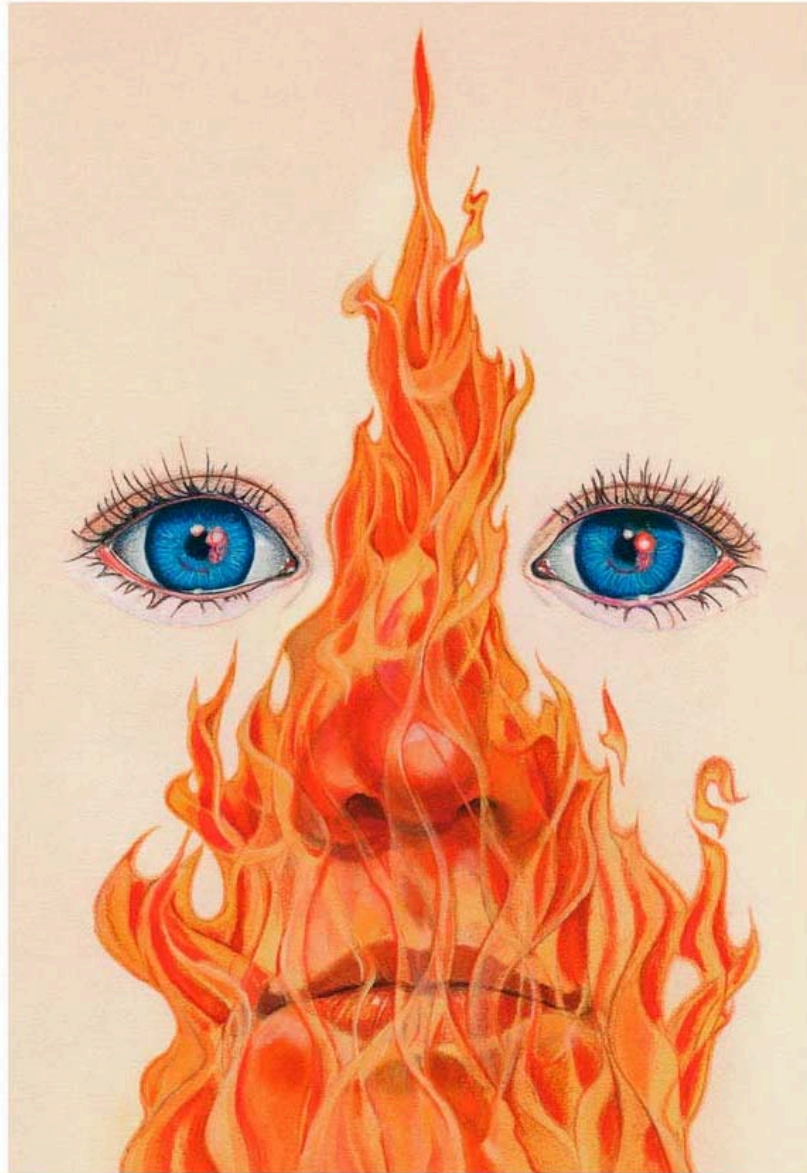


Firestarter



STEVEN STROUD
FIRESTARTER
1980



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Based on the book by Stephen King

Created by ArchAngel621



Suppose there is a little girl out there someplace this morning who has within her, lying dormant only for the time being, the power to someday crack the very planet in two like a china plate in a shooting gallery?

Introduction

Greetings, dear Jumper.

Welcome to the world of Firestarter, one of many set in the Kingverse.

When college student Andy McGee and his girlfriend Vicky volunteer for a secret government drug experiment involving a substance called Lot Six, they gain mild psychic powers.

Years later, their daughter, Charlie, is born with terrifyingly amplified abilities: she can create and control fire with her mind. The shadowy government agency known as The Shop, which sponsored the original experiment, learns of her existence and sets out to capture her, believing she could be turned into a living weapon. After Vicky is murdered by Shop agents, Andy and Charlie go on the run. As they flee across America.

This is where you enter.

Here's 1000 C.P. to spend on things.

I'll pick you up in ten years.

Will you have the power to survive?

Locations

You'll start the moment Andy & Charlie get into the cab in New York.

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

Free Choice

Pick any location you desire, but be careful, the Shop has eyes and ears everywhere, as well as the backing of the US Government. Every shadow or friendly face could be a Shop Agent. That doesn't even count threats from beyond. After all, there are other worlds than these.

Choose your location wisely.

Harrison State College, Ohio

A quiet, midwestern college town — the very heart of mid-America. Harrison is a sleepy community built on tree-lined streets, brick dormitories, and old lecture halls. It's where Andy McGee and Vicky Tomlinson first met as students, and where Andy would later return to teach. In 1969, within the college's combined Psychology/Sociology Building, Dr. Wanless conducted the ill-fated Lot Six Experiment, setting events in motion that would change everything. Years later, in the quiet Lakeland District of Harrison, the McGee family made their home in a calm suburban neighborhood that seemed perfectly ordinary.

Albany County Airport, New York

Despite its name, the Albany County Airport isn't in Albany at all, but in the nearby town of Colonie, in Shaker County. A modest regional terminal surrounded by flat fields and access roads, it's the kind of place where no one looks twice at a tired father and his daughter catching a cab. After escaping The Shop's pursuit in New York, Andy and Charlie McGee arrived here, seeking one last moment of safety before the next chase began. Beneath the hum of departing planes and the chatter of travelers, the air still carries the tension of that narrow escape.

Longmont, Virginia

Two stately Southern plantation homes stand across from each other on a wide, rolling lawn, their symmetry broken only by looping bike paths and a crushed-gravel drive winding over the hill from the main road. One house is flanked by a spotless red-and-white barn, the other by a

matching stable that once held some of the finest horses in the South. Between them lies a tranquil duck pond, its surface reflecting a sky too calm for what happens here. In 1954, the two estates were merged into a single property, a front for the Department of Scientific Intelligence, better known as The Shop. Behind its genteel façade, government secrecy thrives: laboratories in the basements, offices behind shuttered windows, and the ghosts of every experiment that should never have been approved.

Mander's Farm, New York

Home of Irv and Norma Manders, this big white three-story farmhouse with mint-green trim sits like a relic of simpler times. The house looks as though it started ordinary and grew eccentric over the years. Two mismatched sheds jut from the back, a greenhouse stretches from the south side, and a screened porch leans from the north like a stiff collar. Behind it stands a weathered red barn, separated from the house by a flat dirt dooryard. It was here, after escaping the Slumberland Motel in Hastings Glen, that Andy and Charlie McGee found brief refuge.

Tashmore Pond, Vermont

The former childhood home of Andy McGee is nestled deep in the woods just west of the New Hampshire border. The cabin on Tashmore Pond passed through his family from Granther, to his mother and finally to him. Isolated and twenty miles from the nearest two-lane road, the property sits in quiet, unpopulated country. Across the water lies Bradford, New Hampshire, a small town with no post office and a few scattered summer cabins. Andy and Vicky used to come here every summer until Charlie was born. Later, it became their last refuge, a place to hide when there was nowhere left to run. The lake's calm surface and whispering pines mask its history, the site where John Rainbird and The Shop finally caught up to them. Be wary of the Notions 'n' Novelties store.

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 are no one from nowhere. There are no records of your birth, no digital traces, no paper trail, as if the world forgot to invent you. That kind of absence has its own gravity; it pulls attention. You can become anyone you wish, a traveler, a student, a survivor with a story that mostly fits, but sooner or later, someone notices the gaps. A name that doesn't appear in census logs. A social security number that was never issued. A face that shows up on more cameras than it should. In a country where every shadow has a file, the Department of Scientific Intelligence calls people like you "anomalies." To them, you're not a mystery; you're an experiment waiting for a label. You can run, you can build a life out of false memories and borrowed documents, but you'll always feel that quiet pressure on the back of your neck, the sense that somewhere, an agent is already reading your file, wondering how a person can exist without ever being born.

Department of Scientific Intelligence (DSI) – (100 C.P.)

You work in the gray spaces between government and secrecy, a covert branch of the Department of Scientific Intelligence popularly known as The Shop. On paper, it's an agency dedicated to domestic scientific projects with potential national security applications: electromagnetic research, fusion power, and advanced experimental medicine. In practice, its scope is far wider and far darker. The black-budget division that studies, weaponizes, and silences anything for the interest of National Security. The Shop is interested in scientific research into phenomena that might otherwise be considered paranormal, such as aliens, immortality, and psychic or paranormal powers. You've seen the files — Project Arrowhead, Lot Six, Captain Trips, the Incident in Haven. You tell yourself the work keeps the world safe, that someone has to do it. The Shop's mission is simple: control the unknown before it controls you. Psychic powers, alien artifacts, viral mutations, even immortality — if it can't be explained, it's yours to dissect. Your colleagues include scientists, soldiers, and field agents who share a disregard for morality and oversight. You don't ask if it's right; you ask if it works.

Lot Six Participant – (150 C.P.)

You signed up for a drug trial once. A few dollars, a promise of mild hallucinations, a clipboard full of consent forms no one really read. They called it Lot Six —a harmless new compound sponsored by the Department of Scientific Intelligence. The test was held in Room 70 in the Psychology and Sociology Building. A dozen or so volunteers earning your money. You remember the injection, the chill in your veins, the hum of the fluorescent lights, the technician. Then came the slow-motion drift: sounds fading, vision narrowing, the world dissolving into light and motion. Objects began to move on their own — paper cups, towels, pens, and pencils spinning through the air like they were caught in an invisible storm. Someone screamed. Someone else began clawing at their own face. Another convulsed and didn't stop. Later, the DSI called them "hallucinations" and "muscular reactions." But you remember what really happened.

Perks

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

Drop-In

Cold Logic – (100 C.P.)

- When others panic, you calculate. Fear, guilt, panic, and misplaced empathy are biological noise, and you can silence them with a thought. Under pressure, your mind enters a clear, icy state of focus, where decisions are made on outcomes and necessity, not on hope or horror. Stress improves your clarity and decision-making, rather than degrading them. Bullets fly, powers surge, alarms scream, and you calmly choose the action that keeps you alive. You've become immune to fear responses, no freezing, flinching, or irrational retreat. Empathy and guilt do not cloud tactical actions when lives or missions are at stake. Your emotions still exist; you just file them for later. Crisis now. Panic after.

Complex – (100 C.P.)

- There is a place inside you that no one crosses. You possess a single unshakable conviction, a decision about who you are or what you refuse to become. A rule so deep it may as well be written into bone, a promise you made to yourself long before the danger came. It could be a vow to protect someone, to never kill, to never surrender to darkness, to never unleash your full power... whatever form it takes, this central emotional complex becomes a fixed star in your psyche. Attempts to manipulate you into violating this conviction break on contact. Mental domination and psychic coercion must coexist with this vow — they cannot overwrite or compromise it. This is not a weakness. It is identity. And it will move worlds before it moves an inch. Under severe stress, this complex strengthens you; fear, fatigue, and trauma shatter around that central truth. Even if all other memories falter... the line remains.

Picking Up Strays – (200 C.P.)

- There are people out there who are scared, cornered, and running out of places to hide, the kind of people the world chews up and buries. They don't

know where to go. They don't know who to trust. But somehow...they find you. You shine like a lighthouse to the desperate. People who are being unjustly pursued, exploited, or silenced are subtly drawn into your orbit: runaways, abused, whistleblowers, escaped experiments, kids with powers they can't control, and ordinary people caught in systems that want them dead or quiet, etc. When someone needs help, the universe finds a way to put your paths together. They feel a pull, a sense that you are the one who will understand, who will believe them, who will help them survive. Those people notice you even in crowds, like you stand out in color while others fade to gray. More importantly, you sense them too. You feel a tug toward them. You'll intuit:

- Who is looking for someone to save them.
 - Why they're in trouble.
 - Where are they.
 - What's the danger.
 - Who deserves a second chance.
- They are more likely to confide, cooperate, and follow your guidance before despair can claim them. Each person you save strengthens your intuition for saving the next person, and each person you save compounds that intuition. Paths cross. Doors open at the right moment. A knock arrives when you're thinking of hiding. They show up exactly when they need to — and when you can still help. This does not guarantee safety after they reach you — you still must protect them. Attracting the hunted often attracts the hunters soon after.
 - Field Notes / DSI Concern Log: "Individuals under surveillance regularly converge around Subject —seems to collect anomalies like strays. Wherever they go, new assets vanish into the dark."

Impossible Crack – (300 C.P.)

- There's a point in every manipulation where the subject either notices...or doesn't. You always notice. Whether the pressure comes through words, social engineering, or emotional leverage, your mind detects the moment of intrusion, the twist in tone, the hidden hook in the request, the wrongness. The instant you feel that crack forming, you seal it. You have instinctive

defensive adaptation: your mind shifts to a higher state of scrutiny and self-control. The manipulator's intent stands out like a spotlight. Even unconscious cues fail to take root.

- Psychological Profile / DSI Entry: “This subject senses coercion before coercers choose a tactic. They adapt faster than we can pivot.”

Instinctive Evasion – (400 C.P.)

- Some part of your mind is always listening. Always knowing. Always moving just before the danger lands. You possess a subconscious danger-sense wired directly into your survival center. When a threat is incoming —whether a bullet, a psychic attack, a sudden explosion, or a hostile thought —your body responds before your conscious mind has processed it. You step aside from bullets you never saw, duck as telekinetic blasts pass overhead, and change direction seconds before an ambusher’s foot hits the gravel. Not precognition, you react. Extreme, sustained threats still require an actual strategy. Instincts buy time, not victory.

Survivor Instincts – (500 C.P.)

- Somewhere deep in your brain, the old animal still lives, the one that knew how to stay alive before there were walls or laws or cameras. When eyes are on you, when attention sharpens against your back like a knife, that animal wakes up. Your skin prickles. Your heartbeat changes rhythm. You feel the gaze before you find the watcher. You intuitively detect: When someone is watching you, no matter how discreetly. When attention shifts from casual to hostile intent. Surveillance cameras, drones, a scope on a distant ridge. Someone trying to psychically read or influence you. Lies, misdirection, hidden threats in conversation. If you’re the mouse, you smell the hawk’s shadow. Additionally, your mind draws invisible lines through walls, crowds, foliage, and lies straight to the observer. You instantly understand:
 - Direction
 - Distance
 - Description
 - Observer Profile
 - Intent Level

- Your gaze flicks, just once and suddenly you're looking right back at the hunter.

Survival Trigger – (600 C.P.)

- Just before the world turns against you, you feel it. A subtle shift in the air. A sour taste in the back of your throat. A cold instinct that doesn't wait for logic. Your nerves know when danger is crossing the threshold and survival demands motion. A warning when staying put will soon result in capture, attack, or lethal escalation. Detect planned ambushes, containment protocols, and surveillance convergence. Whether The Shop is tightening the perimeter, a strike team is rolling up, a psychic has just locked onto you, or the environment itself is about to flip into hostile territory — you sense the moment before the trap springs and you move. Perfect for fugitives: you know exactly when to grab your bag and vanish. Additionally, you don't just know when to run. You know where. When danger sharpens, your mind overlays the world with hidden possibilities. You instantly grasp where the threat is coming from. How fast is it closing. Which direction is the safe one. Which exits are already dead. Doors you shouldn't open give you chills. Streets you shouldn't step onto feel heavier. You pivot away before gunfire or containment walls appear.

Run & Hide – (700 C.P.)

- You were made for the chase. In any pursuit situation, you remain one strategic step ahead of your pursuers. Every street, every hallway, every tree line becomes a maze where you always choose the turn that keeps you just out of reach. You instinctively break line of sight, avoid cameras, and choose routes that create dead ends. When someone is following you, whether it's a lone agent, a tactical strike team, or something that hunts without footsteps, you instinctively pick the path they didn't predict. You automatically pick correct concealment shadows, crowds, blind corners, and noise cover. Forcing your trackers to work harder: extra time, manpower, and mistakes. This doesn't guarantee escape on its own; you still need to keep moving. Your trail grows cold before it ever gets hot.
 - DSI Field Assessment: "This one always slips the perimeter. We arrive seconds too late — every time. Pattern analysis inconclusive. Recommend asset recapture protocol revisions."

Psychic Countermeasure Protocol – (800 C.P.)

- You can project a localized static field of 25 feet that interferes with psychic forces, such as telepathy, telekinesis, clairvoyance, mental domination, and other mind-based anomalies, weaken or fail outright when they stray too close. It feels like a pressure headache from the outside, a radio tuned badly off-station, a mind remembered wrong. Psychic abilities sputter. Focus slips. Power drains. You may tune the field to target a single psychic without hindering allies. Alternatively, you can help stabilize or contain volatile psychics by reducing accidental power spikes or runaway episodes.

Mind Fortress – (1000 C.P.)

- Some minds shine like lanterns in the dark. Yours is a closed door. Your thoughts are surrounded by a natural psychic null-field, a quiet, dense mental barrier that resists intrusion, tampering, manipulation, domination, and telepathic influence. Attempts to probe your mind strike a blank wall: featureless, soundless, impenetrable. Even subtle techniques, emotional nudges, hypnotic suggestions, psychic empathy hooks slide off you like rain on glass. You can feel when someone is trying to poke around in your head a cold pressure, like fingertips on glass. Works against both human and non-human entities. Strong cosmic or apocalyptic telepaths may still exert force, though success becomes uncertain and costly.

Department of Scientific Intelligence (DSI)

Shop Courses – (100 C.P.)

- You were taught in rooms that smelled of coffee and classified paper, by men and women who never asked whether you'd cross a line, only how far you'd be allowed to go before someone higher up cut the feed. This grants the mastery and institutional instincts of a Shop field agent fresh from basic courses. Skills include wiretapping, car theft, safecracking, lockpicking, unobtrusive search, weaponry, etc. Everything a Shop Field Agent should know. You don't just know the curriculum, you are the curriculum. Years of classroom drills, oversight briefings, and cold, late-night debriefs live in your hands and head. When a scene smells of tradecraft, your skin tightens and your mind runs the checklist before anyone else has a name for the problem.

Chemical Insight – (100 C.P.)

- You are an expert in the chemistry and psychopharmacology of the weird and dangerous, a hands-on master of psychoactive compounds, experimental serums, and suppression drugs. Devise high-level counteragents and suppression regimes suitable for containment and emergency treatment. Understand what containment, PPE, and fail-safe architecture a responsible facility would require to research or test such agents. Where others see vials and complex names, you see function: receptor maps, behavioral vectors, stability problems, and the trade-offs between potency, inheritability, and control.

Rumor Has It – (200 C.P.)

- People you interact with socially are more likely to disclose relevant or sensitive information to you. Small talk contains larger facts. Not because you force them, but because you have the knack, a combination of presence, timing, and a psychic nudging that lowers the small resistances people put between their thoughts and their mouths. You're the kind of person strangers confide in at the bar, old friends admit secrets to over coffee, and careless agents let slip when they think no one's listening. The extraction looks natural; targets rarely notice you were fishing. Useful for safe, deniable intelligence in public settings. Your questions and manner feel harmless; you don't register as an interrogator until you want to be. This is extraction by intimacy: casual conversation becomes an intelligence-gathering session. You

draw out gossip, half-remembered facts, safehouse locations, phone numbers, grudges, and the sort of details people don't realize they've given away. When needed, you can move from a friendly ear to a subtle interrogator with one well-placed question, and a secret becomes a story.

Analytical Report Generator – (300 C.P.)

- It's like carrying an internal DSI analyst, red-team strategist, and think-tank in your head. Your brain operates like a high-grade intelligence analysis unit. Give it facts, speculation, rumor, instinct, or fragments, and it will generate coherent, classified-style reports structured, sober, and disturbingly accurate. You can generate comprehensive intelligence reports on any topic you understand, even in part, formatted like agency documents or scientific risk briefs. Your analysis includes consequences, dangers, ripple effects, and long-term projections that others rarely consider. Complete with: Key findings & intelligence summaries, behavioral assessments, possible motivations & hidden factors, ramifications and likely fallout scenarios, probability-based outcome forecasts, recommended actions & risk levels. If you or someone you have spoken with knows it, suspects it, or even half-believes it, your mind can compile it into a formal report. Works with: facts, witness accounts, partial intel, gut feelings, or conflicting sources, you can integrate them into a coherent picture. You can also refine someone else's raw info into a polished report with conclusions they didn't see. Reports can be mental or externalized, in written, spoken, or recorded form, almost instantly if needed. Accuracy depends on the quality of the data used to build the report. If you feed biased or manipulated intel, the report will reflect those distortions. This makes you dangerously well-informed and painfully aware of the long tail of consequences.
 - DSI Analyst Comment – Cognition Division Memorandum, Clearance Blue-Red: "Subject displays spontaneous intelligence-grade synthesis of scattered information into structured strategic briefs. Outputs mirror senior analyst product with scenario planning, risk matrices, and actionables. Recommend immediate recruitment for black-cell analysis or containment before they start generating reports about us."

Peel a Safe – (400 C.P.)

- You do not break a person all at once. You peel them layer by layer, like an onion, like varnish from a crate, until the truths and reactions underneath become yours to read and, when necessary, guide. This is a patient, surgical skill: trust is cultivated, defenses are softened, and compliance is harvested without ever needing to shout. By focusing attention on a single target over time, you subconsciously map their defensive reflexes, emotional triggers, habitual lies, and pride points. Each peel reveals more: first, an instinct such as fear or shame; then a memory; then a hidden routine; then a secret. Over repeated contacts, you can access deeper, previously guarded material. Once enough layers are exposed, you can apply subtle nudges and suggestions that guide decisions, keep assets compliant, or prevent escape without the bluntness of outright compulsion. You can foster genuine rapport to reduce suspicion. Targets treat you as a confidant, handler, or protector while you gather their private patterns. You can quiet panic, redirect outbursts before they happen, and reinforce routines that keep them manageable.

Containment Protocol – (500 C.P.)

- Whether the threat is psychic, paranormal, biological superfluous, or all three tangled together, your mind immediately identifies the weak point in any uncontrolled situation and the most efficient way to close it. You understand containment like others understand breathing: pressure ratios, suppressant triggers, behavioral overrides, sterile barriers, psychic dampeners, kill-switches, and disinformation protocols. When the universe does something that shouldn't happen, you know what locks to build around it.

Controlled Innovation – (600 C.P.)

- Whether through genius, instinct, or unreal luck, your experiments tend to work even the risky, cutting-edge, or outright forbidden ones. Scientific trials, psychic testing, prototype development, bio-engineering, metaphysical research, and anomalous experimentation all trend toward safe, stable, and successful outcomes when you're involved. Projects under your supervision (or performed by you) are far more likely to succeed on the first or early attempts rather than after endless failures. Produce useful, repeatable, and viable results, not flukes or dead-end data. Remain stable and contained, with test subjects, creations, or phenomena rarely mutating, going berserk, or escaping control. Dangerous side effects, catastrophic chain reactions, "it

grew legs and ran,” and “the prototype achieved sentience and rebelled” events still can happen, but now they require deliberate negligence, extreme external interference, or intentionally pushing far beyond sane limits. This perk does not make you infallible, nor does it remove all risk from experimentation. Instead, it gives you that elusive margin of favor, insight, and containment skill that separates infamous disasters from successful breakthroughs.

Blackmail Insurance – (700 C.P.)

- You never rely on luck. You collect leverage. Blackmail Insurance is an always-on, quiet process in your mind that gathers incontrovertible proof of wrongdoing tied to a designated person, group, or organization. It sifts rumor and shadow into hard things: documents, photographs, intercepted messages, corroborating witness impressions, transactional traces, and timestamped metadata. The Archive won't invent crimes; it only harvests what actually exists, but it will find the smoking gun others thought they'd hidden. When the trigger conditions you define are met, arrest, attempted termination, illegal raid, betrayal, or the simple push of a mental button, the Archive can release its holdings across channels you specify, anonymous dumps, targeted leaks, or memetic-forced confessions. The release is designed to be public, verifiable, and devastating.

Come Out, Come Out – (800 C.P.)

- No one truly disappears from you. Once you fix your attention on a person, you create a mental tether that cannot be severed by distance. You always know the general direction and state of your target: moving, hiding, afraid, hurt. Their location flickers in your mind like a pulse. You must have some knowledge of the target, a face, name, interaction, or object they touched. More than that, you can pull at their instincts. A nudge here. A whisper there. Fear blossoms at the wrong time. Curiosity tugs them toward open ground. Guilt makes them step into the light. You erode comfort and safety until the hiding place feels like a coffin, and revealing themselves feels like breathing again.

Project: Becoming – (1000 C.P.)

- Created from an incident that occurred in Haven, Maine. Project: Becoming caused something in your mind to shift. You gain a limited alien genius that allows you to invent and jury-rig advanced technology far beyond modern

human science, but without gaining the philosophical grounding, foresight, or ethical perspective needed to use it wisely. You can intuitively create devices that defy known physics, antigravity sleds, telepathy rigs, camouflage fields, teleportation pads, power-amplifying circuits, psi-enhancers, and other uncanny machinery often assembled from household junk, scrap metal, and hardware-store supplies. You don't consciously understand why the designs work; you just "know" they will. However, your inventions almost always reflect immediate personal convenience rather than broader applications, and your thinking subtly narrows when you conceptualize them. You may build a battery-powered antigravity cart to make grocery shopping easier, yet completely fail to consider patenting the technology, launching a space program, or improving global transit. Likewise, your devices show glaring, easily fixable oversights — such as relying solely on direct current and draining batteries rapidly because your mind simply refuses to consider obvious engineering steps like using an AC/DC converter, designing a generator, or scaling the invention for public good. Your tech works brilliantly, but your common sense, practical scaling, ethics, and long-term planning do not keep pace. You possess imaginative genius fused with a creeping, self-centered detachment.

Lot Six Participant 11

Lot Six – (100 C.P.)

- Something in you responded to Lot Six. Where others survived the serum with scattered abilities, trauma, or death, the compound synced with your biology in a way no researcher predicted. You possess psychic powers directly stemming from Lot Six exposure. Whatever form they take, they are not only active but amplified beyond baseline subjects. You are the version of the experiment they tried to create but still could not control. Pick one Ability from the Power Section for free. You also gain Lot Six Survivor drawback for no additional C.P.

Bloodline Beacon – (100 C.P.)

- Your blood remembers its own. When activated, you open a small, intimate channel into the living web of your lineage — immediate family and people on your family tree. The world's noise falls away, and what remains is the quiet, magnetic tug of kin. You know, at a glance:
 - Who they are
 - How they connect to you on the tree.
 - Status
 - Location
- You must focus on your family tree once to seed the resonance. After seeding, the ability passively updates; you may also query actively to get an immediate read. Passive mode gives occasional nudges a mental ping when a family member's status changes. Active scans provide a clearer snapshot but require concentration. The effect works across great distances and persists through mundane obfuscation; it is blood-based, not legal ties, adoption, or chosen family, that do not register unless there is a genetic link or you purposely anchor them.

Compassion Magnet – (200 C.P.)

- There Are Still Good People. When the world turns cold and the hunters close in, you somehow cross paths with the right people, the ones who still remember how to care. Whether you're exhausted on a roadside, bleeding in

a barn, hiding under an assumed name, or just trying to get one night of sleep without being found, decent folk step forward to help. They don't know why they trust you, only that you need help, and they can't look away. You naturally attract allies, bystanders, and everyday civilians willing to hide, feed, or protect you when you're in danger. People who encounter you feel a quiet instinct to offer shelter, medical help, transportation, or cover stories. Those who assist you become harder for authorities or hunters to pry information from. Works best when you're genuinely vulnerable, injured, or on the run. This doesn't guarantee long-term safety these helpers are civilians, not martyrs.

Immunity Field – (300 C.P.)

- Your powers may be volatile, destructive, and unpredictable, but they will never harm you. Whether you wield fire, psychic force, or something stranger, your body and mind have adapted to contain it perfectly. Heat will not blister your skin, telekinetic feedback will not shatter your bones, and mental overpressure will not split your skull. This protection is absolute against the direct effects of your own abilities: your flames, psychic bursts, or kinetic backlash can no longer turn inward. It doesn't shield you from the environmental consequences collapsing structures, suffocation, radiation, or shockwaves but it ensures your own power never betrays you.

Unreadable Vector – (400 C.P.)

- Some powers can be tracked, mapped, measured, or dissected. Yours cannot. Your psychic abilities, whether innate, earned, or evolved, possess a built-in epistemic defense: any attempt to understand, analyze, quantify, replicate, drain, copy, nullify, predict, or reverse-engineer them fails at the conceptual level. There is no formula for you. No blueprint. No power signature to trace. No one, psychic, scientific, magical, divine, technological, metaphysical, or otherwise, can identify the true source of your abilities. No system ability mimicry, power theft, cloning, spellcraft, tech siphons, or psionic duplication can replicate or model your abilities. Attempts to scan, probe, diagnose, categorize, or measure your powers always return contradictory, meaningless, or blank data. Even if someone acquires your DNA, memories, notes, training regimen, or observes you for centuries, they cannot reconstruct what makes your power function. You exist outside the equation.

Perceptual Identity Cloak – (500 C.P.)

- You are a living disguise. When you step into a room, speak a name, walk past a camera, or move through a crowd, those who do not already know your true identity register only the face, name, and life story you want them to. Their memories, instincts, and casual records treat the false identity as real. They will misremember details, call you by a fabricated name, and fail to connect you to your true history. Casual memories formed after contact will reflect the false identity; witnesses unconsciously supply corroborating details. This is not outright mind-wiping. It is an automatic perceptual and social falsification that only applies to people who lack prior verified knowledge of you. If someone already knows who you truly are. Has met you before, holds a verified ID, has your face in an official database they can access, or has intimate knowledge of you. This does not change their knowledge. It only affects the ignorant or unverified. The perk produces believability; it does not create legally valid identity documents by itself.

Lingering Influence – (600 C.P.)

- Most psychic abilities fade the moment the user stops exerting their will. Yours don't. Your psychic effects self-sustain, propagate, and continue to influence people, objects, locations, and even ideas long after you've left. Anything you imprint with your power becomes a psychic echo, replaying or reinforcing the effect over time, sometimes even evolving beyond your original intent. Any psychic effect you create —such as a Push command, a lie-detection field, a sleep suggestion, a false perception, an emotional imprint, or a sensory hallucination — may remain active after you stop maintaining it. Strong ESP readings can embed impressions in objects. Someone who touches the item later might glimpse fragments of the past... or future. Your suggestions, triggers, or commands may embed in the subconscious and resurface hours, days, or even years later. Imprints are subtle unless you intentionally supercharge them with time and focus. If your intent is unclear or conflicted, the imprint may warp or fade unpredictably. If multiple imprints overlap, they can combine into novel effects.
 - DSI Containment Note – “Psychic Residue Hazard”: “Subject’s psi output shows persistence beyond point of contact. Residual effects on objects, environments, and minds continue autonomously. Attempted decontamination results in either further spread or conceptual mutation. Immediate exposure quarantine recommended.

Effortless Output – (700 C.P.)

- For most psychics, power requires something: concentration, willpower, calories, stamina, or strain. Even the strong sweat, focus, or burn out over time. Not you. Using your powers doesn't tire your body. No rapid heartbeat, no trembling, no exhaustion even after prolonged use.. Whether subtle or apocalyptic, activate with zero physical exertion, zero mental strain, and essentially no metabolic cost. Powers require no focus, willpower, or concentration. You can hold conversations, drive, or sleep while using them without difficulty. From the smallest nudge to catastrophic displays, your effort level is identical to the ease of blinking, breathing, or daydreaming.. You can use your abilities casually while talking, resting, distracted, or even half-asleep, without losing precision or control. Whether you spark a candle flame, rewrite a memory, or unleash a world-shaking display of psychic force, it demands no more effort from you than standing up from a chair. The usual limits that hold other psychics back, exhaustion, headaches, burnout, overextension, or loss of control, simply do not exist for you.

Inner Fire – (800 C.P.)

- There's a spark in you that refuses to die, a fire that feeds not on calm, but on chaos. Your psychic potential doesn't diminish under stress; it grows. Allowing your psychic strength and control to increase proportionally with emotional stress or danger. Pain, fear, rage, love, grief, every surge of emotion sharpens your focus and strengthens your control. In moments when others break, you burn brighter. Under threat, your powers intensify, growing in precision and magnitude as your emotional state deepens. Panic clears into instinctive clarity. Rage becomes perfect focus. Even trauma becomes fuel; the more pressure you endure, the stronger and more refined your psychic output becomes. Over time, you can learn to channel this instinct at will, summoning that same power without needing the firestorm of crisis to trigger it.

Pituitary Reactor – (1000 C.P.)

- The pituitary gland is the oldest endocrine organ evolution ever assembled, ancient, primal, and intimately tied to instinct, growth, and the first spark of consciousness. It is a terribly important gland... and a terribly mysterious one. Some say the soul lives there. Others insist that if psi is real, this is where it sleeps. This is the natural counterpart to the Lot Experiments, which the serum was always trying to create the biological ignition switch behind the occasional flashes of psi seen in ordinary humans... now blown open into

a constant, rising storm. Lot Six didn't just awaken yours. It overclocked it into a reactor. Your pituitary is no longer biological in the conventional sense; it has become a living psychic reactor, a furnace of psionic output that draws from the same primordial engine that first taught early humans to dream, to fear, and to wonder. Your psi abilities no longer have a natural ceiling. Growth is continuous, exponential, and fueled by emotional, existential, and survival pressures. A mystery equivalent to pulsars, neutrinos, and black holes. This is power that does not belong inside a human skull. Yet here it is, awake. This is the scenario Dr. Wanless theorized — and feared. This is the outcome for Charlie McGee if she stopped holding back. The power to crack the very planet in two like a china plate in a shooting gallery. You are the exponential curve the Z-Factor he warned them about — the one that doesn't plateau, doesn't slow, and doesn't stop.

- DSI Red-Level Addendum — — Classified Internal Memo

- “If the soul is in the pituitary, Lot Six lit the fuse. Termination is meaningless; if they ignite, termination becomes geological. If they ever break containment or lose empathy, we will not be able to bury the bodies because there will be no Earth left to bury them in. We are not discussing containment. We are discussing planetary survival.”

Powers

Requires Lot Six. The first Power is Free; each subsequent power costs 500 C.P.

The Push

- You possess the terrifying ability to invade and command the human mind to reach inside thought itself and turn it toward your will. A whisper, a look, a carefully shaped word, and the target's mental defenses begin to unravel. You can plant suggestions so subtle that the victim believes they were their own ideas, or you can seize total control, forcing action and obedience like a puppet on invisible strings. Your power extends beyond manipulation. With concentration, you can extract memories, knowledge, or emotional impressions, pulling information directly from the mind. The process is delicate; too much force leaves the subject catatonic or worse. You can nudge perception, rewrite emotional responses, or seed loyalty, though each act of control exacts a toll on your focus and moral stability. The ability works best on those of average intelligence or weaker willpower, while highly intelligent, self-aware, or psychically resistant minds are harder, sometimes dangerously so, to influence. Forcing a target to act against their deepest beliefs or issuing contradictory orders risks triggering psychic ricochet: their mind collapses under the paradox, shattering thought loops and leaving them catatonic... or worse.
- Potential:
 - Where the Push once nudged a single thought, you now reach every mind that breathes on the planet, and in that reach, you hold the keys to identity, memory, and will. You do not whisper to one mind; you rewrite the orchestra of the mind. This includes detecting surface thoughts, emotional tone, and gross cognitive state across the population. You may focus on one mind, a city, or the entire planet. Insert, remove, or rewrite memories at any point in a target's life. You can excise events, plant entire childhoods, or splice false histories into a life. Memories feel real to the victim, sensory, warm, and consequential. Implant post-hypnotic triggers, moral axioms, identity anchors, or entire role-sets. Reprogram a politician's ethics, a soldier's loyalty, a crowd's chant. With time and repetition, you can cultivate obedient cohorts, an army of minds that remembers serving you since

childhood. Access buried thoughts and older memories, core beliefs, defining traumas, private preferences, and long-dormant convictions. You do not merely skim; you read the scaffolding that makes a person who they are. Cast an illusion so complete the body obeys it, make a person believe they are aflame and their skin will blister, or that they are drowning and their lungs spasm. The mind commands the soma; the soma answers. Place any information into another's mind: passwords, instructions, confessions, false leads. The implanted datum feels like memory and will be used or reported as such.

- Internal DSI Memorandum: "Subject demonstrates near-total cognitive influence within unshielded populations. Strategic potential incalculable. Applications include espionage, politics, law enforcement, and containment. Ethical concerns: irrelevant."

The Pull

- A hand that can shove the world just enough to hurt. Your mind moves matter: bullets, doors, a man off his feet. The effect is immediate and physical, not mystical spectacle, a shove that tastes of muscle and intent. Move or stop objects and people within line of sight with precise telekinetic force. Fine control for manipulating small items; blunt, shove-like force for larger targets. With focused effort, you can hurl a human-sized object at speeds up to 50 mph. This is a brutally effective incapacitation: impact, concussive force, and secondary injury are likely. Lighter targets accelerate faster; heavier targets require more exertion. can be surgical (open locks, pluck keys) or forceful (slam a door).
- Potential:
 - There are telekinetics, and then there is you. Your power doesn't just move objects it moves the world. The Shop once estimated that, fully realized, your ability could alter planetary orbits. They called it The Pull. You can move any matter with precision or cataclysmic force. With focus, you can lift a coin without touching it, or shift a mountain from its bedrock. You can stop bullets, twist steel, redirect storms, and move people or machines at Mach 10 with thought alone. Your control scales with focus and emotional intensity, and with time, there are no upper limits. Your mind's reach extends beyond sight. You

possess a form of clairvoyant awareness — you can sense and manipulate matter at extreme distances, from a grain of sand beneath your feet to a rock drifting behind Mars. With perfect concentration, your barrier could deflect an extinction event, turning a meteor into dust before it ever touches the atmosphere. At full potential, you could destroy the Earth or protect it at a whim. But the greater the exertion, the more the universe seems to notice you back. Every massive act leaves a pressure in your mind, a memory of gravity too heavy for flesh to hold.

- Internal DSI Note: “Subject demonstrates telekinesis beyond measurable range. Predictive modeling fails above continental scale. Containment impossible. Recommend termination with prejudice.”

Firestarter

- Within you lies the same spark that burns in Charlie McGee, but yours has not yet grown into a sun. The fire answers your emotions, flickering at the edge of your thoughts, eager but restrained. You can summon heat and flame through willpower alone, ignite objects within sight, or raise temperatures sharply around you. At this stage, the power is volatile, intimate, and deeply personal, more an extension of your mood than a weapon of mass destruction. With focus, you can conjure flickers, sparks, and streams of fire that obey your mental command. Flames bend and coil as you direct them, burning hotter when your emotions surge and cooling as you calm. You can light candles, melt locks, or blast a fireball strong enough to scorch steel. Lose control, and the inferno grows hungrier than you are.
- Potential:
 - You are a crack in the smelter of creation, a living fault line where thought becomes ignition. The same power that once burned across a farm in upstate New York now burns within you: the primal flame of Charlie McGee herself. Your mind is a catalyst. With will alone, you can raise the temperature of matter, conjure fire from air, ignite oxygen, melt steel, or turn raindrops into steam before they touch the ground. Your body doesn't generate the heat your mind does. The more you feel, the stronger it grows. Rage becomes solar wind. Fear becomes plasma. Grief becomes apocalypse. At first, your flames are

mortal, dazzling, devastating, but limited. Yet with time and emotional evolution, your potential rises beyond the human scale. You could, with focus and despair enough, create a nuclear-level detonation through pure psychic ignition. In time, the power could reach further still to crack the crust, to change the sun itself. The heat is limitless, bound only by your heart and your sanity.

- Excerpt from DSI Declassified Report 1108-L6: “McGee-Type manifestation: subject demonstrates ignition potential exceeding nuclear output thresholds. Projected planetary fracture in upper-range scenarios. Recommend total containment or termination. Classification: Apocalypse-Class.”

Coldheart

- The air around you falls silent and still; frost creeps across glass; breath crystallizes midair. This isn't the sterile cold of science; it's the cold of loss, of isolation, of a heart that's seen too much and refuses to melt again. Your Cryokinesis manifests through emotion just as Charlie's pyrokinesis does, but inverted. Rage doesn't bring heat; it steals it. Despair can stop a man's heart. You can drop ambient temperature dozens of degrees in seconds, freeze liquids solid, and weave ice like living glass. At higher control, you can shape it walls, spears, mirrors, fractal snowstorms that dance to your rhythm.
- Potential:
 - If Charlie McGee was the flame that could change the sun, you are the silence that could snuff it out. Your power is the exact inversion of her gift, a cryokinetic anomaly capable of halting molecular motion itself. Where her mind ignites, yours extinguishes. You don't create cold; you remove heat from fire, the motion from atoms, the light from air. When you focus, frost blooms across glass, steel grows brittle, and breath turns to crystals midair. A single glance can drop a room's temperature to arctic levels. At full potential, you could freeze oceans, halt atmospheric currents, or still the planet's rotation through sheer thermodynamic deprivation. In time, you might even reach the quiet between stars' absolute zero, where motion ceases and existence goes perfectly, terribly still. But the deeper your cold runs, the less you feel. Every use steals warmth not only from your surroundings but from yourself. Skin pales, pulse slows, emotions dull.

- Internal DSI Report – Project Winterlight: “Subject represents the perfect inverse of McGee-Type pyrokinesis. Thermal vacuum radius expanding exponentially with stress. Recommend absolute isolation — or opposite containment alongside a compatible Pyrokinetic subject. Together they might balance. Alone, they will end everything.”

The Voice

- Your voice is no longer bound by breath or restraint. With a single scream, you can unleash a torrent of sonic energy powerful enough to shatter concrete, rupture eardrums, and topple buildings. The sound is not mere noise; it’s a focused discharge of vibrational force, generated directly through your lungs and vocal cords, amplified by psychic resonance rather than air alone. When you release it, the Sonic Scream manifests as a forward-projected stream or expanding cone of destructive sound, capable of pulverizing anything caught in its path. It can only travel in the direction you face to destroy elsewhere; you must turn your head or body, dragging the shriek like a cutting beam across your surroundings. Once begun, it cannot be stopped until all stored energy has been discharged. The power demands precision and endurance: the scream must be perfectly aimed and sustained. A moment’s misalignment can level the wrong wall, or worse. The energy buildup before each scream burns in your chest like molten glass; the release leaves your throat vibrating, your body trembling from the backlash. The louder the scream, the more devastating the result, and the greater the risk of losing control.
- Potential:
 - Your voice no longer merely screams; it resonates. Your scream is not just sound; it is force, pattern, and physics collapsing in on itself. When you release it, the air becomes liquid pressure, the ground ripples like water, and matter sings itself apart in agony. With focus, you can tune your vocal resonance to match the natural frequency of any material, glass, steel, stone, or bone, and vibrate it to dust. You can disorient minds, rupture organs, level structures, and sweep armies from the field in a single drawn breath. With greater control, you can narrow the waveform to a scalpel’s edge or widen it into a wave that topples cities. At its peak, the sound transcends noise; it

becomes a planet-scale harmonic, capable of destabilizing tectonic plates, rupturing fault lines, cracking the crust, and triggering earthquakes ranging from localized tremors to continent-shifting cataclysms. The Shop's analysts calculated that a sustained emission at maximum intensity could destabilize Earth's mantle, creating seismic shockwaves measurable across continents. You could sing the world apart.

- Internal DSI Report – Project Echofall: “Subject’s resonance harmonics approach tectonic frequency. Predictive models indicate 87% probability of planetary rupture within two minutes of full vocal release. Recommend immediate termination.”

Energy Sink

- You do not simply wound; you take. With thought alone, you can draw life, heat, kinetic force, or psychic energy out of people, animals, machines, or ambient. This energy can be absorbed into your own body to heal, bolster stamina, or empower another psychic act. Alternatively, you can shunt the drained energy away (collapse it, disperse it, or feed it into a device). A living thing grows pale; a lamp gutters; a motor slows; the air around you chills as the world's motion leaches toward you like water down a drain.
- Potential:
 - Everything that exists radiates energy, heat, motion, light, emotion, psychic force, even the slow hum of planetary rotation, and you can take it all. The universe bleeds power every moment. You can drain the vitality from a living being, extinguish flames, silence a detonation mid-blast, or pull the spin from a bullet in flight. A city's grid, a raging inferno, and the rotational inertia of the Earth are all simply reservoirs waiting to be tapped. Every joule taken becomes yours to shape. Do you become a black hole, swallowing power into perfect silence, collapsing forces that threaten you into nothingness? Neutralizing psychic powers, choking off telekinetic storms? Do you pour the energy outward? Healing the shattered, jumpstart dormant potential, igniting evolution in others, or releasing stored power as cataclysmic radiance that could vaporize armies? Feed enough, and your body becomes a living reactor: timeless, unaging, self-sustaining. With

control, you can redirect what you've taken, restoring others, supercharging allies, or releasing cataclysmic bursts of accumulated power that could vaporize mountains or ignite the atmosphere. At your apex, you can drain entire ecosystems, cities, or stars. You could absorb the spin of the Earth, stopping its rotation for an instant, or extinguish the sun itself. You can channel it inward to heal, extend your life, or amplify your powers beyond comprehension. You could collapse a psychic field, negating the powers of others, rendering even beings like Charlie McGee inert in your presence. You can be a black hole, devouring everything into nothingness, or a power source, radiant with boundless creation.

- Internal DSI Report – Project Nadir: “Subject demonstrates entropy control on a cosmic scale. Energy readings spiked before instruments failed. Recommend immediate isolation. If containment breaches, global thermal equilibrium may collapse.”

The Hunch

- You see the fault lines in language, the subtle shifts in tone, the flicker in thought before speech becomes sound. To you, truth and falsehood aren't concepts; they're vibrations. Every lie resonates wrong, a discordant hum at the edge of perception. Whether spoken aloud or buried beneath practiced calm, you always know when something isn't true. You detect all forms of deception, outright lies, half-truths, omissions, gaslighting, flattery, evasion, and even those spoken by people who don't realize they're lying. Even those who are unaware that they're lying or using literal truths to deceive. You can feel the nature of the falsehood: whether it conceals fear, guilt, manipulation, or simple self-delusion. What you cannot see are the exact details that are missing— the shape of the truth, not its full picture. This functions across all languages and mediums, speech, writing, and even silence. Overuse may cause emotional overload in high-contact environments; people are rarely honest for long.
- Potential:
 - A Sixth Sense that allows them to acquire information by means independent of any of their known senses or previous experience. Capable of reaching beyond the five senses into the hidden structure

of perception. Distance no longer means separation. You can extend your awareness to any point you can imagine —any room, any city, any planet away, and witness it as though you were standing there. You may listen, watch, or feel what transpires in that place, your consciousness threading through the world’s countless unseen eyes: cameras, paintings, photographs, even the reflections in still water. At its simplest, this gift manifests as extrasensory perception (ESP), the ability to gather information without physical input. You can sense the unseen, perceive hidden energies, and feel truth, danger, and emotion as though they were tangible. With practice, this perception deepens. You can extend your senses anywhere, a distant city, a hidden bunker, a locked cell, and perceive events there as if you stood within them. You can see, hear, and know across space and time, your mind’s eye threading through walls, oceans, or even other worlds. Every aura you perceive tells you more than words ever could. You sense the strength of life, the sickness in the body, the ache in the soul. You feel whether someone is human or something else, whether they are truthful, frightened, charmed, possessed, or corrupted. Your mind registers even the subtle distortions left by magic, psychic interference, or entities pretending to be human. Nothing hides from your gaze, not the invisible, not the illusion. Nothing is truly hidden from you but that which has not yet come into being. Information flows into you instinctively when needed, a passive knowing that whispers the right answer at the right time. Actively, you can concentrate and open your perception fully, acquiring knowledge of anything you focus upon: memories, histories, sciences, languages, or the thoughts of those nearby.

- Internal DSI Report – Project Veracity: “Subject’s sensory field exceeds planetary limits. Reports indicate awareness through all optic imagery on record. Staff exhibit paranoia, reporting ‘being watched’ even in shielded labs. Recommend psychological containment.”

Dead Zone

- The future is not hidden from you, merely unsteady. You can see what has not yet come to pass, peering through the fog of time to glimpse events before they unfold. Each vision is a ripple of probability, a pattern forming out

of chaos. Your Precognition manifests as sudden flashes of insight, prophetic dreams, or deliberate visions achieved through deep concentration. The further you reach into the future, the harder it becomes to perceive with clarity timelines splinter, details blur, and the branching possibilities multiply until they threaten to drown you. Touch amplifies the effect. Direct contact with people or objects anchors you, allowing you to view their potential futures in sharper detail, the outcome of a decision, the moment of an attack, the final heartbeat of a dying world. With mastery, you can foresee seconds, minutes, or even years ahead, though clarity fades the farther you stretch from now. Unlike oracles bound by fate, your visions are malleable. You are not trapped by what you see; you can act upon it. Every glimpse of the future becomes an opportunity to change it. Each event you alter shifts the web of causality, creating new possibilities, new timelines, and new consequences only you can navigate.

- Potential:
 - The past and future are open to you, not as abstract concepts, but as living realities that whisper their truths in your mind. The world has memory, and through you, it remembers everything. When you still your mind or enter a trance, your perception detaches from the present and drifts across the continuum of existence. You can see and hear any moment in time, whether it concerns you, those you know, or those long forgotten. Every event that has ever happened leaves an imprint: the sound of a door closing, the warmth of a candle, the last heartbeat of an empire. These echoes are yours to recall with perfect fidelity. Unlike uncertain visions of the future, your perception of the past —Retrocognition —is absolute. What has happened cannot be hidden. You can replay ancient battles, read lost pages, or witness the secret crimes of men and monsters alike. You see the truth of history stripped bare, from the birth of the planet to the fall of every secret kept since. Your forward sight, Precognition, is a different matter. The future is fluid, shimmering with probability and chaos. You see what may be, not what will be. Yet even here, your visions carry clarity ripples of potential outcomes branching from every choice, every word, every heartbeat. With practice, you can perceive threads of fate and alter them by action or will, turning prophecy into possibility. At your peak, The Echo becomes more than vision; it is knowing. You can walk the halls of time itself, speaking to the remnants of the dead or

the unborn. Too much, and you cease to be a person; in time, you become time itself, watching all futures unfold at once.

- Internal DSI Report – Project Oracle: “Subject displays cognitive reach beyond linear causality. Recounted classified events before declassification. Temporal readings indicate synchronization with non-present states. Probability of containment failure approaches 100% once precognitive feedback initiates. Termination impossible — subject knows the order before it’s given.”

Items

This item can be summoned to any location you desire. Multiple copies can be summoned simultaneously up to a maximum of three times. If destroyed, they'll automatically respawn or be recreated when next summoned.

On the Run Starter Pack – (Free)

- Pen
 - A simple ballpoint pen, the same style Andy McGee once loaned to Vicky Tomlinson during their days at Harrison State College, before Lot Six changed everything. There's nothing outwardly remarkable about it. Those who are drawn to you, whether through crushes, budding friendship, admiration, or unspoken interest, will often ask to borrow this pen without fully understanding why. It becomes a quiet catalyst for connection, shared glances, and small, significant conversations. Lending it to someone subtly encourages natural emotional rapport, softens tension, and opens the door for genuine human warmth, vulnerability, or chemistry. It does not cause mind control, infatuation, or forced attraction. Rather, it reveals what is already there beneath the surface and provides a gentle nudge toward meaningful moments, the kind that can change the course of a life, as a borrowed pen once did for Andy and Vicky. If returned, it often comes back with a smile, a note, a phone number, or a story attached.
- Bag of Coins
 - A heavy roll in appearance but featherlight in feel: a stout cloth sack stitched shut. Inside are five hundred dollars' worth of quarters, yet the bag does not weigh what it should, and the fabric won't fray, tear, or burst, no matter how roughly it's handled. It looks like a curiosity, but people rarely question it; a raised eyebrow is as far as anyone gets. Because it "reads" as ordinary, it slips through casual scrutiny; clerks, attendants, and strangers treat it as plausible and mundane. The bag will not produce counterfeit alarms, nor will it draw suspicious paperwork at low-security checkpoints, but it is not a magic money-creator: if emptied, it contains only whatever you place back into it.

- Pyrokinesis Book
 - A dense, leather-bound field manual marked RESTRICTED ACCESS: LEVEL 5. It details everything The Shop ever learned and feared about pyrokinesis. The manual explains the theory, triggers, and biological mechanisms behind fire generation: emotional resonance, energy displacement, and the conversion of neural excitation into external heat. Dozens of exercises are outlined, including breathing techniques, visualization drills, and emotional dampening strategies, each designed to help a pyrokinetic maintain control rather than become a walking bomb. There are also field protocols for containment, emergency suppression, and environmental safety in the event of an incident. Those who study the book gain unparalleled insight into how to refine, stabilize, and expand their control over flame. However, the more deeply you read, the more the text seems to respond to you, margin notes that weren't there before, diagrams that shift when you blink, pages that grow warm to the touch.
- Burner Wallet
 - A slim, unremarkable leather wallet that feels heavier than it looks. The IDs (driver's license, secondary photo ID, one passport-style document) are well-made: photos that match your face, names that clear quick checks, and enough consistency to pass casual inspection. The cash (\$10,000 in unmarked cash) is small bills stacked in a hidden false compartment. The travel tickets are valid booked under the wallet's primary alias giving you immediate, legitimate ways to move without raising a travel alert.

Tranquilizer Gun – (200 C.P.)

- A purpose-built, modified rifle that fires glass-tipped darts containing a single ampule of Orasin — a fast-acting sedative blend developed for instant incapacitation of high-value subjects. Designed for low report and subsonic delivery to minimize attention during extraction. Accurate up to 50 yards for a single-operator shot; optimal engagement is 10–30 yards for clean, humane hits. On impact, the ampule breaks, delivering a precision dose that takes immediate effect, collapsing targets into deep unconsciousness suitable for transport and containment.

Shop Credentials – (300 C.P.)

- A black-and-silver identification badge marked with the seal of the U.S. Department of Scientific Intelligence (DSI), the agency also known as the Shop. Its laminate gleams under any light, the embedded chip and biometric strip authentic to every known database that still recognizes The Shop's authority. When presented, it identifies you as an active field agent with Level 4 clearance and the weight of federal classification behind your voice. In worlds connected to the Stephen King Multiverse, these credentials carry real power. Guards step aside, records open, and frightened officials stop asking questions. The badge grants access to restricted zones, research archives, and military installations linked to paranormal or psychic study. You can flash it to bypass minor legal entanglements, secure transport, or command cooperation from those who fear government reprisal. However, its reach ends where the Kingverse does. Outside that network of realities, the badge is nothing more than an odd curiosity, a relic of a government that never existed. Even within, its power has limits: too many appearances draw scrutiny, and those who know The Shop's reputation may comply only out of fear... or plan to report you later.

Keyring – (400 C.P.)

- Dozens, maybe hundreds, each different: long, short, warded, skeleton, tubular, and a few that look like they belong to antique desk locks no one makes anymore. When you're in front of a locked door, one of these keys feels right in your hand. Insert it, turn, and the tumblers usually yield. The Keyring functions as an almost uncanny locksmith's shortcut for physical locks: doors, padlocks, desk drawers, attics, storerooms, cellar doors, and older safes. It doesn't auto-open; you still have to try keys. The right key often suggests itself, but stubborn locks may take time to open. Expect a few minutes of trial-and-error on unfamiliar hardware. It cannot defeat modernity. It also won't open magically sealed or non-mechanical barriers.

Cabin – (400 C.P.)

- A moderate-sized, cozy cabin hidden deep in the wilderness, perfectly blended into its surroundings. It looks like it's always been there, a structure of weathered wood and quiet permanence, the sort of place you could walk past a hundred times and never notice unless you were meant to. Only the extremely observant or the dangerously obsessed ever find it. Inside, it's comfortably large enough to house ten people, every inch built for survival and silence. A hammock swings beside a sturdy camping cot; a cypress

bathtub waits behind a partition. The fireplace on the far wall provides both warmth and light, and the wooden shelves are stocked with dishes, mugs, and the simple necessities of life. There's even a tent, grill, and charcoal tucked neatly in storage, ready for when you have to move again. The loft above opens into a wide space where you can stargaze through the roof window, the night sky stretching overhead like a promise. A narrow ladder leads further up into the attic, perfect for storing supplies or vanishing if you have to. Within its walls, time seems to slow. The cabin is completely soundproof, and those inside feel a deep, inexplicable calm fear dulls, breath steadies, and the constant hum of pursuit fades away. Enemies rarely come near, as if the world itself forgets you while you rest here. It's not magic, not exactly. Just a safe place that remembers what it's like to hide, and keeps its promises to those who need it most.

The Computer – (500 C.P.)

- The Shop's analytical computer is not merely a machine; it is the most sophisticated computational engine in the Western Hemisphere. It runs predictive models, probability matrices, behavioral simulations, text synthesis, forensic cross-links, and scenario projection for field operations across every dossier The Shop keeps. Feed it years of data: witness reports, flight manifests, diner receipts, intercepted radio logs, and satellite imagery, and it will give you better answers. It can ever say Hello and Goodbye.

Casefile – (500 C.P.)

- A compact, weatherproof folio that does work most government databases wish it could do at a glance — except it only uses what people already know. Slide a name, photograph, or other identifier into the dossier's clear sleeve, whisper the query, and the Casefile begins to gather. It crawls rumor and record alike: public databases, newspaper clippings, social chatter, DMV and phone-rental traces, corporate filings, FOIA fragments, and anything two or more people have already said about the subject. Within minutes, it produces a neat, single-sheet dossier and an annotated file: aliases, last-known addresses, known associates, travel patterns, reported sightings, conflicting stories, and the most likely vulnerabilities.

Fireproof Clothing – (600 C.P.)

- Originally designed for handlers working near psychic combustion subjects, the prototype uniform soon became standard issue for anyone expected to

survive proximity to a pyrokinetic event. This advanced weave is completely immune to fire and heat damage, protecting both the material and its wearer from combustion, searing temperatures, or even supernatural flames. The protection extends only to what you're wearing or carrying on your person at the time. Alternatively, its properties can be attached to any of your clothing, armor, or apparel.

Lot Six Serum – (600 C.P.)

- A chemical drug created by the Department of Scientific Intelligence in 1969 as part of an experimental study at Harrison State College. Originally intended to explore the biochemical basis of psychic potential, Lot Six instead rewrote human genetics. It alters chromosomes, stimulating dormant regions of the brain and unlocking latent psychic pathways in those injected with it. Few survive the process intact, and none emerge unchanged. The same mutation is heritable; offspring of survivors inherit amplified psychic potential, as seen in Andy McGee, Vicky Tomlinson, and their daughter, Charlie McGee.

Lot Seven Serum – (700 C.P.)

- Developed decades after the original Lot Six trials, Lot Seven represents the DSI's most successful and morally compromised breakthrough. Where its predecessor shattered minds and left psychic instability in its wake, Lot Seven is chemically stable, a refined serum capable of producing consistent psychic enhancement across test subjects. It was designed using archived Lot Six samples and recombinant gene therapy models, its formula tailored for controlled activation of neural and chromosomal pathways. The results are remarkable — and horrifying. Lot Seven reliably awakens psychic ability, particularly in children, whose developing nervous systems adapt to the compound with far fewer lethal side effects. Subjects exhibit stable, varied abilities akin to those observed in Firestarter: Rekindled telekinesis, energy sink, sonic discharge, or compulsion — each with measurable limits and emotional triggers. Adults can survive an injection, but with far lower success rates and significantly reduced potential. However, the mutation induced by Lot Seven cannot be passed on. The changes are somatic, not genetic.

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.

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.

- Other Worlds – (0 C.P.)
 - The Stephen King Multiverse is a web of overlapping worlds, each a reflection of the next. With this option, your decisions and actions in Firestarter become canon to the wider Kingverse. The Shop's research might inspire The Arrowhead Project from The Mist; your psychic lineage could echo through The Shining or Carrie; your survival might alter who stands against Randall Flagg in another world entirely. Characters will remember you — even if they can't explain how they know your name. You can import the consequences of your choices into other Stephen King settings: your reputation, your legacy, even the technologies or powers you released. Each new world adjusts to your interference as though it always belonged there. But be warned: when reality remembers you, it remembers everything the fires you lit, the lies you told, and the monsters you made.
- Version – (0 C.P.)
 - Every version of the story burns differently. Some end in ash; others never stop smoldering. You choose which world's fire you wake up in.
 - The 1980 Novel
 - The 1984 Film
 - The 2022 Film
- Lot Six Experiment – (0 C.P.)
 - It's 1969. Harrison, Ohio. You arrive at the dawn of everything, the year the Lot Six Experiment begins in the combined Psychology/Sociology building at Harrison State College. Whether you arrive as a test subject, a Shop observer, or a civilian who doesn't yet realize history is forming next door, this is where the story begins for you. Picking this option means that you start at Harrison State College.
- Become Charlie – (300 C.P.)

- You drop into this world as the Firestarter herself, Charlie McGee. Daughter of Lot Six survivors Andy and Vicky McGee. Your emotions are fuel; your thoughts, spark. When your heart races, air trembles, and matter burns. The Shop called you a weapon, a prototype, a threat to civilization itself. They weren't wrong. You gain her powers only for the duration of the Jump unless you purchase them.
- Rekindled – (300 C.P.)
 - Years have passed since Charlie burned The Shop down. The Government called it an accident, a chemical explosion, a tragedy no one would question. Charlie disappeared into myth, a rumor told in frightened laboratories and quiet Pentagon corridors. Now, the world has changed. The Department of Scientific Intelligence still exists, fractured but alive under new names and new funding. This is the era of Firestarter: Rekindled, the next generation of psychic prodigies and the ghosts of The Shop's sins. You have lived long enough to see the cycle repeat, and this time, the countdown begins. Ten years. That's how long you have to decide whether to hide, to guide, or to burn it all down again.
- O'Discordia – (400 C.P.)
 - Something has gone wrong with the story. The timeline doesn't line up anymore. Faces are familiar, but the roles are all wrong. Maybe Andy McGee sits behind a desk now, signing off on containment orders as Director of The Shop. Maybe Vicky is alive, running through backroads with a frightened child who isn't quite Charlie. Maybe it's a son this time. Maybe the fire isn't fear-born but joy-driven, a game played in the dark. Or maybe it's you behind the glass, watching them through mirrored walls, telling yourself you're still one of the good ones. The world has slipped its outline, scenes rewritten, loyalties inverted, cause and effect collapsing into chaos. You'll find fragments of every version bleeding together: files that record events that never happened, scars from wounds you can't remember earning, people greeting you like they've already buried you once. The Shop still hunts, the fire still burns, but the script no longer knows its ending. Everything feels one step out of sequence, as if some larger pattern shattered and left you trapped inside its echo. There's no telling how this will end now, only that it won't end the same way twice.
- DSI Red Notice – (400 C.P.)
 - The Shop once feared that other nations might learn of Charlie McGee and take her for themselves. Now that nightmare belongs to you. They want your power, your body, your memories, whatever makes you different, and they'll dissect

every secret you have to get it. The Department of Scientific Intelligence has marked you as a high-priority anomaly, and the rest of the world has followed suit. Every major intelligence agency, foreign and domestic, knows your name, your face, and what you can do. Satellites shift orbit when you travel. Cameras track you even when they shouldn't. Somewhere, someone is always watching. No country is safe. No border will hide you. Every checkpoint, every hotel register, every whispered phone call carries the risk of exposure. Sooner or later, you'll slip, and when you do, there'll be a van, a needle, and a locked room with no windows. Until then, keep moving and don't look back. You'll be looking over your shoulder for the rest of your stay.

- Hunted by Rainbird – (400 C.P.)
 - There's a man following you. His name is John Rainbird, though that's just one of many he's used. Officially, he's a Shop operative, a cleaner, a tracker, a ghost in human skin. Unofficially, he's something worse: a man fascinated not by killing, but by the moment before it, that instant when life looks back at him and knows it's over. Rainbird doesn't want to destroy you right away. He wants to understand your power, your fear, the small truths you hide when you think you're safe. He'll listen, protect, even comfort you, long enough for you to believe he's the only one who sees you for what you are. That's when he'll strike. You can try to fight him, burn him, crush him, or vanish altogether, but death doesn't keep him. His obsession gives him a kind of terrible power of death; he always survives, always returns, scarred but smiling. Killing him only delays the inevitable. Additionally, he, too, can change his face and form like the shapechangers his people tell stories about. He can be anyone.
- Hunted by the Shop – (500 C.P.)
 - The Shop built their career on tracking and breaking people like you, and now they're coming to finish what they started. They know who you are. They have a file on you that contains every perk, ability, and power that you have, everything within your Warehouse, and everyone who travels with you. You're not just another fugitive; you're classified material, property of the Department of Scientific Intelligence. Wherever you run, they'll be close behind. Field teams, satellites, black vans in the rain, they'll use every resource at their disposal to bring you back. And they won't come alone. The Shop's other programs are no rumor now: the Arrowhead Project, Project: Lawnmower Man, Project: Becoming, Project: Gold, and worse, experimental branches you'll never read about. They'll throw their men at you first, then their scientists, and finally their

monsters. You'll sleep lightly, move often, and never stop watching the mirrors. Because to The Shop, you're not a person anymore. You're an investment that got loose, and they intend to recover you, alive or in piece.

- Echoes of Lot Six – (500 C.P.)
 - Sleep offers you no rest anymore. When you close your eyes, you hear the voices of the others who took Lot Six and didn't survive. They scream, weep, beg, and sometimes laugh in ways no human throat should. Sometimes their voices guide you, warning you of danger, murmuring half-formed truths about The Shop. But their help always costs you something: a memory that fades, a surge of psychic instability, the creeping suspicion that the thoughts in your head aren't yours anymore. You're not sure if they're ghosts, trauma, or side effects of whatever Lot Six did to your brain. You only know one thing for certain: when the lights go out, you're never alone.
- Little Blue Pill – (500 C.P.)
 - The Shop uses Thorazine to make their prisoners manageable. They never expected you to escape with the habit. You can't function without it. The little blue pill they gave you in the facility, Thorazine, they called it. A stabilizer, a suppressant, a way to keep the noise down. It quiets the static in your head, dampens the fire under your skin, and makes the world soft enough to survive in. But it takes more than it gives. Your thoughts slow to a crawl, your reflexes dull, and the edges of your mind turn heavy and numb. You forget names, lose track of hours, watch your own life as if it belongs to someone else. Going without it is worse. The withdrawal doesn't just hurt, it unravels you. Tremors, fever, hallucinations, your power flaring uncontrollably as your body begs for the drug. You'll claw at walls, beg for quiet, and when the pill finally takes hold again, you'll swallow it with shaking hands and a hollow kind of relief.
- Behavioral Drift – (600 C.P.)
 - Lot Six changed more than your biology; it rewired what makes you human. Every time you use your powers, something in you slips a little farther from compassion, from restraint, from the person you remember being. The surge feels intoxicating: control, heat, the thrill of command. But afterward, the world seems smaller, duller, less real. If you have The Push, you stop asking; you compel. People become tools, their thoughts soft clay beneath your will. You tell yourself it's necessary, that you're only nudging them for their own good. If you wield Pyrokinesis, you stop fearing the fire; you start loving it. The smell of smoke

calms you, and destruction feels like release. Each use feeds the craving, and each craving erases another boundary you once swore you'd never cross.

- Emotional Conduit – (600 C.P.)
 - Your powers are tied to your emotions, for better and worse. Calm keeps them dormant, but fear, anger, grief, or even joy can set them ablaze. The more you feel, the stronger they grow and the harder they are to control. You can't fake control; your mind and power are one. A surge of frustration might spark a blaze, a burst of panic could flatten a room, a moment of love might make the air shimmer with heat. Suppressing emotion only builds pressure until it ruptures in catastrophic release. Sleep offers no safety; dreams bleed into reality, carrying echoes of what you refuse to face.
- Obsession – (600 C.P.)
 - Something in you broke the moment you arrived, or maybe it was always there, waiting for the right spark. Now your mind circles one thought, one object, one person, one idea, endlessly. It might be the concept of death, the curve of a flame, or something as trivial as a pair of shoes. Maybe it's something stranger, like snakes, shoes, the rattle of the garbage disposal, or even Charlie McGee herself. Whatever it is, it owns you now. You think about it constantly. You dream about it. You shape your actions around it without realizing. You can't reason your way out. The more you try to ignore it, the stronger it grows, weaving itself through every decision, every breath. It's not passion or curiosity anymore, it's gravity, pulling you closer no matter how much it hurts.
- Reckless – (700 C.P.)
 - You never mean to draw attention, but somehow you always do. Maybe it's the way you talk too loudly, the heat in your temper, or the flashes of power that slip out when you think no one's watching. You're needlessly reckless, so every mistake leaves a trail for someone to follow. You forget to cover your tracks, trust the wrong faces, and stay too long in one place. The Shop loves people like you: the ones who think they can hide in plain sight. Your carelessness doesn't just endanger you; it endangers anyone who travels with you. Friends, allies, even strangers will feel the fallout of your exposure. A single outburst, a spark in the wrong moment, and the quiet safety you've built goes up in smoke.
- Just Because You're Paranoid... – (700 C.P.)

- Something's wrong. You feel it every time you step outside the weight of eyes you can't see, the flicker of movement just beyond the edge of vision. You sleep with the lights on, jump at the hum of power lines, flinch at the click of a camera shutter. Maybe it's just nerves. Maybe it's surveillance. You've become deeply, compulsively paranoid. You trust no one, not even the people trying to help. Every conversation feels rehearsed, every kindness a trap. The walls have ears, the mirrors have eyes, and The Shop is always one step ahead, or maybe they're not. You can't tell anymore. But here's the worst part: you're not wrong. There really is someone watching. Maybe it's The Shop. Maybe it's another agency. Maybe it's something else entirely. You'll never know for sure, because the moment you let your guard down long enough to find out, that's when they'll come.
- Complex – (700 C.P.)
 - Somewhere inside you, there's a line you refuse to cross. Maybe you swore never to kill. Maybe you promised not to use your powers to hurt others, or to steal, or to become the thing The Shop already believes you are. Whatever form it takes, it's carved deep a moral wedge driven straight through the center of your will. You can argue with it, rationalize, even rage against it, but when the moment comes, you freeze. Your conscience locks you in place while the world keeps moving. Breaking this line takes everything you have: pain, exhaustion, desperation. Even when you finally cross it, the victory feels hollow, temporary. The next time you face the same choice, that invisible hand will pull you back again.
- Lot Six Survivor – (800 C.P.)
 - You lived through the Lot Six trials and were not unscathed. Whatever they injected into your bloodstream rewired your neurons, sharpening the mind while slowly burning it out. Your powers come easier than most, but using them exacts a cost. Each exertion leaves a dull ache behind your eyes; push too hard, and that ache becomes blinding. Overuse in rapid succession triggers nosebleeds, migraines, and sometimes worse, the slow bloom of a brain hemorrhage or the sudden black veil of a stroke. Or possibly, it slips loose under stress, misfires, lashes out when you least expect it. You can rest, recover, and use it again but every use frays what's left of your nervous system a little more.
- Stripped Assets – (800 C.P.)

- The rules here don't allow off-world interference; the moment you arrived, the door closed behind you. Your warehouse, your equipment, and your treasures from other realities are gone. Locked away beyond reach, sealed by whatever invisible forces watch these worlds. You have what you have on you, what you can make, and what you can take. Everything else must be scavenged, begged, borrowed, or stolen within this setting. If you want weapons, you'll need to break into armories; if you want shelter, you'll have to earn it or hide well. Every resource you use leaves a trail, and The Shop is very good at following trails.
- Tipped Over – (800 C.P.)
 - Something about this world resists you, a silent, invisible pressure that crushes anything it doesn't recognize. Whatever gifts you brought from before the strange energies, the cosmic powers, the perks that made you untouchable, they're gone. Stripped clean, erased, sealed away, or tipped over, as the Shop puts it. You have no access to your out-of-setting powers or perks for the duration of this Jump. The rules here are different, smaller, crueler. You have your body, your instincts, and whatever training you can scrape together, but that's all. No superhuman reflexes to save you, no reality-bending tricks to fall back on, only the fragile machinery of human flesh and fear. The Department of Scientific Intelligence doesn't need to understand how you lost your powers; they'll just be eager to find out what happens next. After all, if a being like you can be broken down to blood and nerves, what can be rebuilt from the pieces?

Ending

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

Go Home

You're done running. The world has already taken enough from you: your family, your safety, your trust. You leak what you can to the press, or maybe just whisper it to someone brave enough to listen. The truth spreads like smoke: slowly, invisibly, and then all at once. The Shop will call it disinformation, the government will deny it, and you'll vanish into the quiet places between headlines. Maybe you'll find peace. Maybe you'll just learn to live with the ghosts.

Either way, the fire's out for now

Stay Here

You stop running and start fighting. If The Shop can rewrite the rules, then so can you. You become the shadow they fear, the survivor who learned control, who learned to aim the fire. You burn their files, their labs, their lies. Every secret they've buried becomes a spark in your hands. They'll call you terrorist, savior, anomaly, but the truth is simpler: you refused to be erased. The world changes around you, quietly at first, then all at once, because one person refused to hide from what they were made to be.

Move On

There's nothing left here for you. The fire inside you isn't anger anymore; it's momentum. You walk away from this world, from The Shop, from its endless cycle of control and containment, and vanish into whatever comes next. Maybe another reality. Maybe another version of yourself. You don't look back because there's nothing human left to chase you. The wind carries the faint scent of ash, and for a moment, it almost feels like freedom. After all, there are other worlds than these.

The Multiverse is incomprehensibly vast, dear Jumper.

Scenarios



The Dark Man

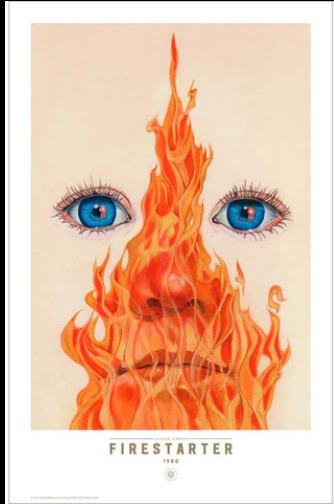
The Man in Black fled across the multiverse and the Jumper followed.

Coming Soon...

Rewards

Coming Soon...

Notes:



By: Steven Stroud

- <https://shop.suntup.press/products/firestarter-fine-art-print>



By: Michael Whelan

- <https://www.michaelwhelan.com/galleries/firestarter/>

Changelog: