Warhammer Fantasy - The Imperial Colleges of Magic

A Jumpchain CYOA

Version 1.2 – Arcane Cleanup Edition

Once upon a time, Mankind did not employ the Winds of Magic directly against its enemies. Even now, most do not do so without divine aid. From old Nehekhara's Mortuary Cult to the ice-witches and hags of Kislev to the Damsels of Bretonnia, most of Man still calls on gods or spirits to do its magic. But in the dark forests between the Gray Mountains and the World's Edge Mountains, few have ever had even that for most of history. Even after Sigmar founded his Empire, uniting the scattered bands of Men into one nation with cities, temples, and institutions of learning, hedge-mages practicing petty spells were the norm until the true power of the Winds was needed most. A time when Mankind itself, and indeed the world, stood on the brink of destruction – and one decision, one act of aid, changed everything.

The Great War against Chaos came at a time when the Empire was at its weakest. The Elector Counts squabbled among themselves, and all possible allies found themselves besieged just as ferociously by the endless hordes under Asavar Kul's command. Even the High Elves could spare but three of their number, for their ancient enemies, the Dark Elves, teemed on the shores of Ulthuan. How, then, did the Empire of Man not only survive these trying times but come to thrive again? Though the Cult of Sigmar will attribute the victory to their god and to Emperor Magnus the Pious, and the Dwarfs might hold that it was their aid which turned the tide, the Asur would say differently. Perhaps rightly so, they would credit Teclis, High Loremaster of the White Tower of Hoeth, and begrudgingly acknowledge his human students - the first Magisters of the Orders you now call home. To be an Imperial Magister is thus to inherit a legacy of careful study of the Eight Winds, and the strictures set down by Volans, the brightest of Teclis' students and first Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic.

You've heard this story before, but what if *you* were part of it? Well, we're about to see, now aren't we? Here you are provided with **1000 Aethyric Humors** with which to purchase options below so as to define your own story within these halls.

Section 1: Order and Location

While you will begin your journey here at the Imperial Colleges of Magic in Altdorf, Reikland, questions remain - how old are you, and which Order do you belong to? Determine your age now, within reason - a child would be a mere Apprentice, so you as a full Magister certainly are not a child. On the other hand, a Magister is still a man, and all men die one day, though the touch of the Winds may extend a man's lifespan greatly. Next, select your Order below - this will determine which College you start out in and which Lore of Magic you wield.

Amber Order - Shaman, wielder of Ghur, master of the Lore of Beasts, you lair with your fellow Amber Magisters in the caverns of the **Amber Hills** beyond Altdorf's walls. Your Order takes no coin from the Emperor and has no use for it, and protects the wild places from the depredations of Chaos. Your greatest enemy, then, are the Cloven Ones.

Amethyst Order - Brother of Shyish, master of the Lore of Death, you are *not* a Necromancer, and anyone who calls you one will swiftly find himself a bleached corpse. The technical term for your magic is Cessationary Thaumaturgy. You reside in the **Amethyst College**, a dour building rising over the Old Altdorf cemetery and not far from the Temple of Morr. Your Order is tasked primarily with undoing the work of the Necromancer, which is all too tempting an art for one already so close to death.

Bright Order - Pyromancer, scion of Aqshy, master of the Lore of Fire, you stand with your Order in the **Bright College**, a flame-lit edifice standing over a swath of ever-smouldering ruins. Your Order is charged primarily with providing Battle Wizards to the armies of the Empire in times of need, for yours is perhaps the most straightforward of Lores. If a problem cannot be solved by setting it on fire, it is not your problem.

Celestial Order - Astromancer, student of Azyr, master of the Lore of Heavens, you inhabit the **Celestial College**, a tall building with many observatories close to the center of Altdorf. Your Order is charged with reading the signs of the heavens and reporting that which they see with total honesty. You have likely told a nobleman the exact date, time, and method of his death at least once.

Gold Order - Alchemist, scholar of Chamon, master of the Lore of Metal, you reside in the **Gold College**, a resplendent series of foundries and laboratories along the River Reik. Yours is the wealthiest Order, and the one with the most practical duty - the creation of new strains of black powder, research and development of new chemical solutions for liquid fire and the like, and manufacture of everything from soap to glue to wine. Now, if only those stubborn Dwarfs and haughty Elves would just *tell you the secrets of Gromril and Ithilmar already…*

Grey Order - Shadowmancer, artist of Ulgu, master of the Lore of Shadows, you "reside" in the **Grey College**, a run-down thing among the bordellos and taverns of

Altdorf's worst district. More of your time, however, is spent wandering the Empire far and wide, rooting out secret Chaos cultists and investigating everyone from Witch Hunters to Elector Counts for corruption. Who watches the watchmen? You do.

Jade Order - Druid, child of Ghyran, master of the Lore of Life, you live in the **Jade College**, a living maze of boughs and gardens ringed by a great stone wall. To your Order falls the task of securing the harvest - purging fields of Warpstone contamination, checking the ley lines for taint at the henges, and healing soldiers in times of war. Your parents were likely Jade Magisters themselves, and your Magister Matriarch is a mother of eight.

Light Order - Hierophant, sworn to Hysh, master of the Lore of Light, your place is in the **Light College**. This hidden, luminescent pyramid, folded into the intersection of six ley lines, serves as your base of operations as your Order plies its task - the eradication of all creatures of darkness, Daemonic or Undead alike. You have only grown more dedicated to this task after the incident in the vaults some time ago.

Section 2: Perks

Here, you will use your Aethyric Humors to purchase abilities. Abilities costing **100 Humors** are free for the corresponding Order, and other abilities under that Order cost only half as much for their wielders.

Amber Order Perks

The Arrow [100] - Like the Wind they channel, the Magisters of the Amber Brotherhood are direct and blunt, having no time for honeyed words or prevarication. While this makes them come across as crude, let it never be said that their honesty is ever held in contempt. So long as they know you are telling the truth, others will not hold it against you when you state it as plainly as possible.

Animism [100] - The myths of the Amber Order claim that there is a living spirit in all things, and your experience so far has proven this right, at least to you. These spirits are locked in eternal combat, the survival of the fittest, and you can hear them as easily as you hear a bird call. From these whispers, you may now glean information on who or what has passed through a given area within the last few months.

Wild Man [200] - Given that the Amber Magisters intentionally distance themselves from human society, they must be self-sufficient in the utmost. Luckily for you, you are. Like any other proper Amber Wizard, you are an excellent hunter, have the reflexes necessary to fish by hand, and know instinctively which flora and fauna are safe to eat and which are poisonous. More than that, you also have a sort of 'sixth sense' for finding the most elusive of your basic survival needs: shelter. A cavern or hollow log is protection enough from rain or snow for you.

Defender of the Wild [200] - So adept is the Amber Brotherhood at the defense of untamed lands that Imperial nobles with large estates will often offer the Order a hefty sum to acquire the services of just one. They will not find you wanting, as you fight like a Magister possessed so long as you do so in defense of uncultivated, wild grounds. It would take perhaps fifty filthy Gors to equal you when you fight defensively to protect the wilderness from the taint of Chaos. These lands need not be “unowned,” merely “untamed.” An abandoned mansion will not work, but a section of a national park that sees no human alteration would.

Binding the Beast [400] - Through the power of Ghur, an Amber Wizard may come to an understanding with the great beasts of the wild. That is to say, they may come to recognize you as their superior, the leader of their herd or pack. You are especially adept at this, able to sway several packs of wolves or flocks of birds to your cause at a time. Furthermore, under your influence, normally solitary animals such as bears become cooperative enough to coordinate their attacks, and skittish creatures like deer gain the courage to stand against the horrors of Chaos. This is not absolute obedience, but unless you do something detrimental to the creatures in question they will have little reason to oppose you. This is less likely to work on prouder creatures, such as wild dragons, but even they are not entirely beyond your reach.

Legacy of Kadon [400] - Kadon transformed himself into a hulking monster, but could not change himself back. He who had invented the Scrolls of Binding was now forever a beast himself. That fate holds little fear for you, for accepting the beast within has its benefits and you sup greedily of them. When you turn any part of yourself from man to beast, the effect is amplified; turning your hands into bestial claws would see them become capable of ripping through steel as easily as flesh. Should you transform your whole being into that of a beast, as Kadon did, your foes will tremble before your new form; whether an ancient saurian thing which puts the Dragons of Ulthuan to shame or a multi-headed monstrosity which can swallow armies of mortal men, a beast truly out of legend slumbers within you. You need only awaken it.

Wildheart [600] - The Lore of Beasts is, of course, best at affecting beasts. Their wild, savage souls easily accept the brutish powers of Ghur. This creates an opportunity for you, Amber Wizard. With but an arcane growl from you, a Reiksguard’s horse might become the equal of an Elven steed, or a simple doe strong enough to kick aside a Norscan marauder. Even a tiny rabbit would gain the strength to kill a man, and a bear become the equal of a rampaging Giant. Of course, should you choose to weaken the bestial with your spells, this too would pass. Bretonnian chargers under your curse will lose even the strength to so much as bear their riders, and the Bestigors of the foul Cloven Ones would pose as much threat as a child. By your hand, beasts may become legends or be reduced to laughing-stocks. The spells which allow such things are known to many, but only in your hands are the effects so pronounced as this. *You* decide who is the fittest, and shall therefore survive.

Winter Comes [600] - There is one of your number by the name of Gregor Martak. Should events progress in the way they are currently set to, he will someday

become Supreme Patriarch, as well as host to the last embers of the wolf-god Ulric. Perhaps you would make just as good a candidate. Now you will find that gods with bestial natures (whether they be godlike beasts themselves or merely possessing beasts as a major domain) are eager to bless you, close to nature as you are. You will quickly find yourself invested with a small portion of their power with which to protect the wilds even more effectively… and should such a bestial god perish for whatever reason, they will place what remains of themselves within you with their dying breath. Obviously, assassinating a healthy beast-god for its power will not grant you this boon, but putting a mortally wounded one out of its misery is entirely fair. Do not betray their trust, Shaman.

Amethyst Order Perks

The Hourglass [100] - Death and time are closely linked, this much is true. For that reason, you cultivated a careful sense of time during your apprenticeship. Your efforts have more than paid off, for even in dim torchlight removed from the sun, you innately grasp the present time of day or night. The Hourglass *is* the symbol ofyour order, is it not?

Graveyard Rose [100] - Most of your Order are scrawny and pale, with voices the dusty tone of the long dead. And yet, one among you is known for her terrifying allure. Like Elspeth von Draken, the energies of death which now suffuse your form have made you beautiful in a grim and chilling way. Those who look upon you will at once be rapt in admiration and shaken in terror.

Peace of the Grave [200] - That is to say, you have made peace with it. Death and age no longer hold any fear for you, though you will still act to preserve your life if the need arises. This may seem a redundant state of mind, but it will also preserve you from the greatest threat to your order - corruption. Neither the kiss of the Vampire nor the lure of Daemonhood hold any temptation for you now. You have accepted your mortality, and nothing they say can turn you back into the mewling child you were before that night you stood before a hooded Magister bearing a scythe.

Quiet as the Dead [200] - The Magisters of the Amethyst Order are nothing if not taciturn. It is said that they prefer to communicate through telepathy rather than the spoken word. This works for the Brethren of Shyish, and indeed you may share thoughts with them. Since you will sometimes be among others, however, you are also highly adept at making yourself understood without the use of words. Hand gestures, facial expressions, and eye contact go further than they normally might when you use them, and when forced to speak in explanation, your brevity will make you no less effective.

March of the Inevitable [400] - You are Death, are you not? By that logic, the living should fear you. You embody the cold, painful end that awaits them. You are *inevitable.* This is true on the battlefield more than anywhere else, where your chilling presence strikes mortal dread into even the hearts of Khorne’s frothing berserkers. Your arrival alone might put lesser men to rout or cause warlords to hesitate. The cloying swirl of Shyish that causes this dread also subtly frays the

binding of rattling skeletons and shambling zombies, ensuring that even the fearless undead crumble back into their graves sooner rather than later.

That Man is Dead [400] - When you were taken in as an apprentice, you were told to forsake all articles of your old life, for in a sense you had in fact died to the world. You passed from one state to another, and in time you commanded your apprentices to do the same. Those who willingly study under you now feel compelled to abandon even their old names in favor of complete devotion to your teachings. This is how the Amethyst Order prevents corruption in its ranks. It would be unfitting to use such a devotion for nefarious ends - but then again, who would stop you if they did not know?

Life Leeching [600] - From every death comes power. The Amethyst Order knows the temptation of this power, for it is vast indeed. Legend has it that the Magisters of your Order can tear the spirit from a man and trap it forever, crush his heart within his chest with but a thought, and wither a man instantly to dust. For one as gifted as yourself in the arts of Shyish, all of these are true, and for each life reaped by your spells of death or decay, your stores of magic are replenished a small, but appreciable amount. von Draken herself would be impressed by your power over Shyish. *You are become Death, the destroyer of worlds.*

None Know the Hour [600] - Death is the ultimate mystery. Faith holds that Morr protects the faithful, but can anyone be sure? Of course, no one knows *when* or *how* they will die, either. If an Amethyst Magister is Death incarnate, should you not be a mystery? Such is the case for Magister Patriarch Viggo Hexensohn, whose rumored past as a priest of Morr is as uncertain as his actual age and true power. Now you, too, bear this aura of mystery. To normal men, even simple things like your general age are impossible to discern, and even those specifically trained to investigate your background will find little more than rumors and half-truths. Your past, in short, is yours alone in the realm of men, and even the Celestial Order would hardly be able to make out your face in a vision. You may, of course, reveal your past to those you trust at your leisure, but it may conveniently slip their mind when a nosy Witch Hunter or the like interrogates them on it.

Bright Order Perks

The Torch [100] - The Torch is one of the Bright Order's symbols, and perhaps the most literal. Manipulators of Aqshy one and all, the Bright Wizards hold some form of flame with them at almost all times. Where do they get the fuel? Why, from the Wind of Fire itself. This is now true for you as well, with any matches, torches, braziers, lanterns, candles, or other such handheld flame containers remaining eternally lit through the Red Wind and your own will. Never be without a light again!

In the Burning Heart [100] - Where there's smoke, there's fire. Where there's fire, there's smoke. Someone who spends every waking hour around some kind of fire thus spends every waking hour breathing in some level of smoke. Like any fire, a Wizard needs to breathe in order to stay alive. It is a good thing, then, that you do not feel any ill effects from inhaling smoke at all. How else do you think anyone survives living in a building that is *perpetually on fire?*

Pyromania [200] - Do you feel that? The Red Wind is *passion,* it is *raw emotion,* it is *such a wonderful feeling* to just *let it all out.* Bright Wizards have something of a reputation for pyromania, for good reason. While in *your* case it will never become a true addiction, you will now find casting fire magic an excellent way to lift your spirits. A simple fireball might relieve your tension and provide a savory adrenaline rush all at once, and even lighting a tiny flame may soothe the chilling fear gripping you. Fire warms the body - why should it not warm the heart?

Stop, Drop, and Roll [200] - It is one thing to start a fire with your mind, but another thing to put one out. Most Bright Wizards must be coerced or even *threatened* into doing so. Luckily, your master taught you how to control your raging heart long before you learned even a single spell as an apprentice. Your control over your firey spells is such that you may instantly cease the effect of any magical flame you have created with but a thought, regardless of how unruly it would normally be. Moreover, you may contest enemy spellcasters for control of the flames they unleash, and should your will prove stronger you may snuff these flames or turn them backward as well.

Walking Battery [400] - The Lore of Fire is a straightforward and destructive Lore of Magic, and it shows especially well in those Bright Wizards sent to aid the Empire's armies in sieges. You have fought in such battles, less as a soldier and more as a man-sized artillery piece. Your spells of flaming destruction now deal additional damage to walls, gates, palisades, and other defensive fortifications, a simple fireball being half again as effective as a cannonball of equal size.

Key of Secrets [400] - The Key of Secrets is one of the most powerful symbols of your order, as the vast knowledge any Wizard must acquire is the key to power. With that said, surely power could be a key to further knowledge? Your fire magics now have a peculiarity to them - no matter how aggressively you assault a bastion or person with flame, you will never accidentally destroy any records or information contained within the structure or on the person's person. The Bright Order is impulsive, but it is not wasteful.

Kindleflame [600] - The Red Wind of Magic is the only one more straightforward than the Amber Wind, and a Pyromancer's usual response to his or her spells being ineffective against a foe is to *hit it harder.* For you, it seems this actually *works.* The longer you bombard an enemy with spells of Fire, the more and more their protections against it erode. While this does nothing to those born of and sustained by fire, anything else will soon find itself unable to pour enough water on itself fast enough. At long last, you can cast the same fireball at them over and over again until they *roll over* and ***die***.

Torch of the Court [600] - Thyrus Gormann, Magister Patriarch of the Bright Order, is a terrifying presence in the court of Emperor Karl Franz. His mind for the grand theater of war and his knowledge of the practical applications of magic have made him indispensable to the continued running of the Empire. More than that, his swiftness to laughter and anger helps to keep the politicking Elector Counts in line. Gormann has taught you well, Pyromancer, for you have yourself gained the tactical, strategic, and interpersonal sense that would make you the lynchpin of any meeting-

hall in Altdorf. Should anything unfortunate befall your Patriarch, you are certainly in line to replace him in Franz's inner circle - provided you are not the one responsible.

Celestial Order Perks

The Comet [100] - The Comet of Power, always rising, is the symbol of the Celestial Order. It represents many things: the Order's ever-rising fortunes, the constant search for higher knowledge of the heavens, and other lofty ambitions. In your case, it also represents an aspiration to more literal heights. The sixteen towers of the Celestial College are the highest points in Altdorf, and in general a high place makes the best observatory. As such, you are primely suited for operating at great altitudes. Your lungs work normally in the thinner air, you have the balance necessary to move on thin, high perches without falling, and of course any acrophobia you might have possessed is entirely banished. Onward and upward, Magister.

Humility [100] - As an apprentice, you were often tasked with perhaps the most menial job the entirety of the Imperial Orders of Magic has to offer: scrubbing the bird droppings from the windows and skylights of the Celestial College. This grueling and disgusting chore was meant to teach you humility - a lesson you learned well. Now, no matter how powerful you become, you will never find yourself blinded by hubris, because once upon a time you were the little boy or girl who cleaned bird droppings off of windows. Arrogance is a swift path to death, and so this lesson will serve you well.

Fortune Teller [200] - The lure of knowing the future is too great for the rich and powerful, and they will gladly pay a handy sum for a Celestial Wizard's advice. How fortunate, then, that you just so happen to be in the area. As if by fate, circumstances conspire to put you in contact with those who will pay handsomely for your astrological services. As a bonus, they will not pressure you *too* hard for information on their own futures, lest you openly and honestly reveal the exact date, hour, and method of their deaths. The Articles of Imperial Magic *do* require that you reveal *everything you see,* after all.

The Open Sky [200] - If there is one thing that perturbs a Celestial Wizard's divinations, it is weather conditions which render his observatory useless. Luckily, that never seems to be a problem for you. Wherever and whenever you set yourself to the task of astronomy or astrology, storms and clouds part or subside in such a way as to maximize your view of the heavens. Should other atmospheric influences prevent proper viewing of the stars, these too will fade - at least, for you.

Read the Stars [400] - The reason Celestia Wizards use observatories and telescopes is to read the portents of the stars, for much prophecy is ingrained in them. This is true even on the battlefield. If given the chance to observe the heavens for ten minutes or more before the fighting starts, you may ascertain how the battle would proceed in general without your interference. Not only does this tell you which side would win should you not intervene, it will also tell you what the general casualties on either side would be and give vague hints of where you are needed most once the battle begins.

Death From Above [400] - As much as they are astrologers, the Celestial Wizards are still called to battle in the name of the Empire. In such battles, they call down death from the very sky. Bolts of lightning arc between enemies, blasts of wind mow down cadres, and comets flatten entire units at a time. You are especially adept at this, as your spells of wind, weather, and heavenly bodies strike half again the area they normally should.

Roiling Skies [600] - To wield Azyr is to command the sky in ways even those beasts endowed with flight cannot. A Dragon or Manticore may laugh at you, bound to the earth beneath its wings. It will not be laughing once you tear the skies asunder and strike them with the fury of the tempest. Your spells of air, lightning, and weather now strike with increased ferocity against any creature which naturally flies. Even those spells which do not deal bodily damage disrupt the wind currents around such creatures, possibly forcing them to land. To battle you under an ongoing storm is an even worse idea, for your presence ensures its hindering and destructive force falls squarely upon your enemy. Coincidentally, this also seems to ensure that you always have access to the proper… “material components” for the Comet of Casandora and similar spells to call down comets. Let the heavens know that *you* are their true master, not these mere vermin with wings.

What Visions Assault Me! [600] - Raphael Julevno, Magister Patriarch of the Celestial Order, saw more in his youth than most Celestial Wizards see in a lifetime. His visions came unbidden, without observatories or star charts. When his mother cast him out, they showed him where he needed to go. When he arrived in Altdorf, the Celestial College was waiting for him. Perhaps your story is the same, or perhaps you were found in some other way, but your natural affinity to Azyr is such that you require no equipment whatsoever to see glimpses of the future - you need only ‘listen’ for these visions as the Blue Wind blows through you. No right-thinking Celestial Magister could possibly have turned you away.

Gold Order Perks

The Tongs [100] - The tongs are the alchemist’s most vital handling tool, and thus a symbol of your Order. They allow for the safe grasping of heated crucibles and other such items, protecting your hands from the heat. During your apprenticehood, you were drilled to the letter in matters of basic laboratory safety, and thus will never suffer accidents due to a lapse in caution. Safety first, Magister.

Alchemist [100] - Prospective apprentices in the Gold Order are often put through mundane alchemy schools first, and you were no different. As a result, you knew the names of hundreds of alchemical ingredients before you ever saw your master face to face. You have thus memorized by heart countless useful minor tricks of chemistry, such as medicines, pigments, glues, soaps, medicines for common ailments, wines, liquid fire, and of course black powder.

Lore in Iron [200] - The Lore of Metal, as you might expect, resonates especially well with metal. It also, however, resonates especially well with the rational mind. It takes a clear head to memorize the thousands of formulae necessary in a true Alchemist’s work. As such, you find that your connection to Chamon also grants you

enhanced clarity of thought and speed of cognition. The Gold Order has no use for scatterbrains, after all.

Prime Reagant [200] - Aethyr is the Prime Reagant, which reacts to all substances and may alter all substances through interaction with them. Aethyr, of course, is Magic, and a Gold Wizard's experiments with it are never done. Like any other Gold Wizard, your fine control over magic is incredible - you are able to introduce merely the tiniest amounts of Aethyric power to a substance, simply to see if the substance will react consistently to it. What is more, you are able to do so in the manner necessary for experimentation, in precisely the same amount and precisely the same way each and every time. There will surely be other uses for your ability to wield magic so subtly, but you will always find this fine control helpful in the laboratory.

The True Elements [400] - Mundane alchemists still believe in the Four Elements of Existence, but the highest Gold Wizards know better. Ninety True Elements, and sixteen compounds formed from True Elements and Aethyric elements. Knowledge of these, the simplest substances which all matter and gas can be broken down to, has aided your craft immensely. The Gold Order is known for making enchanted items for the Empire's armies, and it is through these elements and compounds that you may now do the same. Swords that slice through enemy armor, chestplates that withstand direct hits from cannonballs, and even rods that sap the Aethyr from a wizard's enemies are just examples of what you may now make with the right materials.

Seeking True Transmuation [400] - The Gold Order has always sought a means to truly and permanently transform matter from one type to another, and this is especially true of metals. You have not achieved this yet, but you are closer than many to doing so. Any spell you cast to change one sort of metal into another now lasts almost twice as long as it would if cast by another Gold Wizard of otherwise equal power. This ensures, for instance, that your enemies' armor will be useless lead for practically the entire battle. Please transmute responsibly, Magister, lest something awful happen when you tap Chamon's true power.

Metalshifting [600] - Armor? Against one who shapes metal with but a touch? The absolute fools. Indeed, whenever you so much as deign to cast an offensive spell which manipulates or holds the properties of metal, the greatest pain will be felt by those wearing the heaviest armor. The more warded by iron they are against blade and bow, the swifter your magic will reduce them to nothing. What is more, the scaly skin of such creatures as Dragons and Lizardmen counts as armor for the purposes of this effect. Finally, the ability to regenerate from wounds will not avail them, for all such spells strike as if they were spells of *fire,* known to halt the powers of such self-healing creatures as Trolls.

DO NOT WASTE MY POTENTIAL! [600] - Magister Patriarch Balthasar Gelt, Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges of Magic, once suffered a terrible accident. His face was disfigured, his hands burnt, his body wracked with agony. To this day, his disfigurement forces him to wear a golden mask in all public appearances. This did not stop him, and it will not stop you. Like your Patriarch, you are two things – possessed of an indomitable will to see your studies and experiments to the end,

and too sure in yourself to let painful disfigurement slow you at all. In fact, nothing short of death itself will deter you from your scientific or alchemical work. The ultimate result, lest you think this does nothing, is that you will reach breakthroughs in both fields far faster than you otherwise would, even if you have less initial material to go on than others. Though pride often precedes a fall, it can prove a source of power all the same. One wonders how far it will carry someone like you, Gold Wizard.

Grey Order Perks

The Sword [100] - Every Grey Wizard carries a sword in imitation of the Swordmasters of Hoeth and an old myth they don't even truly believe. However, the usage of this symbol does not stop there. The Grey Order possesses a secret code based on the orientation, complexity, and direction of the sword symbol marking anything of interest to its Magisters. You are now exceptionally fluent in this code, which your allies will also come to understand easily. Your enemies, on the other hand, would more likely survive the Land of the Dead than they would figure out what rotating the sword 45 degrees means.

The Cowl [100] - A Grey Wizard is often required to conceal his identity, so as to avoid drawing attention to his observations. Luckily for you, your master was especially thorough in teaching you the art of disguise. Your vocal register is wider from years of practice, and you have learned the many ways to hide your figure with clothing worn strategically. This may not let you walk among the inhuman, but to seem the humble servant of a local noble is child's play for you.

Zero Tolerance [200] - The Grey Order has executed, Pacified, or exiled more of its own Magisters than any other. This is not because its Magisters are untrustworthy, but because Shadowmancers are a paranoid and suspicious lot, and they bear no tolerance for *any* relaxation of their strictures or of the Articles of Imperial Magic. This is also why the Grey Order does not take applications for apprenticeship, and for this reason you have become very good at sniffing out the slightest hints of corruption in your colleagues and subordinates, aspiring or current. Why entrust even the slightest scrap of knowledge to one who will only turn it against mankind?

Always Another Tunnel [200] - Sometimes you need to make an escape. The heretic proves too strong, or your lead was an ambush. Luckily for you, a Grey Wizard always has a way out. Whenever you find yourself surrounded or pursued by enemies, Ulgu itself guides you along paths that will conceal you from their eyes and allow your flight to proceed relatively unmolested. It is up to you to follow these paths, but now at least you'll never be caught with your back to a wall.

Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes? [400] - The Witch Hunters may despise you, the Elector Counts and other nobles may suspect you, and your fellow Magisters may fear you, but *none* of them are immune to corruption. Even the Amethyst Order, careful as they are to keep their ranks pure of the taint of Necromancy, can be subverted. That is where you come in. Your Order's task is to root out corruption within the Empire, and you are especially adept at this. Those officials you investigate, if innocent, will leave not even the slightest hint of wrongdoing. You need

never fear a false positive again. The guilty, however, will practically turn themselves in. Their secret trails and lairs become anything but, their bribes cannot buy the silence of a single witness you question, and somehow written copies of their plans find their way into your hands. If you had been in the Colleges at an earlier date, Van Horstmann might have been stopped in his tracks the moment he began.

What Are You Hiding? [400] - If *an illusion* is convincing enough, it may as well be *real*. After all, what is the difference when you can even touch that which no one else can see? It was not enough for you that your illusions should fool only the eyes, no. Should you place illusory clothes on a naked man, he will feel them on his skin, smell them if they are dirty and see them in the mirror. Those you do not wish to fool might see that same man strut about in the nude as if he were dressed like an emperor. It will take the ability to sense magic at work for your targets to distinguish your illusions from reality, now.

Smoke and Mirrors [600] - How do they expect to catch you, when you were never there? Even in the very thick of battle, the shadows of Ulgu protect you. Whenever you cast a spell of shadow or illusion, you may switch places with any ally within your physical line of sight in any direction. More than this, you may ensure that this switch goes unseen until either your replacement attacks the foe or the foe strikes your replacement. This self-displacement will disorient your enemies more than your allies, for it will seem to them that you simply *refuse to die.* You are a shadow, the true target, and every bit as untouchable as the shadows cast by the sun.

I Suspect… [600] - Magister Patriarch Reiner Starke is no mere conjurer of cheap tricks. Indeed, he is privy to secrets the Emperor himself does not know. He even has his own theories about why the area around the Bright College still burns. His true reputation, however, is for a tendency you will soon share. Long has Starke used the power of his magic to put the fear of Sigmar back into towns which have lapsed from worship. Now, you too can sense any lack of patriotism, faith, civic duty, or loyalty in the nobility or the common folk, and will always know just the right illusions to restore their faith. By the time you are through with them, even backwoods dwellers unaware of who their ruler *is* will hold an ironclad loyalty to their state. Let no disunity survive your arrival. The Empire must stay together, as must any other nation you may one day serve.

Jade Order Perks

The Coil of Life [100] - Like the coiling symbol of your Order, nature turns about in cycles. You are especially aware of these cycles, such that you can feel coming rains or migrations in your bones. This is not the precise prediction of a Celestial Wizard, but rather a feeling you get from the rhythm of nature whirling in sync with your heart.

Rhythm of the Seasons [100] - The magic of Ghyran waxes and wanes with the seasons, and so too does the power of its Magisters. Ghyran is at its height in summer and its lowest point in winter, and so are you. While your powers in particular do not fall below their base in the cold months, the vibrant summer sees

you burst with scintillating jade energy, your spells of life and nature costing somewhat less to cast.

Seek the Oghams [200] - Of all the ancient human mages, it was the ancestors of the Jade Wizards who clung most closely to the Waystones erected by the Elves in the aftermath of the Great Catastrophe. These markers of the Ley Lines allow the Jade Magisters to enhance their craft in myriad ways. Now, you are especially gifted at finding henges of Waystones, and any other such concentration of ley-lines. Those places where the flow of magic is strongest call to you like the rhythm of the seasons.

Hedge Empathy [200] - Alone among the Imperial Orders, the Jade Wizards are known to often seek out hedge mages as Apprentices - at least, those whose magics align with life and growth. The orders the Druids belonged to before the coming of Teclis still have survivors, so perhaps this makes sense. You may be just what the Jade Order needs to call that wayward third of your kin to their true calling. Your ability to convince self-taught or accidental magicians to undertake formal schooling in their powers is something beyond a way with words. It is as if your presence forces them to realize how much they cannot learn on their own.

We All Live [400] - Man or woman, what does it matter to Ghyran? Indeed, the Jade Order alone is as likely to be led by a woman as by a man. Regardless of your sex, you will advance within the Jade Order on your skill. The same could be said of nationality, or even of how you began your forays into magic - the presence of Bretonnians, Tileans, and former hedge mages can attest this. The Jade Order is a surprisingly open and accepting organization, is it not? Now, organizations you join in the future will share this acceptance of your origins, perhaps even against the core tenets of their ideology. They will simply consider you too useful to discriminate against, especially if you introduce yourself with a display of skill.

The Land Provides [400] - The primary duty of the Jade Order is the maintenance of the Empire’s farmland. A fine film of Warpstone dust blows in and corrupts the soil thanks to the air currents of the world, and Ghyran is wielded so as to fight that influence. You are especially adept at this, with your spells mending weakened crops and fallow soil as if you were twice the mage you otherwise are. Famine is a myth, once you arrive. With enough effort, even the ruined soil of Sylvania might one day bloom again.

Lifebloom [600] - Ghyran is the Jade Wind of Life, and thus life flows freely from its Wizards. This is why your Order is tasked with such things as providing medicine for troops in wartime, or preserving the harvest in times of peace. Plague and ruin flee before your touch, for you are an agent of Life, and Life always finds a way. Now, you are practically an avatar of Ghyran’s life-giving energies. Whenever you cast a spell pertaining to healing or plant life, the Jade Wind flows freely from you, restoring further health to yourself and any ally within ten meters of you. Broken bones knit themselves back together, crushed arteries renew themselves, diseases burn out before their course has run, parasites are purged from flesh and blood, and even burn scars fade away. *Heroes never die, when you are among them.*

Mother Nature [600] - Most apprentices of the Jade Order are the children of Jade Wizards themselves, and Magister Matriarch Tochter Grunfeld has seen *eight* of her own children become full Magisters of the Order of Life. So it may someday be with you - not only are you incredibly fertile or virile, able to bear or sire healthy children long after non-wizards or even other wizards would go barren, and in greater numbers, but each and every one of your descendants shall possess a deep aptitude for and tie to the magics of Ghyran. Life begets life.

Light Order Perks

The Serpent [100] - The Serpent of Wisdom is the symbol of your Order, and for good reason. In your case, it seems serpents guide you well. In your presence, they will not dare to harm the pure. Conversely, they will lash out at the corrupted with aplomb. Seek the wisdom of the Serpent, Magister, and you will go far.

What the Light Touches [100] - Your magic is meant to banish spirits of darkness and creatures of the Aethyr. A spirit that is luminous but lost is beyond your power to dispel, requiring the aid of the Amethyst Wizards. It is a good thing, then, that you may tell the difference between the two. Any disembodied soul you see will either shine with light or roil with inky darkness under your gaze. If it does the former, it is at the very least not the work of Chaos or Necromancy. If it does the latter, it would behoove you to strike quickly.

Light in the Darkness [200] - The light you wield is more than just a sword or shield against the darkness. Your battle is for the souls of mankind as much as it is for their lands. For those tempted towards evil by their own fear, pain, or loss, you may be the last hope of their seeing the light. In your immediate presence, the light of Hysh drives out despair in all those you do not see as enemies. This will not protect them from dark magic on its own, but you can at least drive back the darkness threatening their hearts.

Word to the Wise [200] - The path of the Hierophant requires discipline, wisdom, and most of all, time. Of course, men have short lifespans, and so it is just as wise to seek out one’s elders for information. Now you will find that your elders and superiors are more willing than they might otherwise have been to answer your questions on everything from the nature of magic to how to treat horrible burns. Even those known for keeping important secrets might just part with them in your presence.

Choir of Hysh [400] - Of all the Orders, it is the Light Order that is most often forced to work en masse to achieve its goals. Many of the protective spells on the vaults beneath the Pyramid of Light require the constant incantations of choirs of acolytes. Now you too may cast beyond your means, with the aid of your fellow Hierophants. By casting together in a choir, you and any nearby allies who know the protective, binding, or purifying spell you are attempting to use may combine your efforts seamlessly, creating an exponentially more powerful effect. *In the light of Hysh, you are all one.*

Bind and Seal [400] - What the White Wizards cannot destroy or banish, they lock away where it can never escape. The Vaults beneath the Pyramid of Light are

full of such creatures and artifacts. You have learned well from this, and now your mind is rife with knowledge of how to imprison what you cannot kill, mundane and magical alike. Not only do you have the architectural sense necessary to design prisons that no mortal in this world could escape without arcane aid, you are also versed instinctively in sealing spells taught to the Light Order by Teclis himself, strong enough to chain the Chaos Dragon Baudros in the depths of the vaults beneath the Pyramid of Light.

Exorcism [600] - Alone among the Winds of Magic, Hysh resists and banishes the powers of Chaos and Undeath with almighty ferocity. So it is with your spells, which bite deeply into anything that could truly be called a creature of Darkness. Warp-spawn, Cloven One, profane champion, or unliving monster, even those most firmly warded against holy energies find themselves reeling before your every incantation, for purifying Hysh suffuses even the lightest spark. Your blinding incantations of banishment are even enough to subdue the Greater Daemons of the Ruinous Powers. Suffer not the abomination to live.

The Light Reveals [600] - Magister Patriarch Verspasian Kant did not initially mean to expose the treachery of Egrim van Horstmann. In fact, he had always respected the man as a rival, before stumbling upon the latter's secret dealings with Tzeentch. More than that, his instincts told him to circumvent Horstmann's corruption of other Light Wizards by seeking the aid of the Grand Theogonist. Such a plan, while heroic, was devised almost entirely on the fly. It should not have worked in the slightest. Yet, it did. Why tell you this? You now possess the same traits that made Kant not only such a good Hierophant, but made him just the right man to cleanse the Order of corruption. The indomitable will and self-discipline necessary to control the raw power of Hysh, the patience and rote mastery for lengthy and complex ritual, and the wisdom and courage necessary to do what must be done for the greater good, at whatever risk to yourself; all of these things are yours now.

General Perks

Imperial Lores of Magic [One and *ONLY* one Free, decided by Order] - No human wizard, without divine aid, can safely wield more than one Wind of Magic with any great mastery. Those who try to wield multiple well are far too easily lured by Dark Magic, assuming they do not destroy themselves before they can be tempted. It was this discovery in part that made Teclis realize just how much mankind required his guidance. Therefore, while founding the Orders, Teclis taught his human apprentices to focus on the one Wind of the eight which suited them best. The result is the system of Lores which persists to this day under the prescriptions of the Articles of Imperial Magic. You are sensitive to and capable of manipulating the Wind of Magic appropriate to your Order - Ghur for Amber Magisters, Hysh for Light Magisters, and so on - and know many of the spells devised by said Order.

Witchsight [Free] - While only able to manipulate his or her own Wind, any Collegiate Magister can sense the flow of the Winds of Magic as they wind from the polar Warp Gates toward the Great Vortex of Ulthuan. Their scintillating colors weave through your vision whenever you require them to, and the same will go for other "winds" or "flows" of magic wherever you happen to walk in days to come.

Badge of Office [Free] - Each Wind of Magic also affects the physical appearance of those Wizards bound to it, and you may now possess these unique looks as well. Such changes to your visage become an alternate form at the completion of your time here.

Amber: You bear the features of some animal whose aspect you favor. Perhaps instead of human hair, you have a wolf's mane, or your fingers have become eagles' talons.

Amethyst: Your body is as hairless and pale as a bleached skeleton, and your head most likely is as well.

Bright: Your face and arms are marked by crimson tattoos, which shift like flames when you cast, and your hair is likely bright red and actually aflame at the tips.

Celestial: Your eyes may glow a faint blue at all times. Not the most obvious of effects, but it is there.

Gold: It is likely that your experiments have led you with deep burns from fire and acid on your skin, but that is not the sort of thing that keeps a good Gold Wizard down. It is also possible that parts of your flesh have turned to solid gold.

Grey: You are likely lean and fit from your many wanderings, but otherwise this is the least conspicuous effect. Perhaps your face is a little too forgettable, even...

Jade: Rather than an obvious elemental manifestation of some sort, you may seem to be more 'alive' in general – at least during the spring and summer. More vibrant flesh, hair, and eyes reflect the increased life within you. Of course, you might wrinkle and wither somewhat during the fall and winter, but it is nothing too noticeable.

Light: Your hair is bright white, your skin is opalescent, and your eyes have no visible pupils. You are slowly becoming a living point of light, in a sense.

Magister Professor [100/300] - You were an apprentice once, taken in by the Magisters of your Order. While they taught you much of magic, it is through your own observations that you learned the art of teaching. You now have a grasp of everything a teacher in an academic setting needs - the construction of lesson plans, the ability to command respect and attention from your students, and the use of visual aids in the classroom. If you have an Apprentice of your own, they will be more than grateful to study under your wing. **For another 200 Aethyric Humors in addition to the base price**, you may notice a strange thing happening. Should you take someone under your wing who is neither of this world nor in possession of native aptitude for magic, your Wind might blow upon them so that they can learn more properly from you. Use this provision for the continued advancement of the magical arts wisely. Should you fail to impart upon your student the importance of controlling that power, you will have only yourself to blame.

Battle Wizard [100] - Each and every Order must provide a certain number of Magisters to the armies of the Empire in times of war, and you have been sent at least once. As a result, you are far handier with a weapon and hardier against blows than those Magisters who remain at the Colleges all their lives. Even among the battle-hungry Bright Wizards, in fact, you would outskill and outlast most in a duel of swordplay.

Magister Lord [200] - At last, you have reached the pinnacle of your Order's teachings. There are none left who doubt that you might be a Magister Patriarch one day. Even the lofty office of Supreme Patriarch is not beyond your reach, though to overthrow a mage like Balthasar Gelt will take a great deal of cunning on your part indeed. While such experience lends your spells a great deal of power, enough to let you turn otherwise equal battles on your own, the true upgrade is to your authority, resources, and independence. Such will be true everywhere you walk now, as the respect the title "Magister Lord" confers upon you follows you always. Within magical organizations you join, you may expect to almost immediately attain the equivalent of this rank.

Section 3: Items

As with Perks, Items are half-price for their respective Order, and those costing 100 **Aethyric Humors** are free to their respective Order. You may import existing items to gain the form and effects of a similar option below - scrolls as scrolls, tomes as tomes, swords as swords, et cetera. Any items described as buildings or plots of land may, if you leave this world, be attached to your Cosmic Warehouse or to any other property which follows you between worlds. You may also leave such properties to follow you between worlds on their own.

Amber Order Items

Skin of the Beast [100] - These are the basic trappings of an Amber Wizard. You are in possession of a gnarled staff that can act as a walking stick, an arrow or arrowhead as a symbol, and a rough robe made of barely-processed pelts adorned with chunks of uncut amber. There is even a pouch charm of herbs on your belt, and a headdress made from the skull of a mighty animal such as a stag or a bear.

Griffon [200] - This wild mix of eagle and lion is almost emblematic of the Empire. A strong hunter, as well as a noble beast which does not slaughter wantonly. Deadly, yet graceful. Merciless, but not cruel. So sacred is the griffon that the Grand Theogonist's badge of office is carved in its likeness. The Emperor himself rides one into battle. However, the Wizards of the Amber Order value these creatures not for patriotism or holiness, but for strength, and for the fact that a griffon's spirit is never truly broken by the will of Man. You now have a loyal (if still wild) griffon companion, willing to bear you into battle upon its back. More than that, it is an exemplary member of its kind bearing two heads, much like Gregor Martak's companion Twinshriek. Its beak and claws are more than enough to threaten even a Dragon. Between that and your magic, who knows what you two could do?

Scroll of Binding [400] - Much like the scrolls created by the old wizard Kadon, this scroll allows you to leash a great creature of the wilds to your will. The use of it is simple enough. Focus the wind of Ghur into the scroll, and call out the name of the beast within your sight. Pit your will against that of the beast. Prove yours stronger, and the beast will obey you until you decide to release it, command it to act in a manner that is truly against its nature, or allow it to suffer sufficient injury that it flees. Luckily, very few beasts *truly* have a distaste for war. This will certainly make it easier to call the greatest of beasts to your side.

Amber Hill [600] - Somewhere, out in the untamed wilds, there is a hill surrounded by bounty. A small stream runs around the north side of the hill, and a small cavern bores into the south face. Wild game appears in numbers that never seem to truly vanish, and berry-laden bushes grow all about the hillside. Ducks, frogs, and small fish fill the stream, ensuring an ample supply of food from those pristine waters. The cavern is adequate shelter against all but the fiercest storms. Here, you will have no need for the trappings of civilization at all, in this world or any other that the hill follows you to. The whipping of Ghur in this wild place is especially strong, ensuring extensive fuel for your spells. This is your domain, Amber Wizard. Defend it well.

Amethyst Order Items

Gravetender's Cloth [100] - These are the basic stylings of an Amethyst Wizard. You are possessed of a jet-black or deep purple robe, an elegant scythe which serves as your staff, and a belt adorned with bleached human bones and perhaps an hourglass. Oddly, the robe serves some manner of protection in a fight.

The Pale Scythe [200] - How you acquired this scythe is beyond my knowledge, for only one was ever forged and this was done by its wielder. This great scythe, practically made of solidified Shyish itself, also greatly aids the wielder in channeling and focusing the Wind of Death. In your case, you will find it equally useful as a focus for other deathly magics.

Carmine Dragon [400] - To think such a creature might actually exist is terrifying enough. To think that it willingly *serves* you would be laughable were it not cause for one to die of fright. Even so, here we are. This deep red monstrosity, whose breath rusts metal to nothing and turns flesh to dust as if millennia struck them in seconds, deigns to act as your steed in times of war. Though it is as young as a dragon can be while still being useful for battle now, it is more than a match for most of the world's creatures. A swift mount in the air and a potent combatant, this dragon serves its purpose well. As it ages, of course, it will only grow larger and more powerful with each century. The loyalty of such a creature is a difficult thing to earn. Be sure not to waste it.

Charnel House [600] - Shyish blows furiously over this acre of graveyard earth, but in an interesting way. The art of Necromancy is practiced by using Shyish as a pair of 'tongs' to grasp at Dhar - but the Wind of Death refuses the touch of Necromancy in this place, even tearing the animating energy away from whatever mindless undead dare to enter. Perhaps it makes sense, given your Order's strongly implied ties to the Cult of Morr, but the dead you bury here will be utterly beyond the reach of Nagash's vile sorceries. In addition, it seems that you will never quite run out of earth in which to bury a corpse, as the soil and Shyish absorb the oldest bodies entirely to make room. If it needs to be said, this will ensure the area acts as a practical wellspring of the Wind of Death. Preserve the sanctity of the grave, Amethyst Magister.

Bright Order Items

Dress Brightly [100] - The basic garments of a Bright Wizard are in your hands. Aside from your red robe and torch-like staff (which never seems to burn out), you are also in possession of a belt adorned with seven keys, each made of a different metal. These are the Keys of Secrets, symbols of your office.

Burning Blade [200] - The first Patriarch of the Bright Order led a unit of Greatswords before Teclis recruited him, and even now the Bright Wizards often carry large weapons designed to work in tandem with their spells. In your case, this is a wickedly sharp greatsword, constantly wreathed in flame. So hot does it burn, in fact, that it would cauterize the stump of a Troll's arm as you severed it, making regeneration of that limb impossible.

Iron Wheel [400] - When the Chaos Lord Tamurkhan launched his assault on Nuln, three Bright Wizards took to the sky on a wheel like this to oppose his aerial force of Manticores and Harpies. This ever-burning wheel of coal-black iron, enchanted with the ability to fly at the behest of its rider, will allow you to do the same. The ride is surprisingly comfortable and even more surprisingly stable due to the enchantments. What is more, the constant flame and smoke it emits will scorch, blind, and choke enemy creatures which approach you in the air.

Incinerator [600] - This is an unusual construction, perhaps the work of a single mage. This building (and a small courtyard surrounding it) looks to all the world like an overgrown oven and chimney, but it may prove useful to you. Aqshy blows hot wherever there is fire or wherever there is passion and excitement. While the flames within the oven burn pleasantly hot in even the coldest weather so long as they're fed, they also seem to inflame the emotions of those in the courtyard. This can turn disagreements into arguments or longing looks into a kiss, but the important thing is that the structure is thus perfectly designed to attract and channel the Red Wind. If you wanted more *firepower*, here you are.

Celestial Order Items

Sky-Clad [100] - The basic garb of a Celestial Wizard, these are. You now own a robe of sky or midnight blue, adorned in symbols of celestial bodies and the rising Comet of Power which reflects your Order's seeking of higher knowledge, as well as a mourning robe with the Comet depicted falling. Finally, you hold an ornate staff topped with the representation of a celestial body, or perhaps topped with a simple spyglass.

Telescope [200] - Klaus Solmann's tower and observatory in Volganof has a telescope within with a strange effect. Besides acting as a normal telescope, it can fire a beam of magic visible only to magic-users, which can strike an enemy wizard with a vision. That vision is the Winds of Magic themselves, made so disorientingly visible that they are unable to concentrate enough to cast spells for some time. The fact that this telescope is as large and unwieldy as an average field cannon may, however, make aiming it more difficult. Still, its usefulness cannot be denied. Should you purchase the *Observatory* below, you may add this beam effect to the main telescope there rather than acquiring a separate one.

Celestial Hurricanum [400] - This battle altar is the pride of the Celestial College's armaments. A planetarium surrounding an Orb of Sorcery channels the arcane *Storm of Shemtek,* which slowly but surely bends the sky until the enemies of the Celestial Wizard riding it are pelted with bolts of lightning and hailstones the size of their heads. If the Acolytes manning the machine perform a certain ritual correctly, the device will even call down a blazing meteor upon the enemy force, and allied soldiers within a few yards are given visions of the near future by the leaking energy, allowing them to dodge incoming enemy blows. Is this not the sort of weapon you have dreamed of?

Observatory [600] - Even in an age where the accurate observation of the heavens is commonplace, Azyr's power would ensure that this observatory will be

the envy of stargazers the world over. Likely situated atop a high mountain, its telescope functions through the power of the Wind of the Heavens, such that you could peer closely at even the most distant visible stars without impediment where such feats would normally require a telescope situated outside of the atmosphere. Furthermore, while within this observatory, you may more easily direct your visions of the future. Even an Apprentice in this tower would be able to narrow a vision of future events down to a specific *type of event* rather than seeing something unrelated. Choosing to direct your vision so will only fail if the vision you would otherwise have is truly urgent; an attempt on *your own life*, for instance. Finally, as a practical concern, this observatory is a working wizard's tower in other respects, containing rooms for storage of food and arcane supplies, a bookshelf or two to keep your findings organized, and a small amount of living space for you and any apprentices you have brought with you.

Gold Order Items

All That Glitters [100] - These are the basic clothes of a Gold Wizard. Among your articles are an expensive robe woven by the finest tailors in the Empire and sparkling like gold, a pair of articulated gauntlets made from solid gold, a set of durable clothing for working in an alchemical laboratory, a staff bearing one of your Order's symbols, and a golden face mask. You never know when you might need that last one.

Lead Bricks [200] - Your very own Patriarch paid for his passage at Marienburg with transmuted lead bricks just like this pile of fifteen, and he was already in Altdorf before the enchantment wore off. Perhaps, like these lead bricks you now own, those were more receptive than most lead bricks to enchantment. Whenever you transmute these lead bricks into a more valuable metal, they will not only hold the enchantment for longer than normal, but will also truly count as that higher metal even for the purposes of magical rituals and costs. Another set will find its way to you within a week, should you lose, consume, or spend these bricks.

Stross' Formula [400] - Some time ago, Benedict Stross, a wizard of your Order, lost his hand for a rival wizard's folly. Apologies were made, but Stross soon enough went mad, seeking to create a replacement from pure gold. It took his rival's blood and a whole month to complete, but when the gauntlet was found by other Gold Magisters, neither Stross nor his rival were to be seen. You, however, have come upon this recipe one way or another - a formula for living gold. Not only that, your studies of it so far have refined the process enough to remove the unfortunate blood requirement. While right now you could make functional limb prosthetics of living gold, perhaps you might take this further, expanding to other metals both precious and base, and perhaps even metals beyond those known in this world. Perhaps you might instead seek to make entire bodies from living metal, though to what end I shudder to imagine…

Workshop [600] - Either your Patriarch already has such a workshop as this, or he would kill to get his hands on one. Chamon is attracted to metal, especially gold, and so atop a vein of gold that never quite seems to run dry you have erected an alchemical laboratory and forge. Every batch of black powder or blade you produce within this workshop is infused with raw Chamon pulled through the very air into your

hands as you work. Any enchantments you lay upon the new work draw even more of the Gold Wind into your creations, ensuring that every spearpoint and cuirass is of the highest quality. If nothing else, remember that an actual gold mine rests beneath your workshop, easily accessed and ripe for the harvesting. Let the State Troops provide their own Faith, yes, but for Steel and Gunpowder they would be wise to come to you. Of course, this workshop will follow you wherever you go.

Grey Order Items

Concealed Carry [100] - You hold in your hands the articles of a true Grey Wizard. A voluminous hooded cloak designed to hide your figure, as well as a gnarled staff and a simple sword, both easily concealed inside your robes (or any similar article of clothing). Don't tell anyone you got it here, no?

Grey Tunnels [200] - This small collection of secret tunnels, inconspicuous alleyways, secret compartments, and trapdoors is yours to place within any city or village you wish to operate in on a mid-to-long-term basis. Hidden from view with simple tricks of light and shadow or enough Ulgu to hide entrances in plain sight, these tunnels would let you cross even a city the size of Altdorf in utmost secrecy. Rooms for hiding all sorts of items (or yourself) are carefully marked with the sword code of the Grey Order to ensure the utmost safety and secrecy while you protect the unsuspecting people from themselves. Relocating your network to another city, town, or village is as simple as wishing it so, and none shall be any the wiser.

Hedge Contacts [400] - You may not be Hedgefolk yourself, but you certainly have knowledge of Kurtis Krammovitch and his Apprentices, who practice that petty craft. Rather than being truly indoctrinated as the Jade Order loves to do with these, these Apprentices and their master are still tied to the secret network of the Hedgefolk, and you know this. In fact, what you know about him would be enough to expose them all, and they know this - but they are useful in watching for the truly dangerous rogue magicians. Here, you have a contract detailing something of a deal between you and old Kurtis. You can expect their services and the services of similar "hedge wizards" in the future in endeavors such as tracking the movements of evil mages or even purging vile cults without implicating you to any allies of the cult. This is less a true possession (save for the document with your signatures) and more of a series of favors granted in exchange for your silence on the matter. After all, Krammovitch is likely doing precisely what your superiors planned.

Phantom Tower [600] - So you have followed in Algard's footsteps, have you? Very well. This gray tower is, at first, unassuming for a Wizard's tower. To you, at least, there may be nothing special about it at all, besides acting as a vertical storage space for whatever you might fit inside. However, the structure itself seems to be absolutely saturated with Ulgu, to the point that without your seeking it, the tower becomes insubstantial, fading from reality entirely. Whenever you deign to locate it, it is precisely where you need it to be. Whenever you do not need to access it, it simply does not exist at all. This trait extends to anything you store inside, but only *so long as* it is stored inside. Do be careful if you intend to build anything around a core that exists less often than that which is attached to it.

Jade Order Items

Verdant Robes [100] - In your hands are the basic possessions afforded to every Jade Magister. A green robe adorned with the Coil of Life, a wreath of some green plant or another, a coiled sickle of gold, and a small wand which assists in any healing you perform.

Amulet of Enchanted Jade [200] - Though not necessarily created by your Order, this item is *likely* a product of Ghyran. A pendant carved from jade and ensorcelled such as to grant the wearer swift regeneration (though not enough to regrow limbs and such) is certainly something a Jade Wizard might wish to have on hand, when his or her own spells are diminished in the dead of winter. So it is that one has found its way into your hands.

The Trees Have Ears [400] - The greenery within the Jade College is more than simple topiary. Every climbing ivy, shrub, and tree inside the coiling structure is awake and aware of everything that passes by it. Any movement they find questionable is immediately reported to any Jade Magisters within the College building who ask. You have found yourself blessed with a bounty of similar foliage, which you may freely plant wherever you desire. When asked, these photosynthesizing gossips will gladly answer you any question about goings-on near them, from what sorts of birds have perched on them to which would-be thieves have used them as hiding spots. Should you plant any additional foliage, you may add it to this network at will.

Henge [600] - You now know the location of a powerful artifact. This ancient circle of Waystones focuses the power of Ghyran to a startling extent. As overgrown with vines as the stones are, the ages will not fell them. More than that, the growth of plant and animal life near the henge is accelerated and improved, causing even barren wastelands to become lush and fertile. This ogham, and the small grove it sits in, is now under your protection. Do not be surprised if this circle begins to spread life outward from itself in even the most blasted lands.

Light Order Items

Garbed in Light [100] - You hold the basic raiments of a Light Wizard now, consisting of pure white robes that seem to actively repel any filth or stain, as well as a staff and jewelry in the shape of the Serpent of Light. This also includes an ornate headdress featuring that symbol of your Order.

Van Horstmann’s Speculum [200] - This little mirror was something a much younger Egrimm van Horstmann designed so as to aid the common soldier in times of war. When worn, it allows the wielder to swap their own fighting capabilities with those of the enemy reflected in it. Its power is limited by wards placed on it after the expulsion of Van Horstmann, but it will still be useful against even the likes of a Chaos Lord. Should you be a more proficient fighter than your enemy, you would be better off having an ally wield this.

Luminark of Hysh [400] - Let the unclean fear the approach of this Battle Altar, for its power is great. Powered by one of Teclis’ Orbs of Sorcery and crewed by several Acolytes, this mobile purification platform uses an array of carefully-crafted

lenses to focus the light from the Orb of Sorcery into Solheim's Bolt of Illumination. Hysh leaks from it as it fires, protecting nearby allies from blade and arrow as they march with the arcane wagon. This artillery piece is immensely useful against the Empire's most devious enemies - the Von Carsteins of Sylvania and their minions, and the Daemons that stream forth alongside the Norscan hordes. That one of these rare machines is in your personal keeping implies a great deal of trust in you, for each Orb of Sorcery used to power a Luminark is one less Orb powering the prisons beneath the Light College.

Pyramid Vault [600] - Hello, warden. This pyramid is quite special, you see. Staffed by an entire choir of Apprentices and laden with heavy spells of Hysh, this pyramid is a smaller replica of the very structure of your home College. It has but one purpose: to focus the Wind of Light and trap a horrifying power. The Daemon locked within the deepest chamber of this pyramid is guaranteed not to escape without aid. Such a horror may provide useful information while imprisoned. You will find soon enough, especially as the prison follows you, that the trapped Daemon is somewhat versed in the weaknesses of whatever Daemons you may face in your time here. You will also notice an empty cell next to it. This cell will adapt itself to contain any extradimensional entity you defeat and seal within, and it will in turn be compelled to volunteer you information useful in fighting others of its kind. For each Daemon or similar creature you trap, a new cell will open.

General Items

School Supplies [50] - Seeing as the Colleges of Magic are, in fact, *colleges,* you may find yourself doing quite a lot of writing. Not to worry, for you now have in your possession an unending supply of writing utensils! Parchment, blank scrolls, pens and quills, inkwells of any quality you would need, and even wax for when you need to seal your writings! Never again will you find yourself short on material for note-taking.

Wheel of Magic [50] - In the days of Supreme Patriarch Paranoth, it was determined that a visual representation of the relationships between the different Winds of Magic was necessary. You have acquired a small dial, to be placed in a building or extradimensional space of your choosing (among those which you own, that is) in the style of this precise depiction. Just as Supreme Patriarchs announce a new era in the Colleges by turning the wheel to place their own Lore and College at its apex, so too may you turn the wheel to produce an interesting effect - the building's appearance and decor will shift to match the "theme" of the Wind whose symbol sits atop the wheel once you are finished turning. Enjoy turning your castle verdant and your picture frames to Jade, covering even the walls of your storeroom in Gold, or draping your home in shades of Grey. These alterations will obviously be purely cosmetic.

Familiar [100] - Though not a universal practice, the keeping of familiars is common among Wizards, and for good reason. An Apprentice can be trusted, perhaps, but not entirely. A familiar, on the other hand, is exceedingly loyal. Familiars tend to be any sort of small animal, from cats to squirrels to songbirds to rats - no, not *that* sort of rat. However, other forms are known as well. Tiny humanoids, bizarre shapes with feet and mouths, and the like. None of these are

ever more than one foot long or one foot tall, and now you possess one as well! They tend to come in four types - Assistant, Spell, Power, and Warrior, tailored to aid in mundane tasks, cast minor spells, store small amounts of arcane power for later use by their masters, and protect their masters in combat respectively. You may choose which of these your familiar is, its appearance (though take care not to have it mistaken for a Daemon), and minor details of its personality, though it shall always be an example of its type. Please note that while it is possible to create more than one such familiar, this can result in them fighting to the death for your undivided attention. Should your familiar perish, this also comes with knowledge of the means by which another might be created. Ah, yes! Should you already possess a similar magical familiar, you may use this option to instead grant that familiar one of the four familiar "types" and thus add to its skillset in this way.

The Articles of Imperial Magic: Pocket Edition [100] - It would appear that one of your colleagues has reproduced the entire contents of the Articles of Imperial Magic in a small, portable volume, with footnotes explaining the more arcane fine print (pun intended). Not only is this tome easy to carry, but an enchantment placed by said colleague will update the book to contain the full text of any code of laws applying to wizards and other law-bound magicians in your future destinations. Note that these laws do not concern the *workings* of magic, but rather concern the extent of its legal uses and restrictions.

Armour of Tarnus [100] - Normally, heavy armor like this set of steel plate would interfere with one's ability to draw on the Winds of Magic by restricting one's motions (explaining why exactly it would hinder a user of the Lore of Metal), but this armor is so heavily enchanted that it negates the effect your restricted movement would have upon the casting of spells. Even without that improvement, it would make for excellent armor - strong and protective against everything from pistol bullets to a Norscan axe. By no means is it invincible, but it is certainly better than nothing.

A Modest Treatise on the Nature of Magic [200] - Penned by Magister Patriarch Gotthilf Puchta of the Gold Order a century ago, this educational tome contains no spells, but rather a deep examination of magical theory and occult minutiae, including the workings of the Eight Winds, the nature of their flow, the nature of the Realm of Chaos from which they enter this world, and the process by which they are put to use to create spells. Careful study of this massive book will certainly grant you insights you would not ordinarily have into the working of your Lore of Magic, as well as how it relates to the others overall. As your adventures continue, you may make similar discoveries on the workings of other forms of magic - and oddly enough this copy of the *Treatise* will record your future findings as if Puchta himself had penned them. This will ensure that your breakthroughs in magical theory are recorded in a manner that may be used as an effective teaching aid if copied and distributed, just as copies of the original are used by many Magisters in the more theoretical instruction of their Apprentices.

Scroll of Incarnate Elemental [200] - This scroll contains information long coveted by the most desperate or ambitious of wizards. Information that would be useless even to them, save during a Storm of Magic. In such times, when the Winds of Magic blow strongest, a Wizard may conjure forth a being of true might from the essence of his Wind. Not only will study of this scroll teach you the rituals and materials

necessary to craft an Incarnate Elemental of your Wind of Magic, it will also provide you with a path to perhaps doing so at any time - even when the Winds blow weakly. Unleashing such a horror upon your enemies is satisfying, is it not? Ah, perhaps there is some confusion. It is true that the ritual Teclis may or may not soon perform has a similar name and even a similar function, but *this* is not *that.* I offer my sincerest condolences.

Arcane Enterprise [200] - While the Wizards are limited in what they can own by the Articles of Imperial Magic and various other bylaws, Altdorf especially is home to a number of businesses in which the Collegiate Magisters hold stakes, openly or otherwise. You, too, are now in possession of a moderately-sized place of business tailored to your Order's specialty, in the same manner as the Silver House funeral home (run by the Amethyst Order for Altdorf's poor) or the Golden Bull inn (a known enterprise of the Gold Order in Kemperbad). While the building may not be particularly large or magically-attuned, the business will be fairly profitable. Your customers will either know to expect your magic at work, or neither know nor care. Aethyric humors for fun and profit - what's not to love?

Pegasus [200] - Though appearing simply like winged horses, these steeds of the air are omnivorous, exceptionally loyal, and according to some, fly by means of riding the Winds of Magic themselves. Their feathered wings have carried many a Wizard into battle or out of it to safety, and the Supreme Patriarch even has an especially swift one by the name of Quicksilver. It should come as no surprise that you now possess one as well, a noble and loyal mount to ferry you in all your future endeavors.

Mystical Library [300] - It would seem Heinz Meissner is not the only wizard to own such a library. Somewhere in the Empire is a building, either owned directly by yourself or held by another in your name. Within this building is hosted a library stocked with all sorts of accessible (if often obscure) texts concerning magical history and theory, as well as more mundane philosophy, theology, and history. Especially prominent are those books detailing the history of magic among the Empire's human populace before the arrival of Teclis and his traditions. As this library follows you, such publicly accessible works of history, philosophy, and religion from new destinations will find their way into this library as well. These will draw scholars from far and wide, who would happily pay you a small fee to stay overnight in the upstairs rooms or take a small meal while they increase their knowledge. However, there is another library of importance in this building. In the basement, entrance to which can only be granted by a password of your devising, exists a space for you to contain tomes of forbidden lore, lest they fall into the wrong hands. Already, you have acquired dark grimoires detailing the ways and means of the servants of Chaos and the foul undead for such safekeeping. Fortunately, the protective enchantments on the basement prevent such tomes from corrupting those you trust with the knowledge of their existence and location. If knowledge is power, it falls to you to guard it well.

Scroll of Great Warding [300] - This scroll is not supposed to exist yet, and once it does it is meant to be given to your Supreme Patriarch. And yet, here you hold a copy. This scroll details a ritual designed to create a bastion from a combination of magic and pure faith. So long as Wizards channel the faith of the people and

defenders in their most beloved goodly god, it will stand tall and proud against enemy incursion and repel any Daemonic or Undead creature which attempts to pass through it. An area lacking a Wizard to uphold the ritual or lacking in faith will become a breach in the wall, however.While fate means for this wall to work with faith in Sigmar and the Winds of Magic, you should (with some trial and error) manage to adapt it to other sources of magical power and faith in other goodly deities.

Power Stone [300] - “Invented” by Theodor Habermas, third Magister Patriarch of the Gold Order, these arcane stones are used widely by the highest-ranking Magisters as a safe and legal method of storing magical energy and reducing the energy cost of later arcane workings. You have either inherited this stone or created it yourself, but its presence on your person drastically reduces the difficulty and cost of casting spells within the Stone’s Lore or of the same nature, such that a Celestial Wizard holding a True Sapphire could spend an entire battle calling comets from the sky without losing consciousness. Since the creation of such an object takes weeks or months, a Wizard in possession of one is likely to affix it to a favored staff, ring, or rod - which you may do with the staff or other handheld implement acquired in your Order’s free Item purchase, or with any existing magic wand, staff, or jewelry item you possess.

Section 4: Companions and Colleagues

Here, you will find several individuals and/or groups available to join you on your journey.

Apprentice [1 Free] - This lad or lass of Imperial stock but otherwise up to your description has shown aptitude for wielding the Winds of Magic. They are but a novice in the manipulation of your Order's magics, but in time they will grow. With the right teaching, their potential is such that they may even surpass you in your chosen Lore. Would you not be so proud? For a Jade Wizard, this may even be your own child - such things are common in that Order. This Apprentice possesses **400 Aethyric Humors** to spend on perks and items belonging to your Order, and may be a new or imported Companion at your discretion.

Colleague [50/300] - A fellow Imperial Magister, of any Order of your choosing, has decided to assist you. This may be an imported Companion or a new ally, but in either case this Companion possesses **800 Aethyric Humors** to spend on the perks and items belonging to their Order, and comes with the Imperial Lores of Magic perk and the Witchsight perk regardless. For 300 points instead of 50, you may import or create up to eight other Imperial Magisters under the same rules.

Apprentices in Perpetuity [100] - Not every Apprentice the colleges take in has the aptitude to become a full Wizard. Some, however, learn too much to be turned away entirely. So they remain Apprentices for the rest of their lives, never mastering more than the least spells of their Order but always loyal and always essential to the day-to-day functioning of the Colleges. With this purchase, you acquire a general staff of thirty such Perpetual Apprentices as Followers. These servants will handle such menial tasks as cleaning your arcane facilities, organizing your tomes, and restocking your larder while you spend multiple days researching without rest.

Canon Companion [100] - There are many famous Imperial Magisters who yet live, and by purchasing this option, you ensure that one of them has *somehow* agreed to accompany you on your journeys. From the likes of Sienna Fuegonasus and Gavius Klugge, up to Balthasar Gelt himself, you now have an at least passably helpful ally whose capabilities speak for themselves.

Section 5: Complications and Ending

Here, you will find annoyances and threats that, should you choose to endure them, will yield you an additional bounty of **Aethyric Humors.**

Winds of Time [+0] - If you have worked within this universe before, you may find your surroundings altered somewhat, to match acts you have performed - with a caveat. You will have a reprieve from any alterations which would have made your position here impossible, such as the utter destruction of the Empire of Man… or that of the entire world.

Arcane Adversary [Variable] - All fields of study produce rivalries. The study of magic is no different. Balthasar Gelt and Thyrus Gormann certainly do everything in their power to outdo one another. You, too, have made just such a rival in a skilled and determined fellow Magister (whose abilities are as if designed via the *Colleague* Companion option). For **+100 Aethryic Humors**, your rival is competitive, but otherwise friendly to you. They may sometimes go too far, as wizards are wont to do, but will not truly attempt to endanger your life or limb. They merely wish for their own reputation to outshine yours. For **+200 Aethyric Humors**, your rival is instead filled with a bitter distaste for you, though they are unwilling to resort to truly abominable means. They will, however, attempt to overcome you in ways that often involve the destruction of one or more buildings, or even the involvement of unrelated Magisters. For the highest possible amount, **+300 Aethyric Humors**, your rival's hatred of you runs so deeply that if frustrated long enough they will turn to the powers of Chaos or of Necromancy, solely for a chance to strike you down. One might ask what exactly is wrong with them, or what exactly you *did.*

Miscasting [+100] - Even the most skilled Wizards face backlash from the Winds of Magic every now and again, and you are no exception. Not only are you more prone to suffering arcane backlash from improper spellcasting, you will now find yourself without any immunities to damage from your own magic. This is not likely to kill you, but whether you age yourself twenty years, turn a finger or two to gold, or even set yourself on fire, you will face some unpleasantness.

Apprentices' Folly [+100] - It is not your fault, you know. These accidents really are not your fault. The problem is that your fellow Magisters see fit to saddle you with all of the *least* competent Apprentices they can find whenever you need an extra pair of hands. If you have an *Apprentice* of your own*,* then the poor child's frayed nerves have made them just as clumsy as these buffoons. At least your Apprentice means well, and if you could just get them to calm down they could start tapping into their arcane potential. Should *you* be the **Apprentice** yourself, you will find yourself unfortunately clumsy for this decade.

Wind In The Ears [+100] - It is well-known that a Wizard's mind is shaped by the Winds of Magic. In your case, this is especially true, and not for the best. This is unlikely to kill you, but you should leave the flexible thinking to someone else. One must wonder what it says about Wizards that while unusual, your condition is not unexpected.

- Amber - You have gone nearly feral, barely retaining the capacity for speech. It takes most of your effort to avoid scratching yourself inappropriately on some days.

- Amethyst - Yours is a quiet madness. You are as cold and unfeeling as a mummified corpse. Actually, there are walking mummies with more emotion or humanity than you.
- Bright - Your temper is so poor you need at least one Apprentice as a minder at all waking hours, lest you instantly smite the closest annoyance with flame.
- Celestial - Your head is in the clouds. So drawn to the stars and your visions are you that you hardly perceive the present.
- Gold - You strutting peacock. The Gold Order is known for greed and vanity, but you might match a champion of Slaanesh in just how much you enjoy showing off. Subtlety and humility have no meaning to you now.
- Grey - No, there is not a rat-man in the wall behind you. You'd hardly listen, though. Ulgu has made you paranoid beyond help. Just hope you don't convince yourself that the whole *world* is an illusion.
- Jade - Ruled by the cycles of life and nature as you are, it is no surprise that you are punctual in obeying the demands of the seasons. Now if only you could concern yourself with human life above plant life and be less useless during the winter, you might still be called sane.
- Light - There is light, and there is darkness. You are *far* too trusting of that which seems fair and beautiful, but anything that *seems* an obvious servant of darkness has nothing but your ire. You will not even realize how easily deceived you are, for surely no thing of evil can disguise itself in the face of Light?

Black Magister [+200] - A sword hangs over your head, heretic. To so much as dabble in Dhar or consort with even the least of Daemonology or Necromancy is a grave violation of the Articles of Imperial Magic. Your dark deeds have not yet been noticed, but you have two choices should you be caught: fight, and overpower every right-thinking Magister in the Empire, or flee as the Orders and the Cult of Sigmar join forces to hunt you to the ends of the earth. Fail at either and you shall perish. Succeed, or remain hidden, and perhaps your study of Dark Magic will prove lucrative. You have made your bed either way. Now lie in it.

Burn the Witch! [+200] - Oh, joy. These zealots again. It would seem you have a pursuer, one who will resort to *almost* anything to see you slain. The Witch Hunters of Sigmar's cult are a zealous and superstitious lot by nature, but this one is more so than the vast majority of the lot, and cannot restrain his hatred for you in particular. The good news is that he is acting alone with no official backing for now, is anything but subtle, and is not so competent that you cannot face him. The bad news is that he cannot be reasoned with, and that no matter what you do to him he *does not seem to go away.* Neither death nor imprisonment hold any fear for him, for one reason or another.

Apprentice [+200] - Normally, you would start as a full-fledged Magister of your Order. Now, that is not to be. Instead, you begin your decade at the very outset of your training. The work will be grueling and demeaning, your youth (less than fifteen years old!) and inexperience makes your magic almost impossible to control, and you have practically no freedom whatsoever. Your master will likely not bother even to learn your name. You will almost certainly only become a full Magister in your final year, if at all.

Stolen Child [+300] - You are not of Imperial stock. Were you Estalian, Tilean, or from a Border Princedom, this might not be a problem. Unfortunately, your parents had to smuggle you into Altdorf, and in doing so angered someone incredibly powerful. This situation is most common for magically-sensitve Bretonnian and Kislevite boys, and so the foe pursuing you is most likely to be a band of Wood Elves or a cold-hearted Ice Witch. Should you already be a full Magister, this foe may severely inconvenience you, and even sabotage your efforts on the battlefield such as to ensure your death. If this complication is taken with the **Apprentice** complication, however, they intend to do much worse to you, child. *They want you*

back, either to strip you of your arcane powers or to take you away into the great woodlands, never to be seen again. Your master will do all he or she can to protect you, but even a Magister must sleep. Needless to say, meeting with death or a worse fate in this manner will spell the end of your journey.

Break the Wheel [+300] - “Foolish child,” they might tell you. “You and all the petty conjurers in Altdorf have believed the Elven lie for two centuries.” The Winds of Magic are, after all, the raw stuff of Chaos leaking into the mortal world. Tzeentch is the God of Magic, among other things. Are you surprised that a cult of Tzeentch works to destroy the Colleges from within? This is not Horstmann’s Cabal, but this order did murder the last Patriarch of the Amethyst College. Now, this cult has a new target: you. Beware every drink, lest it be laced with Null Stone or Warpstone poison. Avoid secluded alleyways, lest you be ambushed by mutants. Trust no one, for even your closest colleague may be an agent. Beware, for their greatest trick will be to convince your fellow Magisters that *you* are a hidden agent of the Cult. If taken with the **Burn the Witch** complication, it seems that even this overzealous Witch Hunter is a puppet dancing on their strings. Worse, they have provided him with additional unwitting pawns as contacts. No longer does he work alone.

Pacified [+300] - I know not what crime you committed, but the Magisters who caught you determined that death was too good for you. No, friend, the punishment was *far* worse. In two hundred years, you are only the seventh ex-Magister to have been subjected to the rite of Pacification. For bringing public dishonor on your Order, you were publicly stripped of the very portion of your soul which allows for the sensing and use of the Winds of Magic. Indeed, *all* forms of magic are lost to you during your time in this world. However, the process was incomplete and the Magisters merciful - they merely left you to the mob, not realizing that your magic would return in a decade’s time. If this is taken with the **Black Magister** complication, beware your own sins, for only the strength of your body and skill of your remaining mind will keep you from a Hell beyond imagining. The Magisters have realized their mistake and seek to prevent your return to power. Will you feed the pyres of the Bright College, or become a wailing skull within the Amethyst Order’s halls? Perhaps you will even be used as a sacrifice, allowing the Light Order to trap one more Daemon in its vaults while your damned soul screams into the Realm of Chaos to meet its dark masters. Should your journey end in such a manner, you have brought it on yourself.

In a decade’s time after your journey begins, you will find your time in this iteration of the Old World over, and any Complications you face will vanish entirely (or at least be resolved in a satisfactory manner). As is customary, three choices await you. You may **Return Home**, taking all you have accrued so far with you and appearing the moment you left. You may instead **Remain Here**, doing what work you can for this world among the Colleges (or elsewhere) and retaining your prior abilities and resources all the same. Do be careful not to let the world end. Finally, you may **Move On** to a different world, continuing along this “chain” of yours and retaining what you have acquired here within your growing arsenal. Whatever you choose, good luck.

Section 6: Scenarios

Here, you will find special challenges which you may undertake for unique rewards. Each task will be especially difficult for one with no… external aid, so to speak, but none will be *truly* impossible. Among the following, you may pursue your Order's challenge, as well as any one of the general challenges.

Order Scenarios

Amber Order - Man Eat Goat World

The Great Forest is dark and full of terrors. While not as haunted as the Drakwald, the forest that stretches over most of Talabecland and beyond is a breeding ground for Beastmen and other foulness. The worst of these is Malagor, the Dark Omen. The terrifying Bray-Shaman has plagued the world for far too long. The time has come to take the fight to him, spell against spell and claw against horn. The problem with this plan is that you need to draw him out, but nature has provided you with a simple solution. He relies on the terrain of the Old World's forests to escape reprisal. Turn the forest paths against him, and pursue him as a wolf chases a doe. Strike out herds of Beastmen wherever you find them, and when enough have perished, the Crowfather will turn to face you. He will bring Beastmen and Chaos cultists alike to bear against you, but you will not be alone. Your efforts will draw the Empire's hunters and patrolmen to the very same battle site, and when the battle is joined, the feral Greenskins of the deep woods will smell the blood and join the fray. In the swirling melee, you must strike him down. Fail, and his patience will run out, to the Empire's great dismay. Succeed, and the destruction of Malagor and his Warherd will echo through the Great Forest itself. While other threats will remain, the Chaotic taint within those woods will recede as Herdstones are toppled or cleansed and Beast-Paths revealed. Should you again find a force so vile as Chaos corrupting the wilds, know that a total purge of the poor creatures tainted by this power shall banish the evil forever from those untamed lands, as nature fights to take back what rightfully belongs to it. Having done this once, it should be easier doing it again, no?

Amethyst Order - Dust to Dust

Necromancy. A foul perversion of the arts of Shyish. You were warned well in your apprenticeship about the dangers of such forbidden arts, of the madness and corruption such practices bring about. You have heard by now of the source of this blasphemy - Nagash, who was long ago banished from this world by Sigmar himself. You also know well that the Great Necromancer left behind nine books detailing the very beginnings of his Necromancy, nine horrid tomes from which all modern Necromancers and even the despicable Vampires draw their arcane lore. These tomes could be said to be the foundation of Necromancy - if you could destroy objects of such dark power, would your enemy not be weakened forever? According to one of the Celestial Wizards who just barged in on you, a time is soon coming when the books will not only be relatively close by, but will be weakened such that you may unmake them. His vision insisted he bring this to your attention. You and your Order have been trusted with this mission, a mission that will take you across much of the Old World and more. From benighted Mousillon to haunted Sylvania, from the lands of the Border Princes to the shores of Norsca, from abandoned Karaks to Greenskin dens you will make your way, finding and destroying each book in turn. You will not, however, be the only one hunting them. Nagash's most loyal

pawn now realizes the peril the artifacts are in, and if you do not hurry he will have access to the power from two or more of the tomes when at last he comes to do his lord's bidding and end you, rather than merely one. You know what must be done in this final duel, wherever it may be. Break Arkhan the Black with the power of Shyish, wrest the final book from his skeletal hands, and destroy it there, and you will have won the day. There are few guaranteed means of defeat. Should you be seduced by the power of these vile tomes, meet with death or a worse fate at the hands of one of Nagash's servants, or tarry so greatly as for the Liche King to claim the Books of Nagash before you can destroy them, the world will tremble at the cost of your failure. Should you succeed in destroying all nine, however, you will have dealt a permanent blow to the very art of Necromancy. Never again will aspiring masters of the dead have the recipes and incantations recorded within these tomes to copy, and in time perhaps the dark art will be forgotten. Should you find similar foundational texts of various arcane arts in the worlds you walk beyond this one, know that your destruction of all of these will have the same effect. They say no one can kill an idea… but you can certainly cripple one, can't you?

Bright Order - The Fire Rises

Once upon a time, there was a fortress deep in the mountains. Its walls were high and smooth, and its towers graceful. Great iron gates held it shut, and eerie lights emanated from its every tower. Even by the time of Sigmar, this glorious fortress had crumbled to ruin. However, the last standing tower proved more than sufficient as fortifications for the necromancer Morath. Since then, it has changed hands between the Empire and its foes more times than can be counted, and currently lies in the possession of the forces of Chaos. The time has come again for the Empire to drive them out and take the Brass Keep, and as always the Bright Order is the first of the Colleges to send its tithe of Battle Wizards – including you. This time, the ambition is grander – not just to retake the ancient fortress in the Middle Mountains, but to rebuild it into a greater bastion than it has ever been. Unfortunately, the force you have been sent with is less than up to the task. Alone, this motley crew of State Troops will never dislodge the evil that currently occupies the Keep. The battle will hinge on your involvement. Your arcane fire will, if you truly try, be just enough to carry the day. Once the Keep is taken, your true work will begin. With but the remainders of the force you besieged it with, you must not only seek out and destroy any remnants of the Chaos Warriors you ejected from the ancient fort, but hold the Brass Keep for the remainder of your time here even as it is refortified. You will have no significant reinforcements as Greenskins, Norscans, and even the Undead assault you time and again, and the lives of the laborers sent to repair and expand the fortification will be in your hands as well. Still, should your will and magic hold firm, your garrison will do what they must. By the end of the decade, assuming you have neither perished nor lost control of the Brass Keep (both guarantees of failure), you will stand proud over a fortress renewed and a garrison of about 1,300 veteran State Troops. Most of these will be spearmen and swordsmen, but you will find halberdiers, handgunners, greatswords, and even a mortar crew or two among them. Curiously, you will note that the fortress and garrison follow you in your future travels. Though the garrison will not leave the fortress, the fortress itself will retain any further expansions you make to it, and may be placed where you wish. The Brass Keep is yours now, Pyromancer. Do with it what you will.

Celestial Order - Vision Quest

You have heard cries for help in your visions many times, but they have never been addressed to you before. That was the first sign that something was wrong. The next was when the vision came to you again, the cries for help louder. This time, some of your colleagues heard them too. A feeling called your attention to the World's Edge Mountains, down the very same path Sigmar took after abdicating his throne but before his ascension to godhood. As you embark, Azyr guides you through the treacherous Black Fire Pass. Your visions will be vague, but you will generally realize where you are meant to go, if you keep your wits about you. As you gaze upon a tiny shrine erected there to Sigmar and touch the image of Ghal Maraz etched upon the rock, another vision confirms that you are going the right way. The next leg of your journey will take you through the lands of the Border Princes. You may perhaps be drawn to a large tomb in the Nehekharan style, but reading Azyr correctly will tell you this is not the place you seek. After you hit upon the right interpretation, your planned route continues to the ancient Dwarf hold of Barak Varr. There, you will acquire the provisions necessary for the next leg of your trek – the World's Edge Mountains. These are the great barrier between the Old World and the Dark Lands, and the last known destination of Sigmar Heldenhammer. The high peaks at the edge of the world of Man hold both Dwarf holds and dens of Greenskins and Skaven. Many of the latter were once the former, as a matter of fact, and should you heed it correctly, your next vision will send you deep into the passes, near the edge of the Dark Lands. Interpret the vision incorrectly, and you will wander the mountain passes until you perish or go mad. Something is clouding your sight more fervently than ever, and at the worst possible time. If you can, you should make your way to the gates of an abandoned Dwarf-hold. Much like Karag Dum, this hold was taken by the forces of Chaos long ago, judging by the erosion and mutation on the stones. The twisted Chaos Spawn within are only the first of the dangers. In the eye of this metaphorical storm, you must soon contend with the lesser Daemons of Tzeentch, the Great Mutator's cultists, and the compelling missives from Azyr to flee, all to reach the ancient forge where proud Runesmiths once plied their trade. In a mirror set atop one of the anvils, a single moment is captured, replaying itself endlessly as images trapped in a loop. Ulric prepares to welcome Sigmar to the domain of the gods, only for Tzeentch to snatch away the moment of Sigmar's coronation. You will almost instantly realize that to survive, you must strike the mirror in which the images play with all the power you can muster and shatter it. Time is of the essence, for a detestable Chaos Sorcerer approaches with murderous intent and an army behind him. Having failed to deter you by misleading with false visions, he has resorted to simply crushing you. Your only guarantee of success is to destroy the mirror just as Tzeentch would steal away Sigmar's ascension. This champion of Chaos, for his failure, will suffer a far worse fate than any he intended for you. Your guarantees of failure are few, whether it be meeting a gruesome end by following one of the twisted visions, perishing on the difficult trek, or simply being unable to smite the magically-warded mirror before the Sorcerer finds you. The reward for your success, besides the sudden realization that you have in some way set Mankind's god free, is simple – prayers similar to that god's own, cast to the winds by those with no one else able to hear them, will come to you through Azyr's prophecies. Should you elect to aid those calling for your help, fate will seemingly help you along, mostly by steering you away from dangers you could not otherwise have anticipated.

Gold Order - Metal Head

The Dawi and the Asur have always kept secrets from Mankind, not the least of these being their most potent metals. Ithilmar is untarnishing and as strong as steel, but as light as the cloth in your robes. Gromril is far heavier, but is the strongest, sturdiest metal in the whole of the world. The secret of forging it is one the Runesmiths keep close. Items made from the latter are not unknown to the Empire, but the trouble of acquiring such articles for study is obvious. Ithilmar is even more jealously kept. It is said that even a Runesmith would trade his entire family treasure for the secret of working Ithilmar. The Asur are not even known to gift items made of it to friends, unlike the Dawi. Its allure is great; some fanciful tales claim that Vampires stuck with an Ithilmar weapon burst into flame! The Gold Order has desired these secrets since its founding, and you have concocted quite the plan: by studying the properties of these metals closely, in their pure and unworked form, you seek to devise the means to transmute base metals into these wondrous ores! To acquire large enough samples will be easier said than done, however. Raw Ithilmar is found only in the Dragonspine Mountains of Caledor, and raw Gromril only in meteor craters such as Varn Drazh. You will need to earn the trust of these two great races or somehow access these faraway points without their knowing, without revealing your true intent. No one can know what you seek before it is too late, or they will never let you have it. Acquiring the Gromril will mean plumbing the depths of lost Karak Varn, an ancient Dwarfhold now overrun with the duplicitous Skaven. Should you overcome their numbers and the horrid taint of Warpstone in the deep tunnels, you will have a chance to make off with all of the Gromril you need. Perhaps you could sneak past the Skaven, or perhaps you will arrive as support to a Runelord and the miners following his lead to the deep veins of Gromril ore. Ithilmar will be a greater challenge still, given what it will take to even secure entry into Ulthuan. No foreigner is allowed without escort beyond a small quarter of Lothern. You will need a valid argument that you have business in Caledor or a way past all prying eyes. Perhaps you could claim that the Empire has sent you as token reinforcement against a Dark Elf invasion? One is most likely coming. However you do it, you must reach those mountains and the ore on their slopes. The only guarantee of success is the acquisition of adequate Gromril and Ithilmar samples, about five kilograms each. The only guarantee of failure is failure to acquire the necessary samples for your plan, whether by death or failing to gain access. With your experiments complete, you will be able to transmute iron, steel, or other mundane metals into Gromril or Ithilmar, on either a temporary or a permanent basis. Doing so permanently takes longer, but is more than worth it. More than that, it will be easier discerning how to do this with other magical metals you become familiar with later on. Do what you came to do, and the Empire’s faith and gunpowder will have far better than steel backing them.

Grey Order - I Knew It!

Something wicked is afoot, Grey Wizard, and you know it. Oh, the others might not suspect a thing, but you’ve seen all kinds of suspicious activity of late. Jade Wizards found dead in ways that can only mean a inside job, only to turn up days later as if nothing had happened. Important Magisters framed for infractions they did not commit via planted evidence of Dark Magic, or poisoned with Warpstone. Your own old master gone exeat after he meets some odd noblewoman. No, there is something incredibly wrong, and if necessary you will muster every resource available to you to put a stop to it. Luckily, you are not alone. As you begin investigating these strange occurrences, you will find yourself assembling a motley

crew - a grizzled Witch Hunter and his faithful hound, a pretty but aloof Wildwood Ranger, a helpful Engineer from Nuln, and a bespectacled apprentice of the Light Order who's been framed for the death of her master by some of the very same people you're trying to track down. Each of them is chasing someone - the Witch Hunter and Engineer seek out a cell of Lahmian vampires, the evidence you find behind the Hierophant's death leads you and his apprentice to a Chaos cult, and the Ranger tells you she is only here because the Jade Order has been infiltrated by a changeling spirit from deep within her woods. It will not be enough just to kill the ringleaders, you will find as time goes on. While it may help that these enemies work against each other as much as they work against the Colleges, you will still have much work on your hands. The only guarantee of success is the complete exposure of the Changeling, the Vampires, *and* the cultists, such that they can no longer hide themselves among the Orders in any way. Whether you accomplish this by slaughtering most and driving the dregs into the open or simply gathering enough evidence to conclusively prove their plots is up to you. Likewise, the only guarantee of failure is your failure to credibly root out these agents of evil. Should the Apprentice be expelled, the Witch Hunter be disgraced, or the Engineer or Ranger be killed, your own credibility will be much harder to maintain. If you find yourself formally accused of conspiracy against the Orders, you will know your enemies have won. Should you succeed, however, the skills you developed alongside this team will make you a master of counter-espionage and counter-infiltration, especially in cases where the enemy agents use magical means to infiltrate organizations you join or ally with. If they want to subvert your cause from within, they will have to go through you, and that is not at all an easy feat anymore. Oh, were you concerned with your new allies? While they are all perfectly content to see no more of each other once their alliance has run its course, it is possible that you have grown fond of them and helped them to grow fond of one another. Should you manage to forge a lasting friendship between all of these individuals, you may allow them to accompany you on your future adventures, sharing a single Companion slot.

Jade Order – Tree Hugger

The Laurelon Forest, much like Athel Loren, is a place where nature holds ultimate sway. The Eonir are more diplomatic than the Asrai, however. Perhaps this is because they have not subtly twisted an entire nation of Men to their will, or perhaps this is just because Laurelorn is a much smaller realm. Either way, their diplomacy is now put to the test - a Chaos host has invaded the ancient woodland, and this time the Eonir cannot repel it alone. Warriors marked by the Dark Gods, Beastmen, and even strange creatures from the northern mists all hack away at the wood and twist it to their own ends. While the Elves allow the State Troops and the Bright College to pass through their woods unharmed in exchange for their acting as reinforcements, you and your Jade colleagues are here for another reason. Like the Asrai, the Eonir work alongside spirits of the forest, but the chill of winter and the ravages of Nurgle's plagues have weakened these spirits greatly. Some are dispersed entirely, and the survivors are weak and sluggish. This is why you and your Order are asked here; you must revitalize the forest's spirits with the power of Ghyran, allowing them to rally to the fight. Your connection with nature will be put to the test in this trial. You will need to live entirely off the land for months on end, fighting off any attacks that somehow bypass your scant bodyguard of Kithband Warriors while piecing splintered spirits back together, rousing Naiads and Dryads to battle, and cleansing gnarled Treemen of the poxes that rot their very cores. Any

number of fates could befall you – you might be slaughtered by mysterious Fimir or capering Beastmen, sacrificed by Chaos cultists, withered away by the ills afflicting your patients, or even dragged screaming into oblivion by summoned Daemons. To meet with one of these fates, or to prove unable to heal the forest's spirits in time, is your only guarantee of failure. Should you succeed in your goal, however, you will find you have learned something useful. You may remember that the trees and shrubs at the Jade College have a rudimentary intelligence which allows them to relay information. Combining that knowledge with what you have learned of the spirits through aiding them magically has granted you a wonderful new trick. Though you cannot truly create new Forest Spirits through this method, you *can* cause Ghyran to animate the foliage around you as a number of puppet warriors. In combat, they are about as durable and as strong as Dryads, though they are a bit slower and clumsier – reminiscent of Tree Kin, perhaps? You will need to command them directly, unlike the capricious and willful Forest Spirits, but their value as reinforcements is still great. As a warning, these are not permanent servants – should your will and stamina, the power of Ghyran, or both run out, any such pseudo-spirits you have fashioned will fall as inert as the logs they are composed of.

Light Order - As A Traitor Deserves

Of all the bitter brews that pass the throat, betrayal has the worst aftertaste. None know this better than your Order. The man you had regarded as your best and brightest sold you out to the Great Mutator for the sake of a petty childhood grudge. He *used* you. He used *all* of you, and then he *got away with it!* You have never felt more ill than the day you watched Horstmann slink away on that two-headed *thing* into the cold north. Your Order may be content to lick its wounds and purge his lingering influence, but not you. Though the Serpent brings wisdom, perhaps it is time to, as a farmer might say, "cut the head from the snake." Your mission is simple - you will acquire aid in tracking down the Chaos cultists known only as the Cabal, you will learn how to pick them out more easily as you destroy them one by one, and when Horstmann deems you too great a threat to ignore, you will be there waiting to send him screaming to his dark master. The exact means and details of this accomplishment are up to you, within the bounds of sanity and law. Perhaps the latter may bend, should you prove uncorrupted. Regardless of how you undertake this venture, you will find yourself much more practiced at rooting out both treason and cult, your light burning away the lies and veils by which they protect themselves - a fitting reward for someone who hopes to prevent such a tragedy ever happening again. Heed this warning well: the only guarantee of success is the dissolution by your hand of the Cabal and the deaths by your hand of both the Chaos Dragon Baudros and the Black Magister Egrimm van Horstmann, on a battlefield of the latter's choosing and with the fickle favor of his dark god bolstering him. The only guarantee of failure is a decision on your part to employ the willing aid of the Dark Gods or their servants in your investigation and tracking of the elusive traitor. Should you succeed, however, know that no traitor to your cause will find success. Those they sought to turn will either expose them or be exposed themselves, assuming you do not chance upon their plots before they even begin to carry them out. Cults with the favor of dark gods might as well be pyrotechnicians for how little effect their attempts at stealth will have on you.

General Scenarios

Supreme Patriarch

The time has come again. Supreme Patriarch Balthasar Gelt has reached the end of his term proper. The crafty Gold Wizard has no intention of relinquishing his title yet, but he knows he must prepare for whoever he faces in the Obsidian Hall. This eight-sided chamber was where he took the helm after overcoming Thyrus Gormann of the Bright Order. You might be just the Wizard to unseat Gelt, but you and he both will face several obstacles before your fateful duel. It is not unheard of for rival wizards to employ external skullduggery to secure their victory in the Hall of Duels. One of your potential rivals, a Wizard from the Order opposite yours on the Wheel of Magic, has hired several teams of mercenaries to dispose of you before you even reach Altdorf. These will likely be a nuisance at most, but there is more. Other forces seek to take the Staff of Volans for themselves. The Cult of the Broken Wheel and the Cabal alike seek to turn the Staff into a weapon of Chaos, and should Horstmann acquire it and bind a Daemon within, all will be lost. However, it should be easy enough to protect the staff, as neither cult is employing near its full resources. Once you have protected the Staff, the time will come for your duel with Gelt, the second most difficult portion of this quest. There is a reason Gelt was the youngest Lord Magister to *ever* achieve the rank of Supreme Patriarch, after all. Should you successfully subdue him and take the Staff of Volans for your own, your final trial begins – an eight-year tenure as Supreme Patriarch of the Imperial Colleges of Magic. Your greatest battles will be battles of oversight and administration. Should you manage to defeat all of your rivals, claim the Staff of Volans, and run the Colleges of Magic successfully and legally for eight years, you will find your expertly-honed skills in both magical dueling and collegiate administration highly rewarding. Moreover, the Staff of Volans shall be yours from then on, enhancing your magic enough that its wielder can outmatch a Magister Lord as if the latter were but an Apprentice. Finally, just as one with the *Magister Lord* perk can quickly ascend to the equivalent of that rank in future worlds, you will find yourself a fast favorite for positions equivalent to Supreme Patriarch in magical organizations.

Our Founder

The winds of time blow you elsewhere, elsewhen. You're not quite sure where at first, until you see a man in white robes run through with a wicked-looking blade. As you swiftly dispatch his cackling assailant, you manage to ask the man his name. "Volans," he responds with his final breath. Perhaps you might give him an impromptu burial, or perhaps you might cremate the body, but whatever the case it would be wrong to just leave him there. You wouldn't do that, would you? Thinking little but coincidence of the odd encounter at first, you make your way to the city of Talabheim, as for whatever reason it seems to call you. Something immediately registers to your Witchsight when you enter the city, however. Three greatly powerful magicians and a small number of lesser ones are here. Following the path set to you by the Winds, you come face-to-face with three High Elves, all dressed rather ostentatiously. One, presumably their leader, steps forward to greet you, as if he has been expecting you. He introduces his companions as "Finreir" and "Yrtle," and as your eyes light up with realization he introduces himself as "Teclis." The man you met on the road was no less than the man meant to be the first Supreme Patriarch of the Colleges, and first Magister of the Light Order. It would appear you must now prove worthy to take his place. The coming battles will be some of the most ferocious the Empire has ever faced. The very gates of Kislev will tremble with the footsteps of

the enemy. Though your allies will be numerous, and include Dwarfs of Karaz-a-Karak, the survivors of Kislev, and Magnus the Pious himself, they may not be enough. The power of Chaos itself is arrayed against you, and their blasphemous sorcerers have called countless Daemons from the immaterial realm, including some of the greatest servants of the Powers Four. Asavar Kul, the mightiest Everchosen yet known, stands at the head of an army more numerous than the grains of sand in Araby. Distinguish yourself in the fighting. Strike at the head of the serpent. Make it clear to Teclis that of all his new pupils, you are both the most powerful and the most trustworthy. Perhaps you might even save the life of Yrtle, who would otherwise perish at the hands of a Keeper of Secrets. However you do it, you must prove yourself worthy of acting as the founder and first Supreme Patriarch of the very order that trained you. The only guarantees of failure are death, betrayal, or mediocrity on your part. Should you succeed, however, you will take with you a great gift indeed. The fledgling Colleges of Magic, empty save for the other wizards who survived this war with you, shall accompany you in all your future journeys. You may place them somewhere remote within each new world you find, or attach them to any land or settlement you already own. What is more, the presence of the Colleges shall ensure that the Winds of Magic touch enough souls in each new world to maintain a respectable student body, and that such Apprentices may choose to stay on as followers (perhaps even someday becoming teachers themselves). Whether you run it directly as an eternal Supreme Patriarch or leave the day-to-day matters to your fellows, know that this institution shall not disappoint you.

An Imperial Wizard's Encyclopedia of Foreign Magical Traditions, Eighth Edition

Emmanuel Vaunt's notes, in his *Esoteric Primer*, tend only to tell an Acolyte or Apprentice what the many magicians beyond the Empire's borders look like, and perhaps some feats accomplished by their spellwork. Surely there must be more to it? His notes on several other nations of mankind amount to little more than hearsay, and with that patronizing tone of his! One day, you found it impractical that the wizards of the Empire are thus taught to ignore any potential insights their fellows abroad might reveal, which might deepen or at least complement Teclisian theory. So begins your quest to learn not only what the sorcerers of other human lands can teach those of the Empire, but indeed what you might manage to teach them. Your journey will be long and full of misadventure, whether that be navigating Kislevite politics to gain audience with the Ice Queen, braving the Oblast to confer with the inscrutable Baba Yaga, breaking a fleet of pirates to earn the trust of Araby's greatest Magician, navigating the difficult moods of the Fay Enchantress, turning back Skaven assassins and corrupt courtiers alike to earn the confidence of the Dragon Emperor and his Shugengan, or even seeking out Truthsayers in the mists of Albion. For all you know, you may one day meet a mysterious figure seeking your aid in exchange for knowledge of how magic was done when living men still walked in the Land of the Dead. It will all be worth it, in the end, for in all your edits, rewrites, and addendums you will have penned a tome both engaging and informative. Besides building the skills necessary to do so again, your publication of this work will net you a tidy profit and the satisfaction of creating a popular teaching aid. More than that, in practicing what you preach, you've picked up a little trick during your studies. Maybe as a Jade Wizard, you learned to use Ghyran to replicate one of a Damsel's blessings. Maybe as an Amethyst Wizard, you found that Shyish – or perhaps Morr – enabled you to replicate a curse which invokes Usirian. Maybe as a Celestial Wizard,

you learned via Azyr to call down the bitter winds of winter, as the witches of Kislev do. Whatever it is you've learned to do withing the confines of your Wind, this will not replicate the greatest works of those other kinds of magic, but it will work within the system taught by the Colleges, ensuring you can spread it among your fellows.

Section 7: Notes

Here is where you will find explanations and clarifications of certain topics.

- On the Pacified drawback: the abilities removed are only those which are *explicitly* magical in origin.
- On the Black Magister drawback: whatever Dark Magic you have learned in your flirtations with damnation will remain with you. Consider this the reward for your risk.
- On the Winter Comes perk: The restriction is against you and yours intentionally murdering such a god to take the blessing of its remaining power upon death. If the fatal injuries in question did not come from you or your servants, you should be fine. Remember that while Teclis was *technically* a loose ally of the Empire when he stole Ulric's flame, he wasn't doing it to give Martak the power, just to revive Tyrion as part of the plan to save the Elves (I forget if it was truly *his* plan or one that Lileath dictated to him).
- On being an Amethyst Wizard: Should the End Times somehow come to pass during your stay here, you will not meet the fate of your Order once Nagash usurps the Wind of Death. Fear not any sudden implosions from this specific source. Try not to accidentally implode yourself some other way.
- On the Power Stone's description: The quotes around the word "invented" are present due to the fact that the Asur have made perfected versions of these items for thousands of years. This is just one more thing they do not loan out to Mankind, forcing Habermas to figure out folding a strand of his Wind in on itself on his own using what little information Teclis was willing (or perhaps more "allowed") to spare as well as some trial and error.
- On the Life Leeching perk: to be clear, this magic recovery works every time you kill a living creature with "death magic," most notably the spells from the Lore of Death.
- On the Lore Attribute capstone perks in general: each of these is meant to be a greatly exaggerated version of the Lore Attribute in question, representing a purer mastery of the Wind than the other capstone perk in each line, which in turn is based on the Order's current Magister Patriarch and a notable deed or trait attached to them. They also cause this Lore Attribute-like effect to apply to other magics of that type.
- On the Scroll of Incarnate Elemental item: one may consult the Incarnate Elemental of Beasts, Death, or Fire's abilities for a guide as to what these may do in general. They can be found in the Monstrous Arcanum, if nothing else.
- On the Pyromania perk: It is up to you exactly *what* sort of pleasure the act of casting fire magic brings you.
- On the What Are You Hiding perk: This is meant to make your illusions absolutely believable as real to the target, rather than actually making them completely real. Should you weave a complex illusion of a house, the person it is meant to fool could feel themselves sitting down in a chair, hear the knock on a door, and smell food in the kitchen despite none of these items being present. Someone this illusion is not meant to fool (or who is not affected) would see nothing, but might notice the person meant to be fooled acting strangely, doing things like walking in random circles, swatting at flies that are not present, or praising the taste of food they are not actually eating.
- On the None Know the Hour perk: This is not meant to be an absolute defense against all information-gathering, but is meant to prevent things like a Celestial Wizard or Witch Hunter squirreling out the entirety of your life down to a criminal

charge you accrued in your youth over a dice game, or a government or hacker digging up your entire internet history to the very last post. Those you have told of your past, or those who have a means of stepping back into it to see it for themselves (think the likes of gods or time travelers) will certainly be able to observe it directly, but indirect observation through scrying, visions, or searching for conclusive physical evidence is almost certain to fail.

- On Drawbacks: There is no drawback limit. This is not because I dislike drawback limits, but I forgot to put one in at any point and putting one in now after forgetting to all this time just feels wrong.
- On the Our Founder scenario: Where exactly the Colleges get their new students in new worlds is up to you, within reason. If you attached them to a settlement you own, they'll easily be able to pull from that populace, and the same goes for other properties you own with their own populations. As for new students acquired from the setting you are in at the time, all I can say is please be reasonable.
- On the Staff of Volans reward from the Supreme Patriarch scenario: Should you wish, you may import an existing staff or wand as this Staff of Volans, as you would be able to with an item you purchased in the Items section.
- On the Legacy of Kadon perk: You will find it will improve any spell you cast to change into a bestial form – and should you have non-magical means to do the same, those *will* receive the same boost.
- On copyright: It should not need to be said that the Warhammer Fantasy setting, characters, and other such features are the intellectual property of Games Workshop, and that this document is an elaborate form of unofficial fanfiction. However, the Grand Theogonist has advised that such a notice be added here, lest you Magisters grow too bold in your assumptions.

Changelog

Version 1.0 – Jump PDF produced

Version 1.1 – Obligatory copyright notice added, *Legacy of Kadon* perk buffed somewhat, *DO NOT WASTE MY POTENTIAL!* Perk clarified somewhat, minor formatting changes.

Version 1.2 – *DO NOT WASTE MY POTENTIAL!* Perk slightly altered again, *An Imperial Wizard's Encyclopedia of Foreign Magical Traditions, Eighth Edition* Scenario reward altered, minor formatting fixes.