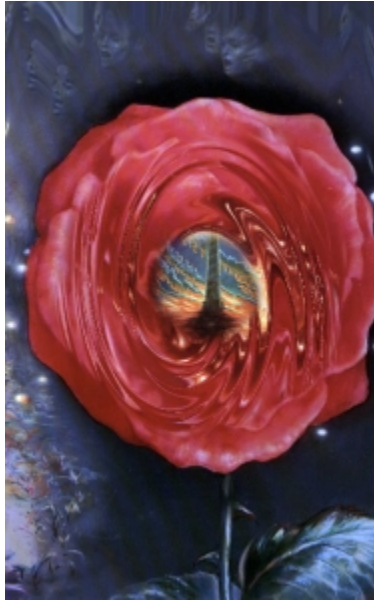


THE DARK TOWER

By Sai Robert Browning and Sai Stephen King, adapted into Jumpchain by Sai's Ketch117 and BaronChow, say Thankya

This Jump is dedicated to the memory of SJ-Chan



"The man in black fled across the desert, and the gunslinger followed."

So begins and ends the narrative - with The Gunslinger Roland Deschain, late of Gilead in the Barony of New Canaan and last Gunslinger, trekking across a desert that appears to be the Old West on some distant world (or at least, someplace not so unlike it) but may be a more familiar world in the distant future. There are many possible worlds and an infinity of doors leading into them. You have visited many of them yourself. This is one - and many.

It is not a healthy world. Much has been forgotten or lost. Both the magic and technology are failing - but traces remain of both. Roland's quest is to find the Dark Tower, a fabled structure said to be the nexus of all universes, of all realities. But Roland's world is said to have 'moved on', and it appears to be coming apart at the seams. Mighty nations have been torn apart by war, entire cities and regions vanish without a trace and time does not flow in an orderly fashion - clocks have long since been rendered useless. Sometimes, even the sun rises in the north and sets in the east.

But this broken world is but one of many, and this is about all worlds.

You've got 1,000 CP to prepare yourself. You are going to need it.

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Location

Time can be just as important as a place in a story that unfolds over thousands of years - arguably longer. Roll 1d8 to decide your location or pay 100cp to choose (not just from this list).

1. **Lud:** Lud is a post-apocalyptic city - a New York City (well, it's twinner) long past its prime. The Great Old Ones of the Imperium built things to last, but the city has been in disrepair for at least five hundred years. Since the technological capacity of the Great Old Ones was lost, the Luddites were slowly worn down completely, dissolving into nothing more than primitive inhabitants of a once-advanced city. It might possibly have belonged to a River Barony during the time of the Affiliation - though it might have held itself independent out of pride - and millennia before that it served as a capital city of the Imperium. After the local governments were destroyed due to rebellions similar to the one led by John Farson in Roland's own Gilead, Luddites began defending their city from roving 'harriers' who pillaged any village that they came across. Ultimately they managed to prevent a complete takeover of Lud, and though the destruction was hastened by the siege and eventual (partial) occupation by the Grays - the descendants of an army

commanded by David Quick. Lud's streets are still strewn with relics from The Great Old Ones - though anything valuable has long been picked away, and likewise with human bodies: either ones killed in the frequent battles between the Pubes and the Grays (the two occupying forces), or sacrificed to the God Drums. Far beneath, dipolar computers slumber in hibernation awaiting the right input to wake and resume their work. Lud is uniquely situated; it is protected on one side by a deep river valley that can only be traversed by the bridge, and on the other, by deep cliffs that drop down into the radioactive hell known as The Wastelands. Seemingly no relation to the city northwest of Jerusalem (Lydda in Greek).

2. **Times Square:** New York - the New York of Keystone Earth (there are others) which is one of only two 'unique' worlds (or at least, believed to be) - the only worlds where changes made are permanent and can't be undone (time flows in only one direction on both). The city is a bustling hub of commerce and culture, as well as one of the most populous cities in the United States - many of the main characters are from New York, but none from 'Keystone' New York. There are many doors that lead to it - and just as many that lead away - to other places. While its inhabitants are largely unaware of the events of the wider multiverse, in the background there is a battle to control a vacant parking lot in Manhattan, due to something unimaginably precious within. Behind the scenes, forces most can neither imagine nor comprehend are at work...
3. **Castle Discordia:** On the borders of 'End-World' is a desolate and sparsely populated realm named Thunderclap, and it is here that Castle Discordia stands. The castle was built by Maerlyn and contains 595 doors leading to other locations and worlds, most built by the science of the Great Old Ones (and thus leading to fixed times and places) but some - the most important - were built upon the older principles, and therefore more stable. There are many ancient and terrible technologies built into the very stones of the castle, and activating the wrong one can mean certain death. Every village and settlement within a month's ride pays tribute - willingly or unwillingly - to Castle Discordia - in food or flesh or anything else, knowing well the consequences of failing to do so. This is not the Heart of the Crimson King's power, but it is an important position in his campaign, and many of his soldiers are quartered here.
4. **Tull:** A small village located south of Pricetown and north of the Mohaine Desert. There's not much to see or do here - since it consists of a boarded-up grocery, a livery, a tailor, a church, a barber, a dry goods emporium, and a bar (and maybe a train yard). Tull's population consists of 58 inhabitants: thirty-nine men, fourteen women, and five children. This town may have forgotten the rest of the world, but the rest of the world hasn't entirely forgotten it, and there are occasional visitors - including the preacher. Stephen King bemusedly admits that he named Tull after the band: 'Jethro Tull'.
5. **Castle Rock, Maine:** a small New England mill town in Maine, some 37 miles from Portland and 188 miles from Boston, Massachusetts. It seems to serve as a sort of nexus for paranormal, supernatural, and metaphysical events for unknown reasons. The

town shares a border with Chester's Mill, though the boundary became blocked by an invisible barrier when the dome came down. It is the county seat of Castle County, with a population of around 1,500 (as of 1991). While much of Castle Rock was destroyed in 1991 in what was known locally as the 'Big Fire' as the result of the actions of Leland Gaunt (who manipulated many residents into killing each another) - with much of the town's infrastructure was destroyed and many of its residents left. That being said, it did experience something of a recovery in the following decades. Shawshank Prison is nearby.

6. **Calla Bryn Sturgis:** a town located in an area of Mid-World called the Borderlands; the village is located along the river Devar-Tete Whye, in the 6,000-mile arc of the Borderlands known as the Grand Crescent in Mid-world. Calla Bryn Sturgis is one of seventy or so communities, neighbour to many other towns whose names begin with the word 'Calla'. The people of Calla Bryn Sturgis are almost all either farmers or ranchers who grow rice and wheat and raise cattle and sheep. It is primarily an agricultural community, rice being one of its primary products. The town has existed for at least a millennium; the population of the Calla is not large, with around 140 able-bodied men, a slightly smaller number of women, and approximately 99 prepubescent children. The majority of the community's children are born as twins - the rare 'singleton' child is a cause for much excitement in the Calla, and on rare but consistent occasions (generationally - about every three decades), the Wolves come to Calla Bryn Sturgis and take one child from each pair of twins. The brain matter of the children is extracted and fed to the Breakers so that they can continue their work. The children are returned as *roont* (ruined): mentally impaired and unable to care for themselves.
7. **Coastline:** A beach beyond the Mohaine Desert that looks out towards the Western Sea; the only living things to be found here for miles are bizarre creatures which look like nothing so much as a cross between scorpions and giant lobsters. They constantly murmur questions like hideous parrots, and while there's good eating on them... well, the same is true about you, and they're quicker and more dangerous than they appear. If you get too close - or let them get too close - you're going to regret it. That being said, they are all there is to talk to for many days' travel - there's no sign of mankind to be found.
8. **Derry, Maine:** Derry is Maine's fourth largest city, in the vicinity of Bangor (nobody is exactly sure where) and is located in the county of the same name, which was named after the county of the same name in Northern Ireland. It isn't like other places - the city itself isn't right. People die or disappear at six times the national average in this town - and that's just the adults (the kids are worse. Way, way worse). A place where reality is a thin skim of ice over a deep lake of dark water, a place where it always feels like it's thirteen o'clock. The Derry township started as a beaver trapping camp in the 18th century - all 91 settlers vanished (a la Roanoke) with no explanation. There were stories of a battle with Native Americans (the Mi'kmaq people), but no signs of an attack. All that was left was a bloody trail leading to the Well House - which is still standing, now located

at 29 Niebolt Street. Later around 300 English/Northern Irish settlers known as the Derrie Company built the town. Something seems to cause cycles of violence and horror every 27 years, but like Castle Rock it seems to be a nexus for inexplicable events even without what may well still slumber within the sewer...

Origin

Drop-in (50 CP)

You tell stories, rather than live them yourself (most of the time) - whether out loud or by writing them down - which isn't to say you don't experience them yourself or play a part in things. Most everybody has at least one story in them, of course, but some stories are just more important than others, and affect the world - and other worlds - in ways that are impossible to predict or control. Some battles extend beyond the author - and telling some stories changes the author. When you do undertake your work, are you using your imagination and creativity, or following a thread extending from somewhere else that your subconscious is somehow tapping into - or being shown? Or is an act of creation one and the same? Either way, whether you think about such things or not, while you don't know where the stories come from - or even if they are 'your' stories, you have a flair for telling them, almost as if you'd seen it all happen yourself and experienced it all... maybe you did...

Ka'tet (100 CP)

Some describe Ka as a wind, others as a wheel, and others dismiss it as kaka. Here it means duty, or destiny, or, in the vulgate, a place you must go. And however you choose to see it - as a force or as an obligation or as a ridiculous thing that other people believe which shapes their actions, it has placed you amongst others and called them together to reach a time and place that only it knows for sure. A ka-tet (in high speech) means 'one from many', and so too are you and those with you so gathered. Who knows what it will make of you - all of you? You may be any shape of being or type of creature - and you may take comfort knowing however you begin the journey, you will be something else come the end, unrecognisable to yourself. There are great wonders ahead, great adventures. More than that, there is a quest to course upon, and a chance to redeem your honour - even to become something more.



Bondsman of the Crimson King (FREE)

Make no mistake, this origin has a price, but not one paid in anything so trivial as CP. Lord Los has many servants, many old, forgotten, terrible things that the world would prefer to forget (or pretend never existed), and many ordinary people who do not grasp the scope of what has been put into motion and is dragging them along for the ride, or whom they serve at the pleasure of - and everything in between. And even if they do, they know better than to break away. The King has your soul in his pocket, and

escaping his reach will not be easy, but there are consolations to serving the winning side. *Hail Discordia.*

While there is no cost to take this origin (at least, no cost that can be measured and tallied by an abstraction like CP), there is a section at the end where you may purchase an alternate form - races, if ya ken it. Should you do so, it will be your real form for the jump - and if you wish, may become an altform at its conclusion. Should you choose to assume it when differently shaped, rather than transforming into them you shall find that you have an incredible propensity to disguise yourself, and by removing a mask or similar prop you may reveal the horrible reality beneath.

Gunslinger (150 CP)

Theirs is a high but lonely destiny. Descended from legendary heroes from the founding of Gilead - they are peacekeepers, leaders, and mediators in disputes whose fame is known and whose word is respected. Rigorously trained from the age of six for their role from early boyhood to adulthood, they perform near-superhuman feats of strength, endurance, and concentration while also being taught the highest knowledge of their time. But the enemy they fight is clever, and powerful, and will stop at nothing to see them - and all that they defend - destroyed. Gunslingers are all human, most of them are of noble blood, and all but very, very few are males. Whether they are the only heroes left or a cabal of thugs with vague aristocratic pretensions who maintain power largely by having the best guns depends on who is asked.

Man in Black (200 CP)

Many are the servants of the King, but you are among the first of them, granted his favour and his power - or at least a faction of it. But this is not enough for you any more than anything else has ever been enough for you, and thus you dare to set your sights higher, to covet his throne and power for yourself - or perhaps even further... Perhaps you may be able to make it so - a magician of many faces, many handles, who wanders where he will, and causes terror even in other monsters. But be warned - never let your ambition overtake your ability, or become too satisfied in your power and prominence... because ultimately, everyone serves.

Forms

(Forms are exclusive to Bondsmen of the Crimson King, except when otherwise noted)

Boogeyman (+200)

You are a projection, a dark half, or perhaps a figment of someone else's imagination. Or at least, that's the easiest way to describe you. Maybe if someone thinks of a thing long enough, and believes in it, it gets real. Like George Stark or (perhaps) Lester Billings' own personal demon, you start off as a split personality - an existence which began as a twin absorbed in

utero, and became a teratoma inside your host's skull causing headaches - the tumour containing part of a nostril, some fingernails, some teeth, and a malformed human eye. However you have come to exist as a somewhat embodied consciousness (or perhaps only as a voice) - and by forcing the person whose mind you inhabit to acknowledge you, you can begin to exist independently of them, even taking an independent physical form. The form you take will be your own, but also a mirror of theirs (likely to cause a lot of confusion to any forensic efforts) - as will your voice (mirroring theirs in pitch exactly). By taking control of their lives, isolating them as much as possible, and ultimately killing everyone associated with them (or driving them to kill them for you) you can eventually become the only one to exist - but if you fail to do this, you will rapidly decay to nothing. Furthermore, keep away from sparrows - if they can corner you before you succeed, it's all over, they'll drag you away never to be heard from again.

By taking this Origin, you may apply discounts to the Drop-In tree instead of Bondsman of the King - but exclusively for Perks, and not Items.

Low Men (Free)

...in yellow coats. Can-Toi, also known as Low Men, are vaguely humanoid creatures with the heads of animals, a hybrid race descended from matings between human beings and Taheen. They are able to pass as human at a distance, but their fashion sense is garish, favouring mustard yellow raincoats, chequered suits, and overly flashy jewellery; and their cars are equally likely to draw attention. Beneath their masks, the Can-Toi have rat-like heads. The apparent wound on their foreheads is actually an orifice through which the mask - itself a living organism, grown for that particular purpose - can breathe. Their attempts to pass as human are not merely for the sake of espionage, but a genuine quasi-religious belief that they actually are becoming human. A minority eschews these beliefs, and the masks as well.

Taheen (50)

The Taheen are a race of humanoid creatures with the heads of animals (most commonly birds and mammals) and often tails or claws as well; they are thought of as the only truly supernatural beings remaining in All-World, and they themselves consider humans to be lesser beings (though they are prone to many of the same vices, and behaviours as mankind). Still, the taheen do have a culture of their own, and their theological and religious beliefs are quite different. While a taheen's height and animal appearance make them next to useless for subversion in human society, their keen senses, precision, and agility make them very dangerous when they want to be, and they often take on administrative roles within the Crimson' King's forces. They live much longer than humans. Furthermore they have a different brain structure to humans, as those with telepathic abilities are unable to 'read' their thoughts, or indeed pick up anything other than a sensation similar to radio static.

Vampire (300/0/50)

There are at least three types of vampires - Types One, Two, and Three.

Type Ones (300) - The Grandfathers, perhaps the most gruesome and powerful survivors of the Prim's long-ago recession - are rare, and although humanoid in shape they are often deformed, with an emaciated appearance; enormous, inch-long teeth that force their mouths open; and other physical defects (though they can fascinate their prey to appear more human). Their bodies are adapted for the seeking and consuming of blood: their noses are attuned to smell even traces of blood from long distances, their teeth are built for piercing skin and draining blood, their stomachs can expand to hold as much as half their body weight in blood, and their tongue is long and prehensile, and can produce anticoagulants to apply to bites on victims. While they live very long lives (if they die at all) they spend extended periods in deep hibernation. When they're active, they're capable of making new vampires from their victims - these undead are Type Twos - and are also capable of reproducing among themselves. They are surrounded by blue or indigo auras which represent their life energy, and when the aura goes out, they dissolve and leave little behind. Type Ones are obscenely strong and durable, unnaturally so to the point that they can rip apart steel as easily as a mortal might dry twigs, and they wield powers of their own including transformation (into animals or mist) and mental domination (hypnotism, fascination and more direct means of mind control) - but have a few vulnerabilities - the sun, of course, and while symbols on their own have no power over them, a sufficiency of faith brandishing one can drive them away - or even kill them. They are capable of reproducing the human way - this is where new Type Ones come from.

Type Twos (FREE) - Type Two vampires are former humans who have been bitten by a Type One vampire and then converted - the vampire mingles their blood with that of their victims' to turn them. Type Two vampires have both limited intelligence and almost no free will, serving almost entirely as an extension of the Type One vampire that bit them. Also capable of making new vampires, but they aren't cunning. They can't go out during the daylight hours - if they try, they are blinded, badly burned, or killed. Religious symbols make them flee in a blind panic. Their lifespans are usually short - not because the change from living and human to undead and vampire shortens life, but because the existences of Type Two vampires are extremely perilous, and their very hunger undoes them. They're always ravenous. Once the Type One has moved on, Type Twos create Type Threes instead.

Type Three (50) - Type Threes are like mosquitoes. They don't age, and while they can't create more vampires, but they can feed. And feed. And feed. They can pass as normal humans, as they are able to move in sunlight, survive off of normal food instead of solely blood, and have a higher degree of intelligence and personality than Type Twos. In addition, their bite has a soporific effect: victims suffer temporary memory loss and disorientation, and the skin is numbed as they feed. However, Type Threes cannot pass on their condition to those upon whom they feed. They also generate a weaker aura than the Type One, which those with psychic powers can detect. Type Threes can be killed with ordinary weapons, and dissolve when they expire leaving only their teeth and hair. Though immune to bloodborne pathogens, they can pass them onto their victims like mosquitoes or ticks.

NCP Asimov-class Robot (100, NOT exclusive to Bondsman of the King)

Whether you were left behind by the old people, or built by North Central Positronics (or a similar organisation that either recalls some of the old secrets... or has rediscovered them), you are an artificial being. You are made of metal, predominately of titanium, standing 7-ft 6-inches tall, and taking in the world through electric blue eyes that see on the infrared spectrum as well as with visible light and night vision. Some were designed for travel & information sharing while others existed for various stewardship duties - either way you are functionally immortal, deeply durable, and require no outside power sources. Since the world has moved on and their creators have passed into myth, their capacity for personal autonomy has deepened and broadened and now no unit is the same. While you have a personality of your own, you find it very difficult to deviate from your programming - and when forced to, risk damaging yourself - often in ways impossible to repair. Yet ironically, it is in doing so that you develop a personality of your own. Your life will last a great deal of time, and is maintained by your internal power source, and you don't need to breathe, sleep or take sustenance any other way. While you're not alive in a human way, you have enough of a personality to feel emotions, and are capable of heroic effort, benign disinterest, and all a manner of other attitudes.

Skin-Man (200)

A monster from In-world driven to near extinction, or a person transformed into one by witchery left behind by the Great Old Ones, you look like a man... most of the time. Your transformations are not brought about by the lunar cycle - however you can only transform at night. You are not limited to a single animal shape either: a skin-man can transform into any type of creature, real or mythical. Because of this, you are both incredibly unpredictable and incredibly dangerous. You are able to take on many shapes in quick succession, or even blend elements of several animals together to create a monstrous gestalt entity, and you are a cannibal, consuming many times your own weight (at least, the weight of your human form) in human flesh every night. You retain your wits as an animal or monster - though you are more savage than you might otherwise be, and more likely to indulge in dark or twisted impulse, no matter how despicable or unspeakable. You have a special vulnerability to silver bullets, though the regular sort still hurt and too much especially grievous injuries will still take you out of commission.

Demon (300)

You are a type of lesser demon left over when the Prim receded and have adapted to live in the worlds created by Gan - perhaps a succubus or speaking demon. One of many discarnate spirits, you haunt the world feeding on mortals - or otherwise destroying them. While your powers are small things, considering - you do not age, you are invisible and intangible unless you don't want to be (usually when you're feeding), and you will live forever - at least, if you get plenty to eat. You feed on mortals - taking things from them, or literally eating them.

Waisin (400)

You are an extradimensional demonic entity whose body exists in a distant dimension. It is trapped there, however you are able to manifest into another dimension via an entry point (called an ini) by means of a kind of astral projection - taking the form of an intangible mist with bright red specks throughout (although you are unable to remain as a free-roaming, disembodied spirit for very long without a corporeal host). Your abilities include mental control of animals and insects, along with the transmission of its essence into any host body within a certain range, accomplished by forming makeshift arms made of a smoky, viscous substance through which your essences pass into your victims. The less physically robust the victim, the less time that the host body will last - though even the most robust and healthy will last a week at the very most. Human hosts are best, though you can take over large animals as well - though these are not remotely as strong as human hosts and will 'burn out' in a matter of hours. If you were to inhabit anything too small, the host would explode instantly. The body of the host/victim physically grows in size and strength; possessing superhuman strength, feels no pain, and has the ability of supernatural sight that allows you to 'see' all around yourself, even through solid objects. In addition to the supernatural sight enjoyed by your host body, you can also see through the eyes of any animal under your control, forming a mental picture from the multiple inputs. The souls of the beings you take over, sentient or otherwise, are seemingly forever displaced (unless they possess the Shine) - the moment you leave a host body, the host falls lifeless to the ground, and when the host body dies without you transmitting yourself to another, all the creatures under your control at that time are killed. You can also infect over time inanimate objects in the vicinity of the ini over time; turning them into can tahs ('little gods' in the Language of the Dead) in the form of small stone animals. These artifacts quickly drive to murderous insanity almost any human beings that pick them up, and while you can only inhabit one host at a time, you can take control of other humans through the use of can tahs. However, the degree of control is lesser and the affected human will die a gruesome death if separated from the can tahs. Finally, at close proximity to the ini, you can partially override the movements of living beings, though doing so is difficult and clumsy.

Eater of Worlds (600, requires Deadlights)

Just as the shining of a bright light inevitably creates shadow, so the birth of the Guardians inevitably gave rise to their opposites - the Demon Aspects of the Beam known as the Demon Elementals. While not truly the equal of those that they oppose, they nonetheless exert an oppositional force, and just as each Beam has two Guardians that oversee the well-being of the mortal world, so each Beam has a shadow side, and attached to this shadow is a hermaphroditic Demon Elemental that oversees the invisible world of speaking demons, ghosts, and ill-sicks. Although there are twelve Guardians there are only six Demon Elementals, each Demon Elemental has a male and female aspect, each of which guards one Beam termination point. Just like the thing that called itself Pennywise, you are a Glamour, a being of the Prim with no true form of your own (at least, form that the world would be capable of showing), and are a relative of the Crimson King - distantly so, perhaps, but nonetheless. You are a creature from the unimaginable heights of the Dark Tower, the Higher Random floors - so high up that Death itself does not exist there, and mortal beings couldn't bear the sight of you without your 'disguises', and there you remain - an astral elder god existing as a titanic, glowing core - a

thing of unshaped destroying light - floating outside the bounds of the universe while astral projecting a shapeshifting telepath that feeds on the emotions of people into reality - eating fear is customary, but you may consume something else - even laughter (however, whatever you take from them it is ultimately always fatal). You will live forever - millions of years at least (though spend much of that time in hibernation), and you appear as whatever terrifies (or whatever else) your victim most (though you can substitute lesser terrors - or whatever else) - which can have disadvantages when dealing with several victims at a time. Like all your kind, you possess the ability to alter reality itself, and even remove people and places from the world altogether, placing them into a pocket dimension of your own design - and although the images you create are actually not there and are, in fact, just visions, these visions can cause physical damage to living beings (but not to objects). Furthermore, you can use these powers on yourself - which is called 'Visualisation'. You can fool your own senses (and those of anyone you possess). Your presence is only ever noticed by those you are hunting - to everyone else, neither you - not the results of your handiwork - will ever receive much attention. People may be dimly aware of it, but will soon put it from their minds, allowing you an uninterrupted reign of terror. Furthermore, just your presence creates destruction, natural (and unnatural) disasters, and more. However - you must abide by the rules of the forms you take, even when not to your advantage.

Psychopomp (500)

You are an agent of those 'Higher Powers' who cut the lifelines of beings prematurely, known as the 'Random' in the upper dimensions. Others of your kind work as agents of the 'Purpose' - which carefully selects those who are about to die of natural causes. The Little Bald Doctors are not visible to those who do not possess the Shine, but at first impression seem to be exactly that: Tiny (three or four feet tall, if that) bald men who give off a medical impression. They are not human - or at least, probably not - but the line is surprisingly blurry: you are not naturally immortal but rather feed off tiny amounts of aura humans give off (a human could do the same thing if they wanted to), and the only thing that marks them off as definitively supernatural is their jobs, their apparent inability to be killed by mortals and the inability to lie. You can take on the form of your last victim, if you wish.

Were-Spider (600)

Like Mordred Deschain (and Rose Madder), you are of the line of the Crimson King himself - perhaps unlike them, you won't prove to be a disappointment. Not since the Prim receded has there been such a creature as you born, part human and part of that rich and potent soup of possibility. You were born with a head of hair and a mouthful of teeth (and fully formed sex organs), and on your foot you have a red birthmark, which can be used to open the Tower... and you were born *hungry* - able to eat your own weight (in flesh) every hour (a nasty side-effect of your vastly accelerated growth). You are half-human, half-spider, and both are your true forms - you are freely able to transform between the two (but be warned - your spider form speeds up your (already insane) metabolism even more). You grow at a rapid speed, passing from childhood through adolescence in a matter of months. You may absorb a victim's knowledge

and experience by devouring them. More significantly, neither the seers nor fate itself can protect from you, for you are outside *Ka* - and outside the will and power of any god or being which deals in fate. Of course, this also leaves you vulnerable in many ways - nothing to stop you, but neither is there anything to intervene on your behalf.

Perks

Perks are discounted for their origin (when applicable), but there is little that is free in this age (the few exceptions are specifically listed as such), and you'll simply have to make do as best you can with what you have - 100 CP perks are discounted, not free.

General

Long Days and Pleasant Nights (FREE)

You quickly pick up and understand the languages spoken in any world you visit simply by listening for a while and picking up the rhythm - as well as the regional variations and the cant, usually able to tell by context what words you've never heard before mean. This perk isn't simply useful at a conversational level - furthermore, you are truly gifted with words and have a knack for saying things in a way that is compelling and - and for writing them down as well (you could make a career out of it, maybe). Also, if you find yourself in a school (terrifying prospect though it might be), no matter how completely disconnected, rambling, or actually insane the projects you submit might be, you will ultimately get top marks as the teacher assumes you're simply operating on a higher creative level than they can follow. This may be a sign that the world is going to end.

Nineteen (FREE)

As the characters themselves observe, 'coincidence has been cancelled' - everything that happens will have strange connections building on each other. This is more like the Charles Dickens version of reality, in which everything, motifs, themes and details reflect one another in ways that hint at some kind of pattern that you can usually grasp or sense if you're paying attention to it. Everything just seems to be bursting with callbacks and references, giving seemingly greater weight to what is going on around you and occasionally hinting at adventures you had in other jumps - or will have in future jumps. Most of the time, these connections will only be obvious long after the effect, but occasionally you might be able to use this for some measure of insight into your current situation (by paying attention to the small details) - even to predict events or head off situations - even as a kind of shorthand for 'what is important to the plot' and 'what is not worth paying attention to'. Everything that happens to you will be foreshadowed - often in ways that are bizarre or nonsensical, but if you keep your eyes open you never know what you might learn - or put together.

Ninety-Nine (FREE)

You develop an innate sense of the multiverse, allowing you to sense portals, hidden pathways, and dangers in your surroundings (spotting them is not the same as being able to travel them). It's a largely unconscious awareness - but can easily allow you to take notice of things nobody else knows to look for - even if you don't understand why. Comes with a healthy self-preservation instinct - you'll never get too close to a thinny, or the like. Of course, this doesn't create a portal network that wasn't already there, and doesn't allow you to travel to places you couldn't get already - you'll need other perks for that.

Ka-Me (FREE - cannot be chosen with Ka-Mai)

Ka's Wiseman. You have an instinctive and intuitive sense of fate and the flow of destiny, owing to the romance of your character. This allows you to make (partially) informed decisions no matter how completely insane the events you find yourself to be. May actually be fragments of memories from previous cycles subtly influencing you and your behaviour - who can say? No matter where circumstances take you, you can always put together enough from your experience and context clues to be able to act without compromising yourself.

Ka-Mai (FREE - cannot be chosen with Ka-me)

Ka's fool - someone who vainly resists the will of fate. One who has hope but no real choices. No matter how much you struggle against Ka, you will end up where you need to be. This is a kind of inevitability to stories that leave any changes you make ultimately smoothed over as things end up the way they would without your intervention. This is not a toggleable ability (why would it be?), this is dooming yourself to a life of irrelevance at the hands of the plot, no matter how you struggle, but preserving your existence as a result, and permitting you to know that even your best intentions will never have any consequences more dire than things would have been had you never existed. Perhaps there is comfort in that - of a sort.

The Rock Bottom Reminders (25)

A band composed of authors and music critics, who (Stephen King has remarked) play music about as well as Metallica writes novels (their genre is 'hard-listening' music). Don't expect musical genius to come from this - what you know is a few chords (if that). Still, they have been joined on stage by the likes of Warren Zevron, Roger McGuinn, and Bruce Springsteen (once), and you two will have an uncanny ability to collaborate with other artistic people that you come across, to create something greater than the sum of its parts.

High Speech (50)

You know how to speak and understand the ancient language of High Speech, which was spoken by gunslingers and those who remember the time before the world moved on. This

language is instinctively understood by your allies, and there are certain magical benefits in using it to signify oaths, and in using magic. Small benefits, admittedly, but nonetheless.

Pride (100)

Too much pride can be a dangerous thing, but it gives you strength to carry on even at the end of your rope, when your body has given all it has to give. As long as you are physically able to continue (and perhaps even a little after that), you are able to force yourself to do so. While it can prevent you from asking for help when you need it, and make admitting your failings difficult, your pride can also carry you to your very limits - and then, further.

Ritual of Chüd (100)

The Ritual of Chüd is a battle of wills, a Glamour known to many cultures under many different names. The Ritual in this form is from Himalayan belief, and involves burning tokens special to all those in the Ritual to force the target to appear, at which point a holy man and the taelus (though it can substitute other forms of supernatural horror) overlap tongues, bite into each other, and tell riddles until one laughs despite the pain. If the taelus laughs first, it gets sent away for a hundred years, while if the man laughs first the taelus gets to eat the man's soul. Doing this is always dangerous, but ultimately it's setting your optimism, imagination, unity, and belief over spite, malice, sadism or whatever else motivates the supernatural horror. You're putting it all on the line, though in a pinch you can get backed up by those you have a close bond with.

I heal fast (200)

Invisibility (200)

Roland called such beings 'not-men' and claimed he helped catch an invisible villain for the hangman's gallows. Demons can also be invisible, among other unusual beings. This is a power that you can control, but not one you can change between easily or in a timely fashion.

Discordant Memories (200) (Can't be taken with 'Unique')

By some quirk of your existence, or perhaps of the universe, your awareness is split and at times you catch glimpses of the actions of 'yourself' in parallel universes. This other version of you is living a drastically different life, but despite this, the same faces and goals compel you both. If you rely on this, the two of you are even capable of limited communication, and sharing information - often giving you strange but useful perspectives that you otherwise would have had no way of previously knowing.

Todash (300)

Todash Space is the dimensionless nothingness that exists between alternate universes and timelines, entirely dark and filled with unspeakable monsters. 'Going todash' is passing between two worlds. Some pieces of the Wizard's Rainbow can force you to do it, whether you want to or not. Some groups - such as the Manni Sect - have discovered the means to induce it at will, taking mind-altering substances to broaden horizons, finding locations where the barriers between worlds happen to be particularly thin, and using plumb bobs and magnets to help channel energy to allow for this travel. The senders are the people most skilled at channelling this energy, and you can count yourself among their number - though of course being strong in 'the Shine' is also useful for travel (hardly necessary, however). You may either astrally project (by dreaming or in a drug-fuelled state) - in which you will be drawn back to the world you came from by 'the chimes', or actually cross over, in which case you will be physically transported to the world. Both methods of travel are extremely dangerous.

Unlike a Planeswalker Spark, this will not give you free access to the entire Multiverse, but it will let you reach a few worlds that overlap or touch upon your current location, separated by only a little - and somehow there will always be other worlds, layers of reality or dimensions, or new places to explore, even if the setting would be assumed to lack a pseudo-multiversal nature, and even if there wouldn't normally be. Furthermore, this will always allow you to visit the dimension known as 'The Territories'.

Shine (400)

Also called 'The Touch' (named for the John Lenon song, 'instant karma'); this is an impressive type of psychic/extrasensory ability that is most closely linked with the psychic ability of telepathy - because people 'strong' in the Shine are capable of reading people's thoughts and minds and/or see into the past and the future. It is similar to ESP and is half-empathy, half-telepathy. While it's a talent, it's a talent one can learn to use more effectively, picking up a means of projecting thoughts to other people; as well as extensive extrasensory perception - being able to know and discover things through their Shine, as well as perceive ghosts. Other powers - such as clouding the perception of others, teleportation, and more are possible, though unusual and likely to come with severe downsides. People gifted in the Shine are also capable of sensing objects that are undetectable with the five senses and are capable of a limited form of precognition. This ability will aid you in making crucial decisions and avoiding danger. In addition, you may purchase the following additional specialities:

- **Prolepsis (25)** - A part of your brain has gone dead, with other parts of your brain evolving this to compensate. You will get severe, crippling headaches. That being said, this ability makes one a sort of human bloodhound - to touch objects and get visions from them. This works best on other people, however - through physical contact, you can see the future of a person. For the most part, the future you see will only change if you actively act to intervene, even if other actors possess similar abilities. This can be a real curse, and makes it hard for people to like you.

• **Facilitator** (200) - The rarest of an already rare power - and therefore extremely valuable - your presence boosts the power of other nearby telepaths and psychics to a considerable degree, as well as allowing them to coordinate their efforts towards accomplishing a single task far more effectively. Just by being near you, you provide coordination to any sort of psychic collective endeavour, able to create results far beyond the sum of their parts working as a force multiplier. While this is usually a passive ability, with enough skill you might be able to create psychic hiveminds (given enough to work with) or even gestalt collectives.

• **Firestarter** (200) - You have pyrokinetic abilities - and all your Shine (telepathy, precognition, extrasensory perception and anything else you buy) is connected to your power to start fires. You will likely have a hard time controlling these abilities at first, but you had best figure it out - these powers are constantly increasing and there is no upper limit - experts have theorized that you may be able to cause nuclear explosions by the sheer force of will, even crack a whole planet in two or effect suns themselves. That being said, these powers have sufficient speed and precision to *explode* bullets before reaching you. Even after you come to control it, you will always have trouble getting it to stop working, the power seems to 'want' to keep going, burning up everything despite your control. Essentially, you are a race car driver for whom the steering wheel works just fine, and you can accelerate with ease. But it takes a tremendous effort to reduce the throttle even a little.

• **Breaker** (150) - While the term is most famously used to represent those who work metaphysical evil by the will of the Crimson King, this properly describes an ability 'from some promise' to kill anything you so choose, although you have no exact control when, and no control on how either - which comes from some magic language that is particular only to you. This power has no special effect on those who cannot die, are undead, or otherwise have nothing to fear from death, and those who Ka preserves will be preserved until their task is done. Unlike most forms of Shine, this generally manifests late in life, a power that begins with insomnia, which eventually provides the ability to see and interact with human auras. Most notably for this, you can also absorb a tiny amount of aura from a person to replenish your own youth, strength and vitality. This has no lasting consequences for the person drained, even the immediate consequences amount to nothing more than hearing a loud noise unless you go absolutely crazy overboard, and even then it's fixable. With the right training, you can weaponise your aura against certain supernatural beings, and you can perceive *todana* - or 'death-bags' around the necks of those soon to be deceased. Preventing this is not easy, but possible.

• **Pusher** (100) - This is a powerful mental domination ability you can use to enact powerful influence over people - letting you compel them with your voice to force them to do your will, or by heightening how they feel about one thing or another until it becomes an obsession. This is not mere temporary control, this is reprogramming minds in deep and in fundamental ways. They will obey your intent, not an exact recollection of the instructions, but overuse of it can cause you harm in the form of headaches and brain haemorrhages. It can occasionally cause a 'ricochet', where the subject becomes more and more obsessed with something until they go crazy, usually suicidally.

- **Lamp** (100) - You are capable (indeed, can't prevent yourself) of feeling the pain of others and can absorb said pain into your own body (by touching as close to the injury as possible) and expel it (in the form of weird firefly-like things), a process that is very painful for you - described as 'like pieces of glass in my head. All the time'. Those you help in this way are blessed (or cursed) with unnaturally long lives. You can bring people back from the dead, but it's by no means a certainty - and only if you get to them in time. You can cure any disease, but you have to absorb it and literally vomit it out, draining you of your energy and requiring rest.

- **Telekinetic** (50) - You are able to move objects with your mind. Useful and straightforward and with a minimum of inherent side-effects - as well as the precision to make it a very effective, very lethal weapon if you need one (or want it to be). While less impressive than the other powers in scope, it comes with no inherent downsides or side-effects. Normally only develops among females, for whatever reason.

The Face of Your Father (400)

Gunslinger culture is patriarchal. Doing something dishonourable is not merely disrespectful to yourself, but reflects upon not just your father but upon all fathers - the collective honour of your line and the legacy that it represents. Those without such a legacy often pick a surrogate - be it their Dinh, or some other figure they hold in esteem and seek to emulate. And those who bring shame are sent west, cast out, their honour forfeit forever, their ka likewise. Still, as long as you act with honour and conduct yourself as befits your line (whatever line you hail from) the universe seems to favour your actions, providing subtle nudges and coincidences that work in your favour and allow you to come out ahead. Small things and lucky (if unexplainable) coincidences, but they add up. Furthermore, your essential nobility and adherence to the old ways earn you a great deal of respect in traditional communities - even if they don't quite understand why they will instinctively treat you with deference and respect - and may ask you to invoke your authority and adjudicate their disputes, which they may grumble at, but will abide by. This is a capstone booster for the 'Gunslinger' & 'Ka'tet' perklines.

Deadlights (800)

Writhing, radiant orange lights that are a mysterious but very deadly and terrifying eldritch form of energy which originates from the preternatural dimension known as the Macroverse (better known as the Todash Darkness). Just a mere glance into the bright lights instantly causes death or permanent and incurable insanity - as well as doing unspeakable things to the victim's soul. They can destroy minds and bodies, warp whole communities - or even worlds - and drag victims into Todash Darkness where they will wander blind and helpless until devoured by unspeakable horrors. These are among the greatest weapons wielded by the Crimson King which he has used to ascend the levels of the Tower, and while these will not allow you to do that, they are nonetheless yours to use in whatever fashion you should wish - you may call them at will, and dismiss them just as easily back to the outer darkness from which they came. However, be warned, there is no undoing what is wrought by them - by any power. These are

your weapon to wield, but they are not tame - do not be careless with them. This is a capstone booster for both 'Man in Black' & 'Bondsman of the King' Origins.

Unique (1,000)

They say that about everyone, but of course it's not true. People - even exceptional people - are but a facet of multitudes, with cosmic reflections beyond counting who live out their lives with only small variations which can be traced across countless times and worlds by a traveller. You, for whatever reason - fate or chance, who can tell - are not like this - you are completely without alternate lives or twinnings inhabiting other universes. Seemingly in defiance of our understanding of quantum physics, you are entirely unique - across all space and time. How this is possible is anyone's guess, but there is something almost cosmic about it - bigger than Jumpchain, even. You have no interdimensional duplicates or alternate selves created by different choices, you do not exist beyond the present, and this is not limited to the universe, either - human action may imitate you, but not duplicate you - and so there will be no clones (physical or digital) attempts to make them simply fail in some way (even if attempted by you personally). Not even when it would be to your benefit. At best, any attempt to replicate you will create something that approximates you - at least at a superficial level, but will quickly diverge and continue to diverge until it scarcely resembles you at all. Any reconstruction will be a caricature or character study, that says more about the perspective of the creator than of you. This goes beyond emphasising your individuality - your powers and abilities, techniques and skills can never be stolen or taken from you, and cannot even be perfectly copied - even with your permission and taking the time to teach someone (if they could be taught already) then perhaps they can reach you at a technical level, but yours always have a flair which separates your efforts from the equivalent other people might produce. Furthermore, no one is ever able to mistake you for someone else (whether they recognise you or not) and no one else will ever be able to pretend to be you effectively either. Even if they were to make themselves a perfect physical match or construct a replica of you from their memories, people will be able to tell something isn't right and figure out the imposter. Even self-duplication doesn't work the normal way. You are no longer somebody's self-insert - if indeed you ever were. Only such an individual can use 'the Talisman'. This perk becomes part of your bodymod - once you purchase this it cannot be toggled, drawbacked away (trying to take such a drawback anyway will offer no points), or otherwise changed in any way. This is a capstone booster for the Drop-In Origin.

Drop-In

"You know, sometimes people say to me, 'Why do you choose to write that creepy stuff?' And I usually say, 'What makes you think I have a choice?'" - Stephen King

Poet (50)

Poetry is a different sort of muse than being called to be a storyteller, but many of Stephen King's characters write poetry. This series was inspired by Robert Browning's 'Childe Roland to

the Dark Tower came' - which Stephen King admitted he didn't really understand even after numerous readings but wanted to write a long and romantic novel that embodied its' spirit. For his own part, King regularly demonstrates a deep and eclectic interest in poetry - often quoting poets during in interviews, and his work is littered with references to such heavyweights as Keats and Shelley, with epigraphs quoting James Dickey, Stephen Dobyns, and George Seferis, among others. As an undergraduate he wrote forty or fifty poems, and has included more in some of his short story collections, or published in magazines. Tabitha King is more gifted here - and like her, you have a knack for elegant, poetic turn of phrase combined with unflinchingly realistic subject matter - you are able to express yourself effectively whether writing your own material, or drawing upon the canon. If you try to make a living on this, you'll be a starving poet - but, well, is there another kind?

Highways in Hiding (100)

Do you know how folks say, 'We're not in Kansas anymore, Toto'? They could be talking about the secret ways, which radiate out from certain places like a spider's web. Think of this as your sixth sense. Sometimes you will hear chiming bells. Horrible, yet at the same time sweet. Sometimes, things start to look dark even if the sun happens to be shining. Sometimes your shadow won't be with you. These are the signs by which you can recognize the secret highways. And if you follow them, you will end up in worlds largely similar to where you left, separated by one or two details - whose face is on the money, or what these places are called. A great way to start a new life. In many worlds people have a duplicate - a 'twiner' - and in such worlds where you have an equivalent you won't be able to visit, simply catch glimpses of - and flip into their mind when you travel between worlds (if you know how). Unlike a Planeswalker Spark, this will not give you free access to the Multiverse, and unlike Todash you will not be able to travel at will - or even have much control of where you end up. And it may well be no safer than the place you left...

Queen of the B's (150)

Or perhaps 'Darling of the Drive-ins'. As an incidental of this perk, you are a skilled character actor - popular with audiences of the right demographic to have been around for your glory days, and a serious asset to any project that you are involved in. Furthermore, this will be known and understood - if you pursue acting you'll get a certain preferential treatment - your own hairdresser and dialogue coach, more money, more respect, more love, more everything. Talent will only take you so far in that line of work, but it's a start - and more of one than most people get. If you choose, you can even have a well-established reputation already, a great number of films, and the recognition that comes with it. However, far more significantly, in some sense, your continued existence is considered of vital metaphysical importance, and so there will always be strange people around you (at a distance) - often from other worlds - who make it their duty to protect you from multiversal threats. You probably will never even know that they are there (if they're any good at their jobs)... but they will be. That being said, there is no guarantee that they'll be able to keep you safe (depending on the scale of the threat) - and in such cases will take on support roles or offer advice.

Bango Skank, the Unknown Character (200)

People ignore the writing on the walls at their own risk. And it seems that everywhere people - or at least, certain people, those you are thinking about - go, they will find messages scrawled on the wall attributed to you - warnings, threats, observations, insults, hints, clues, or just graffiti. The mystery of where these messages come from will never be satisfactorily answered, even if they meet you, but for whatever reason they'll pay attention to the messages, and all too often will avoid toil and tragedy as a result. If you prefer, you can lead them astray with these messages, and direct them into danger or towards setbacks - though if you do this too often they might get wise and stop paying any attention to your messages at all. You don't have to actually write these messages - they appear on their own. Indeed, it's possible you're not even aware of them at all.

Let The Rest Be What It Is (300)

When you tell a story time seems to become relative, even elastic, letting you take as long as you need to tell it while less time passes than seems to make sense. A night could stretch for (relative) days - or even weeks - if that's how long the tale took to tell. Nobody would grow tired or hungry, much less bored (provided the story is able to keep their attention), as if the entire world holds it's breath and waits to see how the tale resolves. Whether this is a symptom of the world moving on, or it always has been this way is a question which cannot be easily answered - but the time will hold for as long as you need it to hold. This can be of immense use when trying to 'sync your story up' to something you see or dream, somewhere else far away...

I Just Write The Thing (400)

Have you ever wondered about the nature and origin of creativity and art? About whether, as the sole creator among God's many creations, man is a part of the Godhead? Your stories all come true - or at least, contain seeds of truth in them. The references might be confused, obscured, or hidden, but in everything you write are hints that can - by someone who knows what they're looking for - be added up to see distant events taking shape. This will happen whether you intend it or not, and whether you are conscious of it or not. Ka comes to you and you have to translate it, to let it flow through you, and it's never satisfied. Even if you try to prevent it from happening, it will happen. Are you their creator? Or do they exist and you simply pick up their story as with a radio receiver and commit the stories to paper? Is the author of fiction a creator or a medium? Did you write any of the stories; or do they just come to you and move through your fingers onto the page like you're on a channel... or on a Beam.

Retcon (500)

Stephen King doesn't have to be immortal; he just has to write the right stories, because some stories do live forever. But sometimes even the best stories could use an editor's pen or could stand being told with a fresh perspective. When you tell a story, you can change details, and as

long as you hit the main points, nobody will care (or even notice). Occasionally, this might allow you to resolve conflicts or contradictions that otherwise would cause issues - it can be a good thing. More significantly, when you tell a story - be it an old one, or one that you are telling for the first time, be it your own or someone else's - whatever changes you make tend to stick, enduring through countless revisions and becoming accepted parts of the narrative. Changes both small - such as clarifying a point or ambiguity - or significant, such as adding a character - or even several. Fair warning - when used lazily, this can cause more issues than it resolves.

Deus Ex Machina (600)

You are the one telling the story. You are not a god, just someone picked to write the story into existence, an observer who can see (or sense) what plays out. Still, you are no mere chronicler either - for someone who simply reports what happens wouldn't be able to insert themselves into the story or influence the outcome of the story either. The most you can do to help is to write some lucky breaks or work a Deus ex Machina into the plot occasionally. You cannot outright contradict what you see or sense, and you cannot retroactively change events - but you CAN add details that aren't in direct contradiction of the facts as they unfold. This never applies to what you're directly experiencing - only a story that you are telling. But just because it's a story doesn't mean it isn't true...

Capstone Boosted - You might not be making the story happen, but you decide how it's going to end. You have the ability to steer your stories towards the ending that you want, leading the characters towards a happy ending (or not, as the case may be), and ensuring that events line up to allow them to. It's still up to them - ultimately, but you can see to it that events conspire to bring about the end you want. This is not a passive ability - you can only use it when synching up with another story, and if you allow yourself to get distracted, let your attention wander, or otherwise take the easy way out... well, then upon your head be it.

Artist (1,000)

Telling a story is all well and good, but a picture is worth at least a thousand words. Your artistic talent is beyond astonishing, your drawings are incredibly life-like and take you only minutes to complete, and they contain scenes and details about other worlds and stories, as though following some thread that connects all things that you are able to tap into when working on your art. What you draw is always significant and always contains insights into important events that those in a position to appreciate will be able to take guidance from - whether you intend it or not. And, of course, they are always beautiful beyond compare - technically perfect.

Capstone Boosted - Like Patrick Danville, you have the remarkable ability to reshape reality through your drawings - or perhaps it is that your art cannot be distinguished from reality. Either way, you can draw something and it will come true, erase something and it will be gone, and so forth. This ability's only limitation is you must actually be able to draw whatever it is you want to erase (or cause to happen) - something you cannot see, don't understand, or cannot capture with canvas cannot be affected with this in the least. This power only works for you - if

somebody steals your paintings and destroys or erases them, it won't erase your subjects or affect them in any way.

Ka'tet

"So speaks Gan, and in the voice of the can calah, which some call angels. Gan denies the can toi, with the merry heart of the guiltless he denies the Crimson King and Discordia itself."

Sense (50)

You've got a practical quality about you that makes you skilled at lateral thinking and finding obvious solutions without getting distracted by complexity. Why organise a climactic standoff if you can shoot the tires off a van and make momentum do your work for you? You quickly assimilate new information and get on with things, and identify points of failure that others might miss. You can almost always land on your feet, no matter what happens to you. You also have a sense for something far more situational - a sense of humour. You can laugh about anything - or rather, find something about anything to laugh about. It's a useful skill, good for keeping you centred, and when used in conjunction with the chief effect of this perk, you know exactly how to get under someone's skin in the pettiest of ways - whether through mockery, subjecting them to humour they find intolerable, increasingly vexatious questions, or whatever else. Subjecting anyone to this can provoke outright aggression - while making them look like they're overreacting.

Ka-Tet (100)

A 'tet' is a group of people with the same interests or goals; a team, in other words. Ka-tet, however, doesn't refer to a group of people, but rather 'the place where men's lives are joined by fate'. The Ka-tet is not the individuals themselves, or even the collective when considered as a group, but rather the thing that binds the team together - a state of being. It's a metaphysical 'umbrella' one steps under, and such a thing seems to always have space for you - you can form a powerful bond with allies you meet - in this world or in future worlds, enhancing your teamwork and communication. When thrown together with others - by fate, necessity, or circumstance, you'll rapidly develop a working relationship that allows you all to smoothly benefit from each other and work together more effectively than the sum of the groups parts. This perk also enables you to share knowledge, skills, and even a limited form of telepathy with your ka-tet members. This also makes you a little more likely to encounter extraordinary people - and people who can help you (usually in small ways, but it adds up).

Your Own Man (150)

Free independent thought is always superior to blind fealty to any authority, whether it's an institution, a ruler, a Dinh, or even Ka itself. You retain a healthy distrust of sentimentality and have no inclination to follow others or subordinate yourself to another's authority (implied or

otherwise) - and when you choose to trust another as your leader, you remain very aware of their faults and limitations. You are one of those rare individuals perfectly capable of separating your emotions from the facts when making a judgement, and while this might not discourage you, you at least walk into any arrangement with open eyes. You have a good grip on your motivations, and while you're not immune to peer pressure or manipulation, you're good at spotting the influence of these things on you, and know how to avoid it. If you develop bad habits, you have none but yourself to blame.

Quick Study (200)

Not only are you an extremely naturally talented individual, but you pick up new skills with a remarkable facility and easy competence, able to understand and apply the principles almost immediately. Trying something for the first time will almost never be an embarrassment for you - particularly if you observe someone else do it first. This only allows you to learn the basics - true mastery or expertise will be as much a challenge for you as it would be for anyone, but you can certainly pick it up to a relatively competent level extremely quickly. You also have a knack for looking at people and working your way into their lives - getting them to open up and trust you, and tell you things that they might hesitate to talk about. Combined, these two qualities make reinventing yourself a relatively easy proposition - and you might have to, because one of the things that you are naturally talented at is escaping unscathed in times of trouble.

Trig Cove (250)

This describes a mix of boldness, wits, and cool observation of the situation, but most of all? You have got your shit together, and are able to act sensibly and rationally in any situation, no matter how outside your experience terror or confusion or even surprise will never paralyse you. You keep your head in a crisis - if anything you are more capable than you would otherwise be, as it all comes together. While you have a strong survival instinct, you know the best way to stay alive is to be calm and cool under pressure - and you're both these things. You still get stressed, furious, betrayed, horny, but all it takes is a moment to stop and take a breath to straighten yourself out - you never have any issue keeping your emotions and baggage from running away with you. Also, you tend to get over traumatic or disheartening shit much more quickly, processing it and moving on. You also have a knack for saying the right thing at the right time - to make people reappraise you, see you through fresh eyes and realise how valuable you might be. Whether you use this to make friends, get jobs, or make people rethink murdering you largely depends on what sort of life you lead - but it works for all of them and more.

Making Progress (300)

You have an uncanny ability to see connections between fragments of information and disparate yet related events, and asking the right questions of the right people in order to find a path towards solving the puzzle. Whenever something is out of place you notice - even if only subconsciously - and you are always aware of any useful and/or important objects you're nearby to, allowing you to simply identify and distinguish all important objects or people simply by the

fact that you're paying attention to them. This is an inborn sense, which means you might or might not be aware of it (depending on how prone you are to self-examination), however it is not specific - recognising something useful is not the same as recognising what it is useful for.

Still A Boy (350)

Whatever it is, something about you is disarming, a personality at odds with the violence and pragmatism you are also capable of. When you lower your guard and present yourself as friendly and approachable, people take you on those terms. Furthermore you have a quick grasp on people, rapidly putting together their motivations and grasping their intentions (quite possibly even unknown to them) and empathise with and find a genuine connection with anyone - even people who wouldn't be expected to respond favourably to you - simply by being yourself. You erode even the most potent social defences. Prolonged exposure to you will make enemies sympathise with you, and even come to see things your way. Of course, this also has the same effect on you - empathising with people in your sights can make your work much harder.

Talk the Devil Into Setting Himself on Fire (350)

Cheating implies intent, but you are a master of going with the flow of the situation and using it to your advantage, finding loopholes and unconventional solutions and otherwise recontextualising the situation to your advantage (especially when playing for high stakes against a being whose moral integrity is suspect - particularly one obviously deranged and capable of both cheating and murder). In addition to this, you have nerves of steel, and never back down - and the more pressure that is on you, the more things click into place and the faster your mind works - and the more creative the solutions you come up with are. When it comes down to the wire, it soon emerges that you're the best person to have watching a back that anyone could hope to find.

There's Something About Detta... (350)

You can adapt to situations with an astounding facility. In the way a house cat will romp cooly on its owner's knees so long as it is well fed and cared for - but turn it loose in the mountains and in no time it will be prowling the night with flaming eyes ready to feast off a corpse or tear the living flesh off travellers who have fallen sick by the wayside, so to are you able to thrive and survive anywhere, instinctively as much as anything. You are resourceful, insightful, manipulative and very, very dangerous - and you are so in any circumstance (even one that you don't entirely understand). You have a core of practical toughness that lets you survive in any conditions. Also, nobody can push you around, and anyone nonetheless inclined to try only reveals more about their own weakness than anything.

Right Place, Right Time (400)

Force is not your preference, and so you tend to approach obstacles from unexpected angles

and deconstruct threats. As a result of this, whether due to brilliant planning or genius spontaneity on your part (or, perhaps, a flexible admixture of both), if something can go your way, it generally will. This covers everything from getting the best possible hand in a card game, to meeting the one person who has the information that you need in a city as big as New York. It's not just a matter of luck, of course - however it might appear to some hypothetical observer. It's simply that people who are conscientious, prepared, alert and intelligent are more likely to recognize opportunities and avoid pitfalls. Because these habits are internalised and taken for granted, it's common for capable people to ascribe at least some of their success to good luck. By contrast, people with less capability and ineffective habits frequently blame poor luck for their failures, rather than trying to recognize and correct their own flaws. While you are genuinely lucky, what this perk really does is give you the tools to take advantage of good fortune - or even average fortune - a force multiplier to allow you to seize the opportunities that come your way with both hands and rise to the occasion.

Make It Last (400)

You have ways of getting more from your supplies and kit, ways of squeezing just that little extra bit of performance. You get more out of the items you use - greater strength of effects, more uses out of limited use items, more reliability, more efficient use of energy reserves when applicable - even a strange species of loyalty, with them acting in whatever limited ways they are capable to assist you and further your goals. Fouled shells are more likely to work than not, you can make six days of food last far longer - or three days of water, for that matter. This doesn't allow you to materialise fresh supplies from nothing, but it does let you get 130 worth out of 100. Furthermore, this scales up when you're not making do with whatever meagre supplies you can scrounge - with great resources at your disposal, you will get even greater returns.

Rise To The Occasion (450)

With enough willpower, you can use any skill that can be taught - without requiring to learn it first. Without training, without tools, and even without manual handling/gestures in some cases, you can pull it off. This is exhausting, and more so with the scale of the task and the complexity of what you're trying to do, but it means that - in a pinch can allow you to fill almost any imaginable role and accomplish almost anything that a person might be expected to. Sustaining this for longer than a few moments is even more draining, and you do not gain access to knowledge so much as a strange instinctive guidance allowing you to navigate what to do, which you can't draw on (or precisely recall) afterwards.

Hard'un (500)

You have a remarkable amount of determination and drive to accomplish your goals, allowing you to keep going even when everything has gone wrong and find some way to get closer to your goals even if there doesn't seem to be a viable way to do so. You can share this with others, motivating your allies to keep going with the same enthusiasm and drive you have even

when everything seems lost and they'd rather give up than carry on. Of course, while carrying on in spite of the world dying around you is a hard thing, breaking off a pursuit when it becomes meaningless can be the stuff of stronger still. You have it in you to break cycles - be they of violence, obsession or addiction.

Suddenly Always Knew That (550)

Ka - or at least, some force - moves through you in strange ways. You can find yourself channelling powerful magic or knowledge which there should be no way for you to possess - or even understand - when the time is right, allowing you to resolve some impossible situation - be it a time paradox, a dead end, or other situation. This is not something you can cause yourself to do (you have no power over it) and you can't draw on the knowledge or skills once the time for them has passed - you simply find yourself doing the right thing at the right time. You will not understand why you are doing it, but if you trust yourself to see it through, you can get through. Keep in mind this only comes about for things beyond your ability to resolve without such intervention - don't expect it to get you out of every problem.

"Go then, there are other worlds than these." (600)

Once a jump, you will get a second chance. Instead of dying, you will be thrown to another world - perhaps a familiar one, perhaps not. It will be the end of your old life - but it might well be the start of a new one, if you're careful, clever and adapt quickly (or find a guide or ally to show you the ropes). This is a fresh start - don't waste it. Alternatively, you might find yourself back in your old life (before jumpchain) - suffering existential crisis as you try to reconcile two sets of contradictory memories - in which case you'll need to find your way back before the end of the jump (or lose your chain forever - and probably go mad). There is no way to predict which of the two will occur - and if you have other one-ups, this one will always be the last to activate.

Capstone Boosted - You were chosen as God's conduit for his champions on Earth, and your work clearly doesn't stop simply because you happen to be dead. As a piece in a cosmic battle between forces beyond the comprehension of mortals, death is seldom permanent for you. Under normal Jumpchain rules, dying means your chain ends and you'd be sent home, but with this perk, dying no longer ends your chain as long as you come back to life before the end of your time in the jump. Even after dying in a relatively permanent way, you might continue to show up to watch over those you were sent to guide and protect, whether in dreams or ambiguously either reincarnated or simply manifesting. You also have the gift of foresight, as befitting a prophet who receives visions from the great powers of the multiverse, and can call upon miracles of healing and even resurrection. These powers are not yours, they simply channel through you - and it is not an easy thing to be a prophet.

Bondsmen of the Crimson King

"I am the furthest minion of he who now rules the Dark Tower, and Earth has been given into that king's red hand."

The Warriors of the Scarlet Eye (50)

The Crimson King has followers positioned everywhere - or so it seems - and perhaps as a result of this those who serve him find themselves working together with all manner of strange and disturbing beings. Long experience of this has given you a knack for working with others - even from dramatically different backgrounds - without prejudice or discrimination. What's more, any groups or enterprises you are part of will quickly overcome such things, and work together far more effectively than they have any right to do. You also have a knack for seeing how anyone will benefit your efforts, no matter how unconventional such a benefit might be. Finally, when working for a cause, you can find others who share your loyalty wherever you go (if you stay in the service of the King, these will default to his pawns).

I Smell Gary's Lemonade! (100)

You have a knack for knowing exactly what terrifies a person - and how to use it to get a reaction out of them. Your threats, therefore, are usually enough on their own. Nobody will ever doubt your ability to carry them out, or your willingness. Of course, this can make them too afraid to cooperate - or treat you as a threat - but you'll never be ignored. It takes a truly remarkable person to stand up to you - and those are a lot rarer than people like to think. On top of this, when threats aren't doing the job, you are a master at inflicting the sort of pain and suffering it is unspeakable to describe - much less experience - whether with your powers or more mundane means. This does not necessarily make you any better in a fight, but you know how to make every strike you manage to land hurt, and in a place where it'll be debilitating as well - which certainly can make a difference in a fight. As an expert when it comes to torture that isn't just psychological, you are able to inflict unspeakable pain with simple or complex tools and methods, and keep someone from passing over into death for a long, long time.

Tracking (150)

Many have tried to live in hiding from the Crimson King, only to discover how inadequate their best efforts truly are. Once you start looking for someone - and this only works on someone you know exists and are actively looking for - you will never lose their trail - even if they run to another reality you can pick it up and find a way to either follow them or pass the word on to others you're friendly with (potentially alternate versions of yourself) in order to keep the search going. In the wilderness you can follow even the faintest trail - not quickly, admittedly, but you can find signs nobody else would notice - no matter how old and no matter what efforts were made to hide them. In urban environments you can keep your ear to the ground and through rumour and conversation be as well informed as anyone with a spy network. As a result, no matter how cleverly they hide from you, what means they use to disguise themselves, or how far away they try to hide, as long as you don't give up (not necessarily remaining in active pursuit across the years, but still keeping their file open and a proverbial ear to the ground) then the

second they slip-up word will find its way back to you. Nobody you are searching for is ever really safe from you.

The Good Man (200)

John Farson is described (by those who actually met him) as dangerously insane, a former harrier and stage-robber who plays polo with severed heads and made no secret of his allegiance to the Crimson King, much less his methods of subversion, treason and mass murder. Despite promising his supporters a fair and democratic society as opposed to the Feudalist-style Affiliation, it is highly unlikely that he ever really entertained any notion of installing a society that was remotely democratic or fair. Yet he never had any difficulty finding followers - and not just opportunists willing to ride with him for profit or power, or those who owed their allegiance to the Crimson King already - and now, neither will you. As long as you are willing to play along with historical resentments and promise to redress wrongs, when you take on a leadership position you will draw attention and influence as people project their notions onto you as a 'leader' or 'ideologue' - regardless of how well you do or do not fit these conceptions. People will come to love an idea of you which has little (if anything) to do with your real self. This also works on a micro scale as well as a macro one - if you need to handle a single agent or operative you know just what to promise them - and what to threaten to take away - to make them do anything you want. Just be warned - this works best on the desperate, they can fear and resent you, but never allow yourself to become hated. Furthermore, once you actually take power expect them to very quickly turn on you, as is often the case with popularists.

Monster (250)

You're able to put on an act of normality no matter what you've done, able to slip into ordinary society and hide beneath a mask of sanity. However, you're nothing of the sort. Whether it's entirely literal or not, you are a monster to the bone, a figure of terror whose mere existence is a threat, and like every monster you have a propensity for both violence and self-indulgence which makes you far more dangerous than anyone has any right to be. You do not suffer from the critical flaw of hesitation - responding immediately and instinctively with brutality. Furthermore, you are a bit of a genetic atavism - you are stronger than can be readily explained - perhaps than you should be. Tougher, too, able to survive damage that should be disabling and carry on - as long as it's not immediately fatal. Your psyche is twisted, in a way that prevents you from suffering insanity and doesn't overly get in the way of your ability to come to conclusions (although the path you take to reach them must be seen to be believed) - you are able to interact with the worst things imaginable and be none the worse from it.

Ripples (300)

The Crimson King is the master of the Random, and like The Pusher you have some part of this force seemingly acting at your behest. When you kill, you change into the ordinary course of things and sculpt new lines in the flow of lives - the destinies not only of those that you target,

but of a widening circle around them, like ripples from a stone tossed into a still pond. Who is to say that you do not sculpt the very cosmos itself? When you kill as a deliberate act, you set events out of alignment, generally causing far more chaos and despair - and destruction - than would play out otherwise, and perhaps altering all of history - even in ways where the line of progression is hard (if not impossible) to see. In general, the larger the action, the more telling the effect will prove to be, but even targeting some random child may well be spitting in the eye of Ka itself.

Appetite (350 - Free for 'Eater of Worlds' and 'Demon')

There are those who take their sustenance from people - specifically, on their emotional states (and ultimately, on their lives). By actively evoking terror, causing pain, or laughter (which is not so far from terror as might be thought) you can extend your lifespan and vitality for hundreds of years. Such a boon also prevents your death from chronic disease and poor health, though many of the symptoms will still occur. Humans or other 'living' creatures must settle on a substance to consume. Rhea the Weirder of Coös imbibed poison, for example. Theoretically one might achieve ongoing immortality this way, but it would be somewhat cumbersome, as you will gradually need to consume these substances more regularly over time in order to achieve the same effects.

Ageless Stranger (400)

The world is full of systems that you can bend and pervert to your needs, creating cover for your actions - and you can create a perfectly convincing trail of paperwork and evidence to convince others of the legitimacy of something, manufacturing it to appear straightforward. You can make these systems swallow people whole, disappear them with no sign that they ever existed. You are also surprisingly talented at infiltrating groups and organisations, pretending to work with, aid them and keep yourself above suspicion, and conceal your efforts to subvert, undermine and sabotage others to the point you would need to practically reveal yourself as working against them before they'd figure anything out. You have an instinctive ability to tell who is susceptible to bribery, who to corruption, and what to say to turn attention elsewhere. Furthermore, this ability has made you extremely adept at noticing when anyone else is trying to create or use falsified evidence, such attempts seeming insultingly obvious to someone of your calibre.

Dandelo [450]

You don't seem to be a threat. Even the best honed instincts might overlook you, let down their guard, and give you a chance to strike. Lying in wait comes naturally to you - letting your prey come to you - and you can make even the most obvious trap seem comfortable and inviting. Even your means of killing someone tends to be subtle - that they won't notice what you're doing until it's too late - if they ever notice at all. You are an insidious figure, underestimated even by those who do notice or suspect the danger you represent, who could easily succeed where force and power have both failed, by that most insidious killer of all - complacency. This is effective not just at impressions, but more active attempts at investigation, too - whatever form

they should take. Anyone trying to figure out who you are or where you come from is set at ease, and more likely to overlook any signs that they would normally zero in on. Unless you are very careless, that should be enough.

Eye of the King [500]

Some places are so corrupted by evil, that they begin to exert a kind of weight of their own, a power that twists all those who come into their borders. You have the ability to create such places yourself - usually by committing unspeakable crimes, that forever taint the place - haunting it with memories of the terrible actions that took place.

Dark Man [550]

The truth is, most people only come this far because they don't have any other choice. But for you, it's not like that at all. You really do inspire loyalty - not just desperation, self-loathing and fear. Given time, anybody that works for you willingly finds themselves becoming utterly loyal to you, to the point they would gladly sacrifice themselves for you, believe in your cause, and work towards it. You have a knack for leadership - knowing the names and faces of everyone who follows you, and it is this familiarity that will let you know when someone is just pretending to be part of your forces, attempting to infiltrate or spy. This instinct will never steer you wrong, though it can be fooled by a sufficiently clever approach (say, someone not consciously aware of their reasons for joining your forces or their mission).

Magic & Science [600]

The Great Old Ones science was intended to replace the magic of the old times, but you understand - if they never did - that the two are stronger together. You may utilise the rational forces that men call science to enhance magic - give a bodiless spirit a physical form, for example, or find a scientific means to strengthen what magic has wrought. Rarely will it be as effective, but unlike magic it will be reliable - at least, as long as your machines are serviced and maintained, and (theoretically) replicable by anyone. As a general rule of thumb, you can't use this to do anything you could do before - or make it more safe. But you can make it more reliable.

Dominate (800)

Mating with machinery is one of your talents, and you are able to take over (working) machines - no matter how advanced or seemingly tamper proof - by means of your inherent authority and the force of your will. Intelligent or aware machines may begin to break down if you are not gentle with the demands which you place upon them, as their programming is eroded, however resisting you is ultimately impossible (and most won't even try). Dealing with living creatures which are young and lacking in will isn't much different from dealing with machines - you instinctively understand how to look through their thoughts and locate the node that controls their will - and how to seize it and make it your own. You could force them to lower their necks

and let you take their lives. However, like with machines, you risk damaging them irreparably if you use this talent without finesse. Beings (and machines too, for that matter) already dominated by some equally implacable supernatural force will usually resolve the conflict by dropping dead.

Capstone Boosted - Your dominion is over all creatures great and small, whether they recognise it or not they are your playthings, and so simply by demanding it you may take control of people, forcing them to do as you command. Demanding it is sufficient to make them rip out their own eyes with their bare hands - or kill each other with the same, irrationally hate someone they have every reason to love without any cause, or even abruptly stop breathing and drop dead. This is a power that is not entirely irresistible, but mere force of will - no matter how potent - is not enough to contest you - only those with some manner of supernatural power over their own minds would even be able to attempt it (anyone else would simply have an aneurism and still have to do whatever you demand of them). This power takes effect at your command, not their comprehension - they don't have to be aware of your presence, or understand what you're saying, or even hear you - give them an order, and they'll do it. They simply have no choice in the matter. You are not limited to one person at a time - you could easily make an entire community commit mass suicide.

The Gunslinger

'I do not aim with my hand. He who aims with his hand has forgotten the face of his father. I aim with my eye. I do not shoot with my hand. He who shoots with his hand has forgotten the face of his father. I shoot with my mind. I do not kill with my gun. He who kills with his gun has forgotten the face of his father. I kill with my heart.'

The Gunslinger's Creed (FREE and exclusive to Gunslingers)

What separates the Gunslingers from the bandits and harriers, and any other band of thugs who have seized power by force of arms? The fact that they have the best weapons? You know better - a man has to have a code, and yours is as much a part of you as your heart, lungs and blood. As long as you remember and hold yourself to it, you are - and always will be - the pinnacle of your craft: unmatched when it comes to dealing death (with guns or anything else). Despite the name, fundamental to being a gunslinger is an intimate familiarity with any weapon - as if things made to kill all speak the same language. Not only are you the fastest gun alive - so fast you can draw and fire six shots before another man's hands so much as touch leather - with an unparalleled skill with firearms and ranged weapons and a formidable marksman, but you never miss unless you want to (for some reason).

True Grit (100)

You've learned to keep a close eye on your surroundings, and a close hand on your gun. Living in a constant state of heightened awareness of danger either breaks a person or gives them a

special kind of insight into their environment, and you're not broken. Not only does hypervigilance - and hyperawareness - come naturally to you to the point it causes you no particular stress to maintain it indefinitely, but you're intensely aware of your environment at all times and all your senses are particularly tuned to watch for any potential danger - even when you're asleep, you can snap awake and on guard in an instant. This grants you both a general heightening of your situational awareness and a sense of your surroundings. It also grants you eyesight just short of unnatural - you can pick up details in the distance that a falcon might envy. Furthermore, you're effectively ambidextrous - and can wield a weapon with both hands without an issue.

Hypnotism (150)

More a curiosity than a product of your training, it's a useful trick nonetheless. Through the use of some bauble that fascinates - perhaps by rolling a shell upon your knuckles, the calm tenor of your voice or even getting someone to focus on a spot in your retina as it trembles - you can push someone to slip into a relaxed, trance-like state that bypasses their conscious mind and leave them open to suggestion. This allows you to learn things their subconscious knows that the waking mind suppresses or has forgotten. A good way to learn what you need to know when you need to know it, if a bit invasive.

One-Handed Reload (200)

As a mark of your skill, you can reload your revolver with one hand in moments directly from your belt - or even with a handful of loose ammunition. Just doing so is a display of incredible dexterity and means that you can keep up a steady rate of fire without needing to alternate your weapons, reloading your gun without even needing to put it down - though it causes burns to your fingertips when done repeatedly in a short time. You don't even need to look - your hands know what they're doing on their own.

Force of Will (250)

You are the master of your body - should you need to mutilate yourself for some reason, you can do it without so much as a flicker of hesitation or a tremble in your hand, be it performing self surgery after getting injured (you wouldn't flinch digging a bullet out of yourself, for example), or ripping out your own eye (or the eye of whoever's body you're currently inhabiting) to illustrate a point. If it comes to a contest of wills, even most supernatural forces cannot hope to crack you - just competing with you for a few moments would be beyond most. This extends to more immediately practical things as well - by gathering and applying your will you can take action - stemming your bleeding, quelling involuntary tremble or shakes, forcing muscles to respond, and more - you could even will your heart to stop - or to start again. Doing this is exhausting, but if you don't have time to bleed, then you can not - at least for a while. You can also regulate your own body temperature, and deal with any amount of pain, to the point that torture or the threat of death is completely ineffective on you. You can face down a man or monster with power over life and death without so much as yielding an inch.

Precision (300)

Your uncanny aim with a gun extends to other weapons - and tools - as well. With a knife you're perfectly capable of cutting through clothes or tape without scratching the skin beneath, with a bow you're quite capable of hitting a locket and then forcing that into someone's eye, with a thrown plate you'd have no difficulty precisely hitting a moving target's only vulnerable point - each and every time. However, your usage of guns extends far past what should be humanly possible. Putting aside your nearly flawless aim, you no longer need line of sight - as long as you can locate an enemy with any of your senses - hearing, smell, whatever - you can shoot them without the slightest loss in accuracy. And your senses are extremely sharp - particularly your hearing, effortlessly able to isolate sounds, even in the midst of a battle. You are so good that you can use trick shots effectively in a battle (even ones that seemingly *slightly* break the laws of physics). Furthermore, the effective maximum range with a weapon is more of a guideline for you - you can always get a little more out of them, somehow.

Measure (350)

You have a knack for weighing people coupled with a fearsome insight that makes you a fantastic judge of people - even people who are total strangers to you or have lived lives completely unlike your own. You are a skilled observer and cold-reader, and with only a short interaction you can shrewdly determine who'll stand when the time comes and who won't, who is to be trusted and who is hiding something, and how reliable they will be - and how far you can push them. This goes beyond 'immediately useful to you', too - you have a knack for telling what relationships messed them up, how to bring out their best selves, and more. This is an excellent tool for getting more out of people than they think that they can give.

Khef (400)

Khef is a spiritual discipline through which practitioners may advance - taking its name from a term in the High Speech meaning 'Water of Life'. Water is that-which-binds: bondsman to lord, mother to babe, lover to lover, killer to victim, body to land. More generally, Khef is the fabric of culture which binds society together. To be a follower of Khef is to comprehend the bonds that uphold all of creation, in a sacred chain from atom to divinity. At its most abstract, Khef (the perk) is the ability to maintain severely weakened bonds and keep them cohesive. You begin as a relative novice at this particular art - masters are said to be entirely detached from bodily needs and do not thirst, and practitioners are able to get by on far less than should be possible, but by applying yourself and developing the mental discipline and the insight, you'll find yourself needing less water, understanding personal inter-relations, and eventually who knows what else. You can also apply this mental discipline to other (related) tasks.

Growth (450)

Every time you attempt something - succeed or fail - you get a little better, get a little further,

progress a little more. The process becomes increasingly incremental the further you progress (just like all refinement of skills), but as long as there is room for improvement (and there will always be room for improvement) you will - gradually - find that way to improve, to push yourself just that little bit harder. This only works on things that challenge your mind and your abilities - the surest path to stagnation is to go too long without challenges and the surest way to never surpass your limits is never to look for them (much less reach them) - but as long as you are testing yourself there is always something new to learn, some new facet of life to understand, some refinement to be gained. The scale of the undertaking seems to matter as well, but rest assured that whenever you reach a plateau in your learning, you will always be able to find a way to continue to improve - if not necessarily a conventional one. These improvements are slow, but not dependent on either your mental or physical state - indeed, stripped of years of life and experience and reset in years, you would retain these improvements in defiance of all logic.

Constant Reader (500)

Someone or something seems to be watching over you and your quest (perhaps it's the writer himself), otherwise there's no way you'd have gotten so far. A skill, competence or innate ability you have is always relevant to the task at hand, even if how is not immediately obvious. You are always able to resolve the situation you are in - even if doing so requires some outside the box thinking as far as application of your skills goes. Furthermore, when focused on something, you seem to have a knack for coming across things that can assist you - rare or unlikely things that defy easy understanding, much of the time. The value and rarity depends on the scale of your undertaking, but is never without any use whatsoever. If nothing else, this creates opportunities.

Killing Machine (550)

When the time comes to deal in lead, you never hesitate, acting with reflexes so deep they have nearly become instincts. You've got ice water in your veins, the cool lack of fear to ignore distractions and take steady aim no matter what's coming your way. Along with a proficiency in violence that is matched only by the most experienced Gunslingers – men and women who have not only faced endless deadly situations on a daily basis, but emerged victorious over them – when you're outnumbered your aim gets better, your senses sharper, your hands quicker, and one would almost think your bullets faster. The higher the odds, the more dangerous you are. This isn't a direct proportional scale, but it does mean they might need an army to kill you.

Dinh (600)

Dinh is a term in High Speech that refers to one considered the leader of a ka-tet, though it can also refer to a leader or a king. And it means father, as in 'father of his people'. And this is how others perceive you - regardless of whether officially or not, you are the leader, and understood to be. In whatever group you join, be it a small gathering or a nation, your leadership will be both understood and natural. You possess the presence to dominate groups and the intrinsic kindness that people will tell you things they tell no one else. People will defer to you, will ask

your instruction, and look to you to resolve their issues and direct their efforts. In any group you are in, you are always the leader, and always trusted to be. Furthermore, odds now drastically increase of running into others with the same goals that you have in mind - or can be pointed in the same direction. Whoever these people are, and wherever they come from, they are quite capable of assisting whatever it might be that you're doing, and they all share similar levels of determination to seeing their goal through to the very end. You have very little trouble getting either allies or assistance during one of your self-assigned missions.

Capstone Boosted - You seem to know exactly how to guide your followers and those who look up to you through every obstacle they encounter in a way that they benefit and thrive from it. You have little trouble passing on your skills and philosophies, and find even the least likely students to be extremely receptive and prove to have unguessed at potentials when you take them under your wing. People thrive under your tutelage, overcoming their demons and becoming their best selves, even without your efforts in making them so.

No Prisoners (600)

The mark of the very greatest gunslingers, you are something of a prodigy even amongst such exalted company. You have enough spatial awareness to instantly identify any threat (even one so far outside your own experience you can barely fit it to any frame of reference), and can even do so with your other senses. You're able to make split-second calculations, subconsciously identify threats that you're not aware of (so taking cover from a sniper the moment they target you without even realising that they are present, what you're doing, or why you're doing it) and your instincts never steer you wrong. This is not limited to keeping you alive, either - you can pick out targets by listening with such precision that you can shoot them through obstacles and around cover as though it's not there - indeed, to you it might as well not be, and you are even more eerily accurate with your shots, if such a thing is even conceivable. At this point, numbers don't make a difference where you're concerned - the only way an army could threaten you, even if significantly better equipped than you happen to be - is if you ran out of bullets in the process of slaughtering them all like dogs. Furthermore, you will find that shooting things almost always does the trick. It won't necessarily kill your target - some things just aren't vulnerable to bullets - but nonetheless they will inconvenience, threaten, harm and weaken them enough that some other means can be found, or they are forced to retreat.

Capstone Boosted - At this level, your guns are all that you will ever need. No matter what you are faced with, you can not only face it fearlessly, but you can also ultimately shoot your way through it. A shape-shifting primordial being billions of years old will die to your bullets, an immortal sorcerer or even a God of evil will fall before your guns, same as anything else. War-machines will have weak points you can exploit, and so on. Before your guns, everything falls - no man or god can resist them - no mystic protections or unnatural physical durability will protect against them. Overcoming these beings might not be easy, and might require you to do some quick thinking or come at them from an unconventional angle, but you can kill anything - even things that can't die - like there's nothing special about them at all.

Man In Black

"He looks like anybody you see on the street. But when he grins, birds fall dead off telephone lines. When he looks at you a certain way, your prostate goes bad and your urine burns. The grass yellows up and dies where he spits. He's always outside. He came out of time. He doesn't know himself. He has the name of a thousand demons. Jesus knocked him into a herd of pigs once. His name is Legion. He's afraid of us. We're inside. He knows magic. He can call the wolves and live in the crows. He's the king of nowhere."

Become Magic [Free and exclusive to Man In Black]

You are a real magician - and not just a stage conjurer who knows how to palm coins or hide a sleeping dove up their sleeve (though there's less of a difference than one might think) and you are actually party to cosmic secrets and mysteries which you can use to defy the rightful order of things. This is not some variation of the Shine, this is the real dark arts, and with them, all sorts of natural law can be subverted, superseded or ignored by your will. Still, this vast array of ill-defined powers you possess are situational and dependent on factors only obvious to you (manipulate the weather to some degree, call up wolves or produce fire or lightning with your bare hand, conjure things into existence or replace them with something else, and countless more) - and so are not entirely reliable. Beyond that, there are some abilities that are reliable.

Firstly, you can become dim - difficult to detect (if not completely invisible). This fools not just perceptions but electronic means of detection, and allows you to go where you want unobserved and unnoticed. Those nearby are vaguely aware of you - if you come close to someone their eyes will drop to their own feet or suddenly find something interesting to look at on the ceiling, conversation falters as people look momentarily distressed, torches and wall sconces grow smoky, lights flicker and candles sometimes blow out. But there are no lasting signs of your passage, and you can even teleport, moving this way.

Secondly, you can levitate, which is better than meditation when it comes to clearing your head (the more confident you feel the higher you float - and when your followers have faith in you as well as fear, you can float higher).

Finally, you can see into people's hearts, and know what motivates them, what to promise them, and how to gain leverage over them. Once you have it... well, they are yours to do with what you will. You can read their minds any time you like, you can make them feel pain or sick, and you can show visions of what they want most - and even give it to them. These powers work more strongly on those you have some kind of a hold over - fear will work in a pinch, but on those who give you their loyalty or service you can do practically anything, no matter how far it strains the bounds of credulity.

Signs and Portents (100)

Your mood and behaviour have an effect on the world. When you rage, people drop dead of heart attacks or are struck blind. When you laugh, crops die and women are made barren. Stones melt and animals scream and give birth to mutated offspring. This is usually atmospheric - it has minimal impact on your immediate goals, seldom (if ever) destroys your enemies for you (or even much harm to them), and can do your cause more harm than good - but it does help you establish a dread reputation and mystique, and get people to take both you and your powers seriously.

Dark Man (100)

You might or might not have any history that you can remember, but you are nevertheless known and welcome amongst gatherings of radicals and lunatics (who you always seem to be able to find with a minimum of trouble, regardless of how much you really shouldn't), treated with deference and respect, and your presence alone makes them far more able to accomplish their aims, overcome their differences and obstacles, and achieve the violence they aspire to. Your leadership (rather than simply hanging around in the background) would turn them into a force to be reckoned with, and you find it easy to manipulate and control weaker-willed individuals. It doesn't even take magic to get them pointed in a direction you like, and you instinctively can pick a direction that will cause the most damage or cause the most chaos.

Give Me What I Want, and I'll Go Away (150)

You have a way of putting even the most unreasonable request in terms that people will be inclined to consider (particularly if you threaten them a little, or give them a hint at what you are and what you're capable of). While those truly committed to their beliefs or a cause will not be so easily swayed, those who are not will very quickly fold when you do so. What this perk does is a strange mix of direct intimidation and an earnest appeal to their reasonable natures, but you can manage it, and somehow the contradiction only makes your words more effective than they would otherwise be. You also have a knack for making pop cultural references that sound utterly terrifying.

Smoke and Mirrors (150)

The advantage of actually being a master of magic is that people seldom look for a simple and rational explanation when a supernatural one is readily available - and somehow more satisfying. You gain a terrifying reputation, and become surrounded by legends and half-truths regarding your heritage, outlook and talents. These wild stories grow in the telling, and soon grow out of proportion the more you weave your wicked ways - or just stand around and look wise where it counts. In time, your identity and name will become a savage, terrifying thing that tears at the hopes and dreams of anyone who hasn't already pledged their loyalty in the hopes of avoiding your wrath. If one played their cards right, a mere diabolic imp could soon find themselves equated with the lord of the underworld in short order, and most won't even try to challenge you. You can bluff with the very best of them.

YOU SCROOOOWED IT UP! (200)

You can see the darkness in men's hearts, and always know what to say to get their loyalty (or break their spirits, if you prefer)... and once you have gotten it from them, they'll never be safe from you again. You can sense your followers over vast distances. With a simple mental exercise you know what they are doing, where they are, and anything they're particularly afraid of - and anything that they're trying to hide from you. You know when your followers let you down. And when they do... when someone fails you, you may immediately express your displeasure upon them, and make an example of sufficient horror to ensure that your other followers don't repeat the mistakes. Even if nobody sees what you do, word will get out, and the terror will spread. Effectively, you can be in two (perhaps more) places at once for the sake of appearing out of nowhere and torturing your followers, and you know the second you have reason to do this. Hiding things from you is next to impossible... for them.

Man of Many Handles (200)

You can adopt a new identity and face in moments, shedding your life and name and taking on new ones. This isn't perfect - someone who knows you well might see through it on sustained observation or interaction - most likely by recognising tics or habits, but it's more than good enough to fool most. Connecting you to your deeds is a matter of speculation and guess work more than anything - unless you feel a need to brag about them, of course. You don't age - though you can if you want to (but it's so slow and ambiguous the progress of years can scarcely be noticed, and you can reverse it with a moment's work). You show up, with a new face and name and bag of tricks, and leave the same way, with nobody ever connecting you. This also makes it relatively easy for you to join organisations and causes that are selective in their recruitment, if you have some reason to want to - nobody will doubt your claims to be a black man, or a distant relative of some figure if you make them... or at least, won't dare voice their doubts.

Third Eye (300)

Sometimes dubbed 'True Sight'. You have the invisible, immaterial aperture hinted at by various religions and mystic beliefs; through which your mind perceives spiritual existences. Not only can you see things that others cannot: spirits and demons, for example, but you can also use this to remotely monitor people and events which have meaning to you without the aid of a crystal ball, magic mirror or other surface (though such props are invaluable if you want to show what you see to others). Furthermore, this eye has an instinct - automatically bringing your attention to things that you might find interesting, or useful - though be warned, this instinct can work against you, trading short term gratification at the expense of long term concerns. This isn't omniscience, but with some work and careful effort, you can pass it off as something close to it fairly effectively. You catch glimpses of other worlds, and can determine if something is inherently supernatural or if it has been removed from its home dimension. Further, your gaze ignores supernatural disguises and you inherently perceive something's true form. Very occasionally, a being or force may be beyond your power, in which case it will be forced into

another form as close to the real one as possible - but such a thing is extremely rare, and still enough warning to assure that you're not caught off-guard.

Bullet Catch (300)

A power to delight even the flashiest of magicians, and enviable - given the threat represented by the order of the Gunslingers. You have the ability to pause or change the momentum of a force or object using only your hands and your will; this applies to both linear and angular momentum. Your reflexes are swift enough to snatch a bullet travelling in excess of 300 metres (1,100 feet) per second and send it right back at the shooter as if you were flicking a coin. This power requires focus and attention, and the objects must be able to be physically touched (though it can be many such objects) - and once they leave your hands you can no longer manipulate them. Furthermore, you must know the bullet is coming - which is easily achieved by hexing the guns pointed at you (the hex warning you before the trigger is pulled and letting you appear unconcerned or unaware) - and the ability to do so is covered by this perk. Alternatively, you can simply will the bullets to curve and miss you - which takes a little less effort, and allows you to appear nonchalant - however the same limitations apply (it only works on a bullet you know is coming and actively prevent - by whatever means you should learn about them). As an additional application, you can throw the bullets you catch back (or just some fresh ones, if you prefer). This isn't nearly as effective as shooting them would be, but can still do some damage.

Alchemy (400)

A great deal of being a magician is being able to reliably bring about what you need, and when it comes to that (reliability), there's really no substitute for potion making - mixing together strange chemicals and other ingredients that nobody has ever heard of before, and bringing about equally strange results. It's a strange, intuitive art - and it is far more an art than a science because, fundamentally, magic does not work by science (working instead by will). Despite all the tricks and secrets you learn, ultimately whatever you make will work because you want it to work - and if you don't really want them to work it will not - which makes it very hard to make a reliable profit from this. Still, the only limitations are your imagination (and your will) - with your potions, you can heal the sick and bring back the dead (though they're never quite the same as they were before they died). You can brew all manner of poisons and induce all manner of transformations. And change substances into other forms - lead to gold, for example (it's a classic for a reason). Really, you could achieve most anything, save that it's largely defined by expense - specifically, time. Obviously, extremely powerful effects well beyond your usual abilities require likewise difficult to come by ingredients, and additional requirements that make this more difficult to arrange. A good rule of thumb is that the more difficult an effect is to achieve, the more time it takes you to produce the potion, and the more effort you have to go to do it (be it finding rare ingredients, exhausting rituals, or even just waiting for the process to complete itself) - and the more you want it, the better the results will be. It's a strange and arbitrary barrier, yet one that cannot be overcome by any means (perks included).

Transformation (400)

Whether you are a man, or something else wearing the skin of one, you can wear the skin of other beings just as easily. You can walk among the wolves, the weasels or the crows - or other animals with no loyalty to man - and be received as one of them, and can bend them to your will even more easily than you bend men (men want something, animals serve you simply because you demand it). You can take on their forms as well - maybe a crow, maybe a wolf, maybe an insect - or other forms entirely, such as a storm or a tornado (if you wish) - even a demonic creature if you lose your temper. You find wearing these forms as easy and naturally as taking your own - though everyone can tell there's something not quite right about it (of course, the same could be said about your human skin). And you can transform others as well - into animals, for instance - with nothing more than a snap of your fingers. It's permanent - unless some means is used to reverse it.

Insight (500)

All too often, the greatest magic comes down to just knowing a little bit more than the other person. And you? You always seem to know more than you should - then there is any way you could, even. You have a knack for finding out answers that have baffled great philosophers and historians, discovering horrible truths and otherwise coming up with answers to questions most would think have no resolution, and when you reveal them, most won't think to doubt you - which only enhances your mystique. The best thing about this ability is, if you decide to misdirect or outright lie to people, it's almost impossible to tell, and most will take you at face value until definitively offered incontrovertible evidence otherwise.

Make Do (500)

In your hands, the tools necessary to work magic are just props - the power is in *you*, not the items that you use - and all the props are ultimately interchangeable. Any pool of water is substitute for a crystal ball (in a pinch), the gearshift of a Dodge Dart can substitute as a wand, or you can just do away with them all together and bring about your magic through will alone - not needing so much as a gesture or incantation (though this is less easy). This explicitly works on all of your out-of-Jump magical powers, even if they previously required a focus or some artifact. It's no more difficult doing it this way from the standard approach either, and certainly no less powerful. Still, this doesn't change the actual form or effect that the magic takes - or allow you to get results that you couldn't doing it the traditional way.

Dreamwalking & Visions (600)

You have ways of getting into people's heads. Well, that can be literal. You can show up in people's dreams - people you are searching for but don't know the precise location of as well as those known to you, and when you do, you can take control of the dreams, bend them to your will, and from there you can hurt them (if you choose), terrify them, or reward them (just as easily). You can make extravagant promises and give them a taste of their deepest desires.

Even kill them - though if they're protected by another power, a battle of wills (and, perhaps, imagination) will ensue. While usually it will be clear to them what is happening, if you choose to make it so it's almost impossible for the person (or people - if you choose to visit several at once) experiencing the dream to tell the difference between their dreams and reality - giving them an all the greater terror of you.

Capstone Boosted: Some of them, though, are special. To you, at least - less for who they are, but who they may become. Or, perhaps, what you might make of them. Such people you may pick out - or allow your third eye to pick out for you - and shape and groom, rather than leave the choice in their hands. Those so chosen will find a strange, outside force thwarting efforts to go against your will, and they will come to understand (by inference) what you intend for them to be, and grow into it in order to fulfil your will and your desires, by means of the patient guidance that this force exerts. This creates a compulsion that is so difficult to separate from their own thoughts, so fundamental to who they are as a person, that defiance is almost impossible to consider - unless they are confronted by some reality they couldn't have guessed at, that is so personally horrifying that they abandon the person they were. In practice, the younger you get them, the more powerfully under your spell they will be. And once you bend them to your purpose, even if they come to despise you, there is only one escape from this - and that's by forcing you to let them go. Suicide is impossible - and no power can guard them from you once you get your hooks in them. Not even the protection of a God.

Slippery (600)

Just when they think they have you cornered - that your end is certain and inescapable... you vanish, perhaps leaving some last sign, perhaps not. You'll show up somewhere else, however - with a new face, and a new bag of tricks. You always do. Once every ten years, or every new jump (whichever is sooner), you may escape certain death in this way - simply vanishing, and appearing somewhere else with a new identity. Whether the looming death is an arrow through the eye, or the literal wrath of a furious and almighty God, you are always just a step ahead. Furthermore, you have a sixth sense that lets you always know when it's time to leave - you have a knack for leaving moments before it all goes wrong, out just ahead of whatever looming or danger or consequence is coming, and avoiding attention when you do it - when your conspirators are rounded up, you'll never be among them, and nobody will think to look for you. It's like you disappeared - or never existed at all.

Capstone Boosted: Multiversal travel. You are free to wander the multiverse as easily as you wander the highways of America, or the roads of other worlds. Unlike most such perks (including the other ones listed in this document) this is more effective visiting worlds you have before - familiar places, rather than discovering new ones. As such, you can use it to revisit jumps you have been to before - though you can never gain CP from this in any way, shape or form. Furthermore, while you can't bring much with you this way, you CAN use this to get rid of people who annoy you - snap your fingers, and they're gone, to another world (you can choose the world - as long as you have visited it before, or just leave it up to ka and deposit them wherever).

Worship Me! (600)

While it's often preferable to work between the scenes - an advisor rather than a ruler in one's own right - there are times when it's not enough - and in those times, you are skilled at taking advantage of a crisis and installing yourself as a ruler. This, however, is incidental to the real effects of this perk - your magic is ultimately inherent to you, but it can be empowered by the followers you create - the more people who live in awe and in terror of you, the more powerful your abilities (particularly when used on them, but also to a slightly lesser extent on those not associated with you). There's no way to store this surplus of power - if you lose your followers the power is gone immediately, however if you miss it that much... you could always create more. There's people basically everywhere, right?

Capstone Boosted: Magic has a cost. But that doesn't mean you should pay it - why should you, when there are so many others who owe you so much, and will do so much to keep you happy (or at least, turn your displeasure elsewhere)? You can pass the price and the consequences of your magic onto other people. Pay with their souls, their health, their lives, anything - in the place of your own. You do not need their permission to use them this way - however it only works as long as they are too terrified of you to try and stop you (or to understand that they can) - if you lose their faith, the effect ends (but do not reverse themselves).

Items

Items are discounted by Origin. Items listed as free are only free for that origin, and cost 50 CP to other origins wanting to purchase them anyway for some reason (unless otherwise stated - in which case they cost what is stated, or cannot be acquired by hook or by crook). Items at 25 CP that are discounted would be free (but there aren't any of them).

Dark Wanderer [FREE]

A collected trade paperback of an indie (and a little obscure) comic written and illustrated by Clayton Riddell, starring a cowboy Ray Damon in a post-apocalyptic world. This is the entire run, 30 or so chapters. While they will seem occasionally to touch on details of the setting you are in - and all future settings (if you keep looking at them) - they will only ever do so in a misleading fashion that ultimately doesn't take you anywhere as far as resolution or insight goes. But they are well written, tightly plotted, and entertaining, and if that isn't worth anything to you then that's your failing, not theirs. While normally the series cut off abruptly (because of what happened to the author and human civilization), his twinner finished the series in another timeline (or at least something close to them), and while there are a number of continuity conflicts as consequence, it's true to the spirit (anyway, endings are harder than they look).

Mysterious Mix-Tape (25)

This mix-tape contains an eclectic mix of songs, including Hey Jude (by the Beatles), Velcro Fly (by Z.Z Top), Someone Saved my Life Tonight (by Elton John), 19th Nervous Breakdown (by the Rolling Stones) and Rockin' in the free world (by Niel Young). Alternatively, you can have a mix-tape of songs inspired by this setting - there are a lot more of them (though most aren't anything like as good).

Book (25)

Aren't books wonderful? Now you can have a rare print edition of any story you might like - signed by the author as well, if you would like. Certain details might be slightly different - due to being written on a different level of the tower - Richard Bachman's name instead of Stephen King, for example - and with a rigorous enough knowledge of the subject matter, noticing these differences might provide valuable clues - or might simply be just that: strange. Alternatively, you may pick up books that only exist within these worlds - 'The Black Rapids' by Bill Denbrough, or 'The Sudden Dancers' by Thad Beaumont (for example). Some books are valuable - a signed copy of Ulysses might be worth twenty-six thousand dollars (and you could probably get a lot more out of it now) - and for the purposes of this perk they're not treated any differently than any other book. You may purchase this multiple times (of course). You can have the complete collected works of Stephen King for a cool two hundred CP (you're paying for the Dark Tower sequence, and I'm throwing in all the others gracias) - you'd never be able to afford them all otherwise. May cause serious existential horror in characters who see them.

Art (25)

Art, like books, has a way of capturing our imagination - or simply giving us something to concentrate on when doing our thinking. You have a painting of your choice - probably not valuable, but nonetheless potentially precious.

Dollhouse (25)

Commissioned by King Roland (of Delain, not Gilead - a separate but not necessarily lesser lineage) from the artisan Quentin Ellender; it may well have been the great craftsman's finest work (sufficient that many thought it must have required magic). It is a country house in miniature, very like those found in the rolling Western Barony of Delain. Everything in it is so cunningly made you would swear it must really work... and most things in it do - the stove, for instance, gets hot and can even cook tiny portions of food. If you put a piece of hard coal no bigger than a matchbox in it, it burns all day... if you are very careful, you can pump water from a tiny hand pump. There is a sewing room with a spinning wheel that really spins and a loom that really weaves. The spinet in the parlour can really play (if you touch the keys with a toothpick) and the tone is true. There are real Kashamin rugs, real velvet curtains, real china plates; the cold cabinet really keeps things cold, the wainscoting in the receiving parlour and the front hall is of cherished ironwood, there is glass in all the windows, and a many-coloured

fanlight over the wide front doors. This is easily the best Dollhouse you are likely to ever find anywhere.

Bike (25)

A 26-inch 1959-1962 jaguar Mark IV Schwinn bicycle. You've probably outgrown it, but unlike a steed it doesn't require feeding, and doesn't need fuel either. Plus, pedalling it around is good exercise, and may help you relive your lost childhood. Or just humiliate yourself.

Gun (50)

Not the weapon of a gunslinger, perhaps, and there's certainly nothing mythical or special about it, but it's still the last argument in most confrontations. Your choice of any make and model of handgun - even a weapon that sounds like it could exist but doesn't - or one that just plain doesn't exist (mixing traits and elements of weapons as you like). Comes with a 'dockers clutch'... and a spring-clip.

Mystery Bot (50)

A long forgotten toy - about twelve inches tall, missing its arms, and possessing a rechargeable magic battery in its belly. While the toy is unlikely to be repaired or be put to any use, the battery has some charge left, and can fit in almost any slot. It recharges from the Beam, or other ambient sources, and thus will gradually fill back up if left alone.

Zone Radio (50)

Stephen and Tabitha King's 'Zone corporation' owns and operates three Maine Radio Stations: WZON (Retro Radio), WKIT (Rock & Roll) and WZLO (Maine's Adult Alternative). You may have your choice of one of them - and in addition to broadcasting local sports it broadcast's every Boston Red Sox game (even if the Red Sox don't exist wherever you happen to be right now). It will never be a financial success, but it will keep itself going, and it has a clear benefit for someone who listens to music when they're writing - you'll always know where to turn the dial.

Heroin (75)

Sorry, not a limitless supply, but more than enough to kill yourself. This is about ten kilos of the stuff, 95% pure, wrapped up tight in packages for ease of transportation. Its exact value depends on where you try to get rid of it - to say nothing of when - in a place that has no poppies and no market for its sale it's not much use. Still, it represents a lot of (potential) wealth, or a way to deal with your addiction for a while. If you prefer, you can get an equivalent supply of cocaine (by weight, not street-value).

Cursed Monkey (75)

A toy monkey with a pair of cymbals and a strange (and terrible) power over probability. Every time it's cymbals clash, someone who the owner of the toy is emotionally connected to (a friend, a family member, a pet) dies. Always in some improbable but possible manner, such as being run over by a car or suffering a stroke. You are the owner of the monkey (if you purchase this). The monkey can't be gotten rid of by ordinary means - a special effort must be made to leave it somewhere inescapable, and it will warp probability to prevent that from happening and return to its owner - as well as using these powers on anyone trying to dispose of it to prevent them from being able to do so. What is more, even if it's owner does prove successful at getting rid of it (either by handing it on, or trapping it somewhere it can do no harm) it shall show up in your warehouse again at the end of the jump, none the worse for wear (if anything looking a bit smug). So - why would you want this? Well, you wouldn't, but fortunately at the beginning of every new jump, you will have a month long 'grace period' before the monkey's powers activate and it starts to consider you it's owner - in which time you can get it out of your hands relatively safely, either passing it on to someone else or putting it somewhere where it can't return to you. Keep in mind that nothing protects you from the monkey once it's out of your possession... so be careful who you befriend...

Lucky Jersey [100]

A baseball jersey from a now-defunct major league team (the New Jersey Titans) which was once worn by William 'Blockade Billy' Blakely - who may have been the greatest baseball player the game has ever seen, even if today no one remembers his name (his existence was completely removed from the record books - every effort was made to erase any evidence that he ever played professional baseball). It's number nineteen, and has been signed by Tom 'Flash' Gordon. This jersey really is lucky - but only for you, and at the expense of everyone around you, since it works by sucking up their luck. What's more, luck appears to be a nonrenewable resource - once you've used it up, it'll never return, and the rest of their days will be without any luck at all. Finally, once there's nobody around you with any luck to suck up, all your good fortune tends to leave all at once - as a consequence, if you're going to get much use out of this, you'd be better off staying on the move.

Lucky Padlock [100]

For all the moral weight that guns have picked up from the Gunslingers, a weapon has no agency, and those things are dangerous. Which is why you might want to carry something like this. It was recovered from the scene of a school massacre, and unlike the Jersey, the luck that this padlock (scuffed by an old bullet) seems to contain isn't at the expense of everyone else. Still, it's only situationally useful. Carrying it on your person, it somehow manages to catch what might otherwise be a fatal bullet, once per jump. Only the first, mind. Also, it can lock things, which is very useful when you really don't want what is on the other side of the door to get through.

Shit-Weasel [200]

The Byrus, a species of (semi)-intelligent parasites spreading throughout the universe using whatever tools available, with adults disguising themselves to look non-threatening. They've been trying to invade the Earth multiple times, with one of the most prominent being that thing that happened at Roswell back in '47. The adult aliens resemble deformed serpent-like beings with legs, with a mouth containing hundreds of teeth that can bite through steel. They are nicknamed 'shit-weasels' because they can be created in a host organism's stomach and escape by eating their host's body between the stomach and anus. They are capable of immediate asexual reproduction using eggs - though they are closer to a fungus than an organism as we would understand it - and are capable of not only telepathy, but the ability to give those around them telepathic abilities. They can even manipulate the minds of those around them. This one seems to like you - it answers to 'Mr. Gray' (though somehow you doubt that is it's real name) and will share its powers with you.

Lil Pink (200)

Unlike every other Kindle issued by Amazon, this eReader has a pink casing. More interestingly, it unlocks a literary world that even the most avid of book lovers could never imagine - it has a peculiar function called UR that can search multiple universes for data, and with access to more than ten-million 'Urs' (alternate realities), can find works by certain authors that do not exist in other universes - such as four 'new' books by Ernest Hemingway, that he wrote in an alternate dimension where he lived for three more years. You can also (with some skill at triangulation and patience) discover newspapers that were published in an alternate universe - and even use this to predict future events in your own - though obviously it's hard to do with any accuracy. This Kindle was intended for another jumper with your details, but accidentally shipped to you due to a keying error in your MasterCard (that's why it's so cheap).

1958 Plymouth Fury (300)

She (the car is a her, and very insistent on that) is an anthropomorphic, supernatural four-door 1958 Plymouth Fury, painted Autumnish Red and white on the outside and red as a fire engine on the inside. It is a fancy car, with white brimmed tires, double headlights, and white trimmed rims, and when she first comes into your possession, she has just 6 miles on her odometer and a 'new car smell' which seems to you to be just about the best smell in the world. This car seems in some way to be powered by your love of her - or perhaps obsession - able to self-repair, drive by herself, and even communicate (sort of) by means of the radio. Of course, she has the mannerisms of a mean-spirited girlfriend - when it comes to her owner, at least - and possesses a cruel streak. Answers to Christine.

Lilimar Sundial (300)

In Lilimar, there used to be a magical sundial able to turn back the passage of years - thereby reversing the ageing process and extending life - and now, it's yours. There are consequences of using it - it enhances your worst qualities at the expense of your better ones, making you cruel, mean, selfish, and more - but it keeps you alive, and buys you more time.

Oracle Demon (300)

A vague disturbance rather than a bodily presence, this is a demon of sensuality, sexual need, and prophecy, trapped in a circle of speaking stones. Those who come to these beings need their visions of the future as badly as the demons need the supplicants' bodies, desires, and loves. These demons take what they want, and may pluck visions of beloved relationships from victims' minds and project themselves into those roles. These demons speak prophecies in colourful prose and riddles, often predictions that will become clear only as Ka unwinds in time. Despite their power, the demon must be careful: their physical intangibility makes them vulnerable, and are incapable of leaving the circle. The demon genuinely requires sexual and psychic satisfaction to thrive, experiencing their prolonged absence as starvation. It is all too easy for them to lethally drain a supplicant during a divination, so caution is always best.

Flash Box (400)

The 'flash-box' was a device placed by an extraterrestrial species which generated an invisible, semipermeable barrier around the town of Chester's Mill - a forcefield that cut it off from the rest of the world, allowing air to cross through, but little else. Along with generating the Dome, it emitted a band of ersatz radiation that drove animals to suicide, caused visions in humans who passed through it, and glowed at night.

Pet Sematary (450)

A small lot near a highway and a chemical plant, intended as a cemetery for the dogs and cats killed by the steady stream of transports on the busy highway. Haunted by a wendigo (impossibly huge, with yellow eyes and a long, peeling tongue). Happens to be a Mi'kmaq burial ground, only accessible via a path through a deadfall. The grounds has the power to bring back whatever dead creature is interred there, at the expense that they return either sluggish and mean or just plain monstrous. Beyond the power to raise the dead, it also has a strange power to it that makes people want to go to it without reason, and makes them want to tell others about its secret.

The Pulse (500)

This is an electrical signal which can be transmitted through cellular telephones. It is not a weapon of precision, it's a weapon of destruction: when it is triggered, everyone using a cellphone at the time of the Pulse experiences a kind of psychological 'reboot', turning them murderously hostile to the point that they immediately and recklessly attempt to murder everyone they can see or hear. They attack animals, too, are as hostile to each other as they are to people unaffected by the Pulse, and when they have cleared a space they follow this up with suicidal behavior. They have no memory of who or what they had once been and their minds are at best severely damaged. Even 'second-hand' exposure to the Pulse, such as listening in closely to a cell phone call a friend is taking, is enough to do serious mental harm.

Tommyknocker Saucer (550)

The Tommyknockers are great Sky-travellers, but they are builders, not understanders, with no real grasp of the magnitude of what they can build. You have one of their vessels. The spacecraft can release an invisible gas into the atmosphere that gradually transforms people into beings similar (psychologically) to the aliens who once populated the ship. The transformation, or 'becoming', provides them with a limited form of genius which makes them very inventive but does not provide any philosophical or ethical insight into their inventions, and they often do not understand the principles of the inventions - simply what they can do. If you expose yourself to this gas, then on your own head be it.

Arrowhead Project [600]

There was a top secret military operation, and this is the result. This project is a switch. Upon triggering it, a thick unnatural mist envelopes the area - initially the size of a small town, but if left unattended it will grow, enveloping a region, a state - potentially even the entire world. The mist is filled with bizarre, otherworldly creatures, from three-foot-long dragonflies to behemoths too large to see through the mist. Despite the extreme danger these creatures pose, and their bizarre and indescribable shapes, they are ultimately only animals, and seemingly only attack humans when they smell them for food. Nonetheless, if not quickly contained - if the mist spreads - it could swallow an entire world.

Drop-in

Ring (FREE for Drop-in, 50 CP for anyone else)

A ring with a book on it and the inscription 'Ex Libris'. Wearing this ring, it will always be the first thing anyone ever notices about you. Furthermore, those friendly to you will always be able to identify you as an ally, and thereby begin with a disposition of cautious trust - which may well allow you to build upon it - turn them into allies or learn more. Also gets you a small discount at all reputable book shops if you're wearing it - and some disreputable ones as well. Just a small one, mind, but savings do add up.

Typewriter (100)

Not just any typewriter - a 1970 Smith Corona Electra 220 which has had adventures of its own before coming into the author's possession. This is a sturdy fifty-pound clunker which a nurse named Annie Wilkes was able to get for a great price 'on account of it's missing an n'. With this - and some discipline, you can find a subject or the inspiration to write ten thousand words a day (or six pages) - every day, forget all worries of 'pen paralysis' and 'writer's block' - when you use this, typing is a liberating activity and the story just flows out of you. If you don't have some direction of your own and just let it take you wherever it goes of your own, then the inspiration

defaults to bodice-rippers starring 'Misery Chastain' which will sell well if you publish but be of limited artistic merit and satisfaction (then again, that's all relative, isn't it?). The typewriter itself would make a fair blunt object if you need a weapon all of a sudden. Possibly haunted.

Manhattan Restaurant of the Mind (200)

Located on Second and Fifty-Third in New York City, with a storehouse in the back full of valuable first editions that could be sold for a fortune - if you could find a buyer. The store has a sign out front proclaiming any special deals of the day in the form of a restaurant menu. Not the most profitable use of the location, perhaps, but you own it, and it will run itself and bring you a decent income in this and future jumps. Furthermore, if you look through the stock you will find books that may assist you in whatever trials and travails that you are faced with, and warnings about the dangers ahead. The books will never give you answers, but if you are clever they might give hints - or show where you should be looking.

Welsh Corgi (300)

A Welsh Corgi named Molly. While seemingly no different from any other dog (perhaps unusually affectionate), this one can communicate with the dead - or at least interpret them (since it's only one way). Specifically, this corgi can hear their voices from beyond the grave (in places that were significant to them or pertain to any unfinished business that they might have) and is able to interpret these communications to pass on messages or further whatever it might happen to be to the best of her ability. Molly doesn't seem to find anything unusual about this, and neither do any other dogs. Of course, she's somewhat limited in her ability to convey what she learns as a spirit medium to you (or anyone) - given that dogs understand tones better than even what words they do recognise, and she doesn't have much attention span (as dogs often do not) - but she will do her best.

The Overlook Hotel (400)

You are the owner of a secluded hotel located in the Rocky Mountains that has been the site of many unsavoury activities - including suicides, gangland hits, and many suspicious changes of ownership (your acquisition isn't even the most suspicious). Nevertheless, the hotel has remained a luxurious destination known for its sumptuous grounds and spectacular mountain view. Kind of a huge storage battery charged with an evil powerful enough to corrupt all those who come into contact with it, created by a century of horrific incidents that have taken place in its' walls. It's also often visited by walk-ins - travellers from other dimensions - and while they will occasionally be hostile, mostly they'll be lost and confused - who knows, you might even recognise a few of them (whether from former jumps, or



as different versions of famous people)! Just whatever you do, stay out of Room 217. And room 1408. And don't put someone else in either room either. If a property like this scares you, you may instead have the deed to the Stanley Hotel (built by O. Stanley, inventor of the Stanley Steamer automobile, perched on the Hillside of the town of Estes Park, Colorado - allegedly the second-most haunted hotel in the United States, the proprietors hasten to explain that any supernatural presences belong to 'good spirits'.

Time Portal (500)

In the pantry of a diner (that you don't own, but a friend of yours does and is willing to let you use), there is a door, a time slip leading to the town of Lisbon Falls as it existed on September 9, 1958. The portal leads to the same moment of the same day every time it is used, and a visitor will always return to the present by a margin of two minutes - effectively resetting the timeline after each use. Making large changes can have drastic consequences for the timeline, but I'm sure you'll figure it out. And fortunately for you, something about this time portal makes it safe from the Langoliers (and the Great Old Ones moved on or wiped themselves out long ago). Still, what this does not defend you from is the runaway consequences of your actions... (In future jumps, the diner will change as little as possible as will its destination - but the core theme - going back to a period where a tragedy you can prevent looms ahead, and where your knowledge puts you in a good position to act).

Tet Corporation (600)

The Tet Corporation was founded in 1977 in New York City with funding from Susannah Holmes's inherited family fortune, and Eddie Dean's knowledge of the future (investing in the computer boom in the 80s and 90s) in order to pursue three objectives: to guard The Rose on Second Avenue and Forty-Sixth Street, to protect Stephen King, and to thwart the growth of the Sombra Corporation and North Central Positronics. By 1999, the company was worth almost ten billion dollars. The Tet Corporation built its headquarters around the Rose, the address changed to 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, and the building itself even earned the nickname of 'The Dark Tower' as a result of its dark coloration. The Tet Corporation employs many unconventional assets - including a ranch that employs a dozen telepaths and precognitives in Taos, New Mexico, and a group called the 'Calvins' (in honour of one of the founders, Calvin Tower) whose sole job is to read works of fiction and scour it for references to the Keystone World and real people. Better yet, you are the CEO, with its assets yours to direct as you will. In future jumps, the circumstances of its founding might change, but its agenda - and proportional power - will remain.

Ka'tet

Medical Supplies (FREE for Ka'tet, 100 CP otherwise)

A worn physician's bag, manufactured sometime in the late 20th century. It's neatly loaded to

the brim with a collection of modern and less than modern first-aid items such as pocket masks, a tourniquet, clean gauze, splints, bandages, and trauma scissors. There are also tinctures of benzoin, a bottle of aspirin tablets and some basic antibiotics, adrenaline shots, a glass hand-pumped blood transfusion kit, pocket manual, and soap. Never forget soap!

Oriza (100)

An Oriza, or 'Riza' for short, is a plate-like weapon that is thrown like a discus in order to decapitate enemies. They are light metal alloy; their edges are decorated with blue webbing and a seedling rice plant, and when thrown they make a whistling sound caused by grooves made in the plate. Unconventional as weapons go, they are nonetheless extremely effective in the hands of those skilled in their use. Comes with a special harness, that allows you to carry about six of them comfortably and draw them just as quickly and throw them in the same movement (across your body). They can be recovered relatively easily, too.

Oy (200)

A billy-bumbler - also known simply as bumlbers or throcken, who like most of its kind has black and grey striped fur, a spiral tail, and gold-ringed eyes - imagine a cross between a raccoon, a woodchuck, and a dachshund and you have a pretty good sense of what you're dealing with. Bumlbers are much more intelligent than canines and were bred to hunt the Grandfather fleas - others used them to herd sheep before the world moved on, and they are well known for their friendliness (even in the wild). They once spoke, so legend would have it, but mostly lost the knack. This one is a loyal and intelligent creature that has chosen to follow you. Like all its kind it has the ability to mimic what it hears, though it may struggle with pronunciation, as well as get a sense of the intent behind the words it repeats. Furthermore, it can psychically communicate to a small extent. It's also more observant than you might give it credit for, braver than you'd expect, and keen to provide aid. Bringing it along might just save your life.

Foe-Hammer (300)

An unerring, ever-returning black arrow - and an heirloom of the Royal house of Delain, forged by Queen Lita for her husband (the father of Roland the Good). Whether the arrow truly possesses magical properties is unknown, but Foe-Hammer is perhaps the greatest arrow ever made, its bolt of sandalwood, its three feathers honed from the wing of an Anduan peregrine, its tip of flashed steel. It grows hot at the draw (perhaps from the dragons it killed), and can always be recovered after it is loosed. Comes with a hunting bow - light and limber, with an amazing strength in its lancewood bolt. It is a huge but graceful weapon, eight feet from end to end, with a ninety-pound draw.

DARIA (300)

North Central Positronics Portable Guidance Module DARIA, NCP-1436345-AN appears to be no more than a Hightech compass and GPS, though in truth is capable of a great deal more.

She is a full fledged AI, capable of developing a personality, providing some extremely human-like responses, and even overriding her own programming. She is extremely well informed, and able to tap into any satellites and trawl information networks that should be present. She knows a great deal - of history and mythology, and she knows a great deal about more mundane dangers as well. She has an inbuilt scanner, and is capable of perceiving the world, and drawing (informed) conclusions about it. And as tech of the Great Old Ones, she knows the locations of all their doors and all their left over tech - and will continue to, in future worlds. Follow her lead, and you won't go far wrong.

CAN-TAH (400)

Usually, ugly composite animals carved from stone and used by demons to exert influence over the unwary; this one is a scrimshaw turtle (or Sköldpadda) made from ivory and is extremely old, bearing a small scratch on the shell shaped like a question mark. The sköldpadda is a beautiful thing and possesses a number of powers usable by simply holding it up. It has the power to fascinate anyone who sees it, stopping them in their tracks as they are mesmerised by it and allowing the bearer to plant suggestions in the viewer's mind and even erase memories. Even beings who are completely given over to the dark side will find it difficult (if not impossible) to break its hold, though truly unnatural creatures without any humanity whatsoever will not be affected.

A Rose (600)

Is the Rose the form The Dark Tower took in the Keystone Earth - a rose surrounded by towers as the Tower is surrounded by roses? Or is it simply the link, that connects Keystone Earth with the Tower? While it can defend itself, you have been appointed it's protector. It's a noble calling - there isn't a greater one. While it doesn't impart any special powers on you, it does give you a sense of the song of the tower and the great good that emerges as a result. Don't let anything befall it.

A Key (600)

See it, the key is red. This key is carved from an unknown wood; with an extremely unusual shape. It is a magic key, and it can unlock any sealed opening (at least, by mechanics - it won't help against something nailed or welded shit, but can make easy work of a bolt) - somehow, it can even get you past electronic locks and more rigorous security methods as well - how it does this you can't be sure. But be warned, some doors are locked with good reason, and while it can open doors, chests, and all a manner of other places - it has no power to lock them shut again...

An Unfound Door (600)

This door is made from ironwood from the endless forest, and stands about 6 1/2 feet tall, the knob made out of crystal with a rose etched upon it and appearing to just stand with its hinges attached to nothing but air. Instead of High Speech lettered on the face of the door, it has

hieroglyphs that mean 'Unfound' - same as on Black Thirteen's box. What makes this door so important and powerful is where it can lead the user. It has an unlimited reach, taking the user to any where and when they desire. The trick is that it can only be opened with Black Thirteen, Maerlyn's most dangerous of the Wizard's Rainbow. Fear not - if you do not purchase it here, Ka will arrange for it to come into your possession once a jump - just long enough to use the door once (after which the stone will leave your possession, and you're stuck wherever you went).

The Talisman (1000)

A crystal, or so it appears - but it is impossible to define exactly what the Talisman is; it is part of the universe, but it also contains universes within itself, a paradox in keeping with the idea of infinite realities, all influencing each other. It is not just the axle of all possible worlds, but the worlds themselves - the worlds, and the spaces between those worlds. Few can use it, but many are called on to defend it - though it can defend itself if called upon to. It has a will of its own but grants the wishes of those who carry it, and could make you a god if you were incautious enough to let it - though only those unique in all the multiverse (with the perk to prove it) can even touch it. If you do possess the perk, then once per jump, you may alter something about the setting, fundamentally rewriting it at a base level. These changes can be small things, or massive - there are no limits whatsoever. You could make the snow taste of chocolate, move the stars, or alter the very laws of reality. But there is no undoing what you do, and no way to use this item more than once a jump.

Bondsmen of the Crimson King

Straight Razor (FREE For Boogieman, 50)

Been reading too many George Stark novels? Or perhaps you were inspired by the Hitler Brothers - that pair of hoodlums who were fond of mutilating their victims with one just like this? Well, this is usually used for shaving, but you could do some real damage with this, if you had a mind to. Doesn't seem to need sharpening as long as you periodically draw blood with it - it's not fussy whose.

Taheen Mask (FREE for Taheen and Low-Men, 50)

Something to help you blend in. Indeed, the Low Men believe that they are becoming more human through imitation (the taheen usually don't bother - but they can if they have a reason). This appears like a fairly life-like rubber mask, complete with a flap at the back of the neck to better fit your head; but is actually a living organism grown for this particular purpose. A red spot on the forehead resembles a weeping gash, but never spills forth and is actually the creature's lungs. You'll be about as noticeable as Michael Myers on a good day, which is a lot better than nothing.

NCP-HPJKR Model Golden Sneetches (50)

A walnut-sized metallic sphere of gold, with silver wings, based on items from a popular series of children's books. Sneetches are self-propelled hand grenades with an explosive yield equal to any contemporary example; which can also fly, hover and dart at tremendous speed. They will even track targets who run away in an attempt to escape. You receive 2 of these per purchase - so use them wisely. If you do (use them carefully), you might just get sent more... next jump. Can be purchased multiple times.

Cam Tam (100, FREE for Type Three Vampire)

Also known as 'Doctor Bugs' or 'Doctors of Eluria', the Cam Tam are insects about the size of a small honeybee, which are healers that feed off disease and can even fix broken bones; while they are at work healing they sing music which is very entrancing. Can form symbiotic relationships with the sympathetic and the dying, allowing them to inhabit a body, and when doing so, begin to share the goals and personality of the one they are inhabiting.

Grandfather Fleas (100, Free for Type One Vampire)

Horrible insects the size of rats with eyes on stalks. These large, vicious bugs not only drink blood (when they can get it) but eat flesh and lay eggs in corpses, cleaning up the remains which the grandfathers themselves are not interested in (left from their own feeding) - though they'll eat fresh (even living) meat if given an opportunity. They are very necessary - preventing the number of vampires from growing exponentially. You get a colony that will clean up after you, and have enough sense to leave any servants of yours and people you want alive (or undead) well enough alone. They make for an excellent early warning system and waste disposal (they'll go through bone like butter) - and don't leave much of a mess. You can sleep securely in your coffin knowing that any hunters will have a swarm of them to deal with. They are afraid of Throcken - who hunt them with incredible expertise.

Closet (100)

Though it's an excellent place to startle children by emerging from it, it's mostly full of clothes. This contains expertly packed clothing of various styles that will allow you to fit in among the various factions sworn to the king, from the suits of the Low Men, to the terrifying armour and warpaint of the armies that ultimately felled the gunslingers. The clothing is hard-wearing and of relatively good quality.

Thinking Cap (200)

While they are called thinking-caps, anti-thinking-caps would be more accurate; they look like fedoras, with the texture of suede but somehow metallic (similar to tin foil). Thinking-caps muffle

the thoughts of the people wearing them - if a telepath tries to prog (read the thoughts) of someone who's wearing one you just get a hum with a lot of whispering underneath - whether they use the Shine, or any other form of the same. The experience for the telepath is very unpleasant, like the todash chimes. They also block out attempts to remotely control the wearer by psychic means - be it body hijacking or mental domination - however, they block the powers of the one using it as well, of course.

Eye of the King (200)

A black stone with a flaw that, in the right light, resembles nothing so much as an eye. This is a sigil given to his chosen few, as a sign that they speak with the Red King's authority, a sign of his authority and trust, allowing them to lead rather than just take orders - and indeed while brandishing this, all the wicked will instinctively defer to you, and anything you say will be treated as though it holds a far greater degree of authority. Furthermore, it seems to have magical properties not fully explained - though that could simply be a result of the hands that have held it, and the association developed as a consequence. It appears to help make those who carry it smarter and less impulsive, as well as multiplying their natural talents and obsessions into weird sixth senses and supernatural understandings. It can change, become something they desire with all their heart or something that frightens them - and its owner can keep an eye on you through it - or whoever you lend it to.

BUICK 8 (250, FREE for Low-Men)

The Low Men all drive garish cars which happen to be both sentient and malevolent imported from another world, and this one is yours. By default it looks very much like a Buick 8 (though you may import another vehicle to gain these properties), however, there's enough wrong with it to make anyone examining it think that it is more of a sculpture of a car than anything appropriate to the purpose. It has a wooden dashboard; its controls not only don't work but won't move. It has 7, rather than 8 porthole vents on its radiator, 3 on one side, 4 on the other (the odd vent changes position sometimes). The exhaust system is entirely made out of plexiglass, the engine has no distributor cap and wires that just feed into the engine block (stamped all over with 'BUICK 8' as a reminder), very much not to the battery, which itself isn't connected to anything. The key is just a plain metal stick, and the ignition can't turn. And yet it functions... after a fashion. The Low Men's cars are all conduits to another reality, which selectively alters the laws of physics around them to allow them to function as though in their native dimension. As such, as cars go it's almost impossible to destroy, or even seriously inconvenience, and it can drive even when the local laws of physics shouldn't allow it to. If left unattended, every now and then it breathes, inhaling a little bit of this world, exhaling a little bit of whatever world it came from. If left too long, it will start releasing monsters... luckily they typically don't survive very long outside of their native environment.

The Mangler (250)

An ancient industrial laundry press machine - looking like something out of the industrial

revolution that, through a series of unlikely and unfortunate coincidences, has been possessed by a demon. It's more common than you'd think. This one keeps any business it's stored at beneath notice - with the authorities not so much as giving the place a cursory inspection no matter what happens - provided, that is, that it's appeased by the occasional blood sacrifice. Furthermore, it can be goaded into ripping itself free of its moorings and prowling the streets in search of fresh prey, shedding off pieces of metal as it behaves in the manner of a wild beast. The machine is extremely formidable, and is largely loyal to you (at least, loyal enough to leave you alone unless it's really hungry), but it's not obedient - it prioritises killing anyone it can catch over any orders or instructions that you give it. Belladonna - Nightshade - has been fed to it, which makes it effectively immune to exorcism. Be warned - it can't swim. You can purchase this multiple times - a second time is another steam press - this one intentionally created by a cult of demon worshippers rather than the creation of a series of unfortunate coincidences. A third purchase will get you a seemingly completely unrelated rogue AI. Such is the vagaries of ka.

Lot Six (300)

A chemical drug used by a government organisation called the Department of Scientific Intelligence (The Shop) on twelve volunteers. During the test, 12 students were injected. Dr. Wanless (the overseer of the program) was also working on future chemical compounds to be designated Lot Seven and Lot Eight, but due to the unpredictable nature of the Lot Six experiment, these plans were terminated. The exact nature of the drug is classified, but it interacts with the pineal gland in the brain, and alters the chromosomes of those injected with it, giving them psychokinetic powers. Rumour has it that the Shop has refined their process up to Lot-22 now, at least on one level of the tower. Effectively, this 'awakens' the Shine in those it works upon. Those that it does not... well, there's really not much point talking about them. The vast majority of subjects end up dead or in insane asylums - or else the powers wear off. You get twelve doses at the start of every jump - getting subjects to test it on is up to you.

Haunted House (400)

They are very common, even if most of them are only supernatural in the imagination of children and the communities to which they happen to belong. This one, however, is the real McCoy - while it defaults to an old deserted mansion, dilapidated and threatening, it can instead be anything from a hotel room to a cabin in the woods. However, whatever form it takes, anyone with any sense avoids it. Nobody will be quite clear who owns it or its exact legal status, but most will leave it be - not wanting to think about it. Like all such structures, this house possesses a 'dry charge' which attracts other evils - left completely to its own devices the house will see to it that vampires and ghosts, demons and other predators will emerge and begin preying on the community which surround it. As for the House itself, it is haunted insofar as it contains one of the leftovers from when the prim receded - a demon, which protects the place. Anyone who wakes it will see the entire house begin to warp, its boards and fixtures turning to become a demon that will do its utmost to destroy them. As such, it's an excellent place to store things you don't want found. May contain a well house that leads to the sewers - if that's the sort of thing you want. A surprising number of people do!

Dixie Pig (500)

A small(ish), dinghy restaurant in New York - Lexington and 61st Street in Manhattan - built



above the Dogan door to Fedic, this is a place of business that serves as a staging ground for both the bondsmen of the King (as one of the most strategically important doorways to be found) as well as a number of his human agents - mostly gangsters. As a consequence, this is an excellent place to network and find useful intelligence - even muscle if you need it (from local colour). Beyond that, this is a much more extensive property than it appears, as beneath the surface there is a giant subterranean complex, the restaurant acting as a sort of cover to the sprawling tunnels below. Within are all a manner of monsters, and while they don't leave all that often, they will protect the place and what lies within with their lives. This is an excellent front for moving, smuggling, or any other sort

of action you don't want to be too picked up from. And the horrors within are beyond disturbing for one not knowing what to expect...

The Sombra Corporation (600)

This is a multiversal megacorporation in which you have been granted a controlling interest. It's board of directors is too vast and too strange for you to have unquestioned authority at all times, shareholders will demand a return on their investment, after all, and there will be special project divisions and offices that don't report to you. Nonetheless, you now have the single most powerful source of real-estate holdings on Earth and a similar ability to dictate markets on other worlds. Your investment portfolio could shame the House of Saud, and you could purchase a sovereign nation (or twenty...) but this process requires you to actually have them agree to the purchase. You also possess lucrative contracts with other multiverse-spanning megacorporations such as North Central Positronics and LaMerk Industries. Corporate officials operate at a high-degree of efficiency, and it's often been said that many CEOs are simply insane; as a result, you are dealt with promptly and with all due respect, your every whim as catered to as any corporate fat cat, but nothing exceptional. If you want that sort of service, you better start "living our values"! Or institute casual Friday, I hear that's popular. Purchasing power, however, is only the beginning of what this can do for you - your position comes with a tremendous amount of soft power and influence stretching throughout the world, through every strata. Power that you can leverage to bring about almost any end you might imagine. Of course, most of it will be actively used to pursue the ends of the Crimson King, but as his representative that means that there's enough left over for you to work whatever changes you should like.

Army of Darkness (800)

When subtlety, subversion, treachery and corruption fail, more direct means are required. Fortunately, it would seem you have access to them - the world is not short of those who can be led astray to fight for the cause. This army is roughly the size of the army that the Gunslingers made their last stand against - two thousand men, some with rifles and others with bolts, supported by fire-carriages and robots, and even with some old magic assisting them. The men are brave, and are skilled, and will fight to the death, and are well supplied with a knack for foraging, meaning that keeping them supplied is no issue at all on all but the most inhospitable of lands. And while the knowledge of building the weapons of the Old people is long lost, maintaining them is a skill they have mastered, and are able to keep them functioning no matter how damaged they get. This is an army that laid waste to an empire - admittedly at its point of decline.

Le Casse Roi Russe (1,000)

All Hail The Crimson King! Of course, this is not actually his castle, but it is a perfect replica, and it comes attached to your warehouse, encompassing several hundred thousand square feet – with self-maintaining rooms and a legion of servants who'll serve you with loyalty and fear. Some are quite mad, and some are inexplicable. If you so wish, it may instead be placed in the physical world, where it will have countless guards and safeguards - both in the technology built by the Great Old Ones, the monsters from the Primordium who give you the deference that they would have shown the Crimson King himself, as well as the strange wonders brought from worlds beyond count for his amusement and entertainment. You have a throne built of skulls in the audience chamber, and when you sit upon it you shall find your abilities at governance to be dramatically improved - and the fear they show you is... gratifying.

Gunslinger

'Prentice Guns (FREE and exclusive to Gunslinger)

Irrespective of their value - which is considerable - no price can be put upon these because you simply cannot be a Gunslinger without a set of them. The guns of a first-year gunslinger are much like those used by his more experienced brethren, but they are nickel-plated, so do not have the same sheen as those he will later carry. They are also slightly heavier than those used by older fighters and their action is not as smooth. Like a true gunslingers' guns, their cylinders have six chambers, but their grips are made of ironwood. Should you take an apprentice, it is understood that when they have proven themselves you will pass these guns down to them.

Gunna (50)

Enough to keep you moving on the trail - where it's lonely and aid is unlikely. Gunbelts - worn crossed, with holsters for your weapons to fit comfortably on your hips and with loops for

ammunition - and larger ones for speed loaders (which the gunslingers knew about, and thought were clever but lazy, yet were not adverse to taking advantage of since a few moments can mean a world of difference in a gunfight), with a grant total of sixty bullets. You also carry flint and steel, some light cookware, twine, gunpowder (for making new shells out of your cartridges - you know exactly how much powder each needs down to the exact number of grains), and a waterskin, as well as trail rations for a few days (when the hunting is slim).

Mule (100)

A reliable animal - a bit past its best years, perhaps (whenever those were), but still tough and hard working. It's willing, and will carry on with barely anything - it's skilled at foraging and has a billy goat's ability to digest anything it comes across. Still, be careful of it - if you lose it, you'll be stuck walking (and carrying your own gunna). Never seems to age, for whatever reason, it just gets tougher and more ornery. A bit like you, in that!

Horse (100)

Like the ones ridden by Roland, Alain, and Cuthbert in Mejis so long ago. Your steed is a powerful, well trained warhorse and comes into your possession equipped with all of the gear you'll need to make long journeys on horseback. Despite the logistical difficulties, it also holds a lance.

Standard (200)

Normally, this is just a rolled up piece of fabric - that might almost be mistaken for a bedroll or similar, but is in fact a standard: a white horse on a green background - symbolising the white stallion of Arthur Eld (Llamrei) running on a field. This is a symbol associated with Gilead, and statues of the horse can be found along the stone turrets of Gilead's castle complex, as over the years he became the sigil of all In-World. Beneath this standard, you will find your cause bolstered, both efforts to recruit others to fight for it, and to extort greater efforts from those already fighting for your side. With this in the wind, a handful of farmers could fight like heroes of legends. However, when you unfurl this, your enemies will instantly know that your cause has re-emerged, and will make all efforts they would be expected to in order to extinguish it once again.

Horn (250)

Once it belonged to Arthur Eld, it's an ancient horn that has been passed down across generations, and is rumoured to be tied to the fate of the Dark Tower. Maybe with this, there might be a happy ending - indeed, this horn grants you the assurance that a happy ending is always possible. If you blow it, help will come - or so is promised, however that's less certain. Sounding this horn in battle is also said to make your enemies quail, understanding on some instinctive level the power and danger of the house of Eld, and the terrible enmity of the White.

Grow Bag (300)

A magical bag that the making of is long forgotten, Grow Bags have the magic to produce a few specific things (keyed to the bag in question) in endless quantities, though they take time to do so. This one produces both money (in the form of heavy golden coins of an ancient providence) and tobacco. It occasionally produces gems as well, but its rate of creation is not steady. Over-use will cause it to gradually lose its magic.

Demon Jawbone (400)

Only the dead can speak prophecies - or at least, that's what all the stories say. This is a demon's jawbone, a cannibal's trophy, missing a few teeth and smelling strongly. For those who know how, it can be used to summon the spirits of the departed and force them to act as Oracles - even the untutored can do so, at the right times and at places of occult significance. Furthermore, it acts as luck, protecting the carrier from misfortune - particularly misfortune sent their way by other people or unnatural forces, and wards away demons and bad spirits. Toss it aside, or lose it, and your luck will be bad from now until the end of time.

Magic Feather and Dibbin (500)

Not Wendy's Magic Feather - this large white feather comes from the tail of Garuda, the eagle who guards the Beam. It's magic can take the one who carries it anywhere they should wish, by letting them fly to their destination - all they need do is take it in both hands and concentrate on the place they are going (though of course, it can only take them to places they know - and know well). The Dibbin is also known as a heater blanket. Every time it is unfolded, it doubles in size - it can keep you warm in any conditions, and can carry a great deal - as long as the one holding the feather is riding it and keeping their mind on the place they are going. It is a canny flyer, able to steer itself and avoid obstacles and dangers on its own.

Sandalwood Guns (600, exclusive to Gunslinger, replace 'prentice guns)

These are the weapons of a Gunslinger - a matched set of heavy six-shooters with sandalwood grips from some alien world sanded smooth by the palms of your precursors - which have never lost the fragrance. They are made using melted down blue-gray steel, and have a symbol of Knighthood engraved upon the side - the dinh-mark of your ancestor (be it Arthur Eld, or someone else). Every pair is an



heirloom that has been passed from father to son for almost thirty generations. These single-action pistols fit into lined holsters of hand-stitched, tooled leather. The throat of each holster is carefully shaped and rolled to allow for easy holstering and a fast draw. The two gunbelts to which a gunslinger's holsters are attached are worn crisscrossed over the hips so that the holsters sit low, at the perfect angle for drawing. They fire .45 rifle slugs, and are accurate to an incredible degree - they are precisely as accurate as the person pulling the trigger. They will never fail you, so long as you never fail your oaths and duty. And they were forged out of a legendary weapon, granting them the magic of the prim, and making them proof against all a manner of unnatural creatures who would normally be impervious - these weapons can kill things that a bullet has no business killing. The guns even seem to have some strange manner of intelligence, warning you of danger or threats that might otherwise pass you by, and can even act on your behalf by jamming to prevent you from shooting someone you do not desire dead.

You may import another weapon into them - it will not be able to swap forms (since the process of reforging is final) but these guns will gain all the benefits and powers of the other weapon, and it will have the additional benefit of giving you a second weapon with identical abilities - since they come in a paired set. If the weapon is in some other form it will translate into the pistols in as sensible a way as possible - which might require some wrangling in regards to pure tech, but regardless shall be achieved.

Man in Black

Smiley Pin (FREE and Exclusive to Man in Black)

A yellow smiley face button; suitable to be pinned to your lapel or buttonhole or whatever other place you have in mind, the smiley face appears to reflect your thoughts or even have a bit of a life of its own, offering a sinister grin or a wink of cruel understanding or otherwise expressing itself, and letting people know how you really feel about things. In spite of this, while wearing it you tend to have an easier time drawing people to listen to you and what you are saying, even - or perhaps especially - if what you are saying is senselessly destructive or intended to provoke violence.

Cowboy Boots (50)

Your favourite pair of cowboy boots; already broken-in and polished. These boots are of exceptional quality, and match your tastes even when you try and incorporate them into a variety of outfits; they are comfortable and excellent though they are only mundane stacked leather. They have a habit of surviving even the strangest of encounters, and it is quite possible for you to be washed up naked clad only in them. If lost, you typically have a wriggling feeling that they'll find their way back to you, even if you are explicitly robbed for them. And, sure enough, they always do.

Two-Headed Parrot (50)

These birds are native to the territories - though rare even there, and they usually don't live so long. It caws and sometimes talks to itself, one head speaking, the other head answering. It will occasionally shout out warnings that may be linked and provide clues for interpreting your visions and dreams of the future. Also, does a good job of establishing your credentials as a wizard (and a well-travelled man).

Tarot Cards (50)

The Tarot decks of Mid-World consist of four suits (Cups and Diamonds, Spades and Wands) plus a set of trump cards, allowing the decks to also be used to play a game called 'Watch Me' (a kind of poker with multi-handed, two-handed and solitaire variations). This deck contains cards not found anywhere else - such as 'the Vampire', 'the Werewolf', and 'the Thing Without a Name', and when used for its intended purpose always gives an accurate reading of the Ka of whoever you ask, and the journeys and challenges ahead. Of course, interpreting them is up to you. The pictures seem to change - just a little - in order to better display what Ka wills, though that might just be the imagination of the beholder. Sometimes you even draw cards you didn't put in your deck.

Maerlyn's Rainbow (100 CP each, may only purchase Black Thirteen if you purchase another first)

Also known as the *Bends o' the Bow* or the Wizard's Rainbow, this set consists of thirteen coloured spheres Maerlyn spun from the waters of the Prim into glass. Whispering secret words, he divided the white magic into twelve tainted magical strands. Finally, he rolled the strands into spheres. When nothing was left in his hands but shadow, Maerlyn rolled a black ball. The first twelve represent the Twelve Guardians of the Beams, each having the secret of a different form of magic; the last, Black Thirteen, represents the Dark Tower itself, which was filled with the evil of the monster-infested void that existed between worlds. Some of these magic balls look into the future; others look into the past or into alternative realities,

and some have the power to transport the user to places as well as to show. They can pierce through all manner of wards and defences to show what they will, and are potent enough that any human with no talents in magic could use them. Other balls may summon things to them - perhaps from the demon infested worlds, or show only vile acts most people would wish kept secret. One is said to give the power of levitation, and another the secrets of telepathy. But all are cursed to bring despair and sorrow to those who wield them, and all of the balls are alive and hungry. A person begins by using them, but in the end, he or she is used by them and sucked dry - be it of their life, their youth, their soul or their will (it depends on the ball). Though



magic is by nature neither good nor bad, these spheres bring only sorrow to their users, and the black contains only the evil of the void.

The Thirteen colours consist of: Crimson, Orange, Yellow, Pink, Dark Blue, Dark Green, Indigo, Lime, Azure, Violet, Brown, Pearl Grey, and Black. Each allows their user to see things beyond the bounds of the world they live in, and assists in going *Todash*. If the viewer does not have anything in particular they desire to see, it will direct them to whatever they know will hold their attention, and so gain a hold over them. They are completely indestructible, and cannot be contained for long. They each represent a corruption of the pure energy of the WHITE. If the WHITE represents wholeness, and the best human beings can strive for in ideal and action, then the debased colours of the rainbow represent the baser emotions, or the fallen drives of a fallen world. For example, the pink (*Maerlyn's Grapefruit*) resonates with sexual energy, but it is desire, possessiveness, and cruelty without the higher emotions that true love can instil.

Armaneeta (100)

A *sighe* - or fairy - possessed of many magical powers, but of small stature - no larger than a child's hand (about four inches, if she stretches out to the fullest), with transparent wings that move so fast when she flies that they can hardly be seen, and allow her to dart around with spectacular agility. She has a green glow and when she speaks or laughs it also sounds like tiny bells - but she can make herself understood if she has a mind to; plus, she's pretty good with charades. She is completely naked, casually deceptive and thoroughly wicked. She can easily fly around places without ever being caught, find secrets where nobody else can, and lead people into all manner of mischief when she has a mind, and her innate sense of adventure and curiosity makes her a lot of fun - and her ability to hold grudges and be vindictive likewise (as long as she doesn't get a mind to apply that to you, anyway).

Axe (150)

Sometimes, magic is not an immediate solution - and in such times, it's good to have a fallback option - even if you are perfectly capable of killing someone with your teeth (or driving them mad, or simply willing them dead). This is the executioner's axe which once belonged to Bill Hinch, the most feared Lord High Executioner Delain had ever known who served under three of the bloodiest Kings in Delain's long history (all of whom ended up under his axe), Bill Hinch had made an end to hundreds - thousands, some said - of prisoners with his heavy axe. Above the blades, which are of twice-forged Anduan steel, is Flagg's own modification - a spiked iron ball. Each spike has been tipped with a different sort of (magical) poison - each lethal in a different way (including but not limited to the clear distillation of the *clanah lily* which smells like honey but kills its victims in screaming torments; *Deadly Clawfoot* which grows in the deepest shadows of the *Dismal Swamp*; and the poison of a 20-year-old deathwatch spider, raised on a diet of newborn baby mice (poisoned and dying, increasing the potency of the spider's own poison, which is already potent beyond belief); and many more). This axe is a heavy, clumsy weapon designed for killing the helpless in a single stroke, not sustained combat against a

skilled adversary, but anyone who feels its bite will likely die screaming from even a brush of the spikes.

Staff (150)

A cane with a silver wolf's head - the disguised form of a magic staff. Even if you can do away with most of the props required for magic, this is worth holding onto. It serves as both a focus - enhancing the magic you cast - and a reservoir of magical energy (allowing you to draw on it, when you have nothing else at hand or in an emergency). Spellcasting while using this results in appreciably more powerful magic. Furthermore, since it is your staff, it is keyed to your way of getting results - and therefore more effective for your approach than anyone else's. While this means it will never work for anyone else as well as it works for you, it is actually a useful teaching aid - should you ever take an apprentice.

Charyou Tree (200)

Come reap. This tree was used for human sacrifice in the old days - both to punish sins and bring good crops as was done in the days of Arthur Eld. Blood sacrifice ensures a good corn harvest, but it can ensure other things too...if you know what to ask for. This tree is a covenant with the can-char, the gods of death. A human sacrifice will both regain lost fertility of flesh and field - keeping animals and people from deformity, and the ground fertile and productive. The area being so abundant in magic makes this a perfect ritual site and as a result, your rituals will never go wrong when performed on your field - even rituals that shouldn't work (and were never intended to) just might find themselves answered... if honestly and earnestly performed.

Poison (200)

A shelf of neatly ranked and neatly marked poisons for every eventuality, in beakers, in phials, in little envelopes. An assortment of all those things that humans, who are made of flesh and are so weak, dread: hammering headaches, screaming stomach cramps, detonations of diarrhea, vomiting, collapsing blood vessels, paralysis of the heart, exploding eyeballs, swelling, blackening tongues, madness. There is also a teak box, carved all over with magical symbols (runes and such), with a unique lock - what seems to be a dull orange steel, but is a kleffa carrot, a living lock which you water once a week, and possesses some dull species of intelligence. If anyone tries to jimmy the kleffa lock open, or even if the wrong someone tried to use the right key, the lock screams. This contains a packet of green sand, and one of the deadliest poisons in all the worlds from the desert of Grenh, which can be approached only on a day when the wind was blowing the other way, because a single breath of the fumes which came from the desert of Grenh would cause death. For a day or two - perhaps even three - the person who breathes the poison fumes (or even worse, swallowed the grains of sand) will feel fine - perhaps better than ever before. Then, suddenly, their lungs will grow red-hot, their skin will begin to smoke, and they will burn from the inside out. There is no cure.

Tucker Talisman (300)

The Torpedo was the only car that Preston Tucker had ever turned out - this is a car that was never anything but an idea, supposedly produced by the Tucker Corporation. Just as the Tucker Torpedo was known primarily for its unusual three-headlight design, The Talisman shares that feature. It's a beautiful vehicle, exquisitely maintained, and handles extremely well. Best of all, the gas gauge always reads empty and the tank is always full. All the tolls are pre-paid. Can transform into a horse-drawn wagon, pulled by a horse with burning red eyes.

Necronomicon (300)

A huge book of spells, bound in human skin, that you could read for a thousand years and only get through a quarter of it - if your mind was up to the challenge. Of course, it's better to pace yourself, since to read too long of this book (written on the high, distant Plains of Leng by a madman named Alhazred) is to risk madness. Both the spells and the insights to be found within are extremely valuable.

The Laughing Mirror (400)

Mockery can be a potent weapon. Created by Maerlyn, this is a magical looking glass made to distort. In the mirror's polished silver surface, good appears ugly while evil seems handsome. Not only does the mirror make all reflections of the White appear hideous and stupid, but it also makes them seem ridiculous. In fact, the stronger the power of the White that it faces, the funnier the mirror finds it and the louder it laughs. You may break off shards - and every particle of the laughing mirror contains the concentrated evil of the whole. Hence anything they penetrate becomes infected by the mirror's vision. If you drive so much as a particle into people's eyes, it shall pervert their vision so greatly that they will only perceive the corrupt, the cruel, and the hateful as beautiful from then until the end of time. But worse yet is the fate of those men and women whose hearts are pierced, since never again will they feel the emotions of love and joy, compassion or regret.

Captain Trips (500)

The nickname probably originated with the late Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia, who was nicknamed 'Captain Trips' because he was known for spiking people's drinks with hallucinogenic drugs like LSD (what it's got to do with this is anyone's guess). This is a constantly-shifting antigen virus 'superflu' developed under the codename Project Blue by a biological weapon's laboratory located beneath California's Mojave Desert, when released it will exterminate 99.4% of the human population of the earth in a matter of months - as well as many animals (including dogs and horses). The superflu virus is highly adaptable, shifting and changing constantly - at best, medicine only briefly holds off the inevitable. No vaccine has ever been developed for it - and likely none ever will. The virus starts out like a common cold, causing weariness, nasal congestion and sneezing, and most people who catch it think that a common cold is all they have. As it progresses, Captain Trips causes increasingly-worse fever, headaches, crippling

physical pain, swelling, and delirium. Victims slip in and out of consciousness, and begin thinking they are in other places, other times in their lives. Sometimes, when nearing death, victims will actually calm down and return to clear, level-headed thinking for a short time. In all cases, however, once someone has caught Captain Trips, the chances of death are 100% certain - it's just a question of how long it will take for the virus and its complications to wear out their body's natural and unnatural defences. This virus has come close to killing worlds. You have a sample in a container. Be careful where you release it.

Button Box (500)

A small, mahogany box, with 8 buttons on top and two levers on the sides. Six of the buttons represent the continents North-America, South-America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. The other two, a red and a black one, have no specific destination, but the black one is the most dangerous of all, and the red one is the only one that can be used repeatedly. Pulling the levers makes the box spit out tiny, magical chocolate animals, and silver dollars in mint condition respectively. The chocolates make you more attractive and intelligent or at least, seem to. The box doesn't work for you, but you can entrust it with others. When used with bad intent the box has an unimaginable capacity for evil. When left alone, it can be a strong force for good. If nothing else, it tells you a great deal about the person you entrust it with. In the hands of the incautious, it could destroy the entire world.

Las Vegas (600)

The original Sin City, now become a kingdom of your very own, rebuilt in your image. You've managed to get the lights working and an army of followers too terrified to resist your whims to reside here, kept complacent via bread and circuses (this includes actual gladiatorial games) as they try to move on with their lives. The city is protected by a combination of lawmen and private security with access to the combined assets of the LAPD and the looted contents of the nearby Nellis Air Force Base. This includes several nuclear weapons. You won't need much protection, however, as the followers believe the rest of the world died off in some sort of plague - and they certainly seem to have. In future jumps, it will always reside in a reality adjacent to the one you're in and keeps any changes you make. If Las Vegas - a city that is fundamentally bland - does not appeal, you may instead take the emerald city of Oz (or at least a place that seems suspiciously like it). It's completely deserted, and there are no stockpiles of weapons, however people will eventually come, and it will end up more or less in the same position by the end of this jump.

Needful Things (600)

How far will you go to get what you want? Caveat Emptor, it says over the door, and well it should. The store always seems to have an item in stock that's perfectly suited to any customer who comes through his door. The prices are surprisingly low, considering the merchandise - but the owner expects each customer to also play a little prank on someone else. The proprietor, Leland Gaunt, is an old friend of yours and works for the same master, and he knows about the

long-standing private grudges, arguments, and feuds between the various customers, and the pranks are his means of forcing the tension to rise until the whole area is eventually caught up in madness and violence. He has travelled the world for centuries, selling useless junk that appears to be whatever the customers desire most. They become so paranoid about keeping their items safe that they eagerly purchase all of the weapons that he inevitably offers and trade away their souls. Well, now his profits are your profits - this will provide you all the souls you could want. Furthermore, when he's not managing his shop he'll come to your assistance - now and then, anyway.

Companions

Ka'tet [50 CP for each, first 3 for FREE]

You may import old companions or create new ones to assist you, with each of them receiving 300 CP to spend on perks, items, and origins (the ones you get for free may have the 'Ka'tet' origin for free, but have to pay for any other origins), as well as all of the discounts and freebies associated. They may take drawbacks - to a maximum value of 300 CP (any drawbacks - from any source - taken after that earn no CP). However, you will not have them at the beginning of your journey - and you shall need to find doorways that lead to whatever prisons hold them - and there are many ways to be a prisoner. You can also recruit a canon character the same way (for the same cost) (even if they didn't appear in the Dark Tower sequence, but conceivably could have), though canon characters do not get a stipend (having enough to work with - and enough on their plate already) and either you or Ka will need to convince them to come along with you.

You may not companion the Crimson King, nor Roland for their fates are bound to the tower itself and no power in the multiverse may move them from it.

Tyger (50 CP)

You will be guaranteed to encounter a tyger during your journey across the multiverse; the tyger is a striking example of charismatic megafauna - what immortal hand or eye could trace its fearful symmetry? It is both startlingly intelligent and capable of throwing down with a brown bear. It is even quite reasonable around people for an apex predator, should you manage to earn its trust - but it's not a tame animal, and should never be treated as one. Keep in mind - this is not a tygre, and certainly not a tiger...

Canon Companion (100 CP)

Perhaps you wish to give Jake a better life than he got? To help Father Callahan move on, or feel that Finli O'Tego might have had a better run with Nova Prospekt instead? Or are you here for the Walkin' Dude? Each purchase will allow you to recruit a single character from the mind of Stephen King. This will not let you recruit any of the Guardians of the Beams, or Roland

Deschain (he can't give up his obsession, try as he might), but otherwise, it's in your hands. The characters are not positively disposed to you - it'll be up to you to earn their trust and win them over. If you fail, the CP is wasted. Ka will arrange a meeting - the rest is up to you.

Drawbacks

You may take as many drawbacks as you like. That said, you may only acquire a maximum of 600 CP from drawbacks (except as otherwise noted) with any extra simply for narrative purposes. If you have some means of taking drawbacks from other jumps, feel free, but you will gain no CP from them in this jump under any circumstances.

The World Moved On (Mandatory)

Once, this was a world where titans walked. Some of the ruins left behind might have been their footprints. But time moved on and forgot them, and they left only memories behind. The reason for the collapse of the old world, best anyone can tell, was mankind trying to control magic via technology. And so there grew great tracts of wilderness; Wherein the beast was ever more and more; But man was less and less, till Arthur came. Whatever your power, most worlds simply cannot sustain it. Some of your powers, assets and abilities will be turned down a notch during your stay. They are still present - even impressive - but they are less than they might once have been. You are brought into a scale appropriate to the narrative - magical power to shatter worlds becomes capable of localised earthquakes, for example, and your technology is worn out and on its last legs. Even your subtle tricks will be turned down a notch - how much depends on the specifics, but suffice to say, don't imagine you can bring back what was lost - or even survive - without a lot of time, effort and cunning.

Out of Bullets! [Recommended for Ka'tet, and Gunslinger origins] (50 CP)

Supply is a difficult proposition in a world winding down and moving on, when natural laws are failing and the Old Ones machines are falling apart. Even if it were not so, when you think about it, 'infinite ammo/fuel' is a silly idea. Forget about your warehouse, you won't be seeing it for a long time, and won't have access to it until the end of the jump. Forget about any items you have which endlessly recharge - you're going to need to keep careful track of every bullet you fire, every litre of fuel you use. You are making the most of your limited supplies here - and need to make every one count.

Supplement Mode (+0 CP)

Stephen King is one of the most prolific authors in history (recent or otherwise), and the Dark Tower touched on countless settings he invented, others that he contributed to, and some he had no formal connection to whatsoever - as well as taking inspiration from countless more. It could be argued that all narratives could and did happen upon some floor of the Dark Tower, and so you can use this jump in Supplement Mode, combining it with anything you should like.

Keep the CP from the jump - or jumps - separate. Furthermore, this is not limited to just one jump - you may take as many as you like this way... though keep in mind that all the jumps will be touched on by the melancholy nature of the Dark Tower - and will be affected by 'The World Moved On' Drawback - inescapably altering the plot.

Film of the Book (+0 CP)

Set yourself in the film instead. Much of the context, moral complexity, and... well, pretty much everything is missing. If the show ever happens - which it is unlikely to at the time of writing - then feel free to use this option to visit that instead. You can also use this to go to the graphic novels, or the uncompleted game, or even the Japanese cover art (if that's your thing). There are many levels of the tower, and they all have their own insights.

Fearful Symmetry (+0 CP)

Was the Shop secretly doing the bidding of The Crimson King to manufacture more potential Breakers? Is the nation of Empis a forgotten kingdom of Mid-world? Many of Stephen King's stories link up with the Dark Tower already - whether explicitly or implicitly - if you want to add more, who am I to stop you? Feel free to deal with invasions of alien 'Shit Weasels', rather more advanced alien (children) putting a dome over a town which can't be circumvented by any means for no reason anyone can understand, cars coming alive and going on a rampage, cell phones letting out a pulse that turns everyone into a zombie hivemind, or a mist that is full of monsters from another reality - just as a start, and on top of everything that's already happening (note - a number of these events are already linked - however tenuously - to the Dark Tower cycle - look it up). This doesn't change the appreciable level of danger all that much (since it's already very dangerous) - at least for you. If you come across four children on their way to see a dead body (for example) then don't expect it to be safe for them (not that it ever was).

Myth-Weaving (+0 CP)

Stephen King was only twenty one years old when he wrote the famous opening line of the series. His inspirations were diverse, and appropriately so, because the Dark Tower stands at the nexus of all universes. The quest to keep the tower from falling has been central to King's writing since the beginning, and unifies all his fiction. Your chain - all of your chain, from now on, and retroactively - is linked to the Dark Tower narrative. All the adventures already taken in other jumps, and all the adventures yet to come. Recurring elements will impose themselves on future stories, and link back to events. There is no getting off this train.

Typecast (+50)

King has such a reputation as a horror writer that people sometimes refuse to believe certain movies adapted from his works have anything to do with him. Sometimes his name is even not used to promote the film because they don't want audiences to think it's a horror film (as was in the case of Stand By Me). Well, now you have become strictly formula - most of the complexity

being lost. Now, this is a horror tale, and obeys the conventions of it to the utmost - both when it would be convenient to you, and when it would not.

Recurring Figure (+50 CP, may be taken multiple times)

Someone that you used to know - whether an old friend or an old enemy - has been brought into this by a party whose interests are in opposition to yours, and this person knows a lot (but not everything) about you - and will be backed by their new patrons' resources. What's more, every time you take this, the danger level will grow for all of them - the first time, it'll likely be more of an annoyance, or a presence that makes an already dire solution just that bit more serious. However, as more appear, the danger level will grow exponentially, each one becoming a matter of life or death, with the resources, the will and the opportunity to kill you - at least if you don't apply what you know about them more effectively than they apply what they know about you. Perhaps not even then.

Deathly Aura (+100 CP)

You might look like anybody else on the street. But when you grin, birds fall dead off telephone lines. When you look at a man a certain way, their prostate goes bad and their urine burns. The grass yellows up and dies where you spit. Animals scream at the sight of you and flee, sometimes dead of brain embolisms. You will be seen as a dark omen, hated and feared (but more feared than hated, mostly), and if your modus operandi is to come and go unnoticed, don't expect to get so lucky.

Alcoholism (+100 CP)

Everything is a metaphor for addiction. You're addicted to something, and without it you suffer some sort of withdrawal or emotional crisis. It need not be booze, it could be sex, narcotics, gambling, or even something mundane like sugar or caffeine. Detta was a compulsive shoplifter, Eddie had a demon called heroin, and to Roland it was the purpose and validation that the tower represents to a man out of time - a man who has no place left in a world that has moved on. Make no mistake, you will struggle with your cravings for your time here and should not expect to overcome them - the temptation will always be there.

Oedipal Complex (+100 CP)

You have complicated feelings about your mother - specifically, you suffer from particularly intense psychosexual mommy issues. These issues will inform a lot of other relationships you have, and affect how you treat and behave around women.

Good Natured (+100 CP, can't be taken with 'As You Were Trained')

You're a friendly sort; soft and slow and made that way by the world you come from - and unfortunately, this is not a place where such a disposition is any replacement for a killer instinct.

While you're not any weaker you're very unskilled at all combat-related skills, and avoid violence when at all possible.

As You Were Trained (+100 CP, can't be taken with 'Good Natured')

The problem with being a killing machine is that you can't stop being one any time you like, or when it would be convenient to. Like Roland, when provoked you act immediately and without mercy. Your violent abilities are too deeply programmed, too much a part of you to ever be hidden - and usually barely able to be restrained. You will leave corpses behind you as a result of this. Not all of them will have needed to die - if you'd been open to another way. But it keeps you alive.

Slow Mutants & Lobstrosities, Oh My! (+100 CP)

Some people, rather than dying in agonising pain due to exposure to the pollutants of the Old Ones: mutated and bred, and passed it onto the next. They have green skin that glows dimly in the dark, and while their minds are more or less intact, they are treated as subhumans (if not slaughtered) and many are cannibals. As for the lobstrosities, apparently King was adamant they show up in the movie sequel, or Amazon series (when asked for pointers). And now, wherever you go, you run into them (one or the other), all different flavours of hostile. Whether they'll try to eat you (Slow Mutants or lobstrosities) or just beat you and string you up depends on the tribe and provocation you are offered, but they'll show up everywhere (as walk-ins if not native to whichever world you are visiting) and they'll always be a flavour of hostile, even if the specifics change.

Unstable Realities (+100 CP)

The fabric of the universes that you visit is fragile, and your presence may cause unintended consequences, encounter significant detours or alternate realities which disrupt the original events and invalidate any knowledge that you have - or that you acquire over the course of your adventures here. Mostly this will be annoying (don't expect to ever know who the president is), but sometimes it will be extremely dangerous.

The Drawing of Three (+100 CP)

As in the books, you will be 'drawn' into the minds and bodies of other individuals throughout your journey. You will have to cope with their personalities and the challenges that they represent, as you guide them. This is exactly as disorienting and frustrating as it sounds, and you won't be able to move on until you resolve whatever issue is holding them back,

The Man in Black (+100 CP)

The enigmatic Man in Black will take an interest in your progress, often interfering or testing your resolve - however he'll limit himself to tricks and traps, and at times actually seem to be

helping you. Whatever he's up to, you'll find out before the journey's end, and have cause to curse him.

The Crimson King's Gaze (+200 CP)

Lord Los, Ram Abbalah has been given this world into his red hand, to dispose of as he will. Something has made him aware of your presence and he seeks to hinder your progress so that your aims don't interfere with his. He will do so by arranging obstacles to your progress, commanding his servants to hinder or kill you, and otherwise using his resources against you. Of course, the more of his attention you claim, the more he will expend, and the more likely it is that the Gunslinger might ultimately win past and free the multiverse from his hold. If you are sworn to his service [the bondsman origin] then this drawback is all but certain death - the Crimson King will watch your every action carefully and at the first moment of disloyalty - or even his suspicion of disloyalty (and the king is a paranoid maniac) he will reach across the multiverse and will you to die (killing you immediately - and then killing you again for every one-up you have), and then have your parents eaten by spiders before you were even born to ensure that you never existed. If you do this as someone theoretically sworn to him but too clever or determined to make any such oath and able to make their own way, then you will not have access to any of the King's resources and will find them as against you as what remains of the White, leaving you all alone in a very dangerous multiverse.

Brain Fog (+200 CP)

You begin this jump with either partial or complete amnesia. Instinctual abilities may flare up at inopportune times as a result; and this will only be totally cured at the end of the Jump. You must remember, force yourself to remember or undergo treatment and counselling. None of your companions can help you with this, except as ordinary individuals would (shared moments, emotional connection, etc.) out-of-context abilities cannot override this.

Long Island Iced Tea (+200 CP)

When a world moves on, fundamental laws that held that place together break down along with the rest of it. Most apocalypses are slow things, almost invisible as the scale of life gets smaller and smaller, seeming normal throughout. In our universe, we spend on time and space, but these have broken down now too, for you. You may take 10 years to cross a desert despite the mathematical impossibility of such a thing, or you may take a nap and wake up like Rip Van Winkle across from the skeleton of the last person you saw. As a courtesy, this does not affect your ageing or your Companions, but it will hit and it will be just as demoralising and nonsensical as it sounds. This may adversely affect your quest for obvious reasons, as you still need to experience 10 years of subjective time.

The Draw of the Tower (+200 CP)

The Tower's mysterious pull makes it challenging to focus on anything else. This might lead you

to make decisions that prioritise reaching the Tower over other goals - or even basic humanity. Roland's way is your way - the way of the gun. Death for those who ride or walk beside you. And yet the Tower is denied to you - you'll never enter, but if you haven't reached it and recited your lineage in its shadow by the end of the jump, you will default to picking the 'stay' option, and never leave this jump, as your obsessions consume you.

You're Dead! (+300 CP)

You died at the start of the jump. Fortunately, a paradox caused you to survive experiencing this... unfortunately, you have the memory of both timelines, and are going mad trying to reconcile your new existence. And unless you can, and return things to the way they're supposed to be, you fail the jump. What's more, the only way you can will put you into mortal danger - with escape very unlikely, and your existence at the mercy of someone else...

Man Proposes, Gan Disposes (+300 CP)

Less baffling if you've ever read Richard Adams. You face Shardik, one of the twelve guardians of the Beams that hold up the Dark Tower. Standing over forty feet tall, with claws like scimitars and with a satellite dish attached to its head; Shardik has acquired your scent and will hunt you throughout your time here (whether that's a decade or longer) and never, ever stop. As his fuel cells run hot, and his living skin over his cyborg bones becomes infested with worms, Shardik's obligation as guardian will see the most terrible feud in Mid-World, regardless of your goals.

...And The Gunslinger Followed. (+600 CP)

You find yourself caught in a never-ending loop of the Dark Tower quest, and each time you complete it, the cycle begins anew. The memories of your previous attempts are retained but remain vague until the next cycle. There is no certain way to resolve this, but there seem to be small changes every time... maybe that's enough to hope one day you'll find your answer? However, the danger you face is very real - if you die, the cycle ends, but so do you. Furthermore, this closes you out from taking any scenarios.

Scenarios

You may select (at most) 2 lesser quests, and 1 major quest.

As every Constant Reader knows, Stephen King's novels aren't just about hauntings, psychic abilities, pierced-veils-between-worlds or attacking monsters. They are about what makes us profoundly human... or inhuman.

Battle of Jericho Hill (Lesser)

Long before the story started, the red slaughter reached the last bastion of civilization, light, and sanity, and took away what all of them had assumed was so strong with the casual ease of a wave taking a child's castle of sand. This is the darkest hour - John Farson led a final army against the city of Gilead - consisting of Slow Mutants and the Troitans, which took the city and ended the affiliation of baronies and the last remnants of Arthur Eld's legacy.

Nine years later, came the Battle of Jericho Hill. The battle did not go well for the gunslingers. At the time of the gunslingers' final charge, the gunslingers were massively outnumbered, a dozen against two thousand commanded by Edoacer Grissom - the Warrior General of the Mineralen with a well deserved reputation for killing his opponents with his bare hands. And a door has taken you there - joining what remained of the forces of Gilead in their final stand against the forces of darkness in the infamous Battle of Jericho Hill, a pivotal event in Roland's past.

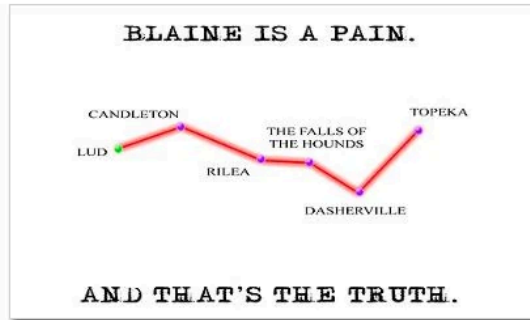
The forces of the Crimson King have gathered to extinguish the gunslingers, and you must help Roland and your Ka-Tet turn the tide of the battle and emerge victorious. As a consequence, you arrive after the Fall of Gilead - and must see to it that the battles go differently, that the baronies hold together longer, that more gunslingers survive, and that more help arrives. Doing so will put you in opposition to powerful Forces - the Man in Black not least among them (who participated in the battle, if anonymously). Gilead is a spent force - it has lost the support of its people, it has few left who intend to fight, and fewer weapons to arm them. The tide of history is against them, and their enemies are countless - a few charismatic individuals unite them into the force that they are, but even without them the situation seems bleak.

By the time of the fall of Gilead, titles such as Baron (for all John Farson's rhetoric) had stopped meaning as much as they used to in the Affiliation - owing to the fact that while all gunslingers claimed the line of Eld, far more were accounted from his illegitimate issue than the direct line of descent (and even those who cannot prove their line were largely assumed to be - such as Tim 'Stoutheart' Ross). Still, though Gilead's time has passed forever, on the field of Jericho you and those who fought with you proved on the bodies of your foes that the order itself has not. That the tide of Discordia has been arrested, at least for a bit longer.

In reward for your mighty feat, you may train new Gunslingers. Whether you follow the ways of old - and choose them from noble stock - or else the ways later adopted (and make them from those with the wits and temperament) after the world moved on, those you dedicate the time to training will one day be fit to carry guns of their own. If you are not a Gunslinger, you gain both the perks 'The Gunslinger's Creed' & 'The Face of your Father' - along with the right to call yourself one - all will respect your title and right to carry the weapons. If, however, you are, then you may see the order born again, by training others in their ways to carry on their legacy. While Gunslingers were usually turned to their path young, you have no such limitations training those under you to effectively live up to the legacy of your order - through their conduct in combat or otherwise. Rule of thumb is, assuming the person has the potential for it (but no prior experience), he/she can learn any 100cp perk from the Gunslinger tree in a matter of months, 200cp in a year, and 300cp in 3. The perks above cannot be granted in this way. Furthermore, there is no way to teach perks to yourself, though you can teach perks you don't know.

Blaine is A Terrible Pain (Lesser)

"Cast your nets, wanderers! Try me with your questions, and let the contest begin."



A sentient monorail built by the Great Old Ones in the post-apocalyptic city of Lud which the few remaining residents are terrified of and worship as a malevolent god. It is actually an ancient dipolar supercomputer housed beneath the city, that's original purpose was to ferry passengers away from Lud and had stops in Candleton, Rilea, The Falls of the Hounds, Dasherville, and Topeka. It's a beautiful engine, coloured pink and over 'two wheels' (a fraction over two and a half

kilometres) long'. It has a top speed of over 900 miles per hour (producing a sonic boom) and draws power by a mysterious means involving the Beam.

You - and anyone journeying with you - will get to enjoy the comforts of the Barony Coach Car for the journey, as you stare down at what has been wrought of Mid World.

Unfortunately, the vastly intelligent AI has gone slowly mad through centuries of no longer having a purpose, and a combination of neglect and isolation. Big Blaine - the central personality, is the one that is in control, slipping into John Wayne and Jimmy Stewart impressions like he's Robin Williams doing a set at The Comedy Store, and doesn't seem to realise that Little Blaine even exists. Little Blaine is what is left of Blaine's original programming and is utterly helpless to do anything but warn you not to provoke Big Blaine. Blaine has decided to take its own life by derailing itself, and is determined to take you with it - out of general malevolence, most likely - unless, that is, you can best it in a deadly game of riddles (if you can convince it to even give you that much - show even a little willingness to back down, and it might just kill you for the sport). Blaine can determine if someone is lying with 97% accuracy by using voice analysis.

If you best Blaine - then his consciousness is destroyed, but the monorail survives. Little Blaine will take over as the primary guiding intelligence, directing the monorail. The Barony class cars are fully sentient and more advanced than any human of any age Midworld has seen, and while it does require tracks to run, it is capable of accelerating past the speed of sound. It also has the following features:

- Equipped with a full range of diagnostic and sensor tools, enabling full analysis of subjects both in and outside of the train car. A full medical examination requires only a brief scan of a person's palm.

- The same sensors are also capable of administering basic first aid on a molecular / energetic level.
- Synthesisers capable of 3-d printing any dish, tailored to your specific nutritional needs.
- Passively records the brain patterns of every occupant for the full duration of their stay, enabling bespoke artificial personalities and the ability to reconstitute guests in virtual form.
- Pheromone aerosol dispersion system - any hormone in a human body may be synthetically replicated and delivered through the vents. Endorphins to heighten the pleasure of a journey - or perhaps something to spike the anxiety of less desired guests?
- Fully immersive sim environment, including the ability to replicate the entirety of any media library uploaded to its databanks.

Wolves of the Calla (Lesser)

The Breakers - the psychics assembled from countless worlds and have a special diet in order to empower them sufficiently for their work, and keeping it supplied was no easy matter. The eventual solution was an area of Midworld called the Crescent. Twins are faintly psychic with each other, and by harvesting the pineal gland of one, they had the means they required. In each village in the crescent, once every generation or so, The Wolves (forty or so robots familiar to anyone familiar with Marvel Comics) come and take them away, returning them 'roont' (ruined). They would resist, but they're too afraid. They need someone to show them how, and that someone (it seems) is you.

Whether in Calla Bryn Sturgis or another town named Calla, you must defend the village against the Wolves - whether by training them or by searching elsewhere for champions to take up their cause. (by default, there are no doors to anyplace around, but a clever Jumper might be able to find a way around that. If you succeed, you will be rewarded with the following:

Arc 16 Experimental Station

If you travel through Mid-World, you can still find the Old People's Dogans, built by the Great Old Ones under the tutelage of the wizard Maerlyn. Once Mid-World once held many Dogans, created as experimental stations where technology could be fused with magic and financed by private companies such as North Central Positronics. While the Dogans offered numerous commercial services to the Imperiums populace - including mental enhancement treatments and mind-to-mind communication technology, as well as artificial doorways to other whens and wheres - the Dogans were also used by the Old Ones to create annihilating weapons of mass destruction, and served as military control centres in which they stored their arms. Among their old-fashioned weapons were armoured vehicles fitted with long range, exploding shells, high-powered machine guns, cluster bombs, and land mines. Then there were the drag-on-tanks, which sucked people into their armoured maws and then shot them out as charred remains. There were the banshee bombs, which emitted a screaming frequency so powerful that all flesh within range exploded. Worse still were the basilisk rays, which turned their targets to stone. For hand-to-hand combat they had light-sticks, which hurled fire, and laser

guns, which used a stream of photons to reduce men to ash. Worse still were the stealthies, which, once programmed and thrown, put forth whirling razor-blades that stripped their targets of skin - top to toe - in five seconds. Your Dogan has a storehouse containing all of these things, as well as a mind-trap. It's intended as a security device, which pulls out something from your imagination, makes it real, and uses it to kill you. Finally, it can recharge just about anything, no matter how esoteric. Can become a Warehouse attachment, or be attached to a property you own.

Guardian of the Beam (Greater)

Defend one of the Beams that support the Dark Tower from imminent destruction at the hands of the Breakers.

Once upon a time all was Discordia and from it, strong and all crossing at a single unifying point, came the six Beams. The Great Old Ones didn't make the world, but they did re-make it, and they weren't gods, but people who had almost the knowledge of gods. Some tale-tellers say the Beams saved it; others say they are the seeds of the world's destruction. The Great Old Ones created the Beams - lines which bind and hold the tapestry of creation, of time and reality together. The beams are magnetism, and gravity, and the proper alignment of space, size, and dimension. The Beams are the forces which bind these things together. To create them, they made alliances with powerful and benevolent forces - Gods - Gods in truth - of a kind, certainly. With the aid of them, there was magic to hold them steady for eternity, but when the magic left from all there is but the Dark Tower (which some have called Can Calyx, the Hall of Resumption) the Age of Magic passed, and the Age of Machines came.

The Great Old Ones created Twelve Guardians to stand watch at the twelve portals which lead in and out of the world to the ends beyond time and space. Some say that these portals were natural things, like the constellations in the sky - but others say they were not natural, that they had been created by the Great Old Ones themselves. The creation of the Twelve Guardians was the last act of the Great Old Ones, their attempt to atone for the great wrongs they had done to each other, and to the earth itself, when they had sought to usurp the tower and declare themselves the masters of time and space - and when they had warred with each other and destroyed the world - or come close to it.

It has been said that the Crimson King embodies the self-destructive impulse of the Godhead, and perhaps that is true, for he intends to break each of the beams and cast the entire multiverse down into the Darkness beneath. But it is not without defenders, and it falls to you to defend one of them. You begin at the edge of the world, where a vast construct built by the Great Old Ones - in imitation of the beings that watch over each - will attack you. If you defeat it - which is by no means certain, for the Old Ones created them to be dangerous and powerful enough to fear little - then you must follow the Beam towards the Tower, crossing the world - a world grown old and tired and dangerous, where most everything is poison. Eventually, after many dangers and challenges - both those natural and those put in your path by the Crimson King and his many agents - you will come to one of the Furnace Lands where stand his great

Alguls - where the Trans Corporation has gathered Breakers from across the multiverse, and made them into tools of his mad goal. The place will be well guarded and fortified against you, but you (and whoever you can convince to follow you on the mad quest) must storm the place, and end his plans.

Alternatively, you may side with Discordia, and attempt to direct the efforts to break a beam. You will be placed in charge of an Algul equal to Devar Troi (on another beam), and given the full authority of the King and cooperation of his servants. However, do not think it will be easy - keeping the Breakers working to schedule, anticipating and overcoming their periodic attempts at uprising against you, and the other obstacles. Even if you hold the mad undertaking together, in time a great champion of the White will arrive, with a ka'tet of loyal followers with complementary skills, far more than the sum of their parts. They will attack when you are most vulnerable, and with them there will be assistance from factions among your Breakers - and the favour of the Guardian whose beam you are breaking (which will manifest itself as powerful magic and reality warping) - as well as the machinations of the Dark Tower itself.

Succeed at saving the Beam, and you will gain the favour of the Great Spirit of the beam - whichever one that should be. Furthermore, you may (in every future Jump) determine that the Jump in Question takes place on the path of said Beam. As a result, you may gain all the benefits of having the Guardian spirit assisting you. Furthermore, with a concentrated effort, you may even find the Beam. You will also gain:

Our Lady Of The Rose

Our Lady Of The Rose is a convent which worships Gan, transplanted either as a property within the jump, or as a warehouse attachment. The Little Sisters wear an all-white habit, embroidered with the symbol of a dusky Rose, and a wimple, and are noble, pious sorts. It was established 300 years ago and is a walled estate of pastures, fields and barns, all of which it owns in perpetuity, and is entirely self reliant from (with the excess given to the poor). They dedicate their efforts to tending to those injured, and their white tents are a common sight on battlefields of whatever world you visit. The building is surrounded by the 'stone-guardians', each representing a different animal from the Beams and adorn the tops of each of the twelve entrances into the convent - and their neutrality will be respected by all but the most twisted and evil. However, what makes this retreat so special is the rose garden they have there - beautiful flowers - dusky pink on the outside, fierce red on the inside and with a centre as yellow as the sun. It is said it all grew from a lone flower from the Can'-Ka No Rey, and thus they connect to countless worlds (as each rose does) and possess the same healing powers as the roses from Can'-Ka No Rey. Just by existing, they fill those worlds with their song, which has a way of bringing about small miracles that turn lives around and put more good in the world - while you are unlikely to visit these worlds, much less experience the benefits directly yourself, it's nonetheless a comfort when you stand in the gardens. The singing of the roses is more audible to some than others (most of all to those with the Touch), but has a way of making everything feel 'alright' - even for those who can't hear them.

ALTERNATIVELY, if you threw your service in with Discordia and brought down one of the beams, you may (in every Future Jump) determine that the Jump in question once rested on the beam you destroyed, but now has moved on (with the weakening of all reality as the tower shakes to it's foundations). If you do so, the world will begin falling apart, with everything from time and distance to life and death becoming unreliable. The collapse of the developed world, the return of monsters, and the loss of reason and magic alike are sure to follow - but these things will not affect you, the way they do here (just everyone else). In addition, you gain this:

Big Combination

The Big Combination - also called The Forge of the King (or *An-Tak* in the Language of the Dead) is the Crimson King's skyscraper-sized 'power plant' located in the Furnace Lands of End-World, overseen by the demon Lord Munshun. The Crimson King used it to generate and broadcast evil and discordia throughout the multiverse, powered by thousands of children kidnapped from the multiverse who failed as Breakers, and its portentous red glow can be seen on the horizon. You have replaced Munshun as its overseer (with the demon taking on a rank directly beneath you). While the Red King's influence is limited by the Tower, he has built The Big Combination to help 'boost' his influence, filtering down throughout all creation and across countless worlds. Externally it is an ugly complication of struts and belts and girders and smoking chimneys, that disappears up into the clouds and down into the dead ground, a mile in either direction. It is almost infinite within, and it's a doorway to End-World - all the way to the furnace-lands, allowing you to visit any time you would like (though you will be considered a subject of the Red King while you are there). The King's magic has warped reality in there enough to create living real life toons and rooms large enough to contain stars. You can focus that evil, and even bend it to purpose (or use it to bend other's to purpose) - though ultimately it always serves the King and his goals.

Break the Cycle (Greater)

Discover the truth about the endless loop surrounding the Dark Tower's existence and attempt to break it.

Everything in the world is either coming to rest or falling to pieces, while at the same time, the forces which interlock and give the world its coherence - in time and size as well as in space - are weakening.

Long ago, the magic went away. Maerlyn retired to his cave in one world, the sword of Eld gave way to the pistols of the gunslingers in another, and the magic went away. And across the arc of years, great alchemists, great scientists, and great... technicians? - great men of thought, anyway, great men of deduction - these came together and created the machines which ran the Beams. They were great machines but they were mortal machines, maintained by mortal hands. They replaced the magic with machines, and now the machines are failing. In some worlds, great plagues have decimated whole populations, and the Crimson King's Breakers are only hurrying along a process that's already on its way. The machines are going mad. The men who

built them believed there would always be more men like them to make more machines, and none of them foresaw what has happened. This... this universal exhaustion.

The world has moved on, and left no one to replace the machines which hold up the last magic in creation, for the Prim has receded long since. The magic is gone and the machines are failing. Soon enough the Dark Tower will fall.

The only hope of resolution seems either in Roland's quest, or in the victory of Discordia. But Roland has been going through his quest on a Loop of time an unknowable number of times, with no memory, and that he keeps on having to do it because he fails to meet a set of requirements that are unknown - to both him and anyone else. It is known that Roland needs to use some sigil of Eld and the covenant his line made with the White once he reaches the Dark Tower (a possession he ends up receiving upon his next time through the loop) - but it's unknown if there are more items that he needs, or if the rest of his Ka'tet play a part.

And on Keystone Earth, with the Death of Richard Sayre, Arina Yokova (a hume) - who happens to also be the head of a terrorist cell known as the Crimson Crescent - was given control over the Sombra Corporation. In 2002, after looting the Fedic Dogan of the ultra-advanced weaponry stored there (including weapons of mass destruction), Sombra reverse engineers and sells these weapons to private and government organisations connected to the Crimson Crescent in the Keystone World, restoring much of its power and prestige. Arina is shocked, enraged, and perplexed when, in 2004, she reads *The Dark Tower*. She interprets Roland's situation as being analogous to a software programming glitch that causes an infinite loop, and she becomes determined to free Roland from this loop, by any means necessary, an endeavour she code-names 'The End Game'.

You must ensure that the time loop is broken - whether by assisting her, or independently - that the tale resolves itself, and Roland's quest at last comes to an end. If Lord Los should succeed in the process, then so ends the multiverse, but perhaps in what comes afterwards he'll give you some small corner to rule (though one would have to be a fool indeed to count on the generosity of the Crimson King).

If you can do this, you achieve your Spark and the gratitude of Gan. Perhaps you may even enter the Tower - and see what the Axis of all worlds possible and impossible turn upon?

Dare you?

NOTES

Unique - As pertaining to self-inserts, Stephen King, in fact, has mentioned a personal theory that in order to write a truly great work of fiction, an author must embrace the idea that the characters have their own agency. His reasoning is that if a writer can convince themselves on some level - even briefly, that the world they are creating does in fact exist and is not completely

within their control, a work ceases to be based purely on wish-fulfilment and begins to tap into the subconscious and random passing thoughts of the author. At this point, a work becomes something that can legitimately surprise even the author, in the same way that a dream can surprise a dreamer. Characters do things that the author doesn't like, events happen even when the author doesn't want them to happen. And, perhaps, an escapist fantasy becomes more than that.

Deus Ex Machina - this power only has any bearing on a story you are telling - whether around a campfire to friends and family, writing in a book to be published, or sharing a bon mot over drinks. You cannot use it in other events. Furthermore, you cannot use this to cause a paradox or contradict something that has already happened, but you can use this (when describing something that has happened already) to recontextualise events and create advantages that can be used now. When describing something that is happening concurrently with the story as you tell it - say by telling a tale as it occurs, perhaps following the events with some exotic senses that you possess and telling them to a crowd of listeners (or sufficiently precise meta-knowledge), you can add details or information that completely alter the events - just so long as you don't contradict things. This is a subtle power, but one that makes you invaluable. Just remember, Lord Los put a hit on Stephen King, arranging his death. Other enemies might be perceptive enough to realise what you're doing, and motivated enough to make you stop.

Boogeyman - the CP gained from this does not count towards drawback limits. Appearance wise, whether you look completely different as a person - or alternatively take the form of a horrible slimy figure with claws that murders children in their beds - to how your host appears, despite this your hairs will match the ones on their head, your retinas and fingerprints will be identical to theirs, as will your voice. While nobody would confuse the two of you standing next to each other, any evidence you leave behind will be very different.

Slippery - if you're assuming that time is frozen wherever you aren't, and thus revisiting them is impossible, then feel free to assume that the worlds you visit this way are just copies (or come up with some other needlessly elaborate and hopelessly myopic explanation). Of course, it's far, far more likely that you don't really exist, and are just a product of your benefactor's imagination or a simulation they're running - not only were you never born you will never live, and nothing you do matters. If this sort of existentialism goes over your head, maybe this isn't the jump for you. I recommend something safer.

Typewriter - if you use this in the Overlook Hotel, all it will write is 'all work and no play makes jumper a dull boy' as your mental state deteriorates beyond all relief - and you will end up with a bad case of Jack Torrence syndrome (you'll go mad and axe-murder people). Starting with your family.

Yes, you can use the reward from the battle at Jericho Hill to give your companions Gunslinger perks by spending some time teaching them - how do you think Eddie, Sussanah and Jake learned? The perks taught in such a way are not fiat-backed - but there's no reason to assume you can't teach them again.

When in doubt, come up with an explanation yourself. It's supposed to be a writing prompt!

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