, or engineering schematics—all are preserved with supernatural accuracy. After a single careful reading, you can recall

and recite an entire book, scroll, or manuscript word-for-word, without error. This memory does not fade with time; the words remain etched in your mind forever, ready to be written or spoken again. Whether copying ancient languages, technical schematics, or scripture, your recall adapts. Even if you do not understand the meaning, you preserve the form flawlessly. Should you later learn the context, the preserved material unfolds in your mind with clarity.

Evil Eye – (300 C.P.)

- “They cross themselves when you pass, whispering of curses. But when your gaze lingers, even the boldest feel their strength drain away.”
 - To some, you are a saint’s warning. To others, a demon’s curse. But all agree: your eyes are not safe to meet. Your gaze carries a supernatural weight—a force that unsettles, intimidates, and weakens those upon whom it falls. When you fix your eyes on someone, they feel a chill of unease, as if watched by judgment itself. Their confidence falters, their words stumble, and their hands may tremble under your stare. With deliberate focus, you may cause small strokes of misfortune—an archer’s arrow veers wide, a speaker forgets their words, a raider’s courage evaporates. Nothing overtly impossible occurs, but outcomes shift subtly in your favor. The Evil Eye does not kill or maim. Its power is psychological and social, bending chance and courage rather than breaking bodies. Those of strong will or true faith may resist, though even they will feel unease.

His Name is Truth – (500 C.P.)

- “The world forgets. You never will.”
 - In a world doomed to repeat its mistakes, you may be the only one who truly remembers. You have an gift for accurately recalling the history of any setting you enter. From the moment you arrive in a world, you instinctively know its true history—not just myths, half-truths, or propaganda, but the actual events as they occurred. You understand who built its cities, who burned them, and what causes shaped its people. Even where records have been destroyed, altered, or mythologized, you can untangle fact from fiction. You know the difference between legend and reality, recognizing when history has been simplified, rewritten, or erased. Your knowledge extends beyond simple dates and events—you recall the philosophies,

movements, and cultural undercurrents that defined each age. You can explain why things unfolded as they did, not just how.

Quo Peregrinator – (700 C.P.)

- “When the fires fall and the earth trembles, you preserve the seed of tomorrow. Civilizations may burn, but through you, they will rise again.”
 - You are a living ark, carrying saints, scholars, and dreamers across the flames of history into the promise of rebirth. You possess the ability to evacuate and preserve valuable individuals in the event of catastrophe, ensuring that society always has a core from which to rebuild. When an attack, disaster, or apocalyptic event threatens, you can immediately pull selected individuals into a secured pocket dimension. This happens in an instant, ensuring survival even if no warning is given. You may decide who qualifies—scientists, engineers, farmers, healers, leaders, artists, or anyone whose skills and presence would prove vital to rebuilding civilization. You may even select the young and promising, safeguarding not just knowledge but potential. Inside the pocket dimension, those you save are placed into perfect stasis. They do not age, hunger, thirst, or suffer while within. Time does not pass for them, and they remain preserved as they were when you saved them. This sanctuary cannot be breached by disaster, war, or even most supernatural forces. It is a timeless vault, accessible only by your will. When the crisis has passed—or when you decide—the survivors may be released, ready to help rebuild society. They awaken with no sense of time lost, carrying their skills, memories, and determination intact. With this ability, the cycle of destruction is blunted. Even if the world collapses entirely, you ensure that its knowledge, culture, and potential do not die with it.

Patron Saint of Electricians – (800 C.P.)

- “In the hum of wires and the spark of circuits, they whisper your name. Light itself bends in reverence to your touch.”
 - To technology itself, you are its priest, confidant, and master. You do not just preserve machines—you commune with them, ensuring they will always rise again from the ashes of mankind’s forgetting. You’re not quite the Omnissiah or Mekhane, but you are close enough. The equivalent of Robert Bumaro and Dalia Cythera. You are no longer just a tinkerer blessed with uncanny luck—you are a living conduit

between mankind and its creations. You possess an intuitive connection to electricity itself. You can sense currents in walls, the pulse of energy in circuits, and the hum of power grids as though they were hymns echoing in a cathedral. In your presence, electrical systems function more smoothly—faulty wiring stabilizes, connections settle cleanly, and even failing devices cling to life until you release them. You have a natural, supernatural knack for repairing, maintaining, and improvising technology. Broken radios, sputtering generators, or even complex computers respond to your touch with reverence. While you may not rival the deepest theorists in abstract science, your practical mastery makes you invaluable to any age. You can perceive, manipulate, and commune with all forms of technology. From primitive looms and water wheels to nuclear reactors and AI networks, you understand their logic and can influence them directly. You hold within you a vast, intuitive understanding of every kind of technology. Even devices from alien civilizations or future eras reveal themselves to your insight, as though you already know their principles and purpose. You can literally speak to technology. Engines murmur their faults to you, computers whisper their data, circuits hum with their needs. Machines may not have minds as humans do, but in your presence, they exhibit personality, responding with loyalty, patience, or even devotion. With focus, you can do more than repair—you can command machines to act, bending them as though through prayer. A car may start without a key, a reactor stabilizes at your word, or a defense system refuses to fire on you.

Intellectual

Pattern Seeker – (100 C.P.)

- “The world builds in circles. You see the circle before it closes.”
 - This ability makes you a seer of cycles, a sage who sees not just what is, but what has been and will be again. You possess a unique clarity of vision when it comes to patterns across history, culture, and design. Where others see only isolated events or scattered fragments, you perceive the recurring structures beneath them. You can spot repeating motifs in politics, war, religion, and society. Revolutions echo older uprisings, empires crumble along familiar arcs, and you can often predict how current struggles will unfold by recognizing their past reflections. You intuitively notice when traditions, myths, or artistic movements are variations on ancient themes. A festival in one age may echo a forgotten ritual of another, and you see the through-line instantly. Inventions, architecture, and engineering reveal themselves to you as part of larger structures. You can identify when a “new” idea is actually a reinvention of something lost—or how today’s tool hints at tomorrow’s machine. This insight gives you an almost prophetic advantage. You can warn others of dangers before they blossom, anticipate cultural shifts, and recognize opportunities others dismiss as coincidence. Some will treat you as a prophet. Others may fear you as one who knows too much.

Simplest Possible Language – (200 C.P.)

- “The world forgets, but you remember. The world fears, but you explain. Even in ashes, you can make wisdom bloom.”
 - You have the ability to make the incomprehensible accessible to all. You can condense even the most advanced sciences, philosophies, or technical skills into clear, simple primers that can be understood by anyone, even children or the uneducated. To peasants, your explanations sound like scripture; to monks, they sound like wisdom; to children, they sound like bedtime stories. The truth is carried without sparking fear or suspicion. Complex treatises become playful lessons, and abstract mathematics becomes a nursery rhyme. Advanced technologies and practices can be simplified into basic,

replicable forms, using only the tools and resources available in the current setting. Nuclear theory might become a simple lesson in pressure and fire; advanced medicine might become practical herbal remedies. While less powerful than their advanced form, these adaptations remain true and usable. Knowledge you teach in this way sticks. Even generations later, people will recall your parables, practices, or primers, spreading them as cultural lore that can be built upon. You can seed understanding across centuries, planting the foundation for renaissances yet to come.

Leap of Faith – (300 C.P.)

- “From ashes and fragments, you rebuild. Where others see scraps, you see the whole. The past speaks to you, and through you, it lives again.”
 - From scraps of blueprint and whispered lore, you can restore what the Flame Deluge destroyed and make it live again. You are the one who turns fragments into renaissance, who gives humanity back its stolen inheritance. You possess a profound gift for recovering and reviving lost knowledge. With even the smallest remnants—burned manuscripts, fractured inscriptions, corrupted files—you can restore the missing content with uncanny accuracy. What others dismiss as unreadable debris becomes, in your hands, a living record. You have a natural sense for lost sciences, philosophies, and systems of thought. From half-remembered lore or scattered hints, you can intuit how things once worked and how they might be reborn. Your mind seizes upon the big picture first, grasping theories and frameworks far faster than others. Where most struggle for years to form even a hypothesis, you can see the outline of truth from scraps and shadows. Unlike many theoreticians, you can also make the rare, clean, impetuous leap from vague hypothesis to working model. In flashes of insight that seem miraculous, you cut through centuries of trial and error—moving from “what if” to “it works” with startling efficiency.

One-Man Industrial Revolution – (500 C.P.)

- “Where others see darkness, you strike sparks. Where others linger in stasis, you ignite the engines of progress.”
 - The one who ends the cycle. No longer does knowledge crawl upward to be burned again; with you at its heart, humanity accelerates beyond the reach of ignorance. You possess the combined knowledge

of centuries of innovation. Alone, you can reconstruct much of the scientific method, mechanical engineering, metallurgy, and chemistry needed to kickstart an industrial age. Even if cast into a Bronze Age culture, you could propel it to the threshold of steam engines, gunpowder, and printing presses within a few short years. Unlike those who only theorize, you know how to translate concepts into working designs with the tools at hand. Your creations may not be sleek, but they work, and each breakthrough accelerates the next. Once you've established the basics, technological development snowballs. Each invention lays the groundwork for more advanced discoveries, compressing centuries of progress into decades—or even years. If given a group (a hundred displaced workers, artisans, or fellow innovators), you instinctively organize them into a self-sustaining engine of innovation. Their combined skills and your leadership allow them to rebuild and expand a society's infrastructure with breathtaking speed, as though history itself has been unshackled. Even in settings where “the Medieval Stasis” is magically or politically enforced, your presence destabilizes it. Progress begins as a whisper in villages and monasteries, spreading like wildfire until it cannot be stopped. To some, you are Prometheus, bringing fire. To others, you are a heretic who defies the ordained pace of the world. But to history, you are the one who turned centuries into days—the Revolution incarnate.

Doomsday Clock – (700 C.P.)

- “The end is never sudden. You see the patterns, the creeping signs. You know how close the world is to falling—and how far it can yet be pulled back.”
 - You may be ignored, feared, or branded a prophet of doom—but you will never be wrong about how close the end really is. You have the innate ability to accurately determine the likelihood of a human-made global catastrophe or other apocalyptic scenarios. Whether it's nuclear war, ecological collapse, runaway technology, or social breakdown, you sense how close civilization is to disaster. You can measure, at any given moment, how close the world is to catastrophe. This appears in your mind as a clear sense of urgency—like a clock's hands moving toward or away from midnight. You don't just sense the nearness of apocalypse—you can identify the exact triggers and fault lines that will lead to catastrophe, and how to alter them. You know

the specific causes that push civilization toward collapse. A single treaty ignored, a weapon tested, a law passed, or a leader assassinated—you can pinpoint which events matter most. Your sense is not static—you perceive shifts over time, noticing when policies, wars, or discoveries move the world toward safety or ruin. You can predict tipping points well before they arrive. Rather than vague warnings, you perceive the web of cause and effect around each disaster. You know not just that the world is close to ending, but how it will happen, and what strands must be cut or strengthened to prevent it. Your awareness applies to human-made apocalypses (nuclear exchange, pandemics unleashed by negligence, AI rebellion, climate collapse, etc.). Natural disasters remain beyond your predictive reach, unless worsened by human hubris. With this insight, you can guide rulers, warn the masses, or prepare sanctuaries. You know not just that danger is coming, but how urgent it is, and whether humanity still has time to act. You can see the Second Flame Deluge gathering in its infancy, and know who or what must be swayed to break the cycle. Yet such knowledge is dangerous—others may kill to silence you, or worse, demand you guide them toward a “safe” path that only leads to another kind of doom.

Repository of Lost Knowledge – (1000 C.P.)

- “What the world forgets, you remember. What is buried, you carry. You are the vault, the scriptorium, the memory of civilizations long gone.”
 - The ultimate counterweight to the Simplification. You are a one-person archive of all ancient, forgotten, and lost technologies, spanning ages and worlds. If a technology is forgotten, destroyed, or deliberately suppressed, it exists within you—schematics, methods of manufacture, and principles of operation, complete and uncorrupted. From stone tools to starships, nothing truly vanishes while you endure. You don’t just remember lost technologies—you know how to reproduce, reverse-engineer, and adapt them using the resources of the setting you’re in. Whether it’s rebuilding Bronze Age forges or re-creating fusion reactors, you can scale the knowledge to fit local means. You can instinctively adapt old technologies into harmony with newer ones. Forgotten Roman concrete might be merged with modern building techniques; ancient clockwork principles could find use in post-nuclear wastelands. You are a synthesizer, not just a

librarian. Unlike books or data banks, your knowledge is never corrupted or incomplete. You carry a flawless, enduring record of what was lost. Once a technology becomes widespread and commonly available in your current world, it leaves your personal archive. You cannot hoard what humanity (or its equivalent) has reclaimed. Your gift is always tied to what is on the edge of extinction, never what thrives. When mobs burn, when monks falter, when cities crumble, you keep the torch lit. But as soon as mankind truly reclaims what you carry, you release it—ensuring you are never a tyrant of knowledge, but always its keeper until the world is ready.

Prince

Unifying Banner – (100 C.P.)

- “Voices raised in discord find harmony when you stand before them. Where there were many, now there is one.”
 - You have the rare ability to bind disparate groups into a single cause. You excel at presenting causes in a way that resonates across factions. Warlords, scholars, zealots, and wanderers who would normally distrust—or even hate—each other find themselves setting aside old quarrels when you take the lead. A raider may fight beside a monk, or a scientist may cooperate with a priest, because you’ve shown them how their goals overlap. You can ease rivalries and soothe suspicions, creating a foundation for dialogue where none existed. Those under your banner are more willing to compromise and forgive. Groups united under your leadership don’t just follow orders—they internalize the cause. Even after you leave, many will maintain the unity you forged. This does not erase deep hatreds or magically make enemies friends. Instead, it creates a temporary but powerful alignment of goals, lasting as long as you guide them and the cause remains strong.

Pillar of the Realm – (200 C.P.)

- “When the walls crack and the sky burns, your hand keeps the kingdom whole. Where others falter, you endure—and so too does all you shelter.”
 - To your people, you are the rock upon which they lean. You have the extraordinary ability to hold a realm together during times of crisis—be it famine, war, plague, or civil strife. Your leadership, wisdom, and resolve radiate through your people. Despair is blunted, unrest is soothed, and loyalty holds fast even when hunger bites or armies march. Factions that would normally splinter apart—peasants, nobles, clergy, soldiers—find themselves willing to endure hardship under your guidance. They may grumble, but they do not break. So long as you remain in command, rebellions and defections are rare, and even the most dire shortages stretch further than they should. Food seems to last longer, morale recovers faster, and disease does not devastate quite as fully. You cannot prevent suffering entirely, but

you can prevent collapse. Your realm remains cohesive and functional when others would fracture, giving it the chance to rebuild stronger once the crisis passes.

Divide and Conquer – (300 C.P.)

- “Why fight an enemy at their strongest, when you can make them tear each other apart first? You are not just a strategist—you are the storm that breaks armies against themselves.”
 - You possess keen tactical brilliance, specializing in manipulating enemies into conflict with one another so that you can claim victory with minimal losses. You instinctively know how to maneuver, deceive, and provoke your foes into turning their strength against each other. Alliances fray, rivalries ignite, and hostile factions clash long before they ever face you. You have a natural sense of when to wait and when to strike. You can hold back until the moment your enemies are weakest, then move decisively to secure victory. Through rumor, propaganda, diplomacy, or subtle manipulation, you can plant seeds of mistrust that grow into full-blown conflict. Even armies that hate you more than one another may find themselves distracted by infighting. When combat does come, you exploit fractured forces with ruthless precision—flanking the exhausted, ambushing the disorganized, and ensuring that every engagement tilts in your favor. After your enemies destroy each other, you are adept at consolidating the battlefield—capturing resources, territory, and survivors before anyone else can recover.

Whisper Behind the Throne – (500 C.P.)

- “Courts are full of daggers in smiles and poison in honey. But where others stumble in shadows, you see every string—and know which to pull.”
 - To the world, rulers lead. But to those who truly know, you are the hand that guides them. You have the uncanny ability to navigate and dominate political intrigue, reading it as clearly as words on a page. In any court, senate, or council, you can immediately grasp who holds influence, who schemes, and where the true loyalties lie. Masks and pretense are transparent to you. Lies, hidden agendas, secret grudges, and subtle alliances reveal themselves to your perception. Even carefully cultivated deceptions tend to unravel in your presence. With tact, whispers, and carefully placed counsel, you can steer kings,

presidents, abbots, or generals without them realizing they are being guided. Even the most powerful are less likely to resist your suggestions, as you couch them in terms they believe are their own. While you may never wear the crown, you wield the power behind it—the trusted voice in the ruler’s ear, the advisor no one dares cross. Your influence can keep rulers in check, prevent reckless wars, or quietly reshape policy. Unlike simple charm, your manipulations are subtle and lasting. Even if a ruler suspects influence, they find themselves reluctant to cut you off, because you’ve made yourself indispensable. You could guide New Rome without ever being pope, steer secular kings without ever raising a sword, or prevent a second Deluge not by command, but by whisper.

Ruler’s Intuition – (600 C.P.)

- “You need no spies to tell you what the streets whisper. You feel the hunger, the hope, the fear of your people as if it were your own.”
 - This makes you a ruler who doesn’t rule by guesswork or decree—you rule by understanding. In a world of cycles where leaders often ignore their people until it’s too late, you are one who hears the whisper before it becomes a scream. You possess an uncanny ability to sense the collective mood of your people, almost as though their voices reach you directly. You can intuit the general emotions of your population—whether they are hopeful, fearful, restless, or ready to revolt. This sense works across villages, cities, and even nations you lead. Beyond mood, you can discern what your people most need in the moment—food during famine, safety during raids, reform in times of corruption, or hope in despair. You may not know *how* to provide it, but you will know *what* must be done. With this knowledge, you can act before unrest boils into rebellion. You can address needs before they metastasize into crises, turning what might have been collapse into renewal. When meeting with individuals from among your people, you intuitively grasp their worries and hopes in the same way. This makes you a remarkably effective listener, mediator, and leader.

Dynastic Flame – (700 C.P.)

- “Where others fear their house will crumble with fools and tyrants, your line endures with steady hands.”

- o Whether you are a king, abbot, or politician, your descendants will have the skill and conviction to carry on your mission. Your family line is marked by an unusual stability. Your family line is marked by extraordinary stability and greatness. Whether by blood, adoption, spiritual claim, cloning, or even artificial creation, all who are truly your children inherit this blessing. Your heirs are never weaklings, wastrels, or tyrants. Each child grows into someone capable of rule, stewardship, or leadership. Even in difficult times, they will not embarrass or destroy what you have built. More than merely competent, your dynasty regularly produces luminaries—visionaries, reformers, saints, brilliant generals, and inspired leaders. Every generation brings forth figures who leave their mark on history. Family rivalries and destructive disputes are rare. When power passes to your heirs, it does so with unusual smoothness, preventing collapse during times of crisis. Your descendants adapt to the needs of their era. When famine strikes, they are wise stewards. In times of war, they are skilled leaders. In renaissances, they are patrons of science, art, and faith. Over centuries, your house becomes synonymous with stability, reform, and guidance. Institutions founded by your heirs endure, embedding your influence into the culture and memory of entire civilizations.

Items

Traveller Starter Pack – (Free)

- A basic but indispensable set of tools for any traveler who would blend in with the faithful and weary of this world.
 - Monk's Robes: Simple, durable wool robes in the style of the Albertian Order of Saint Leibowitz. They are warm enough for cold desert nights, light enough for the day's heat, and naturally resistant to wear, dust, and rain. Though humble, they subtly adjust to your size and never fray beyond repair, always maintaining a "well-kept" but modest appearance. Wearing them earns you cautious respect among peasants, pilgrims, and fellow monks—though also suspicion from raiders or political agents.
 - Pilgrim's Staff: A sturdy wooden staff, carved from desert hardwood. It can be used as a walking aid, a defensive weapon, or even a tool for carrying supplies. Though plain, it is nearly unbreakable under mundane stress and seems to resonate faintly with a quiet sense of reassurance, steadying your step on long journeys.
 - Starter Pouch: A small leather satchel containing dried bread, a waterskin, a rosary or prayer beads, and a few sheets of blank parchment with charcoal for writing or copying. The contents refresh themselves once a week, ensuring you will never be entirely destitute.

Pre-Deluge Text – (Free)

- You possess a small but invaluable collection of books salvaged from before the Flame Deluge—fragments of humanity's greatest achievements, miraculously spared from the fires of the Simplification. The collection is not whole. Some pages are stained or missing; some works are only fragments, others misbound. Yet even partial knowledge is priceless here. Monks will see them as holy relics. Scholars will beg or bargain for them. Politicians may try to seize them. Simple folk may not understand them—but may burn them in fear.
- Their subjects range widely:
 - History & Philosophy: Accounts of empires, revolutions, and the long debates on ethics, freedom, and faith.

- o Science & Mathematics: Foundational texts in physics, chemistry, biology, geometry, and calculus, written in the clear voices of scholars long dust.
- o Classics of Literature: Ancient plays, poems, and novels from Shakespeare to Homer, Milton to Cervantes—works that defined culture itself.
- o Practical Treatises: Guides on agriculture, architecture, medicine, and engineering—treasures for rebuilding.

Fallout Survival Shelter – (200 C.P.)

- You gain access to a fully functional pre-Flame Deluge fallout shelter, a relic of an age when humanity believed it could outlast the fires it had sown. Designed for a maximum occupancy of 15 people—tight quarters, but sufficient for a small community of monks, family, or chosen companions. Reinforced concrete walls buried deep underground, resistant to radiation, firestorms, and seismic activity. Airlocks seal against fallout, and a simple but reliable filtration system keeps the air breathable. It's stocked with enough dehydrated food, water purification tablets, medical kits, and basic tools sufficient to sustain its full capacity for 6 months of isolation. Beyond that, resupply is required. It's powered compact backup generator (diesel and crank-powered) and solar panels disguised at ground level. Enough to power lights, air circulation, and minimal comforts. Within are bunk beds, storage lockers, a central table for planning or dining, and a small workshop nook. Functional, not luxurious. While modest compared to grander Vaults or seasteads, this shelter is secure, discreet, and reliable. In the wastelands, such a haven is priceless—offering sanctuary from radiation storms, raiders, or the zealotry of the Simplification's lingering mobs. But beware: once word spreads, many will covet it. The desperate may beg to enter. Raiders may demand it. Priests may sanctify it—or condemn it. In this world, shelter is never just a place to hide. It is a symbol of survival itself.

The Monastery of the Albertian Order of Saint Leibowitz – (200 C.P.)

- Once a humble refuge, has grown into a fortified modern monastery—a fusion of medieval stone cloister and updated modern infrastructure. By the era of *Fiat Voluntas Tua*, the Albertian Order of Leibowitz has endured for nearly two millennia, surviving wars, simplification mobs, renaissances, and political struggles. Towering sandstone walls enclose a sprawling compound of chapels, scriptoriums, gardens, workshops, and dormitories. The original

cloisters remain intact, but newer wings include concrete bunkers, electric lighting, and modest laboratories. Radiation-proof basements and deep crypts have been added to safeguard the Memorabilia. Though humble by the standards of the resurgent nations, the monastery is not primitive. It possesses electric power, running water, and rudimentary communications. Still, it is caught between worlds—too modern for the devout who mistrust progress, too archaic for the politicians and scientists who hunger for control of its archives. Monks continue their ancient traditions of prayer, transcription, and preservation. They rise to chants at dawn, labor in gardens or scriptoria by day, and debate theology and history by night. Despite modernization, their mission remains unchanged: to guard human memory from destruction. At its heart lies the Memorabilia, the collected relics of the pre-Flame Deluge world—documents, blueprints, notes, and sacred scraps of knowledge. By this time, the collection spans vast halls of carefully catalogued shelves, studied by both monks and visiting secular scholars. Access is tightly controlled, with some chambers barred to outsiders altogether. The monastery is more than a place. It is a symbol of resistance against humanity's cyclical self-destruction. Within its walls, faith and reason remain bound together. Outside, the world races once more toward apocalypse.

The Sword – (300 C.P.)

- A weapon of such might that they contained the very fires of Hell. Used by the Princes to cause the Flame Deluge. You possess a functioning thermonuclear warhead in the megaton range, a relic of the pre-Flame Deluge world. This is no symbolic relic or inert shell—this is a real weapon of mass destruction, capable of reshaping not only battlefields but the course of history itself. Beyond its destructive capacity, this weapon is a curse. It embodies the very reason for the Simplification, the relic of mankind's original sin in this setting. If discovered, it will draw zealots, scavengers, scholars, and rulers like moths to flame. Some will call it holy judgment. Others, ultimate salvation. All will want it.

The Infinite Blueprint – (600 C.P.)

- This relic appears to be a single blank sheet of vellum (or aged paper, or even a thin slate tablet, depending on the era). It possesses the miraculous ability to reveal the full schematics of any item you physically press it against. Whether a rusted plow, a radio, or a nuclear warhead, the Blueprint provides

precise technical detail. Complexity only determines the scale of what is revealed—some items fit on one page, others unfold into dozens. Symbols bloom across its surface, unfurling into intricate diagrams, schematics, and technical notes that reveal the item’s structure, components, and methods of manufacture. Designs are flawless, but comprehension depends on the skill and resources of the reader. A medieval monk could not build a circuit board, but he would understand what the design asks for. The Blueprint only reveals what is present. A broken relic shows its broken state. If parts are missing, those voids appear as absences in the schematic. Attempting to press it against abstract concepts, divine relics, or metaphysical forces produces nothing but cryptic static. Once removed, the Blueprint slowly fades back to blank, ready for another use. The Blueprint cannot be burned, torn, or erased by natural means. If destroyed a new copy spawns in your Warehouse. Once pressed against an object, the schematics it reveals are permanent, etched into its surface in flawless, indelible ink. Every touch adds another layer, another diagram, another secret to its endless unfolding vellum. Over time, the Blueprint becomes a vast, ever-growing codex of knowledge—tools, weapons, relics, and lost technologies—all preserved without the possibility of erasure. To the monks, it is the voice of Leibowitz himself. To rulers and warlords, it is the key to power. To scholars, it is the Rosetta Stone of a lost age. The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

Warehouse Attachments

The Library Eternal – (500 C.P.)

- “In a world where memory is fragile and history burns, your halls become the last sanctuary of all that was.”
 - Your Warehouse now houses an immense Library-Archive Complex—a self-expanding, self-organizing facility dedicated to preserving the totality of a world’s cultural, historical, and artistic record. Upon entering a setting, the Library begins quietly gathering every edition of every book ever created in that world—from children’s primers and lost epics to technical treatises, religious scripture, government documents, and banned works. Nothing is excluded. The Library also collects antiques, artwork, and relics of cultural significance: statues, paintings, instruments, tapestries, ceremonial regalia, relics of saints or scientists, and even fragments of destroyed works. It prioritizes

preservation over ownership—the original remains in the world, but a perfect copy appears in your collection. This can be altered by the Jumper. All items are stabilized against age, rot, and fire. Books never yellow, ink never fades, and paintings never peel. Digital works are likewise stored in secure, searchable servers. The Library can render any item in its original form, ensuring cultural context is preserved. You may appoint librarians, curators, and archivists (companions or created staff) to oversee the collection. The Library has searchable indexes, so if you need the third edition of a forgotten calculus manual or the sketches of a saint burned by mobs, you can locate it in minutes. The Library grows infinitely to accommodate its archives. New wings unfold as needed, forming labyrinthine halls, marble galleries, climate-controlled vaults, and even interactive exhibits. A visitor might walk past the Dead Sea Scrolls, Edison's notebooks, or cave paintings side by side. Such a Library would be the holiest of relics, the end of the Order's mission—a complete archive of all human memory. To scholars, it is salvation. To zealots, it is heresy. To rulers, it is power. In your hands, it is the power to ensure nothing is ever truly lost again.

Companions

Import – (50 C.P.)

- An option to import an existing companion or create an entirely new one, with things such as personality and appearance entirely under your design. Every purchase of this option allows for a single companion to be either created or an existing one to be imported into this Jump. Created companions can be designed within reason, such as deciding on appearance, personality, relationship to you, and so on. Both options gain a free origin and 600 C.P. to spend on races, perks, and items. They gain freebies and discounts as normal. Companions cannot buy companion options.

Canon – (50 C.P.)

- Each time you purchase this option, you gain a slot that can be used to take along an existing character from this Jump with you as a companion. Provided you can convince them to join you in future worlds and they are willing to come with you at the end of this jump, one character will become a companion at that point.

Goat – (Free)

- At first glance, this odd creature seems like little more than a twisted mutant of the Flame Deluge — a shaggy desert goat with an uncanny blue-tinged head, its features not quite right, a living reminder of the mutations that still haunt the world. Yet beneath its strange appearance lies a hardy survivor, resourceful, stubborn, and fiercely loyal, once claimed. The goat is more intelligent than it seems, capable of recognizing faces, remembering paths, and even showing flashes of cunning in times of danger. Though it cannot speak, it has an almost comical knack for appearing at important moments — braying in warning, nudging you toward hidden paths, or butting would-be thieves in the knees. In a land where superstition marks it as a bad omen, traveling with the goat may draw suspicion, but it also adds an eccentric charm to your party.

Benjamin, The Wandering Jew – (50 C.P.)

- An enigmatic figure of great age and greater mystery, Benjamin wanders the deserts near the Abbey of Saint Leibowitz, clothed in rags yet carrying himself with dignity. Known to some as the Wandering Jew of legend, he seems to appear across centuries unchanged, speaking in riddles, parables, and

half-truths. At times he is a trickster, at others a prophet, and at still others a weary traveler seeking only a place to rest. Whether cursed, blessed, or both, he endures as a living memory of humanity's oldest sins and most enduring hopes. Benjamin is more than a relic of superstition. His knowledge of scripture, history, and the cycles of human folly runs deep, though he rarely speaks plainly. He guides seekers to discoveries at pivotal moments, then vanishes again into the wastes. As a companion, he offers little in material strength, but his presence carries profound weight: a reminder of conscience, a challenge to arrogance, and sometimes a bitter laugh in the face of despair.

Followers

Intellectuals from the Simplification – (100 C.P.)

- They are the remnants of a slaughtered age — I snatched them away moments before they would've met their end. Scientists, technicians, teachers, and scholars who lived through the Simplification, when mobs hunted anyone who could read or wield knowledge. Scarred by trauma, scattered, and often living in hiding, these intellectuals carry with them the last sparks of the old world's brilliance. As followers, they bring diversity of skill and an almost sacred devotion to knowledge. Their unity is born of survival, their resilience of persecution. Though they lack armies or wealth, they possess what is rarer still in the ruins: the ability to teach, to heal, to rebuild, and to inspire. Their very presence is both a beacon of progress and a risk, for the ignorant may see them as heretics, but to those who shelter them, they are the foundation of rebirth.

Albertian Order of Leibowitz – (100 C.P., Free with the Monastery of the Albertian Order of Saint Leibowitz)

- Across the centuries, through famine, plague, war, and fire, the monks of the Albertian Order of Leibowitz have endured. Founded in the shadow of the Flame Deluge by disciples of Isaac Edward Leibowitz, their mission has never wavered: to preserve what scraps of knowledge survive, guard the Memorabilia, and pass the flame of learning through the darkness of ignorance. Whether laboring in the scriptorium of Fiat Homo, negotiating with princes in Fiat Lux, or offering moral witness in Fiat Voluntas Tua, the Order embodies continuity, patience, and the stubborn will of faith. To outsiders, they may seem naïve, hoarding books they cannot yet read or

venerating grocery lists as relics. Yet their work is the bedrock of every rebirth that follows. As companions, they are both guardians and teachers: transcribers of truth, archivists of memory, and men of faith whose endurance spans generations. From quiet novices to learned abbots, they bring with them an unshakable devotion to knowledge as a sacred trust.

Drawbacks

There is no C.P. or drawback limit, so take as many drawbacks as you want; drawbacks triumph over perks. The drawbacks are removed or lifted Post-Jump.

- Witness the Full Cycle – (300 C.P.)
 - Like a certain Wandering Hermit, instead of choosing a single era to begin in, you may opt to remain for the entire timeline of A Canticle for Leibowitz—from the Flame Deluge to the post-apocalyptic desolation of Fiat Homo, through the tentative renaissance of Fiat Lux, and into the high-tech, morally fraught twilight of Fiat Voluntas Tua. This will span approximately 2,000 years in total.
- The Pope's Children – (300 C.P.)
 - "The fire did not kill you. It changed you—and the world remembers what that means."
 - Your body bears the unmistakable signs of radiation mutation—misshapen limbs, unnatural eyes, mottled skin, or worse. The exact form may vary, but the effect is always the same: you are visibly and undeniably other. Wherever you go, people stare, whisper, and often shun you. Many consider you cursed, a punishment of the Flame Deluge given flesh. Some believe you are a demon. Others treat you with superstitious pity, feeding you only from a distance. You are barred from entry into many settlements and may even be targeted by roving purifiers, zealots, or eugenicist factions. The Church may pity you, but few would grant you the dignity of equality. In scholarly circles, you are a curiosity at best; in courts, a liability. Your mutation does not grant any physical benefit—no strength, no resilience, no psychic powers—only the burden of your twisted legacy made visible. You may find kinship among other exiles, mutants, or monsters. Or perhaps, you will rise above the world's disgust and become something holy in their eyes... but they will never forget what you are.
- Simpleton – (300 C.P.)
 - "The monks speak of holy scripts and ancient diagrams. To you, they may as well be curses."
 - You are completely illiterate. You cannot read or write in any language—not ancient, modern, sacred, or vulgar. Blueprints are indecipherable. Texts are meaningless scribbles. Even signs and maps offer you no guidance. Attempts to learn are frustratingly futile, as if your mind simply rejects written symbols. In a world like this, where books are sacred relics and lost knowledge is preserved in script, this is a serious

disadvantage. You cannot transcribe holy texts, interpret technical manuals, or study the preserved "Memorabilia" without aid. Scholars may treat you as a primitive. Monks may see your ignorance as either tragic or heretical. Worse still, some may exploit your inability to understand contracts, records, or doctrines. You'll have to navigate this world by ear, memory, and intuition—surviving in a civilization that reveres the written word while you walk through it blind.

- Excommunicate – (500 C.P.)
 - “Your name is whispered in the cathedrals of New Rome. Your likeness is burned in effigy by men who wear miters.”
 - You have been officially denounced, excommunicated, and anathematized by the highest authorities of the Church in New Rome. Whether for heresy, forbidden knowledge, political dissent, or association with blasphemous forces, your very existence is a theological offense. The Order of Saint Leibowitz has been commanded to refuse you entry, assistance, or absolution. Monasteries that harbor you risk being razed. Priests are forbidden to speak your name, save in condemnation. Worse, agents of the Ecclesiastical Inquisition may be dispatched to track you—spies in cloisters, zealots in the wilds, and exorcists who see you as a demon in flesh. The faithful are taught to fear you. Some believe you are the second coming of the Deluge. You cannot use religious institutions for healing, shelter, or protection. Holy ground may reject you. Sacred relics may burn in your grasp. And should you ever reach New Rome, they will be waiting with fire.
- Supernatural Phenomenon – (500 C.P.)
 - “The monks speak of demons. The peasants fear the cursed. The Church warns of succubi in the night. They are not wrong.”
 - Supernatural phenomena are now real—and dangerously active. Whether they were always lurking or your arrival disrupted something sacred, one thing is certain: the myths walk. Fallout Demons whisper in ruined places and possess the desperate. Succubi and incubi prey on lonely souls in their dreams. The Green Witch walks the Earth. Curses fester in bloodlines and cling to sacred relics. Ghosts, poltergeists, and corrupted saints haunt the remains of cities long buried in ash. Even the most rational scholar may find themselves confronted by unexplainable horrors, while the devout speak of miracles and martyrdoms that defy nature. You are not immune. In fact, your presence seems to attract these phenomena. Some spirits seek to test you. Others seek to break you.

Worse still, the Church may view your connection to these forces as evidence of heresy or infernal pacts. You may find yourself exorcised—or executed. Knowledge, faith, and purity may help you resist... or damn you further. In this world, superstition is not just belief—it is survival.

- Thou Shalt Not Kill – (600 C.P.)
 - “Your hands will not raise in wrath. Your tongue will not call for blood. The sword, to you, is only weight.”
 - You are completely incapable of committing acts of violence. You cannot strike, stab, shoot, poison, or even verbally direct others to harm on your behalf. Weapons fall heavy and inert in your hands. Any attempt to inflict violence—even in self-defense—fails at the moment of action, as if an invisible force stops you. Even sabotage, indirect harm, or enabling violence through negligence is beyond your capacity. Others may protect you—but they may also see you as weak, naïve, or a liability. You cannot even bluff violent intent; those who see you know the truth in their bones: you will not harm them. In some places, that grants you unexpected safety. In others, it paints a target on your back. To survive, you must rely on faith, diplomacy, cunning, or sacrifice. You may become a symbol of peace—or a martyr to its price.
- A Mother’s Love – (700 C.P.)
 - “Her daughter lies broken, her family shattered, and her world on the brink of fire. She has convinced herself that if you die, everything will be restored.”
 - Well, I was wandering through a Mercy Camp and bumped into this on the way to euthanize herself and her baby daughter. I happened to make a deal with her. I'll save the lives of her, her daughter, husband, and the whole world if she ends yours and your Chain. She will track you no matter the distance, the age, or the barriers between worlds. To her, you are the keystone of history's tragedy, and your death the key to reversing it. She will not bargain, she will not relent, and she will never be swayed by reason. She is tireless, resourceful, and cunning, adapting her tactics to every era. In the wastelands, she may strike like a raider, in the courts, she may whisper like an assassin, and in the modern age, she may wield weapons of science and faith alike. She'll do everything in her power to do so, from slitting your throat in your sleep to tearing it out with her teeth. I had to give her a chance, though. When in proximity, she radiates an aura that seals your perks, powers, and Warehouse access. Within her reach, you are reduced to your baseline BodyMods and whatever natural talents you possess. Her motivation is not malice but desperation. Killing

you will heal her daughter, restore her family, and avert the Second Flame Deluge. Her crusade is both tragic and unstoppable.

- Rachel – (700 C.P.)
 - “She whispers when you are alone. She laughs when you are weak. And when you sleep... she walks in your body as if it were her own.”
 - You grow a second head upon your body — a pale, whispering face named Rachel. Her presence is not cosmetic: she is a living second mind, with her own thoughts, urges, and agenda. Rachel constantly murmurs into your mind, eroding your focus and judgment. Her whispers may mock you, tempt you, or sabotage your thoughts. At best, she is a distraction. At worst, she drives you to doubt your own sanity. When you are asleep, unconscious, or otherwise incapacitated, Rachel can take complete control of your body. She walks, speaks, and acts as though she were you—but her motives remain unknown. When you awaken, you may not even remember what she has done. Rachel's goals are never clear. Sometimes she helps, protecting you from threats in your absence. Other times, she acts with cruelty, paranoia, or a strange purpose. You cannot predict whether she is an ally, a saboteur, or something else entirely. You cannot remove her, silence her, or banish her. She is a part of you now—your second head, your unwanted twin, your parasitic echo. Companions and allies may recoil, treating you as monstrous or cursed.
- Power of Faith – (700 C.P.)
 - “The power you carry is not your own. It must be called, and it must be believed in.”
 - Your perks, powers, and even access to your Warehouse no longer function automatically. To activate or benefit from any of them, you must engage in a deliberate act of prayer, ritual, or personal devotion. This could be a whispered invocation, a formal litany, a moment of silent kneeling, the drawing of a sacred symbol, or even the lighting of a candle—whatever form your chosen belief takes. But it must be sincere, consistent, and performed each time you wish to use a perk or open the gateway to your Warehouse. In moments of stress, fear, or haste, your inability to stop and pray could mean going without your powers. In hostile environments, your reverent behavior may seem suspicious, deranged, or even heretical—especially to those with their own religious dogmas. If your focus is broken mid-prayer, the effect may fizzle. You are not granted divine favor—merely the requirement to show faith before

function. Over time, this practice may shape your mind and spirit.

Perhaps you'll come to believe the power was never yours to begin with.

- Abandon All Hope – (800 C.P.)
 - “The vaults are closed. The miracles are gone. You walk this wasteland with only what the world gives you.”
 - Your Warehouse is completely inaccessible for the duration of this Jump. You cannot enter it, summon anything from it, or use it as a staging area, storage facility, or refuge. The swirling portal refuses to open, no matter how desperately you reach for it. Furthermore, all items, tools, and artifacts acquired from previous jumps or other worlds—no matter how mundane or extraordinary—are rendered inert, lost, or spiritually incompatible with the fabric of this setting. Only what you bring into being within this world—through work, trade, prayer, or invention—will serve you now. Your memory and experience remain intact, but the trappings of other realities are stripped away. You are a wanderer, no different from the scorched pilgrims or cloistered monks who toil under sun and ash. To survive, you must walk without power armor, regeneration vials, omniversal currency, or stocked supplies. The age of miracles is gone. The world wants to know who you are without them.
- No Gods, No Masters – (800 C.P.)
 - “Suffer not the Witch to live.”
 - Upon entering this setting, every perk, power, supernatural gift, or ability from previous jumps is locked away. No matter how divine, psychic, technological, or metaphysical your abilities may be, they simply do not function here. You are left with only your native intelligence, personality, memories, and whatever non-supernatural skills or mundane knowledge you personally cultivated through lived experience. No regeneration. No telepathy. No future sight, unerring aim, perfect charisma, magical wards, or plot armor. You walk this world with only your BodyMod and the perks you purchased in the setting. Should you attempt to activate a power, the result is silence. Should you try to bend reality, it stays rigid. If you once glowed with divine fire, now you bleed like any man. The line is strict: your past glories cannot guide you. You are no longer the flame-born god of another galaxy. You are a traveler in exile, trying to reshape a world that distrusts power and forgets wisdom.

Ending

After ten years of surviving this universe, you are finally given three choices to choose from.

Go Home

You return to the place you began, carrying with you the scars of memory and the weight of all you have seen. The world may burn again, but still, the cycles of faith and folly will turn, and life will endure in its fragile, stubborn way. You go home not to escape the darkness, but to bear witness to the light that remains.

Stay Here

The world is broken, yet it is also your world. Among the ruins and the rising fires, among the poor and the fearful, you choose to remain. Here you will walk with the weary, heal where you can, and preserve what scraps of wisdom survive. To stay is to accept both sorrow and hope — to face the darkness alongside those who cannot leave.

Move On

The Earth has fallen before and may fall again, but humanity's flame is not bound to a single world. You look to the stars, carrying relics, faith, and memory beyond the sky, into places where new beginnings might take root. To move on is not to abandon, but to continue the journey — a pilgrimage written across time, carrying the fragile light of mankind into the endless night.

The Multiverse is incomprehensibly vast, dear Jumper.



Scenarios



Lucifer is Fallen

"Through the centuries, we preserved the Word, the Diagram, the Blueprint. Now, as the world climbs again toward the fire, our walls still stand."

The world is burning once again.

Nuclear war has erupted, triggered by the same failings that destroyed the Earth centuries before—hubris, nationalism, technological arrogance, and moral blindness. Major cities are ash. Communications are silent. The skies are darkening. Radiation storms scour the landscape. Refugees wander, mad with thirst or zealotry.

You begin at the exact moment the Second Deluge begins. However, something is different this time: you remember. And you possess the tools, knowledge, and will to diverge from the cycle.

Survive the Second Flame Deluge and rebuild human civilization in a way that avoids repeating the sins of the past. You must guide cultural, spiritual, technological, and political development along a different trajectory—one that resists nihilism, arms races, and centralized dogma.

Reward

Cycle-Breaker

"The wheel turns... until it meets you."

You are an anomaly in the machinery of fate, a living disruption to cycles of doom, repetition, and inevitability. In future jumps, whether the world is caught in a prophecy that always ends in war, a simulation repeating the same collapse, or a historical pattern where civilizations rise and fall like tides, your presence breaks the loop.

You exert a subtle metaphysical pressure on deterministic systems, whether magical, technological, divine, or narrative. Prophecies unravel. Simulations desynchronize. Historical patterns deviate. People who once marched toward their destinies now hesitate, question, and choose. You are not immune to failure—but you are immune to inevitability.

This is not brute force; it is divergence through influence. Your very existence makes others consider alternatives. Systems that rely on closed loops or fixed outcomes find you corrosive to

their logic. Even in future Jumps, where timelines are locked or stories are meant to replay, your arrival introduces chaos, variation, and potential.

You are the strange note in the song, the unexpected guest in the final act, the missing variable in the machine of eternity. You are what makes change possible—even in places where it was never meant to be.

Notes:

Art is credited to Elliot Lang

- <https://www.elliottlang.com/store?category=A+Canticle+For+Leibowitz+Art>
 - o 2
 - o 5
 - o 8
 - o 14
 - o 18

The map is credited to u/MattTheFreeman.

- https://www.reddit.com/r/imaginarymaps/comments/xbwf4w/the_land_of_the_mare_a_map_based_off_of_the_book/

Albertian Order of Leibowitz

- Give you the entire Order and all it's member from Fiat Lux to Fiat Voluntas Tua. As well as Zerchi's cat, Zeke.

The Library Eternal

- Does not apply to digital media such as movies, recordings, or digital archives.

A Mother's Love & Rachel

- Rachel will actively hinder you and help the Mother to kill you.

Changelog: