Warhammer Fantasy: Tomb Kings

By Valeria

Introduction

The Land of the Dead. That's what most of the world knows the near endless deserts as. A wasteland filled with tombs of treasure and countless undead. Only the oldest races remember the great empire that once ruled here, remember the might of Nehekhara.

Nehekhara used to be the greatest empire of mankind. For thousands of years it ruled over its' desert home and many lands beyond as well. This immense kingdom was the result of one truly great King, a man named Settra the Imperishable. Settra united the desert kingdoms into one great force and lead them against other kingdoms and lands again and again, conquering vast swathes of territory every year. The man who seemed unstoppable would eventually find that he was never such a thing, as old age caught up to him eventually. He desperately searched for a way to avert this, creating the Mortuary Cult in an attempt to find a way to conquer death itself. The Mortuary Cult began as a collection of the great minds and wizards in the kingdom, all devoted to searching for immortality. They did not find it in time and Settra was laid to rest with the promise that they would revive him to once again rule his kingdoms once they found a way.

Years and years passed. Centuries and countless families of royals ruled and then passed on the throne of Nehekhara. The Mortuary Cult grew fat and satisfied, having discovered a method they believed would grant immortality but keeping it to themselves, instead stringing along the ruling class of Nehekhara to retain their position of power behind the throne. This form of immortality only granted them everlasting life however, rather than the eternal youth they sought. Still, even as they rotted, their presence changed Nehekhara greatly. The nation as a whole became obsessed with death, the afterlife and their eventual return to life. Soon the tombs made for the rulers and priests would outsize and outnumber the homes of the living.

Nehekhara would shrink and grow over the centuries, no King matching Settra's skill or ambition but many at least maintaining what they came into ownership of. The one who would truly destroy Nehekhara would come centuries later, a young prince by the name of Nagash.

Nagash was the eldest prince of one of Nehekhara's many kings and he sought to become the greatest and most powerful being in the world. He betrayed, murdered, lied and stole from everything and everyone, even his own family was slain for his ambitions. He ruled Nehekhara for many years, the darkest time in the country's history, but was eventually defeated by the combined power and armies of the remaining kings. He survived and would come to war with Nehekhara again and again and again over the years, each time being beaten back. It was only in his final battle, with a king named Alcazzidar that he believed he had won. During his reign years ago he had constructed a mighty Black Pyramid, a massive tool of arcane might, that he intended to use to kill all life on the world and convert it into undead for him to command. Now in control of the nation once more, he was in the midst of carrying out that ritual when Alcazzidar sacrificed himself to kill Nagash and stop the ritual.

Nagash fled in humiliation and defeat and the ritual went haywire. All life in Nehekhara was slain in an instant and then reborn as undead monsters. The Liche Priests of the Mortuary Cult were the only ones to survive and for the sake of Nehekhara, they began to awaken the tombs of olden times that

held all the Kings and Queens and their armies. Settra himself was brought forth to command the dead of Nehekhara and despite his infinite anger at the state of his once great empire, he seeks only to restore it to its rightful place on top of the world.

You are one of the many beings to have just been awoken by the priests and your King Settra calls for your aid now. You have 1000 Choice Points (CP) to ready yourself with perks and items.

Locations

You awaken in your tomb, somewhere in the sands of Nehekhara. It is your tomb or the tomb of your king and a Liche Priest awaits you outside the gates, ready to tell you of all that has happened whilst you slept and inform you of Settra's commands. Will you follow your King? Strike out on your own? The choice is yours.

Origins

Any of the below origins may instead be chosen as a drop in origin.

Prince- 100

Heir to one of the countless dynasties of Nehekhara, you were born to riches and power and it is a life you were accustomed to. Second son of the King of your city, you were destined to become the next King when your father died. Your elder brother faithfully entered the Mortuary Cult, as all eldest children are meant to. You took to the art of ruling and commanding with skill, becoming a gifted statesman, commander and demagogue. Though you may have feared it and urged the Priesthood desperately to extend your life further, you eventually were buried alongside your late father when death came for you. Now you have returned, reawakened by the Great Settra to march astride him and reconquer the old glories of Nehekhara.

Priest- 100

You were the eldest son of one of the many Kings of Nehekhara. As is tradition, you were sent to learn in the Mortuary Cult, the fate of all firstborn nobles. Bitter at first, that soon faded once you realised just how much power the Cult had gathered to itself and how integral they had made themselves to the Kingdom. You grew well in the Cult, proving talented at magic and quickly earning your position as a full-fledged Priest. You carried out the soul binding ritual that the other Priests did too, unaware of the true nature of that magic. The years went by and you aged and aged, being left as a rotting husk. But eventually, your buried family was awakened and you were called to serve at their side for the sake of your kingdom once more.

Herald

For decades, you served loyally at the side of your King. You were his right hand in all matters, the one man he could trust with his very life and have total assurance of its safety. You earned your place, fighting in countless battles and saving your liege's life many times. You rode at the head of his armies, speaking with his voice and bringing many victories for your King. Eventually your master found the end of his life and, as had every previous and future king, you were buried alongside your master. Placed in a tomb directly to the right of his sarcophagus, you were laid to rest so that when your lord eventually rose, you would be instantly at his side. Now that time has come. Your King walks forth and at his right side, you walk with sword and shield in hand.

Necrotect

As a culture that practically worships death, the countless monuments and tombs of Nehekhara needed many great artisans to plan and build. These people became known as Necrotects, the architects of the many, many monuments to death that existed in the endless sands. You were a particularly skilled Necrotect but also a canny one as well. When an artisan created a tomb, he would be buried within it at its completion. No King wanted his artists to go off and create something more magnificent for another King. You managed to escape this fate a few times, by remaining anonymous or using a patsy. It didn't last and eventually you were dragged intone of your own monuments, buried alive. To say you were livid when revived in modern times…perhaps an understatement. Still, there are things to build and to maintain and your Kings call for your aid. Refusing those who give you life is a stupid thought and you are not stupid.

Golem- 100

In the time when Nehekhara flourished, you proved yourself to be a warrior worthy of legend. You earned a worthy burial for your deeds and were given a small tomb of your own as payment. Not nearly as large or extravagant as that of your King's but it elevates you far above the common man nonetheless. When the tombs of Nehekhara were torn open and the dead bidden to rise, you did not do so as you were originally, as a man. Your soul was instead emplaced within a constructed golem of bone, a celebration of the power of the Gods. You are far larger than the average man and imbued with far more power, though the specifics of your shape may vary. You gain access to the Golem Shape section later on for free as well as a certain amount of CP to spend there.

You are whatever gender you were previously, though you may change this for 50CP. Your age is 1000 years plus 1d8 centuries, though a great deal of this time was spent entombed and asleep.

Perks

100CP perks are free for their origins and other perks are discounted to their associated origins.

Undead Traits- Free and Mandatory For All

You are undead. Between life and death. Your flesh and organs have long since rotted from your body, leaving you as naught but bones, animated by your own soul. Your soul remains within your body as a result of countless rituals and spells performed over your form prior to and during your burial. As an undead, you do not age. You have no requirements or ability to do bodily functions such as eating, drinking, sleeping or breathing. You have no organs to damage or blood to bleed. The only way to kill you would be to smash up your bones till nothing the size of a skull or larger remains.

You are enchanted so that, even despite lacking muscles or skin, you can move with superhuman strength and speed, as well as move and think at all. Whilst many lesser Nehekharan undead require the presence of a Liche Priest to maintain awareness and only have the most basic of personalities, you have no requirement for support from a Liche Priest and you maintain your full cognitive functions in this form. However, as you are just old bones, you are quite vulnerable to fire, despite the relative sturdiness of your form.

After the jump ends, this will become an Alt form for you.

Scarab King- 300

A curse that you turned to your advantage and control. Long ago, you were cursed by the Gods of the desert, transforming yourself into a living mass of scarabs. You learnt to control this though, learning how to switch between it and your original form at will. No doubt the Gods are unhappy given you spat in their eye but with how lethal this form has made you, you may find it difficult to care. You may take on the form of a swarm of scarabs, several times your own body mass in the amount of them are created. Not only do you have full control over each and every scarab, you will survive so long as even one of them remains. However, these scarabs cannot go more than a few dozen meters from the majority of scarabs, simply fading away if they go too far. The Scarabs also eat at the spirit of whoever they attack at the same time as they eat at the flesh, eventually spreading the remaining shreds of the soul into the air.

Lore of Nehekhara- 200 (Free for Liche Priests)

The magic unique to Nehekharan Priests. The powers of the desert and its gods, heat and the sun and the dead things that reside in the desert, all these fall under the Lore of Nehekhara. A wizard versed in it could draw all the water from a man's body by desiccation, unleash blasts of biting and tearing sand or boiling heat, enhance his warriors with many protective spells and buffing magics or, of course, raise and control the dead. More than any other, the Lore of Nehekhara has incredible powers to be gained over the dead, with great wizards being able to raise thousands upon thousands of undead warriors on their own. There is a vast amount of power to be discovered in this lore, especially around the dead or in the desert.

Purchasing this option grants you a fair amount of knowledge and training in this magic, enough that you could competently cast many low level spells and even some of middling power, as well as have a wide range of knowledge on Nehekharan legend and rituals. Liches gain this option for free and gain much more out of it, having had decades of training under other wizards in the magic.

For an extra 100CP each, those who buy or gain this perk for free may purchase similar levels of training that they gained from this perk in the Lore of Light and the Lore of Death, both styles with many offensive, defensive and esoteric uses, though the Lore of Death would combine best with the undead magics of Nehekhara.

Tomb Prince

Equals Amongst Equals- 100
There are innumerable kings and princes that have been raised from the dead. Nehekhara was an empire that stood for thousands of years and dozens or even hundreds of dynasties rose and fell during that time. You may be a King but you are in no way special in the desert because of it. Perhaps that is a good thing, having equals. You have learnt to acknowledge others as equals if they really are, being able to treat anyone fairly and politely if you believe they are of equal standing no matter your normal attitude to them. Better yet, others have learnt this in regards to you as well. As long as you do have some sort of equal standing, such as both being princes or kings, you'll be treated with respect and politeness by others. It won't stop them killing you but at least they won't desecrate your bones.

I Shall Remain Behind- 100
Time has passed whilst you slept beneath the sands. Your once great kingdom aged to dust, being little more than sand blasted ruins at best. Could you ever find a way to truly return Nehekhara to its once great glory when you yourself are no more than bones? Perhaps, as the great Settra has chosen to do, it would be better to simply remain as an eternal watcher and ensure that no one defiles your homeland any further. You can stay focused like this, with not a single lapse, for weeks, months or even years on end. An undead being has no need of rest, food or water, thus you can remain perfectly vigilant or focused without any such thing as boredom or stray thoughts taking your mind away. Even in the din of battle, you can perfectly focus yourself on a single opponent, though this sort of tunnel vision may not be worth the danger that comes with it.

A Loyal Household- 200
The Mortuary Cult was created to serve the Kings of Nehekhara and yet, over time, it seemed more and more like the Kings of Nehekhara would follow the wills of that Cult. They hid vital secrets from their masters and parlayed their supposed inability to discover eternal youth into continuing power. What kind of servant hides secrets like this from their master and calls themselves loyal? Not yours, for certain. All those who serve you become quite plainly obvious as to whether they are loyal or not. Not only will you know when one of your servants is loyal, you will also find they never fear being honest and helpful towards you, though they would never breach codes of conduct to do so. Disloyal servants become quite obvious, particularly when they lie, left as stuttering, mumbling wrecks by the attempts to lie to you.

Beloved of Asaph- 200
Asaph, the goddess of snakes, took a particular liking to you in your days of living. You were blessed by her, never to fear poison or toxins and to be favoured by the many snakes of the world. Useful to be sure, you had many favoured snake pets in your childhood, but it was only when you awoke from your centuries long slumber that Asaph granted you your full powers. As righteously angered as you yourself at the state of Nehekhara, she granted you the power to emit and exude almost any form of poison on the planet, certainly any form used by snakes, and to command any snake to serve you and fight at your side. All she desires in return is for you to bite and strangle to death the scum that hurt this kingdom.

Million Year Reign- 400
Settra the Imperishable united the entirety of Nehekhara long ago and expanded it far beyond its original borders. As magnificent a conqueror and ruler as he was, not all of his successors could hope

to even maintain the great empire he built. It grew and shrunk over the years, eventually falling into total ruin because of the sorcerer Nagash. What if his legacy had been every bit as everlasting as he believed it would be? Now you'll have the chance to find out what that could result in for yourself. Anything you leave as a form of legacy, whether it be an empire you accede to a successor or a business you bequeath to an employee or even a school whose teaching you entrust to another, will never degrade below what you brought it to. Kingdoms do not shrink, businesses do not take downturns and so on. Concentrated, active hostile action from your enemies against these legacies you have left behind will not be averted, though action taken by rivals to those legacies that appear after you leave it will be.

The Curse of the Mummy- 400
A blight upon all who steal from the most sacred treasures of the Tomb Kings of Nehekhara. Those tombs, and the bodies laid within, were given countless wards and protective enchantments to protect them from thieves and desecraters and to curse all those who manage to get away. This curse will effect anyone who steals from you, even a single bronze coin lifted from your pouch is enough to count. Once afflicted, they will be stricken with disgusting plagues and sicknesses, cursed with horrid bad luck and aged far beyond their years. Only be returning what they stole can they stop it from progressing any further, though what they have already suffered will remain with them as a reminder. If someone were to go so far as to manage to actually kill you, the curse would apply at an even greater level, slaying all but the strongest beings of this world in a slow, agonising death.

Jumper Does Not Serve- 600
The kings of Nehekhara were prideful, one and all. Even the wisest and most skilled would brook no insult to their personage or their kingdom. For the many who tried to invade Nehekhara and sought to take advantage of this pride, they soon found it every bit justified, as the foul invaders were repelled again and again. It was only a man born in Nehekhara who could bring it down as no outsider could ever make the desert kingdom bow its head. You felt this pressure on you many times, the pressure to hold yourself upright no matter what confronts you. If you were unsuited for ruling, you would have broken. But were you ever suited. No matter what confronts you or what is laid before you as temptation, you cannot be controlled by another. No matter how the attempt is carried out, it simply fails against you. Mental domination, trickery with words or bribes, attempts to puppet your physical form with magic or wires. They may smash your bones and leave you as naught but a chattering skull but you remain a King and a King does not serve any but himself.

Jumper Rules- 600
In your life, you watched as your father was entombed after his death. It was not yet your time so you did not join him, instead ascending to take the throne of Nehekhara for yourself. You are a Tomb King in your own right, a paragon of a ruler and warrior. In this life you are honoured above all others and even in all future lives, you will never be forced to a position below what you are worth, always a high born with wealth and power, instead of a slave scrabbling in the sand at the feet of his betters. Your will has King is a mighty thing indeed, even in life it could be physically felt by those around you. In death? It has stretched across all of your kingdom, lifting up and supporting your soldiers and your cities. As long as your will holds out, you may empower and hold up your empire, granting it a vitality and endurance far beyond what it should normally have. The greater your empire however, the greater the strain of this act will be for you. But surely, if you had come into the holding of such an empire rightfully, you would have the will to control it.

Liche Priest

But Of Course My Lord- 100
All Priests of the Mortuary Cult are excellent liars. They've had centuries of experience at the art after all. Stringing along the many dynasties that supposed their rule over the Cult, they tricked one and all into believing that the potion for everlasting youth was only ever a few years away and that the Cult had no true form of immortality of its own. It is sad that the Cult's lies were so great that they overlooked the flaws in their own pretence at immortality. You are every bit as great a liar as the High Priests themselves, able to tell the most ridiculous of falsities to the face of your King without a twitch of your face or a single skipped heartbeat. You are even better at omitting information and manipulating others so that they do not pursue further questions as to that missing information.

Don't Kill The Messenger- 100
As excelling at lying as the priesthood was, there came times when one would have to directly answer the interrogations of the King. These were rarely pleasant and usually resulted in the death of whoever was sent as messenger. Only the very canniest of Priests, such as yourself, figured out ways to avoid the wroth of their rulers. When you are the messenger of bad news, you'll find yourself never blamed or harmed for the act of delivering it. Even the most prone to anger lords won't think to harm you and if you were actually a part of the cause of that bad news, you'll find this the perfect opportunity to deflect attention onto another involved in the incident, even tangentially. Turn an attempt to get rid of you with the anger of your lord into a chance to rid yourself of one of your many rivals.

The Gods Are Not Gone Yet- 200
Many of your fellows believe that the Gods of old Nehekhara have long since abandoned their people. Magic is left and the spirit world is still plainly visible to those who would look but the cynical eyes of some priests believe that they are just remnants left by an uncaring pantheon. You know differently. They are quitter perhaps, more wary in these times of Chaos, but the Gods of the desert stand aside its people as they ever have. When you call out to them, they notice and answer. Never will you be ignored or noticed and dismissed as irrelevant. So long as some form of deity is out there, you know how to contact them and how to get them to answer. This provides no assurance that they will not respond in anger or contempt, so be sure to bring many lavish sacrifices to appease them.

Planning for the Long Term- 200
The Liche Priests, for all their cunning and trickery, failed to fully research the spells of immortality that they subjected themselves to. They believed that by binding their souls to their own body, they would live forever. They were right. What they assumed wrongly was that they would live forever with eternal youth accompanying that longevity. They were wrong. They continued to age, rotting away till they were animated skeletons with dusty, leathery sacks of skin hanging from their bones in strips. If only you could have known the long term consequences of that act, you might have chosen to pass it over yourself. At least now you will not make the same mistake, as you are aware of the long term consequences of any magic, ritual or other process done to yourself. If a spell would cause your death after sixty years of empowering you, you would know that. If a serum would result in gaining a cancerous tumour within you, you would know that upon examining the serum, even if you could not have found it out before.

Power Behind the Throne- 400
Not all are born onto the top of societies' ladder of status. Some need to crawl their way to the top, digging their fingers into every hole that they find. The Cult is no different, a mess of politicking and centuries old grudges and loves being played out. You knew to survive, you had to become one of the important ones, the ones that could not be easily replaced. You learnt how to use what influence you had, social or otherwise, to gain greater and greater power. Making connections and deals, manipulation and bribery, taking every opportunity for more power that presents itself. You can do it all with skill and make yourself look right and honourable whilst doing so. You even know how to hide your actions from those who might see your gathering power as a danger, obscuring your growing influence and wealth and painting yourself as far lesser, at least to those who might try to stop your ascension.

A Leech on Two Legs- 400
It would seem that so many years of your spirit desperately clinging to your physical form have paid off, in a way. Your soul is a tenacious thing, like a leech that refuses to be pulled away from a diseased tumour. Attempts to remove your soul from your body simply fail, unable to separate the two. They can hack away at your spirit and damage it just fine but even when only a few shreds are left, your spirit won't leave that rotting shell of meat and bones you call a body until you allow it too. That tenacity has allowed your body to survive quite grievous wounds too, even for an undead abomination like yourself. They need not kill your soul to kill you bodily, but it would take more than anyone else to destroy your body fully. They'd need to burn your bones totally to ensure your death, whereas other undead may only need to be sufficiently shattered.

Nothing Remains Buried Forever- 600
Khatep, the Grand Hierophant, was the one sent to reveal the full extent of the Mortuary Cult's treachery to Settra the first King. Khatep was cast out, exiled to seek a way to restore Nehekhara to its original heights. Even for the greatest and oldest of the order, finding such an ephemeral thing must be a daunting task. But Khatep still searches, wandering the desert wastes. Over time, some priests have joined him temporarily, assisting his search but few last. You spent some time with the ancient elder and realised something in that time. Nothing is ever lost. Not even in the infinite sands of Nehekhara. So long as you search, you will eventually find what you are looking for. Whether it be a single, specific golden coin or a great spell to accomplish a great task or even something without physical form, such as glory or immortality, you will find it in time. Time is certainly something you have now and you'll need it, as even though you will always find what you are looking for, it may take centuries or millennia or more to discover.

High Priest of Nehekhara- 600
The lofty heights of the High Priestdom are now yours to join. You have become a Liche High Priest, the most powerful and knowledgeable of all of the priesthood of death. Your powers with the magics of life and death, particularly those unique to this land such as the Lore of Nehekhara, have grown to staggering levels of might. You have a knowledge of the rituals, ceremonies and traditions of Nehekhara unmatched by any save Khatep himself. You could have unsealed the greatest of tombs and performed the rituals to summon Settra and his great army alone if you were awake at the time. And if you had done so, summoned the dead yourself, your will would stay with them regardless of your presence. The undead you create or raise up do not require the presence of a priest to maintain themselves or energy to continue functioning, though you may still forcefully dismiss your own creations.

Tomb herald

Getting Your Dues- 100
Too often are the true heroes of the day passed over in favour of giving credit to the warriors of more noble birth or the commander of the army. As you rose through the ranks in your original life, you knew that those around you would suffer these setbacks, even when they accomplished feats of heroism almost as great as your own. You never knew it personally though, as you have always been personally recognised and singled out for each and every genuine accomplishment you have done. You will be given your rightful dues, even if your superiors look down upon you for your foreignness or your growing stature in the army.

Horse of the Sands- 100
The Chariots of the Nehekharan army were once feared across the world. In the open fields or the rolling dunes, they were unmatched in speed and power and the cavalry of the other kingdoms could have no hope of ever matching them. Many times you commanded one of these vehicles, for war and for the entertainment of your lord as well. You're a master of handling a chariot and a horse, able to fight just as well as if you were on solid ground, even if you are standing atop a galloping horse. You are even able to use your mount or vehicle itself to attack, expertly directing it to smash into opposing cavalry without taking damage yourself.

Voice of the King- 200
The voice of a Herald is the voice of the King. As your lords' right hand, you were entrusted with his authority wherever you went. That authority, and indeed any other authority you may have had or will have, was never doubted no matter what you looked like or what situation you were in. So long as you rightfully have it or it has been rightfully invested in you by another, all will know you are truthful when you say you speak with the voice of the King. Even if you didn't, your long experience in doing so has shown you how to trick others into believing you do. Only those with personal knowledge of what is really going on or the most cunning of individuals would realise you are falsely claiming authority you do not have.

The Eternal Soldier- 200
When you were buried alongside your liege, your armour and sword were left on you. It would be needed for the moment you wake up, as you would be required to immediately look to protect your King from any possible dangers. For that sake, those weapons and armour were enchanted in a similar way to your own body, to prevent them from rusting and aging to dust. Your gear is all the same way, sharing in your magic to ensure that it will never age or become damaged from the passing of time. Swords never rust or lose their edge, armour does not gain weaker bonds over time and even food will not spoil when held in your bags.

The Man from the North- 400
The story of a foreigner joining the legions of Nehekhara and working his way up to serving at the right hand of Settra the Imperishable himself is a popular one, if more than a bit outrageous in times after Settra's rule. It's no lie and hardly something that cannot be repeated, as you yourself found. You have the ability to find your way into all but the most exclusive of groups with ease and to work yourself up to a high positions once you have found your way in. Countless opportunities to easily prove yourself will be presented to you, as will chances to perform legendary deeds, though they will also be legendarily difficult. Even if you simply remain complacent, enjoying the benefits of having each of your victories exaggerated to others, you would end up as a respected, valued and wealthy

commander. But take the chance given to you and do something really special? You could find yourself serving at the right hand of the king himself, even as the nobility protest your lineage.

Trial by Steel- 400
To solve the endless infighting between the various Kings and Princes of Nehekhara, a method of dispute resolution was created. Rather than pitting entire armies of the same nation against each other, problems and crimes would be solved through personal combat. Duels of honour. For many, the Herald or Bodyguard would represent them in these duels, though some Kings and Queens fought their own battles. You are able to continue this tradition, in this world and any others, solving problems through a trial by combat. Whether to first blood, surrender or death, by defeating your foes this way, they will accept your decision or rightfulness in the case. It must be a somewhat fair battle and it must be one on one, though either of you may choose a champion to fight for you, if said champion is willing. Once the duel is won, the matter is done and both sides, including yourself, will be held to the outcome. If you accuse a man of treason and duel him to prove yourself right and lose, he will be found innocent of this attempt and likely future ones, having been shown to have the favour of the gods.

I Alone Will Hold The Line- 600
A herald is the last line of defence for a King of the desert. When their armies have been slaughtered, their walls smashed and their wards blown open, only the Herald stands between the King and death. Many times, despite their incredible combat prowess, a Herald has fought and died, failing to save their King. But there are some Heralds who defy fate and reason. Some Heralds who stand at the gates and beat back whole armies. Heralds like you. Few in this world can say they match you in a fight, as you can bring low even the worst monsters of this world on your own. Men, elves, orcs and worse have been felled in the thousands by your blade, without a single wound in return and even the great beasts of the desert, from dragons to terrible Daemons, have been left bleeding on the ground. So long as you could find a proper place, you could indeed hold back a whole army. Or you could simply call out your challenge and have them answer. For when you do so, you focus the attention of the entire opposing force upon yourself. If they are attacked by another, this spell will be broken, but until it does, they will see no target other than yourself and they must defeat you before they can proceed past you.

Soul Guard- 600
The bond between yourself and your King is even closer than with most Heralds and their Kings. The two of you enacted a ritual of sorts under the eyes of the High Priest of your Kingdom, binding your souls together for all eternity. Even in the next life, you would be drawn to one another and be able to share your thoughts and life. For as long as one of you lived, so would the other, albeit just barely on the edge of life unless brought back with other means. The High Priest, as they are wont to do, hid that the procedure had never been done to this extent and thus an unpredictable element was introduced. You are not limited with this bond to merely your King. Though you may only link your soul with one other willing being at a time, you may change this target freely and as many times as you wish.

Necrotect

My Weight in Gold- 100
There are so many like you, architects and artisans who aspired to have their skills chosen to create the tomb of some particularly notable King. With all the hotheads and big egos, it's important to keep note of how good you really are and how much someone would pay for the use of someone with your skills. Gives you a better bargaining point if you know what people will start at. You've always got an accurate assessment of how good your own skills are in comparison to the majority of your peers in that skill area, as well as how much those skills are worth to any particular person.

Heart's Desire- 100
All Necrotects are skilled architects and designers. They wouldn't have the job if they weren't and you're no different. You're gifted with any sort of architecture, trap making or monument designing. What makes you special is that you have a sense for what your customers really want. You can picture in your mind the exact ideal of the thing they're hiring you to build and create it. Closer than any instructions could communicate to you, you understand their wish and you know what it should look like, though the construction of such a thing may yet be beyond your means. Still, if you can carry it out, they'll love you for it, even if it differs from the instructions they said to you.

Master of Slaves- 200
To construct the immense tombs and monoliths you were ordered to create, you needed the assistance of countless labourers and workers. You could not construct it on your own but you could direct many others to do it for you. You became a slave driver unlike any other. Not only can you motivate a force of thousands to work on your own, without a single rebellious action being taken against you by any less than a real heroic sort, you can also turn even uneducated slaves into an effective work force. They are unlikely to know what they are doing or how it should be done but under your watchful eye, they will not make mistakes and will work as if using your own two hands.

Rune Carving- 200
Necrotects themselves are usually inexperienced in the ways of magic. It's rarely their duty to cast spells or command rituals, yet they are often called upon to inscribe runes on a vast scale or otherwise prepare things for magical means. You're very skilled at creating structures or items that can be channelled or used with magic, even whilst lacking it yourself. If you had a mage or wizard on hand, you'd even be able to work in tandem effortlessly, crafting items or structures suited to that person's magic in particular, working even better for them than anyone else.

A Monument to Time Itself- 400
You built things to last. A monument to death that itself dies may have a certain appeal to more philosophical sorts but you wanted your monuments to last for eternity, so that everyone would look upon them and know the glories that your mind had wrought. What objects or structures you create, by your own hand or by your direction, will last forever. The passage of time and the environment around it will not degrade it or damage it or destroy it. Even blows against it, attempts to demolish what you have made, will see their blades break long before the stone you laid down does. Your creations are imbued with supernatural durability, though they will not last forever or be protected against anything, they will be proof against mere mortals trying to defile your art.

You'll Pay For This- 400
All your life, there's been hate inside of you. It's not as simple as just having a temper, even a homicidal temper isn't a match for what you felt when a slave marred a stone to be placed into one of your pieces of art. You beat that slave with a whip so hard he was reduced to paste on the ground. How could you have struck with so much more force then what your body normally contained? It's because your hatred empowers you far beyond your normal physical limits and after being buried alive, you learnt how to make yourself hate anything. You can make anything into a target for the black hate within your heart, empowering your blows to tear through their bodies. You can even spread this hatred to those around you, taking just a few minutes to convince your allies to hate something as violently as you do and only a little longer for strangers on your side, though both of these will only last for the course of your current battle.

A Creator's love- 600
They underestimate the love you put into what you create. The pride of a Necrotect, a true Necrotect, is not just in his own skill but also in the wellbeing of his own creations. For you to awaken and see that the tomb that you built and were buried in still stands, unbroken despite the many centuries of abuse it has suffered, how could you possibly not feel the love of a parent for how long your creations stood tall. For some Necrotects, their creations begin to respond in kind, moving to their will to serve their creator-parents. You may command and control any such construct you have designed and crafted or overseen the construction of as the head of the team. The stone of your tomb bows to your will, blocks shuffling and rolling about to create new configurations. Swords that you craft sharpen or lose their edge at your command or even turn upon their wielders. In your presence, your constructions will even repair themselves from damage, healing as if they were truly alive.

Bigger Is Always Better- 600
You're a true visionary, even amongst the most celebrated of your peers your creations would be known as truly awe-inspiring things. Grace, realism, detail, you are almost unsurpassed in all areas. But you have a certain specialisation, one more suited for a Necrotect than any other. The bigger it is, the more complex it is, the easier it is for you to make it. The larger the tomb and more intricate it's design, the less time it takes for you to have fully working plans drawn up. Even the actual construction becomes easier in the same way, with larger and larger constructions seeming to be more and more fortunate. Extra supplies turn up out of nowhere, the slaves are in perpetual good moods and shortcuts that cut time and resources needed without lowering quality are found aplenty.

Golem

Sand Worm- 100
Countless of your kind were buried deep beneath the sands. Unlike the previously human warriors, your kind were rarely buried deep within a constructed tomb. Instead, you were left outside the tomb, to guard the inhabitants in life and death. Thus, the many golems were buried beneath the sand. It hardly seems to slow you down though, no matter your actual shape. You can move through sand as quickly as on land and maintain awareness of your position and surroundings, digging through it at high speed to surface or move around unnoticed. It's a terrifying thought, realising something as large and powerful as you can move unnoticed beneath the endless dunes.

Eternal Guardian- 200
The sigils and runes that bind your warrior's soul to the golem you now reside within were different from those of the normal warrior. A great, ever watchful guardian such as yourself could not be expected to be rely on the presence of a sorcerer or priest to maintain yourself, When you are summoned or bound to a being or location, you never require the presence of your summoner or additional energy to remain there. Outside assistance is unneeded, as a guardian like yourself will remain as long as needed, though you remain able to release yourself purposefully.

Warded Titan- 400
The bones that make up your body were individually inscribed with powerful runes and symbols to ward off magic, evil and corruption. Your body is a gigantic bastion of defence. Only the strongest of wizards could get past your defences, only a powerful Daemon could corrupt you past your purity wards and even the vile powers of the more unclean forms of undead will fail to find purchase on your body, so long as the wards hold out against them. These protections even extend to whatever you are touching, the runes scrawling over to protect allies or weapons in contact with you, though they can only stretch so far.

Conduit- 600
The core of your golem form was made in a special way, so as to make your entire body a conduit to the spiritual realm. Your entire body races with power, granting you increased strength and speed but the real advantage of this trait is what those allies around you will gain. As a conduit, you will not benefit yourself, but you will greatly empower the magics of all friendly magic users within a good distance around your own body. The open connection to the spirit realm bolsters their energy, reduces the strain they must meet to cast and allows them to do so with much greater power than normal. This conduit hood seems to affect even magics from other worlds or things that are not strictly magical in nature, yet still operate on similar principles.

Golem Form

This is the form your body takes on as a Golem, the container in which your soul was sealed away. You may only choose one option. Golems get 300CP to spend on any one option. Non-Golem origin takers may pay 100CP to gain access to this section but do not gain any free CP to spend on options here. This reflects their soul being placed in a golem container like this while retaining their former history and abilities.

Ushabti- 200
Your body is one of the Ushabti, statues carved in the like of the animalistic Gods of the desert. You stand at over twice the height of a man and could strike fear into the hearts of even brave men with your animal skull visage. You have enough strength to pop a man's skull like a grape, even wearing a helmet, with only a twitch of your hand and your bones were enchanted to be even more durable then thick steel.

Necroserpent- 200
A huge stone snake has become your form, large enough that when coiled up it stands at twice the height of a man. The powerful serpentine body can crush armoured knights and horses together with ease and all necroserpents have venom dripping from their fangs, potent enough that a single drop could kill a dozen warhorses.

Tomb Scorpion- 200
You were sealed into the body of a giant, bone formed scorpion, bigger than a draft horse and much wider. Your pincers can slice men in half with a single click and your large tail is capable of not only impaling a man outright but also of delivering a truly deadly poison, one that few beings could shake off without harsh wounds. Your body is also surprisingly resistant to magic, letting you ignore minor spells and magical effects due to the runic work put into your form.

Sepulchral Stalker- 300
The Sepulchral Stalkers retain the snake like body of a Necroserpent yet also gain the upper body of a man, allowing to wield huge weapons at the same time as they crush the life form foes with their long lower bodies. They are feared for something much different than this however. The gaze of one of these beasts, when met with the eyes of another, will turn any being into nothing but sand. Even the briefest contact could turn a limb to sand in the wind and any more than that would result in instant death.

Khemrian Warsphinx- 300
You have become one of the great Sphinxes of the desert. You have the body of a lion, if a lion were four times the height of a man. You have a full body, formed of pure stone that has been magically enhanced, such that only direct hits from war machines would harm you. Your roar belches forth a gout of super-hot flame, enough to melt iron and flesh alike or even reduce bone to ash. You also begin with a howdah on your back, with enough room for four or five to ride on it, though you remain a deadly foe even without the support that comes from accompanying mages or archers.

Necrolith Colossus- 400
The Necrolith Colossus is simple in comparison to some other golems. It is nothing more than an immense, humanoid skeleton, standing taller than a Khemrian Warsphinx. That size is its great

advantage however, as it is stronger and tougher than anything in Khemri save the Necrosphinxes and the tombs themselves. A colossus can pick up and fling a man across a battlefield or batter its way through the wall of a tomb given enough time, whilst shrugging off anything short of the blows of a dragon. They are gifted with fitted armour and weapons for their size, huge blades and bows that can wreak as much destruction as any siege engine yet only they have the power to use effectively.

Hierotitan- 400

Similar in size to the Colossus, though they are weaker and less durable by a notable margin. A hierotitan is not made for direct combat, though they remain extremely powerful warriors in such conditions. They were made to be magical siege engines and work their purpose excellently. In one hand, a Hierotitan carries a magical staff that can unleash a light that both wards away evil spirits or Daemons and causes the enemies of the titan to burst into flames. In the other, they carry a magical scale, one that can judge whether one is worthy to pass into the afterlife or if one is fated for the underworld's fiery pits. Any enemy of a hierotitan is bound for the latter and the scales can unleash dozens of ethereal hands to tear away the souls of their foes and drag them to the pits. The nature of a Hierotitan is also such that it serves as a conduit to the spiritual realm, allowing those wizards who uses the lore magic of this world far greater power when near you, though the Hierotitan blocks enemy wizards from benefiting.

Necrosphinx- 500

You are perhaps the most deadly, terrifying and unholy thing to come out of Nehekhara since Nagash himself. You are considered by even the Liche Priests to be an evil creation. You stand twice as tall as a Warsphinx, making you six times the height of a normal man. You have the lower body of a lion, one that can run at incredible speeds, and the upper body of what might be called a man. Your arms are razor sharp blades, each capable of bisecting a dragon in a single blow, though these arms may also be converted to normal hands at your leisure. Your body also has two great, hawk like wings that allow you to fly at great speeds across the deserts. The immense tail that stretches from your back is not only a weapon on its own, but has a stinger the size of the largest of great swords. Anything that survived being pierced would surely die to the poison contained within. Your entire body is made of reinforced stone, layered with thick and enchanted gold and metal as armour and decorations. Perhaps only a similarly large and deadly beast could harm you and it would be a hard task to live long enough to do so.

Items

100CP items are free for their respective origins and all other items for those origins are discounted to those origins.

Spare Bones in Your Size- 50

With a Priest at hand, it's perhaps possible to replace broken or missing bones of your body but that will often not be the case. Sometimes you'll be out in the field and some vile greenskin will appear to tear off and shatter your arm. Of course you'd slay the monster but what is to be done for your limb? This mound of bones never seems far from your presence, always being just out of sight, and always has bones in just the right size for you. They seem to plug right in too, only needing you to give a good shove to connect the new bone, which will be every bit as good as what you lost.

Tomb Kings Miniatures- 50

A black box, engraved with a golden warhammer on the side, and made of polished wood. Within the box is a limitless number of professionally painted miniatures for the Warhammer Fantasy Battles board game, specifically the units and models from the Tomb Kings army. Included is also every edition of the Tomb Kings army book and every edition of the Warhammer Fantasy Battles core rules.

Tomb- 300

No matter your origin of choice, you awake within a tomb. Buried within it or standing as a silent guardian, it is a tomb connected to you in some way. Perhaps it was built for you or your father. Perhaps you were laid to rest alongside your master in it. Maybe it was built under your own guidance as the chief architect. Or maybe you were installed as a watchful guardian at the gates. But it is an ordinary tomb, nothing special, even for a King. Purchasing this option gives you the chance to not only change that with access to the Tomb Section later on, along with 1000 Tomb Points (TP) to spend there, but also the ability to bring your tomb with you to future worlds.

Tomb Prince

Deathmask- 100
For your burial, an ornate, full face mask was created. Fitted perfectly to you and crafted with the most incredible skill, this mask looks like you if you were even more beautiful then you truly are. From porcelain, gold and other valuable materials, it was enchanted with magic to act and move as if it were your real face. A minor addition at the time but a surprise boon in your current state, as it allows you to take on the appearance of being truly alive, even if under the mask you are as bony as ever.

Nehekharan Crown- 200
A full headed crown created by the artisans of your family. Made for a king, it is quite obvious to all who see the wearer that the wearer is of most noble birth, though not all people will respect you just for that. Those who wear the crown however, may force their will upon those around them, gaining an ability to compel those who hear the wearer's words to follow those words as absolute orders. Sadly, the effect on its own is rather weak and while it does increase with the user's willpower, it would take a truly immense amount to turn it into a powerful form of domination.

Chariot of the Gods- 400
An immense golden chariot with scythed wheels, drawn by four similarly large, skeletal horses. This chariot has been blessed by each God of the desert, granting it speed far beyond any other chariot, the ability to move smoothly on any terrain no matter how uneven or dangerous and the ability to light itself on fire with holy flames, flames that will only damage the enemies of the rightful driver, yourself. The Chariot and its mounts can batter their way through anything short of a warded tomb wall and each horse will act to strike out at any foe who comes too close. The chariot will never break and nothing short of an outright attack will make the horses trip or stumble.

Banner of the Hidden Dead- 600
A large army banner, emblazoned with a golden hawk flying over the desert sands, this is a powerful relic. Originally held by the personal legion of Settra the Imperishable himself, it is able to summon that legion, or at least a portion of it, anywhere the banner is planted. Once planted, thousands of skeleton warriors will rise from the ground and even numerous golem creations will accompany them, rising to fight at the will of the master of the banner. So long as the banner remains planted, the army will continue to fight until they or the enemy is utterly destroyed. Once taken from the ground, the summoned warriors will fade away, back to the tombs from whence they came.

Liche Priest

Embalming Kit- 100
Carrying out a burial ceremony is quite the complicated task, needing many tools and materials. All Tomb Priests carried with them a collected set of the necessary ingredients and equipment, in case they were ever called to serve a member of the royal family as they died. It is perhaps not much use nowadays, though you'll find it quite handy for maintaining your own skeletal body. It seems the various pastes are good for your bones.

Scroll of the Cursing Word- 200
Created as a way to deal with enemy spell casters without wasting the energy of the wizard himself, these scrolls were created to kill those who try to cast a spell in the users' presence. When the incantation upon the scroll is read out, it will activate and attack any who are actively using magic within the surrounding area. Those who cast in this time will find their lungs filled with burning sand and their mouths filled with biting dung beetles. The scroll is used up by this and will replenish its use a day later.

Liche Staff- 400
An ancient copper staff, twisted in on itself at both ends. It has been engraved with the names of all the Gods of the desert and grants a significant boost to the power of any magic cast while it is in hand. The Liche Staff's real power however, is that it allows the user to avert catastrophic failures in their casting, making the caster aware of when their attempt is about to fail and bolstering their skill with its own to try and avert it if the caster does not decide to stop.

Casket of Souls- 600
An ornate casket, summoned and dismissed at your will to appear before you at any time. Normally stored in some distant tomb, it is always accompanied by two elite undead guards. The Casket of Souls, one of many of its kind, was used to store away the souls of all of a Tomb Kings' enemies, though only the greatest and richest of Kings could afford such an artefact. Among the most powerful magical items in Nehekhara, you are one of the Casket Keepers and thus have the right to summon it and its guards to your aid. Whenever it is summoned you find your magical energies empower significantly, though only once you incant a short ritual to open the Casket's lid does its' true nature become clear. Once opened, countless thousands of tormented, angry spirits will race out to devour the life force of any of the Casket Keeper's enemies, leaving no physical wounds and yet destroying the souls of all but the truly powerful warriors and monsters. Even witnessing the light emitted from within the casket is enough to burn away at a man's face, even if he is spared from the furious spirits within. Another incantation is all that is required for the spirits to be recalled to the Casket and sealed again. You also know the rituals to seal more souls into the casket, though be aware that its wards cannot hold everything, whether that is measured in power or quantity.

Tomb Herald

Heraldry Armour- 100
A gift from your master, a splendid set of armour fit for his right hand. Formed from the strongest and rarest metals in Nehekhara, the armour offers excellent protection across your entire body and looks quite good too, though it is in the colours of your King. It has no magical enchantments on it, save for a minor one that allows it to slowly repair and clean itself when not worn.

Cloak of the Dunes- 200
A long brown cloak originally created by Khsar, the God of the Desert Winds. When worn, the user can transform themselves into a living sandstorm, whirling across the dunes at great speed. Not only is the sand storm violent enough to strip skin and muscle from bone in under a minute, a large trail of whirling sand at almost the same speed is left behind the wearer as he travels, allowing him to trap people in dangerous sandstorms. This form may be held for a few minutes at a time, needing a short rest in between uses before the cloak will allow the user to transform again.

Flail of Skulls- 400
A gigantic flail formed from metal chains and human skulls. They make surprisingly good weapons, at least when attached to this handle and the chains that sprout from it. The half a dozen or so heads connected each hit with the force of a small giant's swing, able to slay a horse in a single blow with the impact of even a single head, much less all six. The heads aren't just any human skulls either but the skulls of kings and queens who have defied the Tomb Kings in the past. For every new royal skull added to the flail, the striking power of every head will increase significantly.

Destroyer of Eternities- 600
An immense black blade, ornately decorated with gold and almost as long as a man is tall. The Destroyer of Eternities is perhaps the most feared weapon ever to be created in Nehekhara, a weapon capable of destroying the very soul. The blade itself is impossibly sharp, able to slice through even the magically enchanted metal of a Necrosphinx with effortless ease but what it slays, it destroys utterly. When the body of a being is killed by the blade, the soul of that being is destroyed along with it. Not scattered or torn to shreds, simply erased from existence, never to pass on to the afterlife. It's no wonder a culture so obsessed with the great beyond would shiver at the thought of this black blade.

Necrotect

Slavemaster's Daughter- 100
A particularly nasty kind of whip. Nine ropes attached to a sturdy, comfortable to grip handle, and each rope has a heady, barbed lead weight attached to the end. The whip seems to almost come alive in your hands, it is so eager to punish and split open any who anger you. It'd never harm you, seemingly to have a sort of affection for you that you can feel when you hold it, and it unerringly seeks out the tenderest spots on those you strike with it. Any slave struck with this would be very unlikely indeed to risk another stroke.

Mountain of Blocks- 200
To make a tomb, you need stone. Lots of it even. Even an army of skilled workers can't make a castle from sand. The logistics of getting all the stone out aren't easy either, sometimes taking weeks of planning and travel to arrive, with any number of things that can go wrong. You need not go through the whole trial like this, since you never run out of stone, rock and other such things. You're able to bring out endless amounts of mundane stone or rock and though they will need hewing and cutting, the amount you save in money and time will be immense.

Enhil's Kanopi- 400
The Kanopi is a small jar, holding the heart of a High Priest from long ago. A powerful tool for and against magic users, opening the jar will result in all magical energy in a small area being sucked into the jar, though the storage space is not infinite it can still hold enough to drain a number of high level magicians of everything they have. It only affects magical energy in the air already, allowing it to destroy active spells and enchantments in an instant. It can also be utilised by magic users by drawing out the magic energy contained within, though such is an often risky process as if the jar breaks, it will release all it stores in a great explosion.

Slave Labour- 600
Even if you have the materials, which you hopefully do by now, you can't do all the work by yourself. The greatest of tombs required the lives of countless slaves toiling away to construct and unfortunately, you may not always be in reach of a good population of workers such as this. Now that you purchased this option, you'll never be empty handed when it comes to such things. When you need it, you can have up to a few thousand unskilled, broken in slaves appear in an area near yourself. They follow all your commands well enough, only needing rare encouragement, but they have no skills and are all quite stupid. They'll be dismissed at the end of whatever work you set for them is done or at the end of the day. You can bring them back the next day but if any are killed, by whatever means, it'll take a few days for that spot to be refilled.

Golem

Undead Men's Gold- 100
They certainly spent a lot of wealth in your creation. Your immense, skeletal frame is encrusted with gold and jewels and other precious materials and metals. Just the sight of you is a reminder of how great an empire Nehekhara once was and hopefully, how great it will be one day again. These decorations can be either embedded into your form or taking the form of a copious amount of precious jewellery that you can wear and share.

Gigant Weapons- 200
A giant cannot effectively wield the weapons of a normal soldier. This much was obvious to the creators of your current form, who fashioned weapons fit for one of your stature. Swords that can cleave three men in half at once, bows that fire arrows the size of lances, maces that can turn a chariot to splinters in one blow. You have an array of weapons, the sort usually found wielded by Nehekharan warriors that will always fit your current size, even if you grow or shrink from your current largeness.

Tomb Swarm- 400
In the desert, not just the bodies of humans were reanimated by Nagash's spell gone awry. The countless dead animals were returned to an undead state as well, a vast, invisible army of skeletal scorpions, scarabs, spiders and worms that crawl in great swarms to devour any flesh they can find. They seem drawn to you, perhaps the vast energy within your being soothes them? No matter where you are, a swarm of these ferocious bone insects and small animals can quickly gather to you and attack any of your foes, distracting and dealing countless small wounds. The swarm numbers great enough that it could cover you completely and can travel at quite surprising speeds. An enterprising guardian could use them to travel.

Entombed Priest- 600
Within your body was entombed another being entirely. A High Priest of the Mortuary Cult was buried within your body, in full or only his skull in the case of smaller beings taking this option. His spirit was reawakened along with your own, though his body remains unfortunately inert. He seems rather unbothered by this fact, quite happy to be able to laze around and watch what you do. He has a wealth of magical knowledge and knowledge of the lore and rituals of this country, all of which he is happy to share or give advice with. He lived for centuries through many dynasties and wars, even the time of Nagash's rule was experienced by this Priest. Doubtless he has much wisdom to dispense. At the end of the jump, you may remove his body from your own, though his spirit may remain with you if you wish instead of going with his body.

Tomb

Your very own tomb, at least if you bought the Tomb item. It may not have been built just for you but it is now yours nonetheless. This tomb will follow you to future worlds, placing itself in a location of your choice or becoming connection to the warehouse as you please.

Initially, this tomb takes the form of a pyramid of middling size, standing at around 80 metres high and almost 150 metres across. It contains a fairly lavish burial tomb for the lord of the tomb, smaller burial chambers that hold the currently inert bodies of a few dozen skeleton warriors and a treasure room with a modest amount of gold in it. A series of cut stone passages connect these basic rooms to each other and to the outside world, though these passages can all be sealed with giant stone blocks. The pyramid itself is made from large carved blocks of limestone.

For all the above and following purchases, they will all continue to work no matter how much time passes as if they were fresh. Traps will reset themselves over time, magical wards bought here will not run out after a century of work and the stones themselves will never wear down from wind or sand.

With this in mind, you now have 1000 Tomb Points (TP) to spend on further upgrades to your Tomb. You may also convert CP to TP on a 1:1 basis to gain even more TP to spend. Options that have multiple tiers do not need all tiers to be bought, you only pay for the highest cost that you are getting. Some options will be noted as being additional, meaning you must pay those costs on top of the base price. These will be noted with a + sign.

Make It Bigger- 200/400/600
The tombs of Nehekhara grew and grew over time, as each King competed to have his resting place be ever grander than his predecessors. It was not until Nagash created his Black Pyramid that the majesty and size of the first great King Settra's tomb was conquered. Now you have the chance to make something that can be seen from across the desert. Each purchase of this option, up to a max of three, will increase the size of your tomb significantly. Greater size will also influence and expand several options later in this section, so it can be quite costly.

For 200TP, your pyramid become several times as wide at the bases and reach heights of up to 400 metres into the air. For 400TP, your tomb will become the equal of Settra the Imperishable's, standing at a colossal 800 or so metres tall and being proportionately wide. For 600TP, it will stand level with the Black Pyramid itself, at just under two kilometres into the air and wide enough to store a small city within it's base.

Alternative Structure- 100
Not all tombs made by the Necrotect's took the form of pyramids, though that was indeed the most common. Towers, Castles, Temples, Forts built into the sides of mountains or even structures almost entirely underground, save for a relatively small entranceway. Buying this option allows you to change what your tomb was built in the shape of, though this is a one time purchase.

Alternative Materials-100/200/300
Limestone is the traditional material used for tombs but many of the wealthier or more magically inclined made use of materials more pleasing to their eyes. This option has three tiers of purchase.

For 100TP you may choose any form of mundane rock that exists and have it form the material of your tomb. For 200TP you may pick from any existing mundane material, from metals to gemstone to crystal to wood to candied sweets. For 300TP you may import a material you currently have access to, that must be a solid physical material, and have it form the material of your tomb. If you wish to have multiple materials, it will cost 50TP extra for each extra, though you must have already payed the full price for the tier you are gaining extras from. You may divide the Tomb's makeup between these materials however you wish.

Personalised Tomb- 100
A plain tomb is hardly as impressive as it could be, though with the size of even the most basic tombs such a sentence seems almost silly. Regardless, this purchase allows you to decorate and carve as many symbols, marks, decorations and statues as you will into the interior and exterior of your tomb. You could have hieroglyphics cover every single wall, floor and ceiling. Inanimate but impressive statues standing watch at the gates of the tomb. Have a thousand skulls carved into a ring around the outside of the tomb walls. These decorations must be cosmetic and not have any overt defensive or innate value beyond sheer intimidation, awe inspiring or beauty.

Extra Rooms- 50
Having just a half dozen or so chambers for an entire tomb…it's a bit of a paltry effort isn't it? Thankfully it seems like making extra rooms isn't all that expensive. For every purchase of this option, you'll gain a full dozen empty, fair sized rooms and passageways connecting them to the rest of the passage network and rooms. They don't have anything in them but perhaps you could find a use yourself.

Ancient Traps- 100/+100/+200
The Necrotects built countless automated protections into your tomb, to guard you even as you and your army slept. This option has multiple tiers of traps, in lethality and quantity. You and any of your servants will know the ways to easily and quickly bypass these traps, ways very difficult to find for any unwelcome visitors. For 100TP, the tomb will be filled with a great variety of mundane but effective traps. Pitfalls filled with spikes or snakes. Boulders rolling down hallways. Poisoned Arrow traps linked to opening doors or pressure plates. Rooms that will shrink, the walls moving inward or the room filling with sand to suffocate intruders. Whilst only a limited number of these traps may be taken, there is still enough for at least one per room and per hallway. For an extra 100TP, you may remove this numerical limit and fill every room and passage with deadly traps. An extra 200TP will imbue every trap with magic and add new magical spells as traps. Rooms that cast powerful death magic at any who pass the gates. Spears from the floor enchanted to pierce even the thickest steel. Halls that flood with lava or poison or dangerous necromantic energies at a single false step.

Labyrinthine- 100
The inner path ways of your tomb form a lengthy and confusing pattern. Only you and your servants are aware of the paths to get to any individual room. Any intruder would need to deal with countless dead ends, looping hallways and extra stairways that lead to pointless areas. If taken with Ancient Traps then the Labyrinth will include trapdoors, sliding walls and all manner of obscuring and confusing path tricks.

Treasure- 200
You lived a rich, fulfilled life before your burial and the state of your tomb shows it. The rooms are lavish in their decorations and wealth and the treasure room or rooms are all filled to bursting with

gold and gems and silver and every kind of valuable thing under the sun. There's enough to pay for a few armies in here or buy a small kingdom and it'll only increase in wealth the larger your tomb is. No doubt a tempting target for thieves, so it's lucky that your true wealth has remained hidden so far.

Riddles of the Sphinxes- 100
At the gates to your tomb and every door within, an animated carving of a Sphinx guards without fail. The presence of this Sphinx greatly enhances the durability of any gate or door and allows it to deny entrance to any who cannot break the door or answer its riddle. You can always decide what riddles the Sphinxes will give, though each one is quite an intelligent and crafty riddle crafter on its own. The only limit is that it must be at least somewhat possible to figure out the answer, even if that somewhat is nigh impossible.

External Structures- 100/200/300
Rare was the tomb that was naught but a single pyramid. Only the most basic of tombs had no external structure to them and yours certainly can't be called basic. Each purchase of this option will grant you a great number and size of these external structures. For 100TP, you may create a large number of pillars, statues or structures such as a large Sphinx statue outside your pyramid. For 200TP, these can be actual buildings, such as several small forts or guard stations, along with small monuments in shapes of your choosing. For 300TP, you may lay out an entire ruined city before your tomb, though it is hardly a city like the capital Khemri. It's survived quite well in face of the sand and wind over the years and would provide an able defensive point to position an army and stop invaders from reaching the gate to your tomb.

Mirage Machine- 200
Your tomb has a room within it with a device capable of bending light and wind around the tomb to form mirages. These mirages will be effective until the victim is only a dozen or two metres away from the tomb itself, allowing the tomb incredible stealth in the dunes. You may control what mirage is projected through the device and the size of the mirage will be determined by the size of your tomb.

Sun Machine- 400
Similar to the Mirage Machine, this room sized mechanism allows the lord of the tomb to manipulate the surrounding sands and the temperatures of the surrounding area, focusing the wrath of the desert. Sandstorms can be whipped up around the tomb in perpetuity, at great enough speeds to cut flesh in a few seconds of exposure. In places where sand is lacking, this machine will simply control the wind itself to accomplish the same effect. The temperature may be set to anywhere between the hottest possible within the desert midday to the coldest found at the midnight of the desert, both dangerous to even experienced desert livers.

Magical Warding- 200/400/600
The runes and spells inscribed into the walls and interior of your tomb protect it from physical and magical damage, as well as protecting the inhabitants from magical spells. Each tier of this option grants a greater level of protection. At the first tier of 200TP, the magic will ward away giant catapults and battering rams, along with protecting the tomb from all but the strongest of wizards of this world when they are casting alone. For 400TP, this magic extends so that not even dragons or giants could dent the walls of the tomb, even after days of pounding. The protections against magic will ensure that even the mightiest of mortal, or many immortal, wizards find no purchase on or

within your tomb, though this may change if they can find outside empowerment. For 600TP, your tomb could survive a titan flinging a great pyramid into it, explosives that could pulverise entire castles or the blows from the strongest of artefacts, though that last one may batter through after days of effort. The warding runes are such that even Nagash himself with his Black Pyramid would not be able to penetrate the tomb with magic, not without exhausting every shred of power within that fell creation.

Reservoir- 200
Your tomb was constructed in such a way as to gather and store magical energy, allowing you to pour power in with no limit to what it could potentially store. A wizard, working over years and years, could save up for a truly frightening spell with this. If he had a way of gathering power beyond just his personal use, the tomb could become a near endless wellspring of magical energy for him to utilise.

Magically Charged- 400
This tomb was made with a wizard in mind, perhaps you yourself. Being present within the tomb will magnify the power of any within it. Whilst there is only one level to this option, given the array of runes and formations can only increase your power so far on their own, it is enough to see a fivefold increase in your own power whilst within the boundaries of the tomb. The increased power will only affect the master of the tomb and those he allows to share in it, enemy wizards who have broken in will find themselves out of luck.

Golden Cap- 200
The desert sun beats down without rest on the Nehekharan Empire. Why not take advantage of that ceaseless attack? Your tomb's outer shell has been specially made to absorb the rays of the sun and convert them into magical energy. A day's worth of the sun is enough to provide power for a few dozen combat spells, so it can store at a fair rate and this rate will increase as the size of the tomb increases. You'll need something else to store this energy without limit, as the tomb can only store up to a week's worth of sunlight on its own.

Obelisks of Power-100 per
Several of the effects that can be added to your tomb require you to be within the tomb to benefit from them. Not always the situation and while this option will not get rid of that problem, it will serve to alleviate it greatly. Every purchase of this option adds a ring of stone obelisks in a circle around your tomb, each obelisk 5 kilometres away from the tomb. So long as you stay within the circle created by this ring of pillars, you will benefit from any effect that would require you to stay within the tome, even ones you add or create yourself. Every additional purchase adds another ring of Obelisks, another 5 kilometres out from the first.

Mobility- 200/500
Perhaps the biggest weakness of your tomb, which may otherwise serve as an excellent base, is that it is immobile. This gives you a chance to fix that. For 200TP, you may give your tomb a set of legs to walk on. Whether it be a thousand centipede legs, 8 spider legs or two humanoid legs, it will allow your tomb mobility, controlled by yourself from a room within the tomb. For 500TP, you may instead grant your tomb the power of flight. Such an immense structure moving faster than any horse could sprint is an awe inspiring sight and the tomb may even travel in the void of space, though you'd likely wish to find some way to make it faster if your plans include that sort of thing.

Tomb Kingdom- 500
There is far more than just a few squads of skeleton warriors resting within your tomb. Upon your death, your entire army was buried alongside you, thousands of warriors committing ritual suicide so that they could accompany you to the next world. Along with them are chariots, golems, beasts of all kinds. And that's just with the smallest of tombs. The larger your tomb, the larger your army grows. Can you imagine the undead legions that would emerge from something the size of the Black Pyramid?

Screaming Skulls- 100TP
Attached to the inside and outside of you tomb are hundreds of enchanted skulls. Imbued with the spirits of loyal servants, each skull can be commanded to ceaselessly speak or scream out certain words or phrases, at volumes ranging from shouting to ear rending in power. If you want your glories to be recited without end on every day or simply wish for your sieging foes to hear the screams of dying men at all hours of the night, the Screaming Skulls can do it for you.

Tomb Swarms- 200
The energy within your tomb, that which seals the tomb and brought you back to life, has seeped into the very ground surrounding the tomb. Countless dead animals, from rats to spiders to scorpions to birds, were turned undead by this aura. Curiously, the fact that it emanates from the tomb seems to have slaved their wills to that of the master of the tomb. Thousands upon thousands of these Tomb Swarm creatures surround your tomb, buried in the shifting sands and within hidden pockets inside the tomb itself, ready and waiting to spring out and attack any who come near.

Companions

Import- 50cp per

If you already have a retinue of your own, this is the option to take. For every time you take this purchase, you can import one companion you already have into this jump. They gain 600CP to spend on perks and items. They can take a free origin or pay with their CP for one of the costing ones, either way they gain all associated freebies and discounts for their origin. You may also use this option to create a new companion, following the same rules as the above.

Canon Companion- 100cp per

The Tomb Kings contain many epic characters, beings who have accomplished incredible feats of skill and strength and cunning. By taking this option, you may choose one particular character to get a chance to convince them to come along with you on future jumps as a companion. However, this only applies for characters a part of the Tomb Kings/Nehekhara part of the setting. Whilst there are many other interesting characters in this world, this is not the time for them.

King (Exclusive to Herald)- Free

Your master and your charge, this is the King who made you his right hand. He was a magnificent king in life and exactly the sort of person you personally would look to for a ruler and leader, even if this might make him an unorthodox King by Nehekharan standards. The two of you became very close over the years, enough that he could honestly trust you with his life and value your every word as heartfelt advice. He possesses all the perks of the Prince origin and seeks to restore his old kingdom, hopefully with his old friend by his side as well. This may be an imported companion instead.

Herald (Exclusive to Prince)- Free

The person who guarded you night and day, wherever you went and against any foe. They'd have stood up against even your parent, the ruler of the time, if your life was in danger. Again and again, they proved their loyalty and skill to you, showing that they truly, honestly desire to help you. They may be a silent guardian who only rarely offers wise advice or a more active, fiery sort who takes charge of you to do all they can to guide you to what they believe will make you happy. They have all the perks of the Herald origin and will stand by your side no matter what happens. This may be an imported companion instead.

Burial Army- 300

It is said that the number of dead laying asleep in the deserts of Nehekhara outnumber the living two times over. Surely there is plenty of room for you to bring in more friends. With this option, you may import as many companions as you wish. Each of these imports will gain the Undead Trait perk free and 300CP that they can use to spend on perks only and they will have no history in this world beyond being warriors for Nehekhara, even if they buy options that might give them certain histories such as becoming a Tomb King.

Nehekharan Legion- 100 per

The armies of the Tomb Kings are marching forth, with their leaders riding at the heads. Now you too will march at the head of a force of your own, an army of Nehekharan undead loyal only to you who will accompany you on future journeys. These are not companions but followers, beings who cannot be imported but do not take up a slot. They can be improved but if they die, they will be

replaced by a new being that was like them at their original form that you gained here. They will only be replaced at the start of each jump.

To create your legion, you will need access or a reference to the Tomb Kings 8th Edition Army Book. Every 100CP you spend on this option will give you 500 points to spend on army choices in that book. You may not buy named characters with these points and must obey all unit limits that would normally apply to whatever size in points your army is. This may restrict certain units or options from being taken more than a few times if you have a small enough legion. You may also expend points on gear or other upgrades for your units.

Drawbacks

You may take up to 800CP in drawbacks from the following selection.

Need That Nagash- +100

It's not like you can help it. Really, it's other people that should feel bad for accusing you of murder and treason. All you want is power, you've wanted that since the moment you could first think on your own. No one knows, just yet, but you're hardly covert about your ambitions and it's likely to become clear soon. Better hope word doesn't reach your superiors or you might have a fight on your hands. And…try to stay away from any mysterious artefact promising great power. It'd be very hard for you to resist.

Brittle Old Bones- +100

For most of your fellow countrymen, their bones were enchanted with magic to be sturdier then they were even in life. You missed out on those particular enchantments and with the sheer number of years that have passed, you're also looking at some very brittle bones. Your arm might snap if someone gave it a good slap, much less a heavy handed blow from a sword or mace. Even if you're made of metal or flesh, you'll find your body to be just as paper-weak, sapping your strength and speed as well, for fear of breaking something.

Macrotect- +100

The sight of those giant monuments, the sheer mass of the tombs of the great kings, those images embedded themselves deep within your mind as a child. You wanted to make something like that, but better, bigger. Even if you eventually succeeded, you know it'd never be enough. You have an uncontrollable desire to build bigger and bigger things and find it harder and harder to not devote all your time and resources towards the pursuit of making bigger and better monuments

Wasteland Wanderer- +200

You committed some great crime, one that caught the notice of Settra himself. You may have played a central part in managing the Mortuary Cult conspiracy or had a hand in helping Nagash himself many years ago. That crime was either so severe or just below the amount of severity that would result in death, resulting in your permanent exile from Nehekhara instead. A spell was placed upon you, forcing you to be just as unable to leave the desert of the dead as you are unable to enter their cities, forcing you to wander alone in the desert. Perhaps if you accomplished some great deed, you would be forgiven by Settra, but until then you are stuck with this curse.

Like Sand in the Wind- +200

Everything you do and have will turn to dust before your eyes. Your achievements, no matter how great, will return to nothing within a year at most. You might struggle and slaughter your way to the top, but you will be cast down before the year is out. Never will you leave a legacy, never will you found an empire and never will you succeed for too long. Small comfort perhaps that you will not suffer more danger then normal on your path to gaining that which you are fated to lose.

Tomb Raided- +200

These younger races have no respect it seems. You woke up to find all your treasure gone, from both your tomb and even your warehouse! Was it the nasty little dwarves or Halflings? Did some feral greenskins poach your stuff? A bunch of other humans, from empires that weren't even ideas at the time you ruled, 'reclaim' your gold? All of the above really. Your stuff, in this world and in your

warehouse, has been stolen. Not everything is gone but a lot of what you really care about is. The thieves left plenty of trails, though some of the thefts occurred years okay. Seems you'll be spending your time tracking down everything that got taken, else leave it behind forever once your time here ends.

Came Back Wrong- +300
The proper procedures were not so proper at your burial and grave mistakes were made. Your spirit was not contained fully within your tomb and body, the embalming procedure failing to be done correctly. A lot of your mind and spirit were lost, rendering you a shadow of your former self. You find it a constant, extremely difficult task to remain conscious and not descend to become a mere mindless skeleton warrior. You can only access your powers and magic whilst in control of yourself as well, at other times you are just a normal skeleton warrior, though do note that staying in this mindless state will not ultimately harm you, it will just become harder to drag yourself out the longer you stay in.

Skull Mode- +300
You're no skeleton! Well, technically you are, but only a small part of one. See, in the time since you were buried, grave robbers struck right at the core of your tomb. For some reason, they saw fit to cart away most of your body too. Guess it'll teach you to encrust your bones with jewels huh? You've been left as naught but a chattering skull, still aware and able to hop about a bit, as well as use whatever magical abilities you might have. Otherwise, you're small, weak and really quite fun to toy with. If you like, you can keep this as an alt form specifically after your time here is over.

Soul Buddies- +300
Unlike normal, for heroic undead like yourself, you now find yourself in need of someone to help you maintain spiritual coherency. You need a Liche Priest near you at all times to survive, as their presence allows you to continue to exists within your long dead physical form. They need not actively channel power into you, only be present within around 20 metres of your position at all times. If you spend more than a single second away from that distance from any particular Liche Priest, your soul and body will separate, resulting in a final death for you, even if you would normally be capable of surviving such a thing.

Scenarios

Soul Mate

The sight of your ruined kingdom upon awakening was a bit too much for your mind to bear. Everything you worked for, everything you had been promised, all lost and left to ruin before your eyes. You cursed the Gods for their abandonment of you and the rest of Nehekhara for days without end. Blasphemy after blasphemy was uttered from your mouth and you even desecrated the tombs and temples dedicated to those Gods in some vain hope of getting back at them. This was a step too far and even Ptra himself, King of the Gods, could no longer ignore you. He reached down and tore your soul into thirds, whisking away two of those thirds and leaving you with just a ragged third of your soul left within your own body.

Then, he offered you a chance to restore yourself. To redeem yourself for the sins against the Gods done by your insults. Somewhere in this vast world, there was a mortal with a soul that was a perfect match for your own. If you could find that mortal and take their soul, offering it up to the Gods, they would return your soul and forgive you for your actions.

It will be a long, arduous journey to find one perfect match amongst the millions of mortal beings in this world but your one advantage is that you will recognise this being the moment you come within a metre of them. If you fail to find them before ten years are up, you'll be left with the single third of your soul and that will wither away to nothing within the year.

When you do find them, you'll be presented with a revelation and a choice. It isn't one person who holds the perfect match but two. One for each third that you lost. One for the good in you, an innocent being who will one day go on to bring peace and salvation to countless people. One for the bad in you, a creature who will cause endless suffering and torment to the living one day. They are each light and dark reflections of who you are and who you can be. Now that you have found them, Ptra shows you your real choice.

Sacrifice both or release both. If you would murder both of them, good and bad, for your own sake, the Gods will return your soul to you along with theirs. Your own soul will be empowered by the act, becoming an impenetrable bastion that cannot be harmed unless you willingly allow it to happen. This comes at the cost of the eternal, unending and unpreventable torment of the two souls you sacrificed, forever trapped within your soul and unable to find release.

If you would give up your soul in order to let these two live, your generosity and willingness to trust in the future others will bring will convince Ptra to return the two thirds of your soul he took from you and to cleanse the sin from it as he does so. So long as you wish, your soul will never be tainted by evil or good, seeming as pure as a newborn babes but without leanings to one direction or another.

Inglorious Skeletons

Arkhan, the Liche King and first and most loyal servant of Nagash, has finally managed to collect the nine books of Nagash. These nine books are each immensely powerful magical artefacts on their own, possession of even a single one propelling a sorcerer to levels of power far beyond his normal level. All nine at once would make one a wizard of earth shaking proportions with the rituals one might enact. But as much power as these books hold, the knowledge within them is far scarier. The collected research and knowledge of the Black Sorcerer Nagash is in these books, from true Eternal Youth to the spell that would have killed every living thing on the planet and turned them into undead. It even has research towards ascending to the realm of the gods.

Arkhan though, ever the loyal servant, thought not to use these tomes for his own gain. Instead he plans to resurrect his fell master at the Black Pyramid, allowing Nagash to finally gain back control of his most powerful creation and begin his war on the world, far before any other nation is ready to fight him. The power and knowledge in the tomes has allowed Arkhan to summon the dead of Nehekhara to his cause, the unholy magic turning their bones black in the process and he has gathered them around the Black Pyramid to defend it, whilst sending a great army to imprison Settra and his army, protected as they are from his magic. If Arkhan succeeds in his ritual at the heart of the Black Pyramid, the world may very well fall to Nagash.

There is one bit of hope. Whilst Arkhan managed to revive and enslave most of the dead of Nehekhara, he could not enslave those who had been buried with special care. Kings and Queens, Princes and Priests, Heralds and Necrotects. The golems of Nehekhara. They awoke with this resurrection spell but were not controlled, instead becoming aware of Arhkan's intentions for the world. Now, you and your fellow rulers, wizards and artisans must form together to become a band of heroes capable of breaking through the armies of the dead under Arkhan's control.

Settra the Imperishable and his army, the one force that might assist you in breaking through the swarms of black skeletons outside Nagash's tomb, is imprisoned by Arkhan's magic and a small army of black undead. If you and your comrades could break through to him, he would lead his legendary force to open a way through to the Black Pyramid itself, but such an undertaking would require you to fight or sneak through an entire army and defeat an entire circle of corrupted Liche Priests.

With Settra's help or your own incredible skills, you must reach the entrance of the Black Pyramid. The greatest tomb of Nehekhara, the interior is a maze of traps, guardian monsters, magical tricks and confusing passageways. Miles of stone hallways must be snuck or fought through, till you reach the ritual room at the very centre of the Black Pyramid. Here, Arkhan is carrying out his ultimate ritual.

If you snuck through, you may be able to surprise the man but if you fought your way here, he will be ready and waiting. Arkhan possesses the nine books of Nagash and is a mighty warrior on top of that. To stop his plan, you and your fellows must bring him to his final death, ensuring that he never again rises to help his master return from the grave. Succeeding in this act will cause the ritual to go haywire, exploding and shattering the Black Pyramid once and for all. Miraculously, perhaps by the intervention of the Gods of the Desert themselves, you and your allies will be left unharmed. The endless legions of enslaved warriors will not only be released from their slavery but the near infinite necrotic energies released by the Black Pyramid's destruction will restore their full souls to them.

The people of Nehekhara may not have regained their bodies but one and all they are now the people they used to be in mind and spirit.

The nine books of Nagash have survived but with the Pyramid destroyed and Arkhan killed for a final time, there is little fear of Nagash returning. The others in your band of heroes entrust the tomes to you, granting you true ownership of the greatest artefacts of black magic in the world. Use them wisely and carefully.

The Golden Empire

Exclusive of other Scenarios

Golems cannot take this Scenario

Settra the Imperishable. The greatest king of Nehekhara. He who united the nation and drove all foes before him. Nehekhara grew great and large and strong under his rule. But Settra was a mortal man and he had the failings of a man. He grew old long before Nehekhara conquered the world and the Mortuary Cult, even if they had not lied to him, would not have found even the flawed form of immortality that they used for themselves for centuries. The dreams of the Great King would fall to dust, as would those of every king to follow him.

If you had been there, could you have done something different? Could you have led Nehekhara to become a global empire, conquering every land and every race? You better believe you can, because that's your task now.

You have been transported over 2500 years into the past, during the days when Settra himself was just taking the reins of rulership of Khemri, the capital of the nation, before he launches into a campaign to unite the various city states of Nehekhara. Ultimately, despite his many victories along the way, he will fail due to old age. You have one benefit over him. You do not age. Not truly.

At first you will indeed be reborn as a living being, losing the Undead Traits perk for a time. Until the time when a normal human of your lifestyle would naturally die of old age, you will remain living. But once you reach that point, you will begin to turn back into your undead state. Skin and muscle will rot but your bones will grow stronger and more magical, till you are left with your original skeleton form unveiled.

Your task is to first become king of Khemri and then to unite Nehekhara under your rule. Even if you are a Liche Priest, Herald or Necrotect, you must mount a revolution to secure the throne and crown for yourself. Settra is a grand foe, almost as much as in his undead state as when he is alive and will not allow you to do this without a fight, neither will the other Kings and Queens accept an upstart like yourself. You must prove your strength and cunning and take it for yourself.

Once you have done this task, the world awaits. By the time you would normally have entered this world, 2500 years in the future, you must have conquered the entire world in the name of Nehekhara. Humans, Elves, Dwarves, Orcs, Daemons and more, they must all bow to the Golden Empire that you rule. If your empire can withstand every trial and tribulation that comes about by the time the modern day arrives, you will have completed this scenario.

Your reward awaits you. Nehekhara itself will follow its greatest king on his journeys to new worlds. This is the core of Nehekhara, not all her conquered territories. The beautiful lands that would one day be known as the Land of the Dead will accompany you as your country to future worlds, placing itself where space is available or creating a new desert to accommodate itself. In every world, you will be the King of this land and beloved for it, with many legends and tales told of how you lead the kingdom to glory and protected it from any threat. Its' people adore you and would follow any command, growing along with you and standing with their King.

Ending

The time you have here comes to an end. Ten years, or possibly more, in the sands. Did it do you any good?

If you wish to continue in this world, refusing to travel onwards, you may *Stay Here*.

If you still have things you want to discover and wish to continue your adventure, you may *Continue*.

If you tire of the whole ordeal and simply wish to return to your original world, you may *Go Home*.

Notes

Special thanks to the most cutest guy ever, Nubee.