

Life After Conversion Day

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'Conversion Day.'

The day a CYOA, of all things, changed the world.

You weren't one of the lucky bastards who'd filled out a build. *[Unless maybe you were?]* You didn't receive a paranormal form, or magic powers. You weren't one of the superhero wannabes with delusions of grandeur and a key to the universe.

You weren't one of the treasure hunters, criss-crossing the country to claim celestial weapons as they fell from the heavens.

You weren't one of the government-funded assassins sent to feud over the shards of magic-nullifying crown.

You were just one of the background characters. One of the endless billions of people just trying to keep their heads down and lives together as the world slowly went mad.

Until, one day, you weren't that either.

[The events listed here are what *could* come to pass, not what *has*. If you feel drawn to any of these fates, continue forth with expectation in your heart. If you wish to forge your own destiny, instead fill out a species template for [The Conversion Factor](https://gaberockking.neocities.org/theconversionfactor.html) and join the vanguard of the advancing age. If you wish to reject fate entirely, We will guarantee that the onrushing tides of history will sweep over you and through you, but leave you unchanged and unharmed. The same, however, cannot be said for the rest of the world.]

The Call to Adventure

Some are born heroes. Some are born villains. But the majority of us don't choose a path until circumstances give us a little push. (Choose one.)

Gentle(man?) Adventurer

To a poor man, a bottle of expensive champagne might cost fifty dollars.

To you, a bottle of expensive champagne costs a little over fifty thousand dollars.

You drain a third of one such bottle in a single ambitious swig.

Too ambitious, actually. You cough, sputter, and inadvertently drop the bottle.

It bounces on the carpet, spilling out contents. You curse, but make no move to pick it up.

You flop back against the hotel bed, light up a pipe with the finest (and most expensive) cuban tobacco, and morosely consider your life.

Stumbling on a winning lottery ticket was the kind of thing that happened to other, luckier people.

Until the day it happened to you.

The payout, suffice to say, was substantial.

Taxes took out a not-insubstantial chunk, but a little over two million dollars per year for the next three decades was still more than enough money to set you up for life.

You quit your job, traveled the world, treated your friends and family to lavish meals, and donated to charitable causes.

You weren't 'buy a yacht' rich, but 'buy a houseboat' rich was still enough to fulfill all of your nautically-related aspirations.

So while the rest of the world suffered the aftershocks of Conversion Day, you managed to successfully distract yourself for almost five whole months.

Five entire months before entering your current, self-destructive spiral.

Squandering lottery winnings was also the kind of thing you'd only ever believed other people could do.

This was a new age-- an age of legendary artifacts falling from the sky, an age for hundreds of thousands to abandon the human form in search of something more, an age for fearless explorers to delve into the unknown.

And yet here you are, vapid and rich and increasingly fat.

There has to be more to life than this. There has to be more to *you* than this.

Reward: Income of US\$2,000,000/year for 30 years (after taxes, adjusted for inflation.)



<https://www.deviantart.com/augustinasraginskis/art/Smoking-a-Pipe-804738587>

The Thread of Fate

'Starfall' they called it. The moment, each day, when a weapon descended from the heavens.

Endless photographs and videos had been taken of the golden beam of light. Endless news articles and forum posts written on the squabbles that happened after it reached the earth.

All of them agreed that the weapons were coming from somewhere-- the 'Vault of Stars,' whatever that was.

But not one of those photographs, not one of those videos, not one of those news articles, and not one of those forum posts had ever included a glimpse into what was on the other side.

You lean against the railing, idly considering the sky above.

Several stories below you, thousands of people mill about. Food trucks had been set up and roads cordoned off. Bystanders gawk at treasure hunters, treasure hunters warily watch each other, and both groups give a wide berth to the small team of heavily armed-- and armored-- paranormals. You could tell they're humanoid, but the harsh glare coming off their metal-covered features makes it hard to see any specifics.

The crowd has been slowly growing for hours. Out-of-towners came for the prospect of a Starfall, while the locals, like yourself, came for the prospect of a show. The cops, meanwhile, came to hopefully head off the prospect of a fight. Eying the almost certainly bulletproof paranormals, you're not sure how effective they'll be.

You check the livestream from your phone. The enchanted map hasn't changed, not that you'd expected it would. The green target remains over your hometown. Starfall is yet to come.

You shrug and finish off the rest of your drink. Whatever. You hadn't come here for it in the first place. In fact, you hadn't realized a Starfall was even happening in your town until you'd walked into the place of business of your current favorite beverage broker and been surprised at the size of the crowd.

("Haven't you been paying attention to the news!?" Someone had incredulously asked you. You responded that you'd been following the terrorist attacks on the Amundsen-Scott polar base instead. They'd blinked, and then admitted they'd already forgotten those had only happened three days ago. It had been a long week.)

There's a sudden uproar from the crowd. You check your phone.

The target had moved.

Which could mean only one thing-- that the next Starfall was happening somewhere else. Making the Starfall that had been indicated to happen in your town the *current* Starfall.

Fingers and faces point up, yours among them.

Except the golden light you were expecting never comes. Instead, you see a dark pinprick in the sky.

You feel, irrationally, the briefest impression of an empty throne and a foreign sun.

And then a piece of string drops onto your face.

What?

Your mind *opens* somehow. The string convulses, and you pull it off your face, aiming to throw it off you.

And yet, for some reason, you stay your hand.

You are connected to this thread, somehow. To throw it away would be to give up that connection.

The thread seems to settle down.

A thought strikes you, and you glance quickly from side to side. No one is watching you-- all the attention is on the increasingly chaotic scene on the street, as thousands of baffled people try to figure out where the Star had dropped.

They look in vain, you know.

You hadn't seen the golden beam of light for the same reason people in the middle of hurricanes stay dry.

The Star had fallen directly on top of you.

The thread wraps itself around your wrist like a bracelet. You pull down your sleeve to examine it.

You can hear it, somehow. It thinks simple, happy thoughts.

You have to be going insane, because somehow it reminds you of a dog.

The end of the thread comes loose and contorts itself into a tiny, two-dimensional canine. It wags its tail.

You grin.

This has... potential.

Reward: **“The Thread of Fate”**



<https://www.deviantart.com/dansyron/art/Cats-Cradle-724706819>

Inadvisable Exploration

Desert here, desert there, desert desert everywhere.

You'd heard the climate was different between worlds, on account of the fact that the world on the other side of the portals was still in the midst of its ice age.

Evidently, the climate here had never gotten that memo.

You'd come here for... actually, you couldn't really articulate why.

You'd already been across a portal once before; the permanent portals in Wisconsin had rapidly become a massive tourist attraction, and you'd taken a trip there a few months ago on a lark. The zoo had been pretty cool, what with the mammoths and giant sloths, but the time you'd actually spent in the carefully cordoned off, tourist-friendly area on the other side of the portal had been remarkably underwhelming. Even in the new world, the so-called 'land before time,' Wisconsin was still Wisconsin, except somehow even more miserably cold.

The Wisconsin portal isn't the only continental portal. In fact, rumor has it that the Bordeaux portal is much more interesting, but the French military bars access to tourists. The Chinese have a similar policy, and the South Pole portal is, of course, a complete no-go.

In any case, you'd told yourself you'd sated your desire to see the alternate earth.

And yet...

Worldkeys are rare and almost unfathomably valuable. And no wonder-- they're the only alternative to the permanent portals, which are invariably tightly controlled by various national and international bodies. Sure, a few of their wielders rent out their services, but only at exorbitant cost.

So when you saw the woman ahead of you on the trail pull one out and activate it, you couldn't help but be intrigued.

Worldkeys always opened portals to the corresponding part of the alternate earth. So if this woman was opening a portal out here, in the open, there had to be something interesting on the other side. Even then, the woman had tried to make sure there was no one else around. She'd only missed you because you'd been sitting down under the shade of a shrub to take a water break.

You'd waited until she stepped through the portal to approach it yourself.

The permanent portals are titanic-- spherical regions of warped space a kilometer across. The portals created by Worldkeys are much more modest, at three meters in diameter.

You'd hesitated at the threshold to the portal. If it closed, you would be stuck on the other side-- permanently. You had no chance to make it to any of the permanent portals from here, and couldn't expect the person who'd opened the portal in the first place would just politely help you back through.

But it would take some time to close. The portal wouldn't shut until the key was more than a kilometer away from it. Even if the key's wielder turned out to be one of the flying paranormals, it would still take them time to leave that radius.

You wouldn't have enough time to explore, but maybe you'd have enough time to take a quick look.

You'd taken a deep breath, and stepped through the portal.

The alternate earth is more than just your home world, shifted one hundred thousand years to the past. There are titanic structures here, strange peoples and dilapidated temples hinting towards civilizations that long predated the inchoate hunter-gatherer societies still being formed by the tiny population of Homo Sapiens native to this world. But none of those things are present here. Across the portal is just more desert, almost identical to the equivalent desert on your own earth.

Almost identical, because it features one glaring difference-- the presence of a single, human corpse.

You freeze.

You can tell with a glance that the form is that of the key's wielder. It seems to be unharmed and untouched, save for the fact that it's missing its head.

You jump back through the portal, desperate to get away from whatever it is that had killed her.

You run, and run, and run... and then make the mistake of looking back.

In the distance, the portal remains open.

You stop to catch your breath and think.

If the portal remains open, the key can't have left its vicinity.

You mentally slap yourself. You're thinking the kind of greedy thoughts that get people in horror movies killed.

But... Worldkeys are *unfathomably* valuable. One quick little jaunt, and you'd be set for life.

You screw up your courage, and turn around.

You make it back to-- and through-- the portal intact. The desert remains exactly as empty as it had been. The corpse remains where it fell.

With more than a little unease, you search the body, suppressing the corner of your brain that notices that the decapacitation had been entirely bloodless.

You find the Worldkey in her pocket. And you find something else too-- a miniature sword, barely larger than a fingernail. You unsheath it, to see the blade had been emblazoned with the words 'I Am That Is.'

"You are not worthy. Not yet."

Startled by the voice, you jerk up. No speaker is apparent. Even in the blazing heat of the sun, goosebumps raise across your skin. You look back towards the sword.

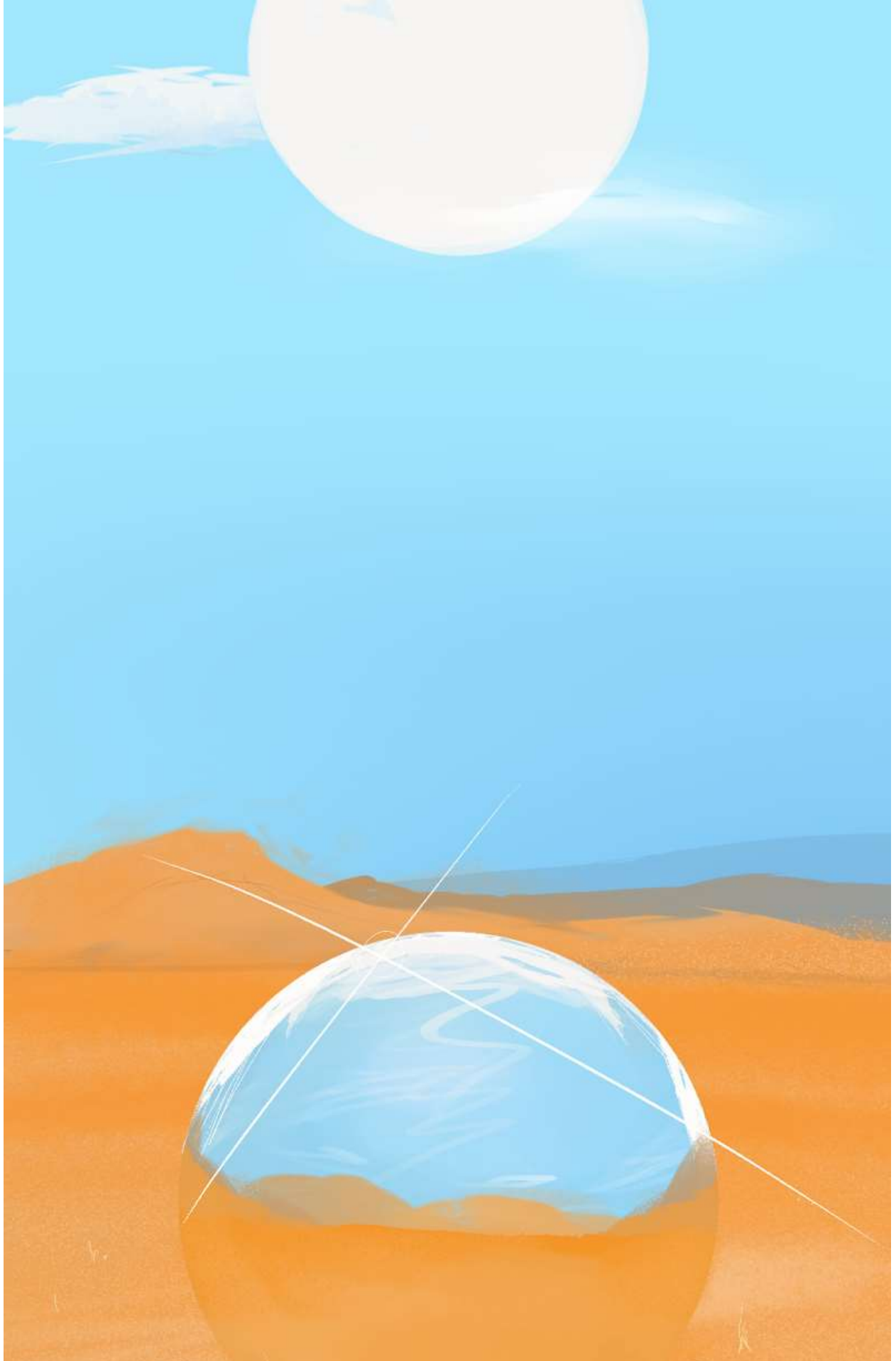
Taking one more look at the corpse, you sheathe the sword back into its tiny little scabbard, and then, taking only the sword and the Worldkey, hightail it out of there.

You're exhausted and off-kilter by the time you finish the trail, the already difficult hike hardly made easier by your terrified sprinting stint. But you take comfort that the parking lot is empty, since that means no one else is likely to have stumbled across the portal in the time it took for you to get back.

Six words echo in your dreams.

Reward: Worldkey

Reward: "The Judgemental Sword" (not to be confused with the "The Sword of Judgment.")



<https://www.artstation.com/artwork/18qJdo>

Cultural Exchange

You were in the crowd when it happened.

The paranormal pulled out his worldkey. Smiled, with his perfectly even, white, elven teeth. And turned the key

The crowd ooh'd and aah'd. Camera flashes went off and journalists took notes.

The speaker resumed his patter, continuing to talk about the opportunities provided by the alternate earth, and what his organization was doing to bring those opportunities to the "citizens of this great nation."

That was when all hell broke loose.

First, a small swarm of iridescent, buzzing insects burst through the portal.

Then came the smilodons, in hot pursuit of their prey.

... Then came the screaming.

To the speaker's credit, he'd hired a competent security detail. Only a few people were maimed by the time all the smilodons had been put down.

Though in the midst of the confusion, everyone seemed to lose tracks of the insects that had precipitated the whole crisis.

Consumed as you were by the need to avoid the murderous, feathery predators, you would have too, if it weren't for the fact that one of the insects had flown its way directly into your shirt.

You flail in a classic 'gettitoff' maneuver, until finally the insect is ejected from your shirt-- only for it to speed once around your head and dive right back in and nestle against your chest.

Your thoughts catch up to your flailing and you freeze. What if this thing was venomous? It probably isn't a good idea to aggravate it any further.

You pull the collar of your shirt out to inspect what's going on, careful not to agitate the very large, angrily vibrating insect.

And immediately realized it's an insect after all-- it's a dragon. A very tiny, very cute, dragon, shivering in fear and sending you whatever the winged lizard equivalent of puppy dog eyes is.

You'd never been a big fan of reptiles, but this thing is playing Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata on your heartstrings.

You let your shirt fall back down.

You look around, hoping to find its... family? Swarm? But all you see are the remains of the smilodon rampage.

So naturally, you abduct the dragon.

When you're back in the privacy of your vehicle, you coax it out of your shirt. It darts back in several times, but with some time, patience, and a few french fries (scavenged from a half-eaten happy meal) you get it to accept that it's not in immediate danger of being smilodon'd.

It becomes suddenly boisterous, flying around the new space with evident glee. Then, it refocuses on you and begins to chirp furiously. You laugh. Man, is this thing cute.

The dragon stops chirping and seems to be considering something. It tilts its head, and then resumes chirping. This time, its chirps are louder and spaced further apart.

The dragon gives a despairing sigh. In a lightning-quick motion, it darts forward and bites you.

Ow! What the hell was that for?

"Sorry," it says.

Well actually, it chirps another rapid-fire pattern of tones. But somehow, you understood them as an apology.

You blink.

"Ahem. This hatchling thanks you, gracious elder, for your timely assistance. Honor compels this hatchling offers you its undying loyalty and fealty. Do you accept?"

It looks hopeful.

Well, it looks like a lizard, but somehow you know that it's wearing the lizard-expression equivalent of a hopeful expression.

(This is sort of freaking you out.)

"Um, sure?"

"Great!"

It performs a quick loop-de-loop in jubilation.

“What do you command, master?”

You tell it you were just sort of planning to grab lunch.

“This hatchling is lowly and unworthy, but will do all it can to aid you in your hunt.”

You inform it that you were actually just planning to buy some more fast food. After a surprisingly lengthy conversational detour where you (try to) explain “fast food,” “cars,” “money,” and a few other assorted topics to it, it crows in jubilation.

“Truly I have the greatest of masters, you who compels legions to hunt and prepare your food. This hatchling reaffirms its loyalty and fealty to you who are as far above me as the moon above the earth, and the sun above the moon.”

By the time you’re done feeding the hatchling its second hamburger, You have the strangest feeling that it will grow very large indeed.

Reward: Hatchling



<https://www.deviantart.com/cat-meff/art/Baby-amethyst-dragon-608025067>

Crossing the Threshold

[The unfortunate truth is: humanity is obsolete. But upgrading to the new model of body is becoming an increasingly affordable choice for the average consumer. There are many upgrade paths you can take, including a variety of versatile transforming models, a smattering of generic Human+ designs, and even the occasional, specialized, “All Paranormal, All the Time” boutique options. But all the free transformations happened on conversion day. If you want to abandon the strictures of human flesh, you’ll need to find a dealer in destiny; a paranormal agent willing to transform you into one of their kind. As someone at the crossroads of destiny, it’s within your power to choose a path. And if none of their destinations interest you, step off the road and blaze your own.] (Choose one or none. Then, choose one option from your selection’s “Potential Transformations” section.)

An Aquatic Ally

“So you’re saying you used to be a fish?”

“No, silly. I used to be a dolphin.”

She giggles. You notice, now, the endearingly squeaky tone underlying her voice.

“You’re joking. Right? Right.” You pause for a moment. “...Right?”

You’re a lot less sure of the impossibility of her statement than you would have been even a few months back.

She shakes her head. “Nope! See?” She pokes her finger into her neck--

--into her gills.

You sway a little, disoriented, as you suddenly realize the girl you were talking to wasn’t quite so ordinary after all.

“Oh! Sorry!” She reaches out to steady you, a look of chagrin on your face. “I keep forgetting how dropping incognito mode affects people.”

You tell her that it’s fine, and that the nausea has already passed. And anyways, this wasn’t your first experience with seeing incognito paranormals revealed: paranormals still weren’t particularly common, but even from what little experience you had, you’d seen several in possession of the power that kept them inconspicuous.

Well, that kept them inconspicuous until they were incontrovertibly outed as nonhuman. As she’d explicitly demonstrated the inhuman nature of her body, her power no longer had any sway over your perception.

Until that power had been negated, you'd thought she was an ordinary human with ordinary eyes and ordinary features, with ordinary skin and ordinary hair.

Now, however, you can see how out of the ordinary she really is.

Her skin, for example, is unusually smooth and hairless, on top of having a mottled, grey-blue coloration. Her teeth are slightly serrated. The fingers she holds her drink with, webbed. She has gills, which aren't even a dolphin thing. And, of course, a long, shark-like tale protrudes from her lower back.

You're distracted for a few moments by crowd-watching. Despite the crush of people, not a single person bumps into her tail. They all just avoid it subconsciously as it waves lazily behind her.

She smirks. "Cool, huh?"

You have so many questions. Who had transformed her? *Why? How?* What was it like being a dolphin, and did she prefer being a human? And what in the world was she even doing here?

And why did she reveal herself to you?

"Well, the first few questions are easy-- our Progenitor is a marine-rights activist. His crew broke into our aquarium and offered to break us all out." She shrugged. "Most of us took the offer."

So there *were* fish people out there running around.

She laughs again.

"Not really, sorry. I'm making things simple. You know how rituals work? How paranormals can only transform people who agree to be transformed?"

You nod.

"Well, there's a bit of wiggle room about what counts as 'agreeing' for nonhuman people. Humans can't learn to speak or understand any of the dolphin dialects, so if the ritualist offers something the dolphin really wants that the dolphin can only earn by doing the ritual, that's good enough. And we really wanted freedom from those stupid, tiny little tanks."

She stares off into the distance for a moment, and a flash of pain crosses over her face.

"But that's in the past. Anyways, they got us transformed and smuggled us out with their Worldkeys. Then they taught us english-- and a few other languages-- and fought a court case to have us declared citizens, and now we're doing our best to integrate with the rest of society."

Actually, now that you think about it, you were starting to remember some news story about this a while back. It had lasted barely a day in the news like, pushed out by all the other crazy bullshit that was constantly happening.

“So wait, do you just come out of the ritual knowing english?”

She shakes her head. “No. We had to re-learn how to communicate from scratch.” She grins. “It was easier than you would think, though. Humans bodies are designed to learn human languages, and our species has a special power that lets us learn new languages twenty times as fast.” Her grin widens and she whistles out a short phrase. “Silbo Gomero,” she explains. “It’s the language us ex-dolphins enjoy speaking the most.”

“As for whether I preferred being a dolphin, well,” she shrugs. “I can’t say there isn’t anything I miss. But I wouldn’t go back to being the way I was, even if the aquarium didn’t factor into things.” She looks down at her hand and clenches it. “I’m just *more* this way. I can do more, think more... I would rather be a dolphin than a human, I think. But I’m not a human. I’m something better.”

You focus, for a moment, on the serrated points of her teeth.

“Oops, sorry! I didn’t mean to scare you.” She smile fades a little so that her lips fully cover her mouth. “Especially because the reason I’m here is to recruit you.”

“What? Why? For what?”

She tilts her head and thinks for a second. “Hmm. I can’t really put it into words. You just sort of have a good vibe.”

Well, it wasn’t the answer you’d expected, but the innocent look on your face convinces you that it really *is* the reason, crazy as it sounds.

Well, okay, but that only explained why she was here for you, without explaining why she was here in general. You say as much.

“Oh! Well, I’m also bad at explaining that part, which is why I have this brochure to explain things for me!”

She produces said brochure. It’s a tattered, and slightly damp, piece of paper.

“I’ll need that back, by the way. Our budget isn’t big enough to print a lot of them.”

You look towards her, and then back down at the brochure. The front cover is emblazoned with the words “Paranormal Liberation Army.” A human swims next to a dolphin, holding its flipper. Beneath them, a formation of fish-men march on the seabed.

You briefly skim the brochure, to see it filled with bombastic proclamations about unity between species and calls to action against those who would hold sapients in bondage. One quote in particular catches your attention, as much for its self-absorbed, overwrought profundity as for the surprising emotional response it manages to inspire from you.

“There is no ‘man’ or ‘woman.’ There is no ‘human’ or ‘monster.’ There is no ‘normal’ or ‘paranormal.’ There is only the natural fraternity between every creature with the capacity to dream, and the unnatural divisions that seek to destroy it, imposed by the cruel to oppress the meek.”

The final page declares that this brochure was produced by the “Paranormal Liberation Army - Aquatic Division.”

“So, are you interested?”

Possible Transformations:

- *Liberatores Maris*
- *Liberatores Terrae*



<https://www.deviantart.com/brillgk/art/Escape-from-Reality-612316316>

No Frontier Too Remote

“So you’re saying I’ll never walk again?”

“Well,” the doctor hedges. “Not exactly.”

You let out a short, despairing laugh. “Not exactly. What the fuck does that mean?” You make another noise. You can’t tell whether it’s another laugh or a sob.

The doctor reaches out an arm but drops it back down at your glare. You curse, not for the first time, the drunk idiot that had left you in this state.

The doctor clears her throat. “What I said was, *modern medical technology* cannot help you walk again. A year ago, I would have tried to give you what hope I could by citing potential future advances, but now, we have options other than technology.”

“You can’t mean...”

The doctor nods. "I know it's a scary thought, and if you have objections to the process on a religious or moral basis I apologize, but if not, it's something to consider."

"But... I don't want to be some kind of monster. And anyways, who would even transform me? I thought getting transformed usually costs hundreds of thousands of dollars, and I don't think my insurance would cover that."

The doctor's face brightens. "I think we might have solutions to both these problems. If you'll permit me, I can bring in another specialist to discuss this with you?"

You nod. What else can you do? At least entertaining the prospect of forfeiting your humanity is a good distraction from thinking about how you'll be wheelchair-bound for the rest of your life.

The doctor returns in a few minutes, accompanied by the so-called "specialist."

At first blush, he looks like a perfectly ordinary human. A little on the shorter side, perhaps, but otherwise unassuming. But a peek at his shadow reveals the wagging of a dog's tail, a glimpse into his paranormal form.

You meet their eyes. You don't know what kind of look you're giving him, but he flinches back a little, and raises a hand to scratch at the back of his head.

"Hey... um, Doctor Dyers said you were interested in getting transformed?"

You reply that you're interested in hearing about your options, but haven't made any decision yet. You shoot the doctor a suspicious look before looking back at the specialist.

"Okay, well there's not too much to explain, really. If you're up to get transformed, we'll just get ten people together to form a choir, spend ten minutes singing, and then you'll be transformed, with all your injuries being fixed in the process."

That's it? Really? No bloodletting or intoxicated orgies? What's the catch? And doesn't this kind of thing usually cost a lot of money?

The specialist-- the paranormal, laughs.

"Well, we do have a few minor weaknesses-- I'll run over them with you if you're interested-- and the transformation will make you a little shorter. But no, it won't cost anything. I'm with Doctors Without Borders. This just happens to be the cheapest, easiest way to heal pretty much any injury or ailment. All we ask is that, if you go through the transformation, you pay it forward by transforming anyone who asks you."

You're... apprehensive, yes, but also intrigued. You indicate as much, and the paranormal is happy to pull out a leaflet to share with you. The doctor edges out of the room while you look it over.

Eventually, you come to a decision. That being, to accept the paranormal's offer.

Though before you do, you ask the paranormal to satisfy your curiosity on something. That being-- what got him into doing this?

"Oh! Well, I wish I could say it was for selfless reasons. Really, though, volunteering for Doctors Without Borders is a means to the end. You know the portals?"

You grunt affirmatively.

"Well, pretty much as soon as I found out about them, I was entranced. A whole 'nother world out there to explore... Ancient humans and undiscovered people. I desperately wanted an excuse to get on the other side... and that was *before* we started finding the megalithic ruins and derelict flying islands." His eyes shine and a broad grin splits his face. "I dropped out of college, got a visa to work in the United States, used all my savings to buy a flight to Los Angeles, and hitchhiked the rest of the way to Wisconsin. I started as a tour guide, naturally, but that didn't give me a lot of chances to explore. Plus, the alternate-world Americas aren't inhabited-- by *Homo Sapiens*, anyways-- which means that most trips to the other side are boring and the rest are the bad kind of exciting."

"The bad kind of exciting?"

He shudders for a moment. "Bad experiences with envoys from the petty kingdoms of the North American Ice Sheet. Don't ask. Anyways, while I was doing that, I made friends with some of the people working for NGOs operating around the portal. Through them, I got in contact with Doctors Without Borders, who were launching expeditions through the Null Island portal to get medical care to the humans in Africa."

"So that's when you got transformed and inducted into the paranormal conversion business?"

"Nope! Actually, my first few trips with them, I mostly just helped carry medical supplies. The other world has zero infrastructure in equatorial africa-- well, zero usable infrastructure-- so I was sort of a pack mule for them. So when the healing-via-paranormal-conversion project started gaining steam, I jumped at the chance to join it. No more hoofing it with heavy loads, more chances to explore the other world, and I'm helping a lot more people become healthy, a lot faster, than the doctors ever were. Take that, modern medicine!"

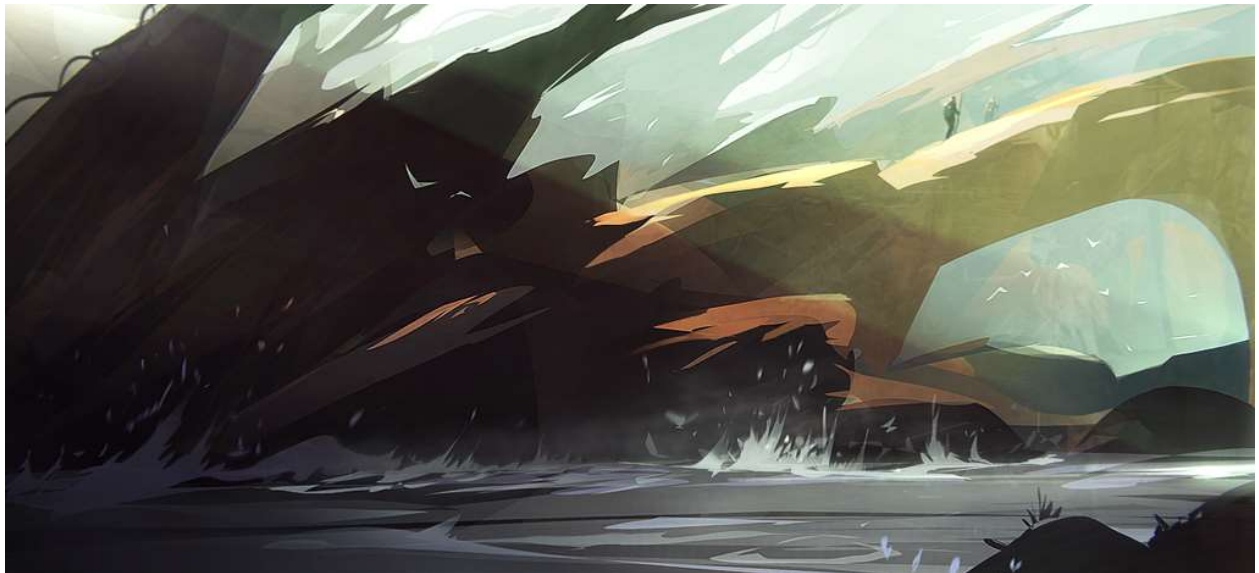
A wolfish grin appears on his face. "Plus, I can fly now, which is definitely a bonus."

You chew on his words for a bit. The idea of becoming a paranormal is looking more and more attractive, but you do have to wonder-- if he could be doing this critical, life-saving work on the other side of the portals, what is he doing here?

“Recruiting!” he replies. “We figured the people on this earth could use our help too, and since I’d be transforming people anyways, maybe a few of them would want to join our project themselves. I’m serious about this transformation being no-strings attached. But if you’re interested in seeing the world-- seeing both worlds-- well, we could always use the help.”

You look at the leaflet and make your decision.

Possible Transformations: *<i>Homo Salvatoris</i>*



<https://www.deviantart.com/jamajurabaev/art/Lasso-landscape-168553508>

Manufactured Magic

“So you want me to be, what... an *<i>idol</i>*?”

“I’d prefer to use the term ‘superhero’, but yes, that’s a reasonable description of the responsibilities you’d be undertaking.”

“Why?”

She (?) shrugs. “Power. Fame. Fortune. Sex. The usual reasons people become celebrities.”

“No, I mean: why do *you* want me to become an idol?”

He smirks. “Power. Fame. Fortune. Sex. The usual reasons people become record industry executives.”

“...I’m not even going to bother asking why you want *me* to become an idol.”

“I’ve got my reasons.”

You consider her offer for a moment. Obviously the ‘superhero’ thing is just spin-- sure, you’d get superpowers, and as far as you could tell, she’s serious about sending you across the world to dole out humanitarian aid, but that’s just a marketing strategy. Your real labor would be as a celebrity-- singing, dancing, and presumably mugging constantly for the cameras.

On the other hand, it’s not like you were particularly concerned about your dignity in the first place, and power, fame, fortune, and sex *did* sound like a pretty good deal.

“But, what about--”

“--don’t worry about how good of a singer you are,” She interrupts you.”The transformation gives everyone perfect pitch, and voice tutors are cheap compared to what I’ll be paying you.”

“If the transformation can make anyone into idol material, are you going to be part of the group?”

She laughs. “No way! I’ve got better things to do.”

You frown. “So, what, you’d just get things set up and then fuck off?”

“Oh, no. I’ll be following you around like a good manager. I’ve just got existing plans for what I want to be doing as we travel the world.”

A group of paranormals traveling the world, with a built-in excuse to go to danger zones. Your eyes widen.

“You’re hunting for stars!”

“Ha! Sharp. But not quite. I’m a little more ambitious than your garden variety treasure hunters.”

But that could only mean...

“You’re looking for the shards.”

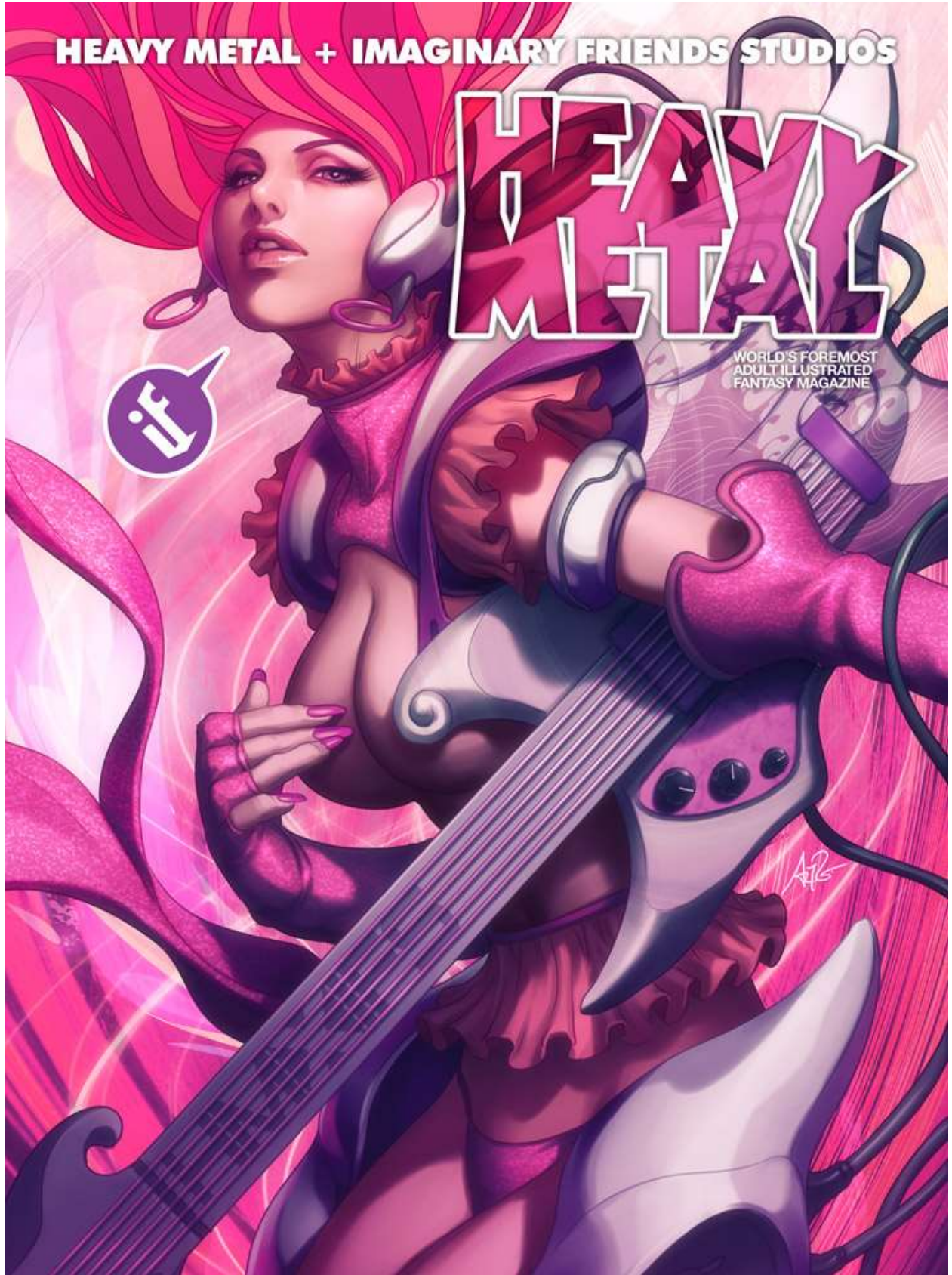
Something twinkles in her eyes. You make a mental note: when she smiles for real, she bares her teeth.

Possible Transformations: <i>Paradeisénia Pouliá</i>

HEAVY METAL + IMAGINARY FRIENDS STUDIOS

HEAVY METAL

WORLD'S FOREMOST
ADULT ILLUSTRATED
FANTASY MAGAZINE



<https://www.deviantart.com/artgerm/art/Pepper-Heavy-Metal-211482188>

At the Mountains of Madness

Back when the Amundsen-Scott base was strictly used for civilian research, the scientists that wintered over started the tradition of watching “The Thing” and “The Shining” back to back as soon as the last plane left from the base. A little bit of cozy fun to distract from the impending thirty days of darkness.

That tradition had been quietly put to rest.

Not because the modern realities of the rapidly expanding polar base kept it in constant contact with the outside world, but because it now felt gauche to watch horror movies when the monsters had become entirely real.

Even in the total darkness of winter, the portal is visible. It shimmers in the sky, capturing and refracting the light emitted by the base.

“Awesome and terrible, no?” Valentin says. You grunt affirmatively.

Valentin slaps you on the shoulder. “But that’s not our concern, eh *tovarisch*? We’re just here to pick things up and put them down.”

You hum. Something about this base-- the silence, the cold, or maybe just the general ambience-- drives you to be more taciturn than usual. Valentin, meanwhile, is irrepressible. He’s used to working in Siberia and the Canadian arctic; the colder he is, the happier. He’s definitely right about picking stuff and putting stuff down, though.

The pair of you return to your task-- opening and unloading the crates airdropped by cargo flights. (The planes can’t afford to stop; doing so would risk freezing their turbines.) Even wrapped in layer upon layer of cold weather clothing, the pair of you take frequent breaks. Sixty degrees centigrade below zero is nothing to mess with.

Eventually you finish breaking down and packing up the cargo shipment. The pair of you trudge back to the main base, ready for some much needed R&R.

As you do, you pass by a pair of scientists wearing light jackets, jabbering over some instrument report seemingly with total disregard for the cold. Expedition members, obviously, though not ones you recognize.

The Main Base isn’t much to look at, especially from this angle. Just an endless series of prebuilt, interlocking capsules hoisted up on stilts and spread out over the ice. Hastily designed, funded, and built in the immediate aftermath of conversion day. Several parts of it have already begun to sink into the snow.

Slapdash as it is, it's also by far the largest manmade structure in antarctica.

You pass through the airlock as fast as you can, intentionally avoiding taking your winter gear off long enough to get blasted by the warmth of the base. You spend a few moments just luxuriating in the sensation, long enough to start sweating in what is now a completely excessive amount of insulation given the base's temperature.

The doorway you enter by-- just like all the other doorways in the base-- is flanked by two flags. The flag of the United Nations, and the flag of the United States. The base is similarly divided. Scientists of every nation hurry through the cramped corridors of the base. The rapidly imported labor force used to keep the base maintained, of which you are part of, is similarly diverse. But every member of the security detail, without exception, wears an american flag on their shoulders.

It's a very pointed reminder that this base, and therefore the Antarctic portal, is under the control of the United States. Something you know there's more than a little controversy about.

But that's incidental-- you're here to drop off your gear, get some hot coco, and veg out in front of your phone a little. Not think about geopolitics.

Despite the exponential growth in population the station has seen since conversion day, the main base is far from cramped-- this part of Antarctica has a surplus of flat, barren ice, and the funding for building new structures has flowed ceaselessly. The official stance of the US government is that it's necessary to support a future military detachment should one become necessary whenever the "clarion army," whatever that turns out to be, shows up. Unofficially, the Antarctic Treaty is a dead letter, and this base is the US staking its claim on the cream in the center of the donut.

Dammit-- there you go thinking about geopolitics again.

Anyways, all that is to say is that you get a room to yourself. The military personnel assigned to the base have shared dorms, but the benefit of being civilian personnel is that the people running the station have to make you *want* to stay here. And that means you can close the door, spread yourself out on your bed, and avail yourself of the satellite internet to browse mindlessly through your favorite social media site.

You're not sure how you feel about this cat-dude recreating all the obsolete "lolcat" memes. You don't think you like it.

And then you hear a Knock. Capital-K authoritative. Someone outside the door calls your name, and you jump to answer. This could be what you'd been waiting for.

You open the door to see a dour, bespectacled man clad in a t-shirt and jeans. He holds himself with a youthful vigor at odds with the wrinkles on his face-- which have already begun to fade as he ages backwards, in any case.

He looks down at his clipboard, and then back at you. "You put your name down on the waitlist for the expedition teams, yes?"

You answer affirmatively. He nods."

"Several spots have opened up recently, one of which fits your skillset. If you're still willing--"

"Yes!"

He frowns a little at your interruption, and you try to present a more professional facade. You don't want to seem like you're *happy* about this (even though you obviously are) because spots only open up when expedition members die. But still-- this was the entire reason you'd come to Antarctica in the first place. The entire reason you'd put up with the cold and the menial labor.

Your first job application had been denied-- there had thousands of other suicidal, idealistic bastards competing for direct placements onto the expedition teams, even after ninety percent of people were automatically eliminated. But with a bit of luck and elbow grease, you'd successfully navigated yourself into an expedition group via a back door.

"And you are aware that we mandate all expedition members be transformed into paranormals?"

"Of course."

"Good. Please report to Room 1B36 to fill out and file your pre-transformation paperwork--"

"Already done; I did it all in advance."

He blinks. "Very well then. I'll notify the transformation officer on duty to prepare the ritual area."

"Understood."

"The ritual area is in--"

But you're already walking off; you knew exactly where the transformation room was. After all, you'd been dreaming of and waiting for this day for months.

You knew of the dangers on the other side. Of the nomadic and perpetually aggressive tribes of penguin raiders. Of the chthonic ruins scattered across the continent. Of the odd, cyclical

pattern of flashing lights that repeated in 19 hour cycles. Of the massive, indistinct forms of titanic creatures that slept beneath the ice.

And you would be lying if you said you were here to expand the boundaries of human knowledge, or to be the forward vanguard of humanity against an unknown and potentially apocalyptic threat.

No, you weren't here for any altruistic purpose. The danger and mystery of the continent only served to draw you towards it. You didn't want to watch shaky gopro footage on youtube. You didn't want to read formally-worded press releases. You wanted to stride forth, and claim the adventure for yourself.

Possible Transformations: *<i>Homo Hibernus</i>*



<https://www.deviantart.com/ascending-storm/art/Zorya-602431812>

The Zoomer Federation

“Hey! Can we have a moment of your time to talk to you about--”

You're halfway through closing the door before you realize these aren't the usual straight-laced door-to-door mormon missionaries or salesmen.

One of them is wearing a dress shirt, but he's also wearing a mess of piercings through his canine ears. The others have made no concessions to being professional whatsoever, wearing an eclectic variety of fashionable and not-so-fashionable clothing seemingly at random, from branded baseball caps to a pair of pants covered with the faces of cartoon women in compromising positions.

Stuck between confusion and revulsion, you strongly consider shutting the door anyways, but curiosity eventually wins out.

"Who the hell are you people, and why are you knocking on my door?"

"We're recruiting!" one of them yells. "Can we come in?"

And despite your better judgment, you let them in.

You're not sure whether to sit or stand, and they aren't either. They sort of mill around awkwardly for a bit. One of them seems interested in one of the various tchotkes you've decorated your space with, so you choose to forestall them getting their grubby mitts on it by drawing their attention.

"So what, exactly, are you recruiting for?"

They all perk up at this, their attention returning to you.

"Well, we're--"

"We are--"

"This is--"

Three of them start talking at once. They stop, shoot a series of meaningful looks between each other, and then look back at you. One of them steps forward.

Dubious fashion choices aside, she would be an unassuming young woman if it weren't for the pair of caracal ears on her head.

"We're from the Federation of Unified Races. We're trying to convert as many people as possible. Are you interested?"

"...Why?"

She blinks. "I don't understand your question."

"Why are you trying to transform people?"

The group trades confused looks, like they genuinely hadn't considered it.

She looks up and twitches her ears a few times, before looking back at you. "I guess it's like: why be human, when you can do better?"

"That's... that's why *you* wanted to be transformed, not why you wanted to transform other people."

"But it's true!" One of the men pipes up.

"But it's still not an answer."

They collectively shrug their shoulders.

You sigh, and decide to throw them a bone. "Look, uh, If I got transformed, how would my life be different?"

At this, they all perk up.

"Oh, that's up to you!" the leader responds. "We can transform you on the spot and just leave you alone, but if you want to join the federation, we've got a bunch of different projects going on. I'm working with Doctors Without Borders on sort of an ad-hoc basis, James here--" she points to the man (boy?) in the cartoon-character pants "--is starhunting, Alfonse and Tabitha are getting together a team to go explore alternate-earth ruins, Jemina wants to start a band," She takes a deep breath, "Lazar is an environmentalist political activist, Kristy is also an environmentalist, but she's more into ecoterrorism,"

"Wait, what--"

"Chloe is trying to start a mercenary group, Eric is a free trader in the alternate-earth Gulf of Mexico, Frida has a micronation project, most of us are planning to fight the Clarion Army, and Rowan, uh..."

A voice in the back pipes up. "Yo baby, you want some fuck?" Several of the group roll their eyes.

"Rowan is Rowan. So if any of that sounds interesting, we can transform you. We also have a bunch of people doing a bunch of other stuff I didn't even mention; you can get in contact with

them either before or after getting transformed. You can do whatever you want with whoever you want, or you can just do nothing.”

You hate to say it, but you’re seriously considering her offer. The group seems to be a little... enthusiastic, but it’s good to see that kind of enthusiasm. And some restless part of you craved the adventure they seemed to have on offer.

Though there’s a question you need to ask before you can come to any decision.

“Wait, are you all the same species?”

“Yep! You know how the first wave of paranormals started, right? With the CYOA?”

You nod.

“Well, we all filled out the CYOA separately, but chose the same options, which meant we’re all part of the same species. But since we each had different desires for and interpretations of our builds, our paranormal forms tend to look pretty different from each other. So we can all transform you into a member of our species, and we can use anyone’s interpretation to do it-- so you can choose to have your paranormal form based on 23 different aesthetics! Just one of the many services we offer.” She grins, wide.

“What, no reptiles?”

The gazes of the entire group suddenly turn icy cold.

“We don’t talk about the *<i>splitters</i>*,” she spits out.

You make a pacifying gesture, and they seem to calm down.

“Well, I’d want to see your full species template before making a decision... but I think I’d like to be transformed.”

The group momentarily deafens you with their cheers.

Possible Transformations: *<i>Homo Bestia</i>* (22 subspecies)



<https://www.deviantart.com/oleedueolo/art/Platoon-Leader-Chloe-859291966>

I'm So Meta, Even This Acronym

"Today's the day?"

"Today's the day," confirms the wolfman.

You hoist the bag you'd packed for the occasion. No portent or sign had told you to ready yourself. No omen had lit the way.

You hadn't packed the bag because today was the day. Today was today because you'd packed your bag.

The rest of the script follows.

"You know everything I'm going to say,"

You nod. "But you have to say it all anyways."

He smirks.

You nod again.

“Then let's go in order. I'm the author of the CYOA who changed the world. When I wrote it, it was a creative writing project. Now it's our reality. The beings who implemented it didn't contact or confer with me-- not until after Conversion Day, anyways. They just sorted through realities until they found one where someone had written and posted the CYOAs they wanted to implement, and moved here. For all my newfound fame, I'm just their patsy.” He shoots you a grin that might have looked rueful on a jaw that wasn't filled with pointy, bone-crushing teeth.

“But in return for being that accidental patsy, they gave me secrets in return. Secrets which I'm honor-bound to act on, that bind me by duty and destiny to raise an army. But secrets which, nevertheless, I'm incapable of passing on.”

You nod one more time.

“You're not one of the people I can transform. But I have plenty of friends and contacts willing to transform you for me. If you want to escape the 'strictures of human flesh', as I overdramatically wrote so long ago, you have plenty of options. Or, of course, you can just stay as you are now. Up to you.”

You nod for a final time.

The wolfman pulls his silver worldkey from his pocket. With a flourish, he opens a portal. He gestures towards it, inviting. “So, are you in?”

You don't bother answering. You just sling your bag over your shoulder instead. The wolfman grins again.

“Then get in, loser. We're going to save the worlds.”

Possible Transformations:

- <i>Homo Sapiens</i> (no transformation)
- Any species with a template listed in this CYOA.
- Any species with a template that includes the Chieftain Power “The Resilience of Light.”
- Any transformation obtainable by a CYOA that changes exclusively the capabilities of your body and/or species. [**Warning:** your power level will be scaled to match the power level of this setting.]



<https://www.deviantart.com/ccornet/art/Pioneers-703011883>

Species Templates

[Each paranormal species has its own ‘template’: the list of its powers, weaknesses, and other features. However, no two paranormals are exactly alike, as each person’s original form is used as a base to create their new, paranormal form. Templates were built by filling out the CYOA `<u><a src=`”<https://gaberockking.neocities.org/theconversionfactor.html>”`>`‘The Conversion Factor.’`</u>`. Double click to select all choice IDs in a row and copy/paste them into the interactive version of ‘The Conversion Factor’ to see all choices selected.]

(html generated with https://tomeko.net/online_tools/html_list_gen.php?lang=en and <https://www.textfixer.com/html/compress-html-compression.php>)

Liberatores Maris

Choice IDs:

bcbf,1att,1z2t,2iha,jd5h,n1ap,guxv,w1ai,2ota,otyj,ltwf,4gi6,xglm,da8r,km2o,exm8,7jlo,y9t3,1rav,0lds,vcws,ir1j

Ritual

Valid Ritual Targets: Absolutely Everyone

Minimum Duration: Ten Minutes

Failure Consequences: Purgatory, Dangerous Ends

Environmental Requirements: Natural Laws, Neptunes Call

Rites: The Rite of Unity, The Rite of Sacrifice

I should note here that “The Rite of Sacrifice” is perfectly happy with you destroying other peoples’ stuff.

Weaknesses:

Save the Fish

Greed is Good

Debts Owed, Debts Repaid

Transformation, Human Form, and Paranormal Form

Exclusive Form: Paranormal

Humanoid

Human-scale

Aquatic

Members of this species look largely human, save for mottled blue-gray skin suitable for underwater camouflage, slightly serrated, self-replacing teeth, pointed ears, a fin on their backs, a powerful dolphin-like tail, and a four sets of gills, located on either side of their neck and over the ribcage

Incognito

Powers:

Not Quite Percussive Maintenance

Mind Like a Dagger

Cold Reading

Species Organization and Chieftain Powers

Tribal Land negates "Debts Owed, Debts Repaid"

Species Organization: Write-In

An unlimited number of Chieftains are selected by election, with Dominion over the people who elected them. Every other member of this species is additionally a Chieftain with Dominion over themselves.

Chieftain Powers:

Awakened State (Faceless, Shadow Puppet)

Carcinization

Kate-Fox
2016



<https://www.deviantart.com/kate-fox/art/Shark-639875991>

Liberatores Terrae

Choice IDs:

bcgf,1att,1z2t,2iha,oice,jd5h,guxv,w1ai,2ota,otyi,96bn,4gi6,xglm,da8r,sqy2,ogse,34t4,v7mz,4jye,39ol,xsp1,auhz

Ritual

Valid Ritual Targets: Absolutely Everyone

Minimum Duration: Ten Minutes

Failure Consequences: Purgatory, Dangerous Ends

Environmental Requirements: The Choir, Natural Laws

Rites: The Rite of Unity, The Rite of Sacrifice

Weaknesses

Save the Fish

Greed is Good

Vegetarian

Transformation, Human Form, and Paranormal Form

Exclusive Form: Paranormal

Humanoid

Human-scale

Fey

The designer of this species had a very particular image of what elves should look like. Members of this species invariably possess pointy ears, blond hair, and the chiseled features of a greek statue.

Duality

Powers

At Peace

Perfectly Balanced

Bullet Time

Pygmalion's Dog

Species Organization and Chieftain Powers

Tribal Land negates "Vegetarian"

Centralized Republic

Outwards and Upwards



ART BY WWW.EDDY-SHINDUKU.DEVIANTART.COM

H.S.

<https://www.deviantart.com/eddy-shinjuku/art/Shadowrun-Commission-Assassin-Tooms-Party-3-of-3-803940482>

Homo Salvatoris

Choice IDs:

bcgf,1att,ytfx,oice,guxv,zynk,hkbb,ltwf,3lwi,89c5,aw5m,z2z0,45oi,n0k9,2lvn,1d76,oyza,xglm,da8r,bvpu,34t4,dt9w,1rav,20zr,fw1c

Ritual

Valid Ritual Targets: Everyone
Minimum Duration: 10 Minutes
Failure Consequences: Self-recrimination
Environmental Requirements: The Choir
Rites: The Rite of Unity

Weaknesses

Elemental Weakness
Platinum
Pyramidal Prison
Debts Owed, Debts Repaid
The Compulsion of the Laws

Transformation, Human Form, and Paranormal Form

True Form: Paranormal
Flash
Short
Unassuming
At-Will
Unchanged
Shadow Puppets
Seasonal Offerings
Humanoid
Human-Scale
Bestial

The paranormal form of this species features an animalistic tail and ears, in the tradition of the Japanese *kemonomimi*. People receive features based on the animal most closely matching their personality, but this has no actual effect on the functionality of the form.

Powers

At Peace
Fullmetal
Cold Reading
Flight

The wings of this species are based on whichever species of bird or bat best fit their personality, and vary in length between half an arm span to three arm spans. (People who

are predisposition towards being more energetic and flighty receive smaller wings, while people predispositioned towards being more lethargic and consistent receive larger wings.)

Species Organization and Chieftain Powers

Absolute Anarchy

Tribal Land negates "The Compulsion of the Laws"



<https://www.deviantart.com/gigameissy/art/Kaltsit-882171822>

Paradeisénia Pouliá

Choice IDs:

4cbk,c8ex,7qmj,c92d,rlzk,5d9x,guxv,w1ai,e1cs,l75e,xx3m,f7d6,92pr,800z,4g64,14kt,8uup,qfmp,45hm,0ngm,d0k1,xglm,da8r,5vpz,v7mz,txt6,20zr,xsp1,osdf,qum4,aqt5

Ritual

Valid Ritual Targets: All members of the species 'Homo Sapiens'

Minimum Duration: 24 Hours

Failure Consequences: One Shot at Glory, Limbo,

Environmental Requirements: Phonophilia, Bacchanal

Rites: The Rite of Unity, The Rite of Sacrifice, The Rite of Permanence

In "The Rite of Permanence," stylized wings are carved into the shoulder blades of the Ritual Subject.

Weaknesses

An Ominous Silence

A Personal Renaissance

Hospitality

Civilized Tastes

Transformation, Human Form, and Paranormal Form

True Form: Human

Magical Girl

Height: Average - Minor

Build: Slim/Fit

Sex: At-Will + Hermaphrodites

Physical Gender Presentation: Minor Androgynous

Perfect Skin

Symmetry

Humanoid

Human-Scale

Avian

Members of this species, in their paranormal form, have the hair on their heads interspersed with feathers. Their hands become slightly more claw-like, and their vision becomes significantly sharper at long distances (taking traits from birds of prey.) The feather coloration for each person is chosen from whichever bird of paradise best fits their personal aesthetic, and the skin and hair pigmentation of their paranormal form is changed to match.

Powers

Perfectly Balanced

Total Recall

Flight

Members of this species have small, fluffy wings based on the bird of paradise they take their aesthetic from..

Species Organization and Chieftain Powers
Tribal Land negates "Civilized Tastes"
Centralized Republic
Direct Order
The Uniform of Things
Draconic Champion



<https://www.deviantart.com/kingdaume/art/Birdsong-684376391>

Homo Hibernus

Choice IDs

p5gk,xbbt,7qmj,c92d,5d9x,4mfy,guxv,w1ai,sq13,jzec,lue0,f7d6,3lwi,nb80,2b3o,45oi,n0k9,2lvn,d0k1,oyza,u8kg,jk76,39ol,6zp5,p326,nasl

Ritual

Valid Ritual Targets: 10% of humans

Minimum Duration: 1 hour

Failure Consequences: One Shot at Glory, Limbo
Environmental Requirements: Bacchanal, Primal Heat
Rites: The Rite of Unity, The Rite of Sacrifice, The Rite of Blood

Weaknesses

Halo
Hibernation

Members of this species hibernate for the day after each full moon. In years where there are only 12 such days, they also hibernate on January 2nd.

Hospitality

The Compulsion of the Laws
Transformation, Human Form, and Paranormal Form
Exclusive Form: Human
Height: Unchanged
Build: Unassuming
Sex: At-Will
Gender Presentation: Unchanged
Other Aesthetic Features: Symmetry, Seasonal Offerings

Powers

Foretell
Burning Calories
Pygmalion's Dog
Sidestepping Maslow
Species Organization and Chieftain Powers
Tribal land negates "Hibernation"
Every Man a King
Judge, Jury, Executioner
The Resilience of Light



<https://www.artstation.com/artwork/gJ9VXL>

Homo Bestia

Choice IDs:

4cbk,xbbt,7qmj,ytfx,oice,5d9x,5a1f,w1ai,pnu3,otyj,ltwf,f7d6,3lwi,800z,bd1l,2b3o,0h7n,14qy,2lvn,1d76,d0k1,phqe,da8r,bvpu,a79e,bhnj,20zr,0lds,8l72,auh2

Ritual

Valid Ritual Targets: All members of the species 'Homo Sapiens'

Minimum Duration: 1 hour

Failure Consequences: One Shot at Glory, Self-Recrimination

Environmental Requirements: The Choir, Bacchanal

Rites: The Rite of Death, The Rite of Sacrifice, The Rite of Life

Weaknesses:

Greed is Good

Debts Owed, Debts Repaid

Hospitality

The Compulsion of the Laws

Transformation, Human Form, and Paranormal Form

True Form: Human

Height: Unchanged

Build: Unchanged

Sex: Unchanged

Gender Presentation: Unchanged

Other Aesthetic Features: Shadow Puppets, Symmetry

Anthropomorphic

Human-Scale

Bestial

Members of this species are, in their paranormal form, anthropomorphic mammals themed after the aesthetics of:

Any of the following mammalian clades: Wolves, Foxes, Dogs, Cats, Rodents, Rabbits, Raccoons, Bears, Horses, Hyena, Skunk, Deer, Squirrel

OR a hybrid of any two of the following clades: Canines, Felines, Bears, Raccoons, Horses

Iridescent

Members of this species come in a variety of garish fur colors. Also, all members of this species inexplicably have anime hair in their paranormal form.

Insatiable

Powers

Flight

Like with the "bestial" option, there were several different opinions for what the aesthetics of the "flight" option should look like. Select an aesthetic for yourself based on the options below.

“Typical” Wings: (always emerge from shoulder blades)

Choose any of the following length for each of your wings to be:

Forearm-length, arm-length, 2x arm length

And combine with any of the following wing types:

Paired bat wings, paired falcon wings, paired of dragon wings (like bird wings, with iridescent scales instead of feathers)

“Special” Wings:

A halo of incandescent light around your head.

Three pairs of white “angel” wings (white, fluffy, birdlike). One pair comes from your shoulder blades, one pair from the middle of your spine, and one pair from behind your hips. The top pair of wings are each an arm span long, the bottom two pairs are half that.

Two pairs of dragonfly wings. Each wing is about half again as long as your arm.

One pair of butterfly wings, with each wing 3/4ths arm length, and long enough to reach from your ears to your hips.

One pair of dragon wings. (Same skeletal structure as bird wings, but with feathers replaced with iridescent scales.) Each wing is 2x arm length.

Species Organization and Chieftain Powers

Tribal land negates “The Compulsion of the Laws”

Species Organization: Write-In

Each person selects one person to be their chieftain via Election. (They may choose themselves.)

The Uniform of Flesh

Due to this being a multi-origin species, different people choose different options for this selection. Choose one of Height, Build, Sex, or Physical Gender Presentation. As a Chieftain, that is the option you can affect with this power. Other Chieftains can apply the other choices to you according to your preference.

Outwards and Upwards

The Resilience of Light



<https://www.deviantart.com/renciel/art/All-of-me-672128669>

Sources and Shoutouts

'The Thread of Fate' was inspired by the character Ropey from cthuluraejepsen's 'Worth the Candle.' The "I Am That Is" sword is from Briar Jaques's 'Redwall.' Credit to /u/Tinac4 for the *Homo Salvatoris* build.

Image Sources:

The Call to Adventure

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