

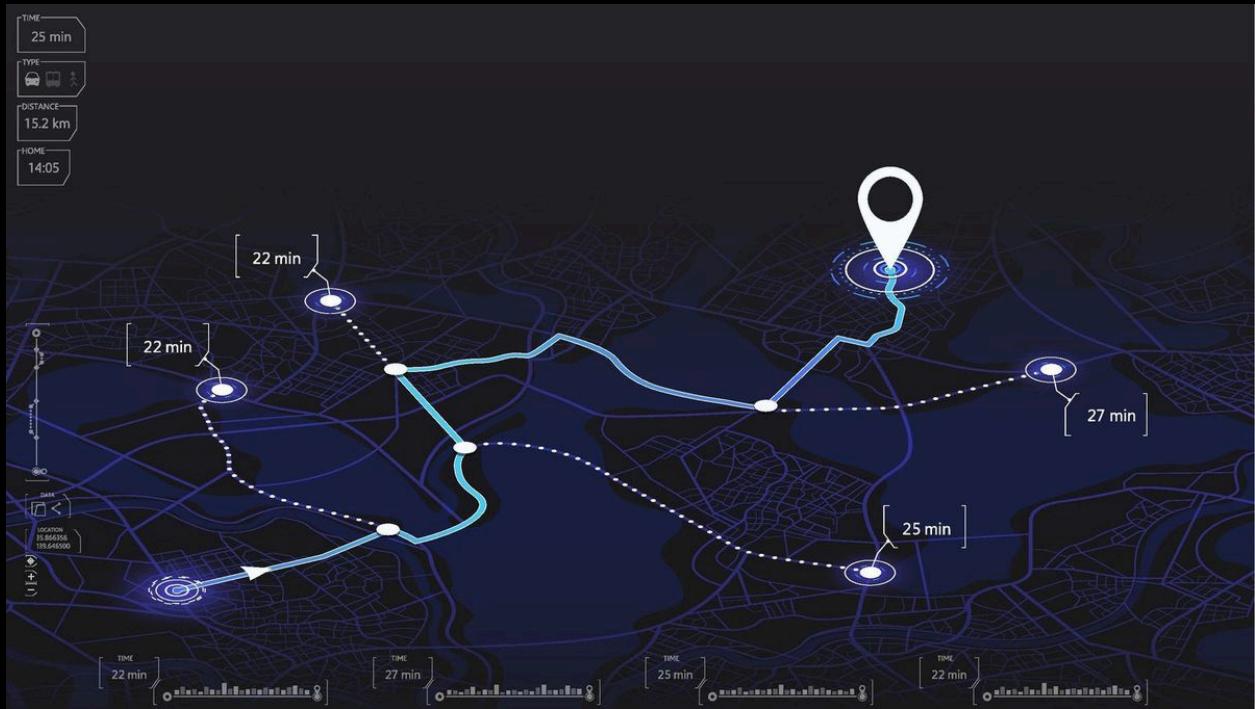
General Major Benefactor's Alt-Chain Startup



Now you may be asking yourself how the hell this happened. Well I'm glad you asked, the world was resource starved, nations decided the usual approach was the only way forward and war was inevitable. Now all around you the screams of the dying and wounded cry out, and you're left alone in a barely standing 8 story building, rouble barring off the half slung window that could fall out at any time.

You need to move... or this building is going to fall down on you.

Make your way through the city, and find me. Use your Phone, the navigation point I left behind should tell you where to go.



You make your way to the designated area, people are running through destroyed streets and deserted buildings, several corpses litter the ground as you move further towards your goal. Occasional mortars hit the buildings around you, destroying them and taking the lives of people hiding or barred inside. You can hear something on the other side of your mind, that same voice from earlier. You aren't sure if it's yours, but the hope that someone is guiding you keeps the terror holding the edge of your throat down, It's all you have to fight the trauma building up around you.

It takes you several hours of walking, running, and dodging crashing buildings, shattering metal, and explosive ordinance before you finally reach your destination... And there standing in wait is a man with a gas mask.



“You alright? The city was literally falling apart, and we weren’t sure if you were going to make it! Glad another survivor was able to get out of that mess.” They appear to be well dressed, and prepared for conflict as they have their shoulder against a large ammo cache. Their rifle next to their leg. “Well, anyway, they call me General Major. I’m the benefactor you had posted to on reddit not long ago. Anyway it’s time for us to move, and it’s going to get hairy. *He throws you a rifle* Now do me a favor and get some of this armor on, I need you to man the gun on my Tank here. *He Points behind himself*.”

You get in the Tank after dawning a heavy set of armor and attach your gun to your back, loading some magazines you’re sure you will need for whatever this man has planned.



Inside the Tank, you load the ammunition into the tank's main cannon, waiting for each firing as your Benefactor moves through the wartorn city. Behind you is a convoy of several vehicles, each containing the other survivors as you continue to ride through the Littered and damaged streets. You can hear people begging to be let on the vehicles as they pass, and many are loaded in behind you, the machine gun roaring overhead at the unknown enemies currently assailing the buildings nearby. Finally, after 12 whole hours of work, your asked to leave the tank behind and enter one of the vehicles carrying the other survivors.

You ask about the current state of things, who's attacking, what the hell is happening, the normal questions anyone would ask in this scenario, but no one can confirm what the hell is happening either. You lie down your head, resting for the night with gunshots and tank rounds firing periodically. Six hours go by before you wake up to someone jostling you. "You need to get up, we're here."

You step off the vehicle in what appears to be a tunnel.

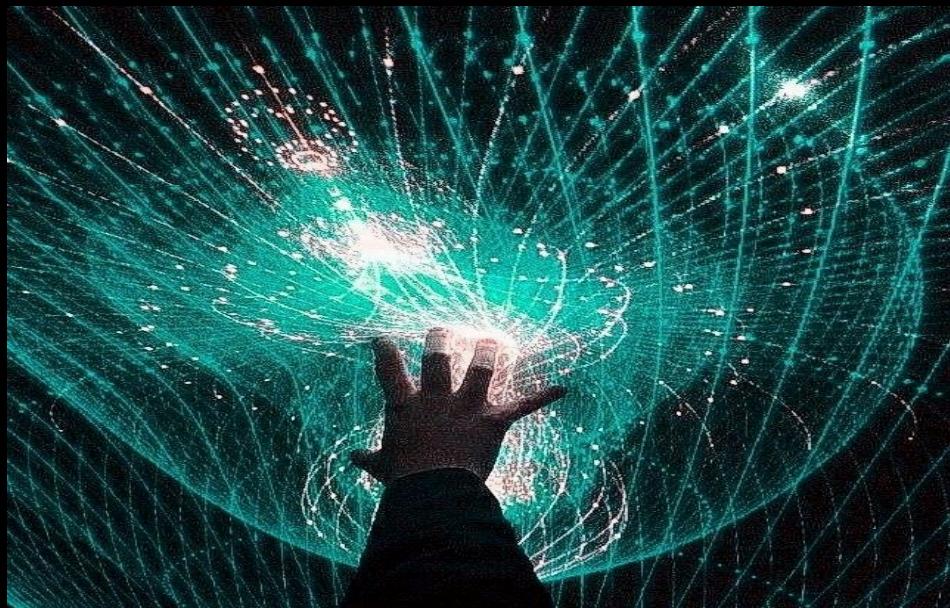


People are crowding around you, making their way towards your new benefactor. Everyone able is being pulled to shuttle supplies from the vehicles further into what appears to be an old military base. The ground is covered in sand and dust, but the panels underfoot feel thick and durable. Like an entire city of cables lies underfoot. Everyone with the knowledge to do so has begun repairing the base, getting it operational, and your benefactor is looking at a main console nearby, moving into a building labeled "Command Center".

You step into an odd room, leading into storage.



You unload a massive set of containers and cargo to and fro until some of the others yell out “Clear!” vehicles moving out of the tunnel into the local storage bay you just unloaded into. It takes a few minutes to catch your breath before a siren blares around you, several others yell out “The Generator Network is Online Boss! Lets get out of here!” A few minutes go by without a response, and then it happens, a massive bright flash across the sky as everyone is sucked away into another reality.



Another hour goes by before the strange lines that blanket the would-be sky disappear, and now a purple starless haze is all that remains. “Everyone get yourselves ready for transfer, we need to get these micro-bases operational STAT!” Your benefactor rings out across the intercomms, igniting in everyone a burning will to move, and all around you the survivors pace back and forth completing their final tasks and prepping strange boxes that continue to shuttle in from the outside via several large vehicles.

Your benefactor, seeing you toiling hard and pushing yourself to get everything in order moves and lightly grasps your shoulder. “Please come with me.” He guides you through the now libertarian nightmare of logistics, cargo, and people until he arrives at a vehicle loaded with a black box. “Its time for you to go, I’m sure you have questions, however, they will have to wait as this Micro-Base is intended for you and you alone.” He calls over several men to start the vehicle and he lightly pushes you into the passenger seat. “Alright, get your cargo to its destination, we need him ready to go ASAP!” Without a word they move you outside the base, and towards a purple lit horizon where barren cliffs and large hills wait, several lines of tracks show others had been moved as well... you can’t help but wonder what the hell is going on.

Several more hours go by in silence, no one talks or speaks a word, even with you attempting to get answers from the drivers and other passengers. They just lightly grunt and pat you on the shoulder, stating it's going to be ok. After another few hours with you resting your head against the sideboard of the vehicle it finally stops in a flat clearing. Without waking you the men prepare the box outside the vehicle, then come and wake you. They guide you to the placed box and ask you to place your hand down on its smooth surface. You do so, regardless of means.

Within seconds, the box unravels into a massive base, a massive complex with a thick undercarriage of metal and plating. The dalm thing might as well be magic cause it produced a 1 mile area of prepared structures, flooring, and even managed some essentials. However, it's clear in several places that the dalm thing didn't come with everything and you're going to need to repair it. “Alright, the base is up and we're good to go, who's leaving and who's staying?” one of the men asked. Several get back into the vehicle behind you, and around 6 remain with you, they leave stating, “Good luck Director, you're going to need everything you can get!”

Before You is the BASE And it's here that your journey begins.

Your Phone lights up with a single message:

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING, your directive is to restore mankind to the best of your ability Director, here you will begin a faction of your own, and push out across reality looking for a stable location to call home. Follow the list below as it's going to help you through.

The following pages are listed under the setup page on General Major Benefactor's True Storage Supplement.

Once completed you will have begun your jump into another reality, here is where you will pick a supplement or jump from the various documents available from the Reddit community, or other fellow jumper communities. Please feel free to fanwank as they say, as everything goes from here.

One Last Thing, If you've taken the [General Major Benefactor Gauntlet](#)
Then the rules from it will apply to you here as well, and you can call in your benefactor at any time to assist in fighting back the horrors of the alternate realities you will drift through.

Otherwise your Goals are simple:

1. Restore earth, or a world available from another reality to be suitable for mankind.
2. Protect your base from any external threats and prepare for any additional jumps you may wish to take.
3. Maintain a healthy population as best as you can, they don't leave you much of anything once the base is restored.
4. Survive the Omni-Glot, or as many call it, the Omni-verse, where any reality and alteration can be the difference between a peaceful slice of life world, and the nightmares of warhammer 40k or worse.
5. Lastly, maintain contact with your benefactor, they will have missions on occasion for you to fulfill, where he will send technology blueprints as rewards to keep you functioning during your explorations.

Best of luck Director, and may you have a lovely day.
-Your On-site UNI (Universal Navigation Intelligence).