

ETERNITY WAR



BY

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THE OMNIVERSE! A QUAGMIRE OF ALLIANCES, AGENDAS, AND VYING POWERS. ITS WORLDS - MYRIAD AND VAST! A ROILING, COSMIC SEA, ITS TIDES FOREVER AT THE WHIMS OF THOSE WHO TAINT ITS WATERS WITH THE SPILLED WROTH AND BILE OF **WAR!**

Welcome, Jumper. To the **ETERNITY WAR!** A conflict that spans the whole of the Omniverse. By taking this supplement, you've chosen to thrust every world you subsequently visit into the midst of this reality spanning conflict. Choose a side and lead them to victory, or strike out against the powers that be and reign supreme! You've **1000 War Points [WP]** to spend.

FACTIONS

[YOU'RE FREE TO JOIN ANY FACTION - LIMIT 1]
[FIAT BACKED ALT-FORM ON "PURCHASE"]

NO GODS, NO KINGS, NO MASTERS [DROP IN]

You've chosen to forge your own path. Taking no sides - you've naught but yourself (and your previously amassed allies) to rely on.

SPACE VAMPIRES



The "Space Vampires" are a Satyr-like race - hailing from a backwater reality nestled in the Omniverse's darkest reaches. They sail its abyssal expanses using interdimensional vessels reminiscent of seafaring barges. Their technology, however archaic in appearance, is deceptively advanced, fueled by potent Blood Stones. These exotic gems crackle with "life energy," extracted from blood - a most rich medium - and concentrated into raw power.

The "Space Vampires" are wholly reliant on this "life energy," as it not only sustains their machines but their very bodies.

EQUESTRADONS



A once prosperous people, the Equestradons' world was lost to the unyielding apathy of **mutually assured destruction**. Razed in atomic fire, theirs became a world of ash and radiation. However, those meager few that managed to survive, clung to what magic and technology they could scrounge, led a great exodus into the stars. And when every

distant sun shone upon their armies, only then did they set their sights on realities beyond their own.

A brutal regime, the Equestradons seek to unite the Omniverse's disparate realities under their empire. They descend on whole universes in herds, their hooves stamping against the dark firmament that separates worlds, their chainhorns cutting into the barriers that keep dimensions from seeping into the void, and assail the galaxies and solar systems contained within. Since the Eternity War's distant beginnings, many an Omniversal denizen has gazed at the heavens in awe; skies aflame; bloodlusted "Mare"-ins on the horizon. Portents of the Equestradons' violent wake!

HARBINGERS



There are forces darker than mortal imagining and older than inception dwelling in wait throughout all corners of the Omniverse. Such morbid intelligences are inevitably drawn to the Eternity War's endless battlefields, transfixed by the mindless and wanton cruelty. One such power, its influence acknowledged by all belligerents, its name known to none, has taken to fashioning champions from the deranged and depraved.

These taken souls are known throughout the Omniverse as "Harbingers," for they spell the doom of EVERY world they manifest on - entire cultures and peoples, utterly and suddenly subsumed days into their appearance. Harbingers are recognized as near-insurmountable threats; their very presence wreaks havoc on space and time, and their malign presence can plunge entire civilizations into chaos. In combat, they've proven wholly impervious, bordering on immortal, and their abilities strike terror into even hardened battalions - supposedly accustomed to the Omniverse's many horrors.

[REDACTED] ZOMBIES FROM OUTER SPACE



Nazis...PERFIDIOUS! CRUEL! THEIR BELIEFS - A VIRULENT PLAGUE! Like a cancer, their ideology spreads unabated, perverting worlds throughout existence. Now, the Omniverse is overridden with innumerable reichs. Werewolf Nazis! Gorilla Nazis! Robot Nazis!

None, however, have proven more dangerous than the ZOMBIE Nazis of **Earth-115**. Bolstered by primordial forces from a dark realm - The Aetherium, a dimension steeped in timeless obscurity and eldritch taint - the undead hordes of Earth-115 have obtained the means to cross into other worlds. Their rotting armies march across the Omniverse; gorging themselves, and feasting on the living in order to swell their putrid ranks. With eldritch forces at their beck and call, hardly any can stand against the Nazi zombies' advance.

THE BORING AND OBLIGATORY "GOOD GUY" FACTION



The "Legionus Omniversus; Stewardship, Equity, Resilience" aka L.O.S.E.R. is an all benevolent organization - bereft of flaws. They bear down on their enemies with sheer numbers, overwhelming firepower, and superior technology. They're wholesome and cool and without EQUAL.

The faction's Legionnaires - genetically augmented cyborg super soldiers, further enhanced through ancient magics - are second to none and dispense order wherever threats to the Omniverse's stability present themselves. HAVE FUN YOU BORING BASTARD!

PERKS

[STANDARD JUMPCHAIN RULES APPLY]

[DISCOUNTS AND FREE 100 WP PURCHASES FOR YOUR CHOSEN ORIGIN/FACTION]

DROP IN PERKS

NEVER TELL ME THE ODDS - FREE

You've chosen to wade headfirst into a conflict that spans the whole of existence with only your perks, items, and companions (from previous Jumps) to assist you? Jump Chan is, frankly, shaking their head right about now, but you've never been known for gauging the severity of your actions - until you're knee deep in their consequences.

Fortunately, your kind benefactor is not so cruel so as to "leave you out to dry." They're going to help you in whatever way they can, such as this perk. With it, your luck - or rather, "plot armor" - is increased exponentially, proportional to the number of enemies present and their strength. On a macro scale, it accounts and scales with the number of opposing factions. On a micro scale - such as a battlefield - it accounts and scales with the number of combatants present and their total "strength." How this plot armor manifests varies depending on the situation - but is almost always obvious.

A reality destroying bomb might fail to detonate; an enemy fleet may be lost to the perils of Omniversal travel en route to the frontlines, and so on. As you vanquish your foes, your plot armor gradually diminishes, so do be aware of that.

AN ALLURING PROPOSITION - 100 WP

You have armies and companions of your own, but even they may not be enough to turn the tide. In a war such as this - its sheer magnitude, unfathomable - you're going to need all the allies you can muster, and sometimes one must look in the most unlikely of places.

Luckily, your charismatic aura and courageous leadership inspires even the enemy. You can now choose two factions from this Supplement; defectors from either faction will bolster your ranks. They've "watered down" versions of their respective faction's perks and items [strictly **FREE** and **100-200 WP** Purchases], making them formidable enough so as to be useful, but not so useful so as to trivialize the Eternity War.

In any Jump(s) from this point on, you can choose two in-setting factions; defectors will flock to you, bringing with them their expertise and gear. Unfortunately, defectors, both those recruited in and outside of this Supplement, are not fiat backed.

SQUEAK *SQUEAK* *SQUEAK* - 200 WP

You've an informant on the inside. An anonymous source deep behind enemy lines, their identity is a mystery to you and all attempts to ascertain their location inevitably fail. Whoever they are, though, they've proven themselves to be immensely valuable.

Pick one faction from this Supplement. The targeted faction is now beset by a prolific and most importantly, **accurate** mole. You receive constant updates on enemy positions, plans, and even insights into their technology, culture, and stratagems. All information - whether it's detailed schematics for an orbital super weapon, or genetic templates for superhuman clones - is fiat backed.

Outside of this Supplement, you can choose one in-setting faction/organization/government (etc) to infiltrate - in any Jump.

4D CHESS - 400 WP

You're fighting a war that transcends dimensions. To say that certain victory will require lateral thinking is an understatement! For this reason, your benefactor (...against their better judgment) has chosen to help you see things "from their perspective." You've now the processing capacity of a higher being. The Fourth Dimension! The Fifth Dimension! The Sixth Dimension! They're all laid bare before you!

Your mind is no longer moored to time or space. You're not omniscient [locales, individuals, engagements, etc, that are unknown to you thus remain unknown], but you can "peer beyond the veil" so to speak, allowing you to command your forces with an efficiency that should be impossible across equally impossible distances. Your thoughts, your orders, received by battalions dispersed throughout timelines - even entire universes away. Your greatly expanded mind can, additionally, store and compartmentalize reams of information, to the point where decisive planning across multiple fronts - which, should you need reminding, span multiple realities in this instance - is almost trivial.

THE ULTIMATE GAMBIT - 600 WP

Sometimes, victory can only be achieved at a great cost. This perk ensures the annihilation of ONE faction in this Supplement...the tradeoff being that your forces will be left in a disadvantageous position, which your enemies can easily seize on. You're not defenseless, merely debilitated. Whether you can rise from your battered state to fight another day rests entirely on your own capabilities.

Outside of this Supplement and the Jumps you've paired it with, this perk can be used to inflict a similarly devastating, final blow to any in-setting faction. You do not shirk the cost to your own forces, however, meaning every battle won using this perk is a pyrrhic victory.

SPACE VAMPIRE PERKS

SANGUINE ECSTASY - FREE

Befitting your nature, you're nourished (and strengthened) by blood. As a "Space Vampire," the ability to subsist on beings' "life energy" - retained through their blood - is inherent. However, with this perk, you can extend your hemovoric tendencies to your alt-form(s) and body mod.

Your physical attributes are GREATLY enhanced, albeit temporarily with every feeding. Though, gradually, your body will grow stronger, faster and more resilient, necessitating greater quantities of blood - if you're to reap the short lived bursts of near-invincibility that came with prior feedings. Being that it's "life energy" and not blood itself that sustains your body, you'll find that - after regularly preying on a specific species or race - certain characteristics will be adopted. Your form, thus, will become an amalgamation of your preferred prey's **physical** traits and abilities; you do, however, possess a degree of control over these adaptations. Should you so choose, your visage might see NO aesthetic changes.

SCARLET GEODES - 100 WP

The "Space Vampires" are an esoteric race, their technology resembling mysticism and ritual more than it does science. At the heart of their foul "sorcery" is the forging of Blood Stones. Coagulated blood - coursing with "life energy." Being of their twisted kin, you innately possess the knowledge to craft and wield Blood Stones yourself. With this perk, however, you find their utility to be greatly expanded.

No longer are you limited to your race's antiquated inventions. Blood Stones (of YOUR making) can now be used to power weapons, vehicles, etc, developed by other civilizations. Furthermore, Blood Stones - even those not devised by your hand - are now especially potent. A Blood Stone, capable only of powering a capital ship - with your influence - can now output enough energy to meet the demands of a continent spanning city.

Devices implanted with Blood Stones, whether crafted or enhanced, see a similar change. Weapons are supercharged. Generators supply power for millennia. The applications are truly infinite.

GHOULISH UNLIFE - 200 WP

A consequence of feeding has always been the siring of unwanted progeny. Ghouls, as they're known, are warped beings. Their bodies twisted into something resembling a cross between man and beast. A chimeric whole; canine snouts, pallid skin, and flesh rending claws stood atop cloven hooves.

Ghouls are savage by nature and beholden only to their carrion instincts. This perk allows one to not only dictate whether or not a Ghoul is sired (the Ghoulification process takes several days nonetheless) after feeding, but also grants you complete control over your ghoulish spawn. Additionally, Ghouls you've sired are noticeably intelligent, allowing them a degree of autonomy and making it so they're not entirely dependent on your commands to operate effectively.

Due to your inherent bond, you're able to perceive the world through your beastly children's senses - even inhabit their bodies. Should your mind become trapped, you can feed on blood to raise your host into a Space Vampire (and upon achieving a successful metamorphosis - Perks, Powers, and anything else lost when your original body was destroyed are restored).

"THE MOST MERCIFUL THING IN THE WORLD..." - 400 WP

"...is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents." Your kind are an aberration. None who look upon you can adequately parse your existence. This strange property is immediate. As soon as lesser beings take in your visage, their minds are wracked with the sheer impossibility of the **THING** that stands before them.

You can take advantage of this induced state of altered mind to implant subconscious commands, alter memories or erase them outright, and render targets brain dead. That is, assuming your quarry is not immediately overtaken by madness.

DREAM CYCLE - 600 WP

"Space Vampires" share a collective "mindscape," an ethereal realm of higher consciousness born from their members' thoughts: The Dreamlands. A transient plane of reality that overlaps with physical space - accessible through REM sleep. You, too, have access to this dimension.

Though, you've an affinity for The Dreamlands that most struggle to attain. You can shape its environs and carve for yourself a kingdom - beholden to your whims. Its rules, physics, and denizens dictated entirely by your thoughts. This "pocket realm" - and the whole of the Dreamlands themselves - can be accessed through your Warehouse.

EQUESTRADON PERKS

HATRED IS MAGIC - FREE

Hatred is your shield! Equestradons are staunch in their contempt, directed at anything that betrays their views, and their vision for the Omniverse. You wield your disdain in much the same manner - a shield with which to block out the eldritch and the heretical. Your mind, therefore, cannot be swayed by dark powers; never will you yield to suggestion, never will you break.

CUTIE MARK - 100 WP

Equestradon Mare-ins operate in **10,000** strong Troops - military "orders" sworn to the empire's safety and its continued expansion. Every Troop can be identified by its Cutie Mark. A sacred heraldry that is emblazoned on its Standard and branded into the haunch of Mare-in battle brothers.

You proudly boast your Troop's Cutie Mark! It confers the values and tenets central to your chapter, as well as more esoteric gifts, for even millennia later the Equestradons retain their people's command of ancient magics. Using your Cutie Mark, you're able to call on the Homeworld's arcane arts - thought lost after The Ashfall - allowing you to cast epic spells (tied to your Cutie Mark's theme, and strengthened via your adherence to your order's beliefs). For example: the Iron Hooves are masters of engineering, and so their Cutie Mark lends them latent technomancy, which only grows in power the stronger their bond with their machines.

FALLOUT EQUESTRADON - 200 WP

The nuclear exchange that decimated the Homeworld blanketed it in a radioactive cloud that would not dissipate - until centuries later, when the Equestradons reclaimed their ancestral home, following the Great Gallop. Tainted, ponydom is forever marred by The Ashfall's caustic embrace. Mutations are rampant, and the Mechanihooves' Engineighers are replete with demands for mechanical prosthesis. The Empress HERSELF is desperate to allay the mass wasting that afflicts not only her, but her charges.

You've not escaped your people's slow decline. However, your errant genes have bestowed - not grotesque deformities, nor painful maladies - but extraordinary powers. Powers complimented by your mechanical enhancements. Your mutation and the nature of your modifications are yours to determine. For example: The Drakes of Tirek Troop's Mare-ins suffer from unpredictable and painful episodes, their skin cracking and bursting into searing flames without provocation. Embracing ancient legend - the Drakes of Tirac graft mechanical wings to their spines and replace their muzzles with robotic jaws, so they may evoke the silhouette of mythical dragons, majestic beasts once native to Homeworld.

ALICORN [MANDATORY: CUTIE MARK, FALLOUT EQUESTRADON] - 400 WP

Among the empire's finest are the Alicorns. Engineered using God Empress Celestia's genestock, the Alicorns led the Great Gallop and the retaking of Homeworld, and eventually the march against the wider Omniverse. When the empire dispersed into the void between realities, many were lost to it. Now you are returned, oh prodigal child!

You are an Alicorn, a son/daughter of Celestia, and duty beckons. You stand taller and wider than your kindred, and display no (outward) signs of the degradation that eats away at Celestia's subjects. Your mutations are not the product of aberrant genetics, but carefully tailored by the Mechanihooves' Genetrots. Similarly, the machinery integrated throughout your body is discrete and non-intrusive, and exceedingly more advanced than anything the empire can produce in its depleted state, having hailed from Homeworld. The magic that emanates from your Cutie Mark brims with power not seen since

magos and monsters roamed the Homeworld's surface - a time long forgotten; a romanticized era of swords and sorcery.

To go along with your newly vested prowess, you've been granted an: **Element of Harmony**. Each is an artifact brimming with arcane might, entrusted to Celestia's "children." Yours takes whatever form is most pleasing to you. Its effects - stemming from your truest, most ingrained beliefs. Your innermost nature, perfectly translated and manifested within realspace, to be loosed on your enemies. Your relic serves a secondary, unspoken purpose. In essence, it is your "emblem." It denotes your authority and relays it to the unwashed masses, and is borne by your "sons" and "daughters."

Proud equines who seek only to do right by their commander. You, who now leads a 10,000 strong Troop of Mare-ins. Fully equipped with ships (x50), ground and air vehicles (x1000) - everything a chapter needs to wage a crusade. Your Troop's theming, and thus their Cutie Mark, abilities and enhancements - as well as their aesthetics, weapons, doctrine, etc - are entirely yours to dictate.

EXTERMINATUS - 600 WP

Central to the Equestradons' mission is the eradication of all who oppose God Empress Celestia's reign. Those who do not submit are marked for extermination. The end comes swiftly. Yet, it is not merciless. The empire takes great pride in the brutality it inflicts on its enemies. Especially those that succeed - however brief their victory - in stalling the empire's wrath.

This perk is the empire's rage personified. Whenever an enemy - be it an individual, "greater whole," corporate entity, etc - stands in your way, you're overcome by an indomitable bloodlust. You will stop at nothing until you've rid yourself of your designated target. You will instinctively know how best to dismantle your opposition, and always employ the most effectively cruel methods. Until you've thoroughly decimated your victim - you shall know no rest. You cannot dispel this fervent obsession, nor dedicate your attention to anything else. The trade-off being that your enemies are guaranteed to perish - on the condition you don't die in the process of eliminating them (even if a "death" does not **technically** beget a chain fail).

You can only direct your ire at one target at a time. Also, for the first jump you pair this supplement with, this perk is limited to one use. For every jump afterwards...

HARBINGER PERKS

THE CASTING OF [BLANK] - FREE

Harbingers were once human. In that they were once "flesh and blood" - but deep inside, one can gather that there always was a monster. Waiting; watching. Beholden to sadistic urges and driven by strange inclinations, Harbingers were a danger to everyone around them even before their...apotheosis.

You're not too different - possessed of the same impulses as those who would become Harbingers. What is it that compels you? Torture? Murder? Worse? Whatever your "fetish," it's come to define you. You've an **Indulgence**, and every time you feed it...it's like you can feel a change within yourself. You're smarter, stronger - harder to see and even harder to track. You find that doing what you love only becomes easier the more you **partake!**

A fondness for traps? Making and setting one has never come so naturally. Keen on knives? The heft of a blade feels warm in your hands, and splitting skulls comes with remarkable ease.

THE SHAPE - 100 WP

Harbingers are often reduced to a single, terror inducing moniker. The "Huntress;" The "Deathslinger;" The "Plague." By doing so, it's thought that one does not directly invoke them. In truth, these aliases come to be as much a part of a Harbinger's identity as their preferred weapon or stalking grounds, becoming interwoven with their legend. You bear such a name, now.

It instills fear and panic in those who hear it, and these individuals will carry it with them for the rest of their lives, whispering it to any who'll listen. "To warn them," they convince themselves, but, really, they have fallen into your hands, so consumed by their fear that it drives them to spread word of your coming - unwittingly, obviously - to everyone they meet. These heralds beget more, and mass hysteria sets in. Violence. Madness. It's not long before your name alone drives the masses into a dread induced frenzy.

UNRELENTING - 200 WP

Mortal men fear the Harbinger's inhuman resilience. Whispers from the frontlines, uttered on the lips of the half-dead and delirious, bring with them tales of unstoppable adversaries. Monsters in the shape of men - impervious to lasguns and ordnance. Soldiers speak of crunching bone beneath tank treads and raining hellfire on the battlefield - to no avail.

You're similarly invincible. Weapons cannot harm something so far removed from convention, something which should not exist to begin with. Even the arcane struggles to penetrate your being - for the power that ushered in your ascendancy continues to guide and watch over you.

UNBOUND - 400 WP

Harbingers are not bound by physical laws. Survivors tell of ghastly pursuers who emerge from shadows - wreathed in their dark embrace. Loathsome aggressors who cross distances within seconds, and ambush prey that dares blink. Stalkers that appear from behind without warning, not a mote of dust stirred, not a sound to be heard.

Your very essence is anathema to realspace's narrow constrictions. You twist and break them with reckless abandon.

THE CHAMPION - 600 WP

In the vastness of the Omniverse there are morbid intelligences, alien in nature and reasoning. One such being has become known for its frequent, often devastating involvement in the Eternity War. Its proxies, the "Harbingers," serve it willingly, having been promised exaltation and rewards beyond imagining.

You're - even among **its** servants - different. A champion. A follower with a direct line to their master. Should you desire, through elaborate ritual and innocents slain, you can plunge worlds into an unseen plane. A realm that defies logic - The Fog. Your patron's domain; a patchwork conglomeration of realities lost, held together by an impenetrable mist. You can enter and exit The Fog freely, where your trophies await. Also, an entrance to The Fog is added to your Warehouse.

[REDACTED] ZOMBIE PERKS

STILLNESS IN DEATH - FREE

You're a remarkably well preserved specimen. Your savaged corpse, suffused with divinium, does not rot - not with the passing of time, nor exposure to the elements. Your body - kept in perpetual stasis. Know, however, that this does not make you invulnerable. You're no less susceptible to physical harm than your average zombie.

Should you perish, you're guaranteed to resurrect (though, depending on the circumstances, not always in your own body). The caveat being that you return to the living as a shambling cadaver (presuming you're not already one, in which case you come back in an even more haggard state). The divinium that pumps through your blackened veins is enough to keep you "alive," giving you ample time to restore yourself with whatever means you've available.

JUGGERMÖRDER - 100 WP

You're inexplicably resilient, able to tank attacks that would eviscerate your average undead. In addition to your newfound endurance, you've gained the ability to direct your body's biomass - down to each individual cell. Using this you can manipulate severed limbs and even your own vacated organs - often left steaming on the ground - regardless of distance. Wield your rancid flesh in ways the enemy can scarcely imagine, and reconstitute yourself should you ever be torn to pieces.

Should your brain be destroyed - which does not render you "dead," in this case - a vestige of your consciousness will drive your mindless remains to seek out another; extremities, organs, and other foreign biomass is greedily accepted and ASSIMILATED. However, the more you incorporate into your zombie(-fied) body, the more divinium that is required to keep you together.

If your body is destroyed while in a mindless state, you will be resurrected (via **STILLNESS IN DEATH**), and should you die again (or were already on your second, "true" death) then you will return as a disembodied voice. [Mandatory for the latter effect: **DEMONIC ANNOUNCER**]

THE FLESH - 200 WP

A ravenous hunger drives you to consume the living. You can impart this hunger (and your wretched condition) with a single bite, a single scratch. The eldritch energies that sired you and your unholy brothers in arms are pervasive. Once bitten, these malignant energies spread throughout the body, taking root in their new host. No matter the afflicted's constitution - be they mortal or divine. Nor that of their curatives - be they supernatural or scientific in origin. Even those with a natural resistance to disease will, after a prolonged struggle, find themselves under the sway of the Aetherium's Dark Gods. All resistance is forfeit in the face of your hunger.

For those of a mundane nature, deterioration is instantaneous.

WUNDERWAFFEN - 400 WP

Divinium's discovery on Earth-115 was not some cosmic accident. It had been proliferated throughout its mantle by an ancient precursor - predating even the Dark Gods. It was not **them** who orchestrated the zombie outbreak; they merely seized on humanity's downfall, electing to project their eldritch influence over the hordes that had come to decimate Earth-115 through the very substance that animated them, corrupting it in the process. You do not intend to repeat history - assured your keen mind can navigate around divinium's pitfalls.

As such, you can now achieve great things with divinium (and its far more common, dark counterpart), allowing you to augment your Nazi zombie comrades - as well as yourself. With your knowledge, you can

create a menagerie of macabre strains! Harrowing Panzersoldats, relentless Manglers; engineer new unlife ala the Crawlers, noxious and lithe, or beget horrors beyond mortal ken through the perversion of nature: giant spiders, blazing hounds, vine-ridden Thrashers and Amalgam bearing Vermin.

Equip yourself and your undead allies with weapons that defy science, and build mechanical giants for the Fatherland!

DEMONIC ANNOUNCER - 600 WP

You're unique. No mere soldier, but a mastermind tactician! And so it is that the Dark Gods have - in their vast, inscrutable wisdom - deigned to uplift you! Their zombie armies are yours to command. You're now cognizant of every shambling horde, every overtaken warzone - every single, maggot infested servant to the Dark Gods in the Omniverse!

Your orders transcend dimensions, and your stratagems are carried out without question. Your connection to the Dark Gods' realm also grants you the ability to bestow temporary boons, manifesting on the battlefield as golden icons that explode from the bodies of enemies - which you (and the zombie soldiers under your command - **Roll 2d20 x 100** for horde size) can interact with. If your ascended vessel is ever destroyed, your soul persists as a disembodied voice. In time, it will be returned to the Aetherium - its essence obliterated, dispersed. Acquiring a new body necessitates an overly contrived scheme consisting of multiple convoluted steps, undertaken by four semi-willing individuals.

[IF YOU'VE TAKEN THIS PERK IN CONJUNCTION WITH **STILLNESS IN DEATH**, THEN YOU WILL RESURRECT AS A CORPSE **FIRST**, WHETHER OR NOT YOU WERE ALREADY ONE TO BEGIN WITH, AND A DISEMBODIED VOICE UPON YOUR **SECOND DEATH** - IF YOU'RE STILL A ZOMBIE COME YOUR **SECOND**, UNTIMELY DEMISE.]

L.O.S.E.R. PERKS

POSTER BOYS - FREE

L.O.S.E.R. - diplomats, scientists, **heroes**. Its operatives, recognized and venerated across universes. There is no single reality where L.O.S.E.R. is not perceived as some...“last hope.” A bastion of righteous justice - brought down to bear on all those that oppose peace and prosperity. A force for good in an Omniverse forever in the throes of the Eternity War.

The “poster boys” for all that is right and moral, you naturally inherited their glowing reputation upon joining their ranks. Thus, you’re a paragon in the eyes of those you encounter. People automatically defer to you whenever a crisis is at hand, and most are taken by your natural charisma and chiseled looks. None can quite bring themselves to view you in a negative light - let alone hate you.

ON THE BACKFOOT, NEVER DOWN - 100 WP

L.O.S.E.R. is stretched thin, regularly forced to fight on multiple fronts, and must contend with enemies who without so much as an armada can bring worlds to ruin - and yet they persevere. Is it tactics? Is it zeal? Is it numbers? Technological superiority? Well...no, sorta, sometimes, and yes. But mostly, it is luck.

This perk is that very luck wholly embodied. Where tactics fail, an unthinkable coincidence saves the day. Where zeal falters, a rousing speech given by a no name, wide eyed private is all it takes. Where numbers dwindle, a ragtag militia of local resistance fighters is there to fight side by side. And when technology proves insufficient - actually, rare is the battle where an Omnicide-Bomb doesn’t do the trick, but when it finally happens know that this here perk will **SAVE. YOUR. ASS!**

I’M DOING MY PART - 200 WP

Campaigns have been won and BROKEN on the back of morale - or lack thereof. With this perk, **your** morale shall never waver. Luck may favor you, soldier, but luck runs out on everyone eventually. So, when you’re screwed six ways to Sunday - when the objective is lost, and everything is FUBAR - are you going to go crying back to mommy, hmmm?

NO, BECAUSE YOU’RE A L.O.S.E.R.! And L.O.S.E.R.s never back down! They stand back up and fight - LIKE A REAL SOLDIER! Be the one to deliver that bombastic speech! Be the one to inspire a ragtag militia! Be that one in a million soldier who makes the impossible possible! Never again will doubt or uncertainty cloud your thoughts. Only success and the path to achieving it occupies **your** mind.

Stewardship! Equity! Resilience! Praise be to the Legionus Omniversus!

HELMET EXEMPT - 400 WP

You’re no common grunt! You’ve undergone the highly dangerous, highly invasive procedure to become a full-fledged Legionnaire and come out the other end with only minimal trauma. A resounding success by most accounts!

A synthesis of magic, technology, and an absolutely hazardous rewriting of your genetic sequence has seen you transformed into an unstoppable ~~killing machine~~ arbiter of good. Small arms fire and higher caliber weapons harmlessly “ping” against your hardened skin, while anti-material rounds and explosives leave (at most) no more than bruises and scrapes - although they certainly rattle your insides. Not that your injuries (internal or external) pose too great an issue, as you’ve a healing factor that mends most wounds in seconds and grievous injuries - like your head being minced to shreds - in hours. Redundant organs further assist with keeping you in the thick of combat.

The extensive changes made to your physiology have, furthermore, made you impossible to match in both strength and speed; tanks are no heavier than stones, and your movements - imperceptible to the

human eye - are fluid and efficient. Your already prodigious physical capabilities have also been upgraded using advanced cybernetic implants. A holographic HUD hones your meticulously tuned senses. Nanomachines help weave torn muscles and ruptured blood vessels. A chip in your **eight-lobed** brain catalogues information and processes it in mere picoseconds.

Lastly - you've been exposed to forces both ancient and mystical. You've access to basic magecraft, and wicked sorceries struggle to penetrate your benevolent aura, safeguarding your soul and mind.

STATUS QUO - 600 WP

It's happened...we've lost the war. A ~~major, named character~~ hero for the cause is dead and everyone else seems to be at their lowest point. Not luck nor ~~the indomitable human spirit~~ ardent resolve - not even your kickass abilities - could save the day. It's over...

EXCEPT IT IS NEVER OVER YOU SHIT FUCK PANSY! WE'VE A ~~MEDIA FRANCHISE~~ OMNIVERSE TO SAVE! Should the unthinkable come to pass, this perk essentially serves as a second chance. A "soft reboot," or "do over." Everything that's already transpired - which inevitably led to your defeat - is not entirely forgotten, but only lightly touched on, as you've gone ahead and established a new status quo...that eerily echoes the old status quo ~~you know, so as to not alienate old fans~~. How this "new" status quo came about is left to you - as you practically ~~reteen~~ rewrite reality in a single instant.

ITEMS

[STANDARD JUMPCHAIN RULES APPLY]
[DISCOUNTS AND FREE 100 WP PURCHASES FOR YOUR CHOSEN ORIGIN/FACTION]

DROP IN ITEMS

USS JUMPER - FREE

A powerful flagship - themed after your Jumper. Might you captain a gothic vessel? Its twisting spires stretching into the black murk - a cathedral of stone and bone? Its battlements spewing searing soulfire? Maybe you're more technologically inclined. Do you take the helm of a fortress of scientific progress, then? Its hull fashioned from the cores of depleted stars - its engine a black hole? Its weapons - dark matter cannons?

These questions are yours to answer as you gleefully design the pride of your armada [refer to **RAZE THE STARS**]. This vessel is fiat backed and self-repairs - even in combat. Whether the ship is entirely automated or manned is left to your discretion.

A WEAPON LIKE NO OTHER - 100 WP

Your very essence has gone into the forging of this particular weapon. It might, for example, take the form of an immaculate revolver, attuned to your instincts; never miss a shot again as a death dealing sharpshooter. Or maybe...a gleaming sword worthy of a holy knight paladin; may your light forever pierce the dark.

This weapon changes and evolves with you, growing more powerful over the course of your journey. It can also take entirely new shapes - dependent on the alt-form wielding it.

OATHSWORN - 200 WP

An army awaits your command! You've **10,000,000** soldiers and the means to equip and shelter them [refer to **JUMPER PRIME**]. Your army is unwaveringly loyal; death is preferable to betrayal. Its soldiers, the weapons they field, and any abilities they possess, are directly patterned after **you** - specifically, your perks, powers, and items, or even a particular alt-form. Are you a "mad scientist" Jumper? Perhaps, then, your forces consist of stitched together chimeras. A wielder of the Traveler's Light? Who's to say your soldiers aren't paracausal themselves? The minutiae is yours to dictate.

RAZE THE STARS - 400 WP

What purpose does a flagship serve if not to lead a fleet? You've an armada at your disposal. Like your flagship, its aesthetics and theming take after your own. Numbers wise, you've:

x1 Flagship

x15,000 Combat Ships [ala Dreadnaughts]

x10,000 Support Craft [ala Destroyers & Carriers]

x100,000 Fighters

This fleet is fiat backed; ships lost in battle are restored in a hangar attached to your Warehouse AND OR your personal fortress world [refer to **JUMPER PRIME**]. Damage output-wise, no ship in your armada can compare to its crown jewel - that being, your own personal flagship - but they will serve you well against the Eternity War's numerous factions.

Every ship has a resurrecting crew assigned to it. Whether they retain their memories after death - or are merely reverted to their most recent "save state," is for you to decide.

JUMPER PRIME - 600 WP

You've a planet sized fortress at your disposal! It's a world of bunkers, factories, hangars and hive cities. Its population is wholly subservient to you and your companions; they know nothing but total war, and their mere existence serves only to strengthen the war effort. Its surface is heavily fortified, and like everything else in this section, it can be taken with you, no matter where you are in the Omniverse. A planetary defense force [separate from your army; refer to **OATHSWORN**] instills order, and stands at the ready should your fortress world ever fall under siege.

A world of industry by default - you can choose to re flavor this item. Factories may make way for towering mage towers, and combat ready guardsmen might be substituted for armor clad minotaurs - and the like.

SPACE VAMPIRE ITEMS

BLACK GALLEY - FREE

A vessel capable of interdimensional travel and atmospheric engagement. Slaves plunge their oars into the inky void, propelling the ship - its black hull blending in among the lightless expanse that divides universes - forward, its sails unfurled, (Blood Stone) cannons at the ready.

Your galley is manned by a small crew, whose numbers recuperate after every exchange. Not indestructible - your ship is nevertheless resilient, its battle scars mending with time. Should it be destroyed, an identical replica will appear in your warehouse, its bottomless coffers and treasury perfectly intact.

SLAVE PENS - 100 WP

Human chattel idle in these squalorous pens - affixed to your Warehouse. They make for poor laborers, proving only **just** adequate. However, they supply ample blood. Your pens gradually replenish their livestock.

WOODEN FLUTE - 200 WP

An alien instrument resembling an Earth-ly "pan flute." Its tune twists the subconscious mind and bends otherwise "hidden" thoughts, allowing for the manipulation of dreams on a mass scale. The artifact's melody - carrying far. The Dreamlands shift and change in accordance, molding into a reflection of the waking world's sleeping masses.

And as The Dreamlands warp and contort, so, too, does the waking world. The two planes - inextricably interlinked once superimposed.

BRAIN CYLINDER COLLECTION - 400 WP

A repository of knowledge! Your Warehouse now comes equipped with an impossibly large library - its seemingly infinite shelves lined with Brain Cylinders. The greatest minds - dead or alive - to have ever graced the various realities you've previously visited have had their brains extracted, their knowledge now stored in your archives.

You can absorb their wisdom through tortuous "elucidation" sessions. Torturous for the encased brain - which still harbors its senses and host's personality. Upon arriving in a new world, your collection will be "updated" with the brains of that setting's smartest individuals.

NIGHT-GAUNT SWARM - 600 WP

Night-Gaunts are creatures that can freely cross between The Dreamlands and the physical realm. You now command a horde large enough to eclipse the very sky. Their numbers grow ever larger with every setting sun; veritably infinite, sustained losses are a minor trifle.

EQUESTRADON ITEMS

MARK X "STALLION" ARMOR - FREE

The latest in power armor technology, the Mark X "Stallion" Armor was developed on the empire's many forge worlds by venerated Engineighers and issued to Mare-ins during the Great Gallop. It's a versatile and sturdy suit of power armor that builds on iterations past.

It can withstand the output of more conventional, ballistic based weapons and fares well against lasgun fire. Modifications made to your armor reflect your Troop and Cutie Mark.

Alicorns, the most blessed children of God Empress Celestia, are adorned in power armor unlike any other. Impervious to all but the most devastating weapons, and bound to their being. So long as you stand against the enemy, it will strain to protect you. A reflection of your inborn strength, it shall never falter - for an Alicorn's will is indomitable.

ANOINTED BOLTER - 100 WP

A bolter blessed by the God Empress herself - anointed in sacred oils and wreathed in purity seals. This weapon cannot be wielded against you and never runs out of ammo. Its munitions are notably more destructive than a standard bolter's, and its sights are preternaturally accurate.

Should it be lost or stolen, it will inevitably return to you.

IRON HORSESHOE - 200 WP

To be granted the right to bear an Iron Horseshoe in battle is one of the Mare-ins' greatest honors. This ancient artifact, affixed to your power armor, projects a protective energy shield. It greatly improves your defense and deflects enemy fire with ease.

SANCTIFIED STANDARD - 400 WP

A Troop's standard is its holiest of relics! You carry yours into the fray with aplomb and reverence, uplifting the spirits and resolve of all who lay eyes upon it. Let your brothers and sister in arms be ushered into righteous battle!

IMPERATOR CLASS PERCHERON - 600 WP

A walking fortress - THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND! The Emperor Class Percheron is a monolith, outclassing all other mobile defense platforms in both size and power. Its weaponry is unmatched - capable of cutting mountains down to size - and its armor is near impenetrable.

This monstrous feat of engineering is fully manned, and unerring in its accuracy and capacity for destruction. You've the mechanical know-how and resources [conveniently stored in a workshop installed into your Warehouse] to manufacture further Percherons, but only this one is fiat backed. It can be repaired on the field by its dedicated crew, but can also be stored in your workshop for virtually instantaneous, automated maintenance.

HARBINGER ITEMS

SIGNATURE WEAPON - FREE

Every Harbinger is characterized by their weapon - just as much as they're defined by the harrowing stories that encompass them. You wield an invincible apparatus of death, which takes after your darkest thoughts, sordid history, and preferred method of killing. A violent prod for a sadistic doctor. A vile censer for an ancient priestess.

In your hands, this weapon wreaks untold havoc. No structure or person may stand in your way.

SACRIFICIAL MEAT HOOKS - 100 WP

Rusting hooks stained with dried blood. These butcher's implements ensnare targets on your command - appearing from thin air. They hold their victims indefinitely and cannot be damaged.

Anyone sacrificed to **IT** using these chains is thoroughly, **permanently** dead. Resurrection is rendered effectively impossible, and all forms of immortality are utterly undone. If the sacrifice is some higher power, concepts associated with it, abstract or otherwise, are erased.

Let it be known that **nothing** eludes...The Fog.

MORI - 200 WP

You've grown enamored with killing your victims in the most gruesome, grotesque ways imaginable. You're sickeningly creative, and through your experimentation you've landed on a "signature kill." This Mori, when performed on a victim, cowers anyone nearby, inciting them to flee, or paralyzing them in abject terror.

Furthermore, you're granted temporary boons. Speed. Perception. Strength. All are heightened!

BLACK V_LE AGENTS - 400 WP

Harbingers are often aided by those sworn to their patron - a trans-dimensional cult, the Black V_le. Wherever you go, there will be Black V_le agents lying in wait, pulled from every walk of life. Beggars on the streets are your eyes and ears, and individuals in positions of power - politicians, judges, even well known celebrities or otherwise influential personalities - turn a blind eye to your innumerable victims, and may even abet your killing sprees.

HUNTING GROUNDS - 600 WP

Harbingers are not so much born as they are made. Shaped and sculpted into what they are now by their primeval patron, which engineered the circumstances surrounding all Harbingers' past, previously mortal existence. Yet, however diverse, there is a throughline that connects every Harbingers' tale.

Just as every child is torn from a mother's womb - screaming, baptized in blood - so too must Harbingers have a place of genesis, of rebirth. An origin point intrinsically tied to their story and to their identity. And so it is that you now have a hunting ground of your own.

It could be an abandoned mine, an old asylum or a decrepit western town. Whatever form it takes, you can choose to have it manifest in every setting you visit; history shifts to account for its insertion.

[REDACTED] ZOMBIE ITEMS

[REDACTED] UNIFORM - FREE

A prim and proper uniform befitting an officer of the undead Reich. It commands respect and exudes authority. Donning this uniform - you notice others can't help but heed your orders.

DIVINIUM MINE - 100 WP

A rusting lift - having suddenly manifested in your Warehouse - leads down into a rich Divinium mine; its endless depths are yours to plumb. A zombified mining crew is at constant work, widening and expanding the already sprawling network of tunnels.

You can choose to have the mine exist in whatever world you visit - though, beware that your enemies do not ascertain its location.

TELEPORTER BLUEPRINTS - 200 WP

Blueprints for a teleporter capable of crossing timelines, facilitating travel throughout local multiverses. With considerable time and tinkering, one can upgrade the teleporter's capabilities, allowing for Omniversal travel.

REMNANTS OF THE OLD MASTERS; SECRETS OF THE APOTHYCAN - 400 WP

The Aetherium did not always serve as the Dark Gods' domain. The gods' reign came after, in the wake of the Apothycans' demise. A race succumbed to civil war, naught remains of the Apothycans but degenerated throngs - Ogras, Abominations and Mimics, fit only for scouring distant worlds on the Dark Gods' (...and now your) behalf.

Yet, there is talk among the gods of buried secrets. Secrets which - without your masters' knowledge - you now possess. Lore that can pave the way for new discoveries...Aether Pyramids, Summoning Keys, Seals of Duality. It's all yours to bear into being!

CHRONOSIUM - 600 WP

A large tome, brimming with insight! The Chronosium is a relic of the Old Masters, thought lost when the Apothycans razed their civilization to ashes. Its pages are scrawled with knowledge on everything that is, everything that is not, and everything that was or ever will be. Peer into futures seen and unseen, and gain immediate (and prescient) knowledge on every setting you visit.

L.O.S.E.R. ITEMS

TYRANNUS OMEGA OBLITERATRIX COMBAT SHADES - FREE

Stylish combat shades - standard issue. These dapper spectacles adorn the face of even the greenest of recruits. Through thought alone, you can command your sunglasses to emit a destructive beam, which detonates on impact with the force of Tsar Bomba (mushroom cloud included). Fortunately, your totally radical shades emit a forcefield that utterly negates oncoming blasts, no matter the range or potency. Fire nuclear explosions point blank if you want!

DIMENSION-RIPPER POWER ARMOR - 100 WP

A suit of power armor that splits the wearer's mind and body across several planes of existence, ensuring total protection. If paired with the  **TYRANNUS OMEGA OBLITERATRIX COMBAT SHADES**        , you can project atomic blasts through multiple layers of reality - be they psychic, spiritual, physical or metaphysical.

WORLD CRACKER ARSENAL - 200 WP

Disclaimer: A Legionnaire's standard arsenal is incapable of "planet cracking" (despite what propagandists may claim), making this item's name a misnomer. Continents, however...

An armory with L.O.S.E.R. issue weaponry has been built into your Warehouse. Whether it's a Mark VII Nanomolecular De-Con Pistol or a Singularity Nexus Auto-Rifle in your hands, be satisfied with knowing that nothing down range of you and your new toy(s) is even remotely likely to survive, let alone comprehend what's happening to it when you pull the trigger. Seriously, you don't want to be on the other end of a Psychdeath beam.

DEICIDER INTERCEPTOR - 400 WP

An interceptor built for in-air engagements. It's capable of atmospheric travel and can withstand the rigors of space flight. Its lasers can cleave capital ships in half, and its missiles obliterate moons. You don't have to worry about it ever respawning in your Warehouse - BECAUSE IT'S INDESTRUCTIBLE!

OMNICIDE-BOMB - 600 WP

Kill a universe with this thing! Fuck it!

THIS IS NOT HYPERBOLE! THAT'S WHAT THIS ITEM DOES! REALITY GO BOOM!!!!

DRAWBACKS

[DRAWBACK LIMIT OF 1000 WP]

LOGISTICS? - +100 WP

Disparate and disorganized - your side in the Eternity War seems incapable of supplying its forces and responding to urgent pleas from the frontlines. Your chosen faction is forever marred by inefficiency, incompetence, and logistical failings.

ILL EQUIPPED - +100 WP

Even if high command could get weapons and rations in your hands, their quality is often lacking. Explosives regularly fail to detonate, firearms frequently jam, and vehicles break down mid-campaign. From the start to the end of this war, your gear will be consistently subpar.

UNCHECKED EGOS - +100 WP

Your commanding officers (perhaps even you yourself) are petulant and prone to selfish and immature decision making. High command regularly clashes with itself, greatly hindering your side's performance in every respect, from cohesion, to strategy, to loyalty.

CHANGELING HAVOC - +200 WP

The great Chrysalis Queen has loosed her Changeling brood on the Omniverse. Her shapeshifting children will infiltrate all factions and undermine them from within, exploiting flaws inherent to a faction, as well as exacerbating any issues stemming from other Drawbacks.

SINGULAR POINT - +200 WP

"Singular Points," the natural consequence of multiple universes, typically higher dimensions, with vastly differing laws of physics coming into contact. Places in realspace where the physical laws, as a reality's denizens understand them, are upended. From these Points come swirling motes of alien physics, solidified into molecules that invalidate a world's rules, typically manifesting as Red Dust but known formally as Archetype.

How is any of this relevant? With the Eternity War at its heights, there are more Singular Points than ever. They are self-sustaining, and spreading rapidly. Worse, from these Singular Points spring living embodiments of these higher dimensions. Monsters, parasitic in nature, unbound by the limits of lower dimensions. Kaiju...whose very presence conforms the physical space around them - to fit laws both foreign and unknowable.



TOMB WORLDS - +400 WP

Laid to rest across the Omniverse is a proud race, ancient and venerable. The Makuta - beings of pure energy encased in Antidermis shells. They're immensely powerful, wielding a slew of mental and elemental powers [42 in all]; against truly worthy foes, they pair their elemental abilities with Kanohi Masks and other gifts, such as their species' natural penchant for shapeshifting and shadow manipulation.

Under their command are swarms of Rahi, sculpted for the art of war, and Krata, which the Makuta evolve into dreadful Rahkshi, each instance imbued with one of the Makutas' forty two elements. Skakdi mercenaries reinforce their ranks.

The Makuta travel the Omniverse in large Spirit Robots, laying waste to all that stand against them. They're seemingly intent on destroying organic based life wherever it may be found.

DEAD SPACE - +600 WP

The Brother Moons taint all sentient life throughout the Omniverse, and now their necromorph hordes descend upon the Eternity War's already beleaguered belligerents. Over the course of the Eternity War, you must contend with the Brother Moon's necrotic abominations and those who've fallen under the Markers' sway - cultists and madmen who will soon conjoin with their writhing gods.

RENEGADES - +600 WP

Renegade Jumpers have joined the Eternity War on the side of [INSERT EVERY FACTION OPPOSING YOUR OWN]. They're seasoned, having as many Jumps under their belt as you do, and seem to have tailored their builds around countering yours specifically.

MOONS OF MADNESS [SPACE VAMPIRE ONLY] - + 600 WP

The Space Vampires were once lowly slaves themselves, subservient to their home reality's true masters, the Moon Beasts. Thought eradicated, the Moon Beasts are returned! Fueled by a genocidal rage, they will stop at nothing until their rebellious slaves are once again in chains. Behemoth moons dot the Eternity War's fringes, and they draw ever nearer.

The true genius behind the Space Vampires' technology, the Moon Beasts know how to ply Blood Stones to their fullest potential; this mastery makes them deadly adversaries. At their mere suggestion, entire planets may suddenly burst into crystalline fields of crimson!

THE LUNA HERESY [EQUESTRADON ONLY] - + 600 WP

God Empress Celestia's sister, Princess Luna, has defected and joined with the Ruinous Powers of Discord. Now "Nightmare Moon," she leads her traitor legions against the empire's, bolstered by Alicorns of her own - corrupted by Discord's chaos magic.

Burdened by the onset of civil war and surrounded by enemies on all sides, the empire verges on the very brink of dissolution.

You can - on the condition you've taken the **Alicorn** perk - choose to engage with the Heresy as a traitor. All your perks and items will be flavored accordingly. As will your Troop and its Mare-ins. Kill! Trot! Burn!

IMPERIATTI [HARBINGER ONLY] - + 600 WP

The Black V_ile does not go unopposed. An organization has risen to combat them and their dark god, calling themselves The Imperiatti. Wherever you go, the Imperiatti is actively working behind the scenes to hamper your sadistic aims. They're surprisingly competent, and are in possession of relics and artifacts that can actively harm you and dispel your maker's influence.

PRIMIS [REDACTED ZOMBIE ONLY] - + 600 WP

A quartet of musclebound stereotypes has taken it upon themselves to curb the Nazi zombie plague tearing through the multiverse. They're surprisingly efficient at dispatching endless waves of undead and completely immune to Divinium and its necrotic properties, and in turn the Dark Gods' malignant sway. They've a fondness for elemental staffs and esoteric, at times bizarre artifacts/utilities with which they cleave a swathe through the dead.

They're also, it seems, no strangers to multiversal shenanigans.

BUG HUNT [L.O.S.E.R. ONLY] - + 600 WP

"It's an ugly universe! A BUG universe! A reality hostile to lif-"

...and that was all the Legionus Omniversus needed to be galvanized against the dreaded bug menace. A species capable of adapting to anything that's thrown at it, this race of locusts is consuming the Omniverse - one multiverse at a time. Even L.O.S.E.R. is helpless to do anything about it, and you've read their item descriptions! Outside of authorizing Omnicide-Bombs being used on every affected universe, the Legionus have no real recourse against the bug menace. Can you turn the tide before everything is gone?

CONCLUSION
OR
HOW TO GO ABOUT USING THIS SUPPLEMENT

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SOLDIER? THERE IS NO END TO THE **ETERNITY WAR!** GET BACK ON THE FRONTLINES!

On a more serious note, this Supplement can be toggled on AND off. You retain all your perks and item - whether the Eternity War rages or not. You can even choose to keep your chosen faction an active presence in future jumps, with or without this Supplement in the background, taking it with you wherever you go.

Another thing, with this Supplement concerning an Omniversal war - though this doesn't come recommended - it might be fun to bring fellow Jumpers into the fold, with each "player" taking a side in the conflict. Is that feasible? Probably not, and would require lots of fanwanking and likely an airtight gentlemen's agreement, but it's an idea.

One final note: **THIS SUPPLEMENT GIVES YOU FREE REIGN TO PAIR IT WITH AS MANY JUMPS AS YOU WANT, CIRCUMVENTING THE USUAL 10 YEAR CLAUSE. ANY ITEMS OR PERKS THAT DIRECTLY REFERENCE OMNIVERSAL TRAVEL HELP FACILITATE THIS.** That is, after all, why this Supplement was made. Aside from wanting to get something "fun" out there, this Supplement was mainly written to encourage oddball crossovers. On top of whatever jump you've chosen to pair with this Supplement, you're encouraged to tie in however many more you want [**Note:** The CP provided by each jump does not stack, and its use is limited to **its** jump, whereas as Drawback **effects** do stack, and are a problem no matter the jump/setting.] - expanding the Eternity War's scope beyond the factions presented here. How will the Galactic Senate react to incursions from the Xeelee or the Reapers? Might the Imperium of Man negotiate with like minded factions from across existence, or is their humanity the only true humanity?!

If you would prefer to engage with the Supplement's crossover elements exclusively, then you're free to take the Drop In origin and disregard the factions illustrated in this doc.