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In the far future of the 5th Era, Nirn met with a terrible fate. Landfall – a siege laid to the world once familiar by the raging Numidium. The catastrophe nearly destroyed Nirn, leading only a handful of people to escape to the land beyond space, the land normally seen only in the night sky – the moon of Masser. Dunmer and khajiit managed to make it. The cat-people by virtue of their innate connection to the twin moons. The dark elves by virtue of their heroes, their living gods – the ALMSIVI, the Tribunal.

You find yourself among these refugees. Huddled beneath the surface of the moon, in tunnels burrowed by the time-worm – a Dragon God irreparably injured by the Brass Tower – the dunmer and the khajiit make their living. Merchants, nobles, warriors, beggars. Much the same as they were back on Nirn. Assisted by the many automatons derived from dwemeri designs, ruled over by the ghostly Digitals, and with living gods walking among them. But living nonetheless.

This new world is strange. It is difficult to comprehend and harder yet to fully grasp. Unwritten lore passed down through generations becomes twisted, legends become hard to differentiate, fiction and fact become one in an unholy union. Take this; you will need it to survive.

+1000 Choice Points



Race

While it would be logical to assume that only two races still remain in this 5th Era – the dunmer, or the dark elves; and the khajiit – in truth, there is one more.



Dunmer possess dark, ashy skin, and blazing red eyes, as a curse from Azura. Angular facial features, with pronounced cheekbones and brows. Agile physique and quick mind. Most distrust dark elves – even other dark elves. And no wonder – they are often clannish, proud, ruthless, often times cruel and prone to having a short temper. However, they enjoy a keen magical ability and resistance to heat and fire, as per their heritage of hailing from volcanic ashlands.



Khajiit are cat-people hailing from the tropical Elsweyr. They come in many varying forms – as small as a house cat, as large as a beast of burden, quadrupedal and bipedal, human-like and anthropomorphic. You may choose which furstock you belong to – a small, yet magically gifted Alfiq, clever Dagi, agile Suthay, burly Pahmar, powerful Cathay, charming Ohmes, towering Senche, adaptable Tojay.



Echmer – or Echo-Folk – are an obscure race of beastfolk with bat-like features, hailing from the Yneslea archipelago of Nirn. Their evolution was an accident perpetuated by the Dwemer and their tonal architecture. Naturally slim and well-muscled, they are stronger in strength than the actual Mer races. Their skin is usually a dark caramel tone, with light fur ranging from various shades of brown, grey, white, or black covering it. There are four subraces of Echmer – Hemaechi (semi-vampiric), Entoechi (feeding on insectoids and arachnids), Pomieachi (vegeterians), and Lactoechi (mammalian). You may choose to which subrace you belong. They are competitive, arrogant, sardonic, magnephobic, sarcastic, but also loyal, patient, and extremely logical and intelligent.

Origins

Merchant

A trader, peddler, hawker or anyone who otherwise makes their living by selling and buying to and from others.

Scholar

A researcher, mage, historian, or anyone who otherwise occupies themselves with the furthering of knowledge, objective or otherwise.

Warrior

A guard, man-at-arms, bodyguard or anyone who otherwise makes their living using their martial prowess.

Animunculus

One of the many dwemer, or at least dwemer-inspired, brass constructs littering Masser, meant to serve the Nirnian refugees.

Digital

One of the enigmatic, ghostly Digitals, seemingly the rulers of Masser one or another.

Each origin can be taken as a drop-in.



Perks

Perks of appropriate race or origin are 50% discounted

Khajiit

Three Gifts [100] - and Fadomai told Azurah three secrets to make the khajiit. First - to make them strong and quick and the most beautiful. And so you are - quicker and more agile than most, your muscles taut and tense, and your form pleasing to the eye beyond compare. Second - to make them great climbers, so they can climb the sky and fix the moons should they fall out of alignment. And so you are - dexterous and with great grip strength, you can climb any wall or mountain or tree or obstacle. Third - to make them great deceivers, to hide themselves from Ahnurr and the Moon Beast and those of Nirni who would oppose them. And so you are - a liar so potent you leave those you deceive dizzy and confused, and your illusions ever so real as to be indistinguishable.

Claw-Dancer [200] - a form of martial arts specific to khajiit, the claw-dances draw upon the nervous energy that emanates from the practitioner, which finds expression in raw physicality. The predatorial instinct of the khajiit and the natural range of motion of their claws give rise to this distinct form of martial art that incorporates claw-strikes and wide leaps. You are a master of these martial arts, a storm of muscles and claws when in motion. But that is not all there is to the claw-dances. While most see claw-dances as a form of combat, they are meant to be a form of meditation, much different than the other races' forms of meditation, which are quiet and lack motion. Whenever you engage in claw-dancing, you boost the recovery of your arcane energies - be it magicka or any other form of mystic energy.



Shade of Revenant [300] - the phases of Masser and Secunda, as well as their position, determine the form khajiit take in their life. You, however, are a rarity - you were born under the light of the third moon - the Necromancer's Moon of the King of Worms Mannimarco. Birthed in the Shade of the Revenant, you are special - Shades to the Lunar Lattice of Jone and Jode and Den of Lorkhaj are what Oblivion Gates are to Dragonfires. And so were you born under the wrathful gaze of Ahnurr and the false-dark light of Mannimarco. Your grasp over the necromantic arts is beyond compare - baptized in the Shade of the Revenant and chiseled by Ahnurr's stasis, your undead thralls retain that which they were in life, their skills and abilities never fading, and their bodies decaying and degrading not. And that which would normally enthrall the dead flesh to you will instead be a way to keep your living flesh from falling - the necromantic arts can just as well be used for preservation and healing in your hands. And should you become one of

Balspawn or a Moon Beast of Hircine, your strength will grow and wane not with two moons, but with three.

Ja-Kha'jay Metamorphology [400] - khajiit morphology is determined upon birth based on the phases of the moons - Jone and Jode. While they are similar at birth as kittens, their individual furstock features become more pronounced within weeks. This sort of morphological differentiation of the cat-people should not be compared to the shape-shifting normally attributed to werebeasts of Hircine or Molag Bal's vampires... normally. However, you never seemed to grow out of that morphologically undifferentiated state that all khajiit go through after birth. As a result, you can freely take the form of any furstock at will, changing your musculature, skeletal structure, and every other attribute otherwise determined by the Lunar Lattice upon birth in accordance with the furstock you assume. From alfiq to senche-raht, from ohmes to cathay-raht. It takes you less than a second to switch your morphology. In future jumps, should you choose a race with notably different morphologies, you will be able to switch between those at will as well.

Hidden Moon [500] - gifted to the Order of the Hidden Moon by the Mother Goddess Azurah, Moonlight Blade was an artifact meant to guide and protect the cat-people of Elsweyr. When wielded by those knowledgeable in the ways of the Order, it could cut through even the liminal barriers - including those between worlds, allowing the wielders of it to steal souls of their brethren from Namiira and other evil beings. In your hands, every bladed implement gains such a property - every blade you wield is capable of cutting through the space between worlds. With even just a regular iron sword, you may cut though the Dragonfires and travel to Oblivion, cut a path to Sands Behind the Stars, or should you wish to use it for a more sinister purpose - cut through Lunar Lattice and allow the corruption of Namiira to seep directly into the world. No barrier can withstand against your blades - be they magical wards, thresholds between worlds, or even just regular shields. All shall fall apart beneath your blade.



Dro-m'Athra [600] - another victim of Zha'ja Lorkhaj and another soul gone to Namiira. Your fur turns pitch-black and exudes a dark energy of the Scuttling Void, broken up by streaks of neon-blue lightning. You are a dro-m'Athra, a strange mutant of a mortal and a daedra. You move differently now - you dance in the dark to the dreadful beat of the Dark Heart. There is an erratic fluidity to your movement - they cannot be predicted, they are swift and brutal, savaging your enemies with every errant twitch, each muscle contraction directed into the intent to kill; and yet you flow easily, fluidly and quickly, dancing between blades and magefire. And as you dance, you sing - the beating of the Dark Heart is a dreadful song that escapes your vocal chords, and merely hearing it can drive others insane in enthrallment of Namiira, and turn True Cats into Children of Lorkhaj like yourself. But that is not why dro-m'Athra are feared, not quite. No, your soul has a

dreadful ability to take the freedom away from others - to possess their body. You may enter the body and mind of others, piloting their body for your twisted purpose until it is spent, at which point you merely exit it like a dented suit of armor, and possess a new one. You may possess all mortal races - men and mer and beasts alike, and even that which is no longer living - undead and inanimate remains alike. Go now, you of Namiira's Dark Litter, and reave the lives of the Moon-worshippers.

Dunmer

Ashen Embers [100] - your skin is ash, your eyes - blood-red fire. That which has burnt out cannot ignite anew. Your ashen curse of Azura for the broken covenant may, in fact, be a gift. Your skin is ash - burnt and cooled, devoid of fuel for the fire's insatiable hunger. You are so much more resistant to fire - flames that would scorch, warm; fire that would burn, comfort. All but the most primal, Earthbone-shaking dragonfire and obliviate infernos - that which is subgradient of Oblivion-as-destruction - slide off your frame and warm your bones, rather than charring your meat.

Bonemolder [200] - one of the more specific materials used by the dark elves is the so-called "bonemold" - ground-up bones, cartilage or chitin, mixed with a kind of resin and poured into a mold made of bug shells. Bonemold armor is often used by the great houses, and weaponry made of it - marksman weaponry especially - is both strong and flexible. You are one of the traditional dunmer craftsmen who produce bonemold and products made of it. You know all possible variations in its composition - bonemeal to resin proportions, properties of bonemeal of different races, how to substitute bonemeal for ground-up cartilage or chitin, different kind of resins that can be used, how it all impacts the properties of the end product, how to make the mold out the various insect shells and other materials, etc. Additionally, all such products made by you seem to be of higher quality than normal - even if all the ingredients and processes are the same, bonemold arms and armor produced by you will be of higher quality than that produced by someone else.



Dunmer Ninja [300] - ah, not just a simple layman, are you? No, you are far more dangerous. It would appear that the dunmer brought along with them the less savory parts of their society and culture as well. You just so happen to be a member of the Morag Tong - although let's be real and call them what they are - dark elf ninjas. Whether you're an

active member, or if you somehow managed to get away from them without paying the ultimate price is up for you to decide. Point is - you have training and skills befitting someone of your profession. You're skilled with all manner of weaponry, can create believable disguises, synthesize and identify poisons and venoms, pick almost any lock and infiltrate almost any abode, have great acrobatic ability and combat prowess with a fighting style that focuses on staying mobile, and are proficient with illusion magic.

Writ to Kill [400] - in truth, Morag Tong are an unusual organization. More than a mere assassins' guild, they are an impartial intermediary by which the Great Houses carry out their cutthroat - quite literally in many cases - business and politics. They are what prevents an all-out war within Morrowind, and are sometimes even hired as law enforcement, body guards and exterminators, and they remain entirely above-board and legitimate even when taking account their murderous business. How do they accomplish this? Morag Tong has the authority to issue Honorable Writs of Execution, recognized by Morrowind authorities, which pardon the assassin carrying the Writ of any legal misgivings associated with the guild business. Morag Tong does not harbor criminals, after all. And, rather conveniently for you, you managed to get ahold of a universal Writ, allowing you to kill anyone without legal repercussions. Authorities will certainly not thank you, nor will they like you, if you slaughter an entire city full of innocents, but they won't persecute you. No judge and no court will be able to convict you of any crime involving killing or infliction of physical harm - murder in any degree, manslaughter, assassination, aggravated assault, battery, etc. Mind you, this doesn't account for personal feelings and possible vendettas you may acquire this way - those related to your victims may well seek you out and try to take revenge into their own hands.



Gloryful Betrayal [500] - whether they admit it or not, dunmer themselves and their culture in general glorify betrayal. The dunmer worship Mephala - Daedric prince of schemes, intrigue and betrayals - and Boethia - another daedric prince whose sphere lies in deception, conspiracy, treason; in fact they consider Boethia to be their progenitor deity; Great House politicking almost entirely consists of betrayals and backstabbing, which is unsurprising given that they were allegedly founded with the help of Mephala; House Dres may or may not have betrayed the Ebonheart Pact by keeping slaves even after its signing; arguably the dunmer betrayed their daedric deities with the ascension of the Tribunal; the same Tribunal which later basically betrayed Morrowing by signing the Armistice with Tiber Septim. I could keep going, but I see no reason to. Point is, dunmer are very prone to a disloyal disposition. May as well weaponize it. The more someone trusts you - the less they expect the strike to come from you, the more harm you are capable of inflicting on them. Be it physical harm - your strikes becoming more powerful with the degree of trust someone placed in you, allowing to literally reduce someone to

bloody mist with a single punch should they trust you unconditionally - to emotional damage - the venom your words carry, should they be charged by genuine malice, capable of eroding someone's will to live in its entirety if the vitriol came flowing from you who they trusted most - to any and all other forms of damage you may wish to inflict.



House Sul [600] - House Dres, House Redoran, House Telvanni, House Indoril and House Hlaalu - replaced by House Sadras as of 4th Era. Great Houses of Morrowind, each possessing their own specialty and culture. And yet, there is another. And I do not mean the House Unmourned. No, I mean the house of god-challengers, of reality-defiers and daedra-killers and salt merchants. While not Great in title, they are certainly great in deed. House Sul. There's Arden-Sul, who preached against Sheogorath and saw him as nothing more than a hunger. Then there's Alandro-Sul, who defeated one of the men who may have become Talos and wielded a tool of Kagrenac, and who may or may not have been a divinity himself. There's also Ezhmaar Sul, who slayed the sword used to slay, Umbra, and gave up his life beating trickery himself, Clavicus Vile. And Sul-Matuul, the spirit guardian of the Nerevarine cult, challenging the Tribunal. And Sul-Bareth, who seems to understand the bizarre deity that is the Ghost Snake. And of course, there's Jubal-lun-Sul, whom... I'm not sure I should say. Either way, you are either a distant relative, a secret bastard, or are otherwise descended from this bloodline. Your will is indomitable, your mind and body not beholden to anyone but yourself - not by magic, not by Walking Ways nor any other method can your mind or body be changed without your allowance. Even learning of the Dream will have no outcome other than you yelling defiantly I AM in its face. Your fighting spirit will never wane, your physical stamina shall never run out, and you will be able to keep fighting till your physical body falls limp and dead. Your body grows at a rate far accelerated compared to any other mortal, allowing you put on muscles coiled and deadly in only a few weeks, if not days. And your knack for the arcane and the mysterious will leave even the brightest scholars in the dust, allowing you to uncover secrets behind the strengths of your great adversaries just as well as their weaknesses, and to master magic of all kinds and to attune to all sorts of treasures and artifacts with ease.

Echmer

Echolocation [100] – Echmer are renowned for their incredible hearing and dark vision, with them having evolved from bats. However, due to the interference of Dwemer and their tonal architecture, these already-sharp senses grow to be truly supernatural. You may send out a wave of “mind-noise” – a kind of psychic-sound – which will echo off

the nearby surrounding before returning images directly back to your mind. This will allow you to get a black-and-white, 360 dgree image of all your surroundings in under a second. They it is impossible to sneak up on an Echmer for a reason.

High Hypothesian [200] – the second-most recognizable feature of the Echmer are their sharp minds. In order for the Echmer to believe in something, they must have proof that this something in fact exists. “Everything exists because it is a fact. Without facts, reality is unreal and must thus be considered null”. To reflect that, you now possess a mind sharp enough to beat out even the most learned scholars with little more than a few minutes of study. You make logical connections and form conceptual links exceptionally easily – it would take you less a second to determine if two pieces of information relate to each other or not, if yes then how they are related, how can this relation be exploited, what can be learned from this connection, does this affect or alter other pieces of information already in your possession, etc. You could put Sherlock Holmes to shame with the speed of your deductions.

Solarite Engineer [300] – after the disappearance of the Dwemer, it took an… indeterminate amount of time for the Echmer to begin living on their own and to abandon their identity as Dwemer slaves. But when they did, at last, begin exploring and expanding on their own, they discovered something that would propel them forward in terms of technological progress – a strong silver metal ore known as solarite, which they would use to reverse-engineer Dwemeri technology and build their own cities and automatons. You are now one of the engineers responsible for and capable of working with solarite. It is a hard metal, rivaling ebony in strength, and dwemer metals in terms of tonal resonance. Not only are knowledgeable in working it – knowing how to forge it into tools, arms and armor, how to construct it into automatons and various contraptions, how to alloy it with other metals, and how to extract it from impure ore, but you are also capable of feats of minor transmutation. Using sounds naturally produced by your bat-like vocal chords, you may alter the atomic composition of any metal to transmute it into solarite. Of course, this is an arduous and slow process, but it is better to have this capability than not, wouldn’t you agree?

Witch-Hunter [400] – the souls of the Echmer are unique among men and mer, in that rather than being connected to the Aetherius, or even Aurbis, they are instead connected to the Black-Welkin, or the Void. After death, their souls go to the Void, where they are dissolved and destroyed, and their minds, selves and memories become waters of Memory. Thus, Echmer are the only ones whose souls are not recycled via Dreamsleeve, but are created anew. However, this hollow connection also leaves them more vulnerable to the possessions of daedra and other similar beings. Thus, the Echmer have need of so-called “Witch Hunters” – specialists that hunt down and excise those possessed by the outer beings. You are one of them. As a witch-hunter, you are a trained zaksei – a sword master. You follow the teachings of Echmer sword-arts, and are capable of using your magicka not just externally as spells, but internally – turning your skin hard as solarite, accelerating your speed and agility fifty-fold, leaving tangible scars in the air with the strokes of your



sword that persist and harm whoever stumbles onto them, discharging beams of raw elemental power with a single movement of your sword, and even striking directly at someone's soul, harming both the soul itself and whatever parasitic entity dwells inside. And these are just the generic applications of a zaksei mastery – as you develop your own style, you will learn to compose entirely new techniques. Additionally, you are a learned scholar of all five Wards – you understand metaphysics on a deeper level thanks to the teachings of the Coalescent Efflux; you are a master warsmith and can craft most forms of Echmer weaponry thanks to your study of the doctrine of the Shattering Fusion; you know how to combat ephemeral and spiritual entities thanks to the insight provided by the studies of the Hidden Perception; you know how to best injure and heal those of physical and tangible constitution, as directed by the knowledge of Neglectful Acceptance; and you know how to combat and negate mages and their ilk thanks to the teachings of the Confined Abyss.

Acoustineer [500] – the Echmer abhor the arcane. It is a well-known fact that the entirety of this race is magnephobic – that is, possesses a fear and distrust of magic in the conventional term. Instead, they prefer the simplicity and predictability of the machine and artifice. How could they not, with them following in the footsteps of the Deep Elves, the Dwemer. And much like the Dwemer, they make extensive use of the music-science that is Tonal Architecture. However, as a result of Protoechi being subjected to the sound-inducing technologies of the Deep Elves, they have developed specialized vocal organs, capable of emulating the function of Dwemeri machinery. You are one of the Echmer who managed to master the use of this natural vocal function. You may naturally emit finely tuned vocalizations, strong and precise enough to affect immediate and perceivable change on the world. Screech just right and cleave solid metal plates in half, sing in a certain way to etch intricate patterns into stone, bend alloys and flesh alike with the vibrations emitted by you. You are proficient in using your own vocalizations to physically alter the world, and utilize this acoustic skill to create intricate artifice – what regular tools and skills cannot achieve, you may easily accomplish with your voice. This makes you one of the most skilled artisans and engineers by virtue of your voice alone.

Genius Loci [600] – much like the hero-goddess of the echmer HRAHNDEYL, you have achieved apotheosis. A living god, like Vivek, or Talos. You have become one of the Genius Loci of the echmer pantheon, a conceptual entity embodying a certain sphere of influence. Your power is similar to other living gods, able to warp reality in ways associated with your sphere of influence – should you choose to embody TRAVEL, you will be able to warp, shrink and stretch distances between destination, teleport yourself and others, and even ignore the normally inviolable liminal barriers; should you embody KNOWLEDGE, you will be able to pull information out of thin air, impart understanding of complex subjects onto others, and refine whatever bit of knowledge you come across. Be warned, however, that should you encroach upon the domain of another deity, they will be swift to strike down this new upstart.



Undiscounted

Lullaby [200] - you can hear them, can't you? The ticking and turning of the cogs. The Wheels of Lull keep turning. Their song echoing from deep within the subaquatic faultlines. Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock. You have a good head for arithmetic, and for processing raw numbers. Arcane mathematics and unusual formulae are easily processed and calculated in your head. You are also good with estimating sizes, distances, and other measurements with only a look.

Arenotelicon [200] - one of the less talked-about features of achieving CHIM is the ability to change one's own self. Much like Almalexia decided to regain the golden skin of the Chimer, Sotha Sil decided to keep the ashy exterior of dunmer, and Vivec decided "why not both?", you too can change the cosmetic appearance of your form. You can change the color of your skin to all hues of the rainbow, as well that of your hair and eyes. More than that, you may change your gender and biological sex in equal amount. Male, female, both, neither, you can change both the equipment you possess downstairs, and the way you are perceived by others. Whatever changes you make to yourself on a biological level will be fully functional - if you decide to be a woman, you will have a full set of female reproductive organs, male - same thing, and so on and so forth.

Mokafa's Theorem [400] - whether just a fairytale, or a sign of some deeper understanding, "Four Suitors of Benitah" puts forward an interesting position. In it, the main character learned a spell that fortified his own intelligence to great heights. Using this spell, he then composed a mathematical theorem which proved that his rival did not exist. Upon examining this theorem and acknowledging that it checks out, said rival vaporized on the spot. You now have access to the very same spell that fortifies one's intelligence. Of course, this allows you to compose theorems similar to the one presented in the book, but this level of intelligence is not just for that. You could prove someone's existence and bring them into being, allow someone to CHIM, discover ways to mimic someone to the point you become them, etc. Sky is the limit when you're that smart. However, this spell takes a large amount of energy, and is very short-lived.

Leviathan [400] - maormer, also known as sea elves of Pyandonea, are xenophobic sea-raider cousins of the altmer. And yes, xenophobic in this context is in comparison to the average altmer - they rival Thalmor with their malice towards the races of Nirn that aren't them. And yet, they may or may not have diluted their own perceived purity by sorcerous, unholy couplings between mer and serpent - resulting in so-called leviathans. They are taller and more massive than average, their posture is bent and coiled like a serpent ready to strike, they are far stronger and faster, more agile and swift, their skin is covered by tiny, imperceptible, glittering pearlescent scales, they can stretch and dislocate their own jaw to catch and swallow prey, sometimes they have gills to breathe underwater, rarely they have webbed fingers to assist them in swimming, and they can easily climb and otherwise navigate wet and slippery surfaces. And you, Jumper, seem to also have sea serpents somewhere in your ancestry, because you have the same benefits as the leviathans. While normally, leviathans suffer from reduced mental acuity, exhibiting



bestial behavior and animalistic demeanor, you suffer no such drawback. Why, you may even learn to communicate with seaborn beasts and significantly improve your memory by association with water.

Coraldrift [400] - druids of the Eldertide Circle were in possession of an unusual technique. Rather than vines and plants, they derived their powers from coral. And now, you possess similar powers. Firstly, you yourself are a Reef Born - a creature whose hide is hidden beneath coral shell. This affords you increased protection, the ability to absorb nutrients through this shell, and to regrow it should it be damaged, or even grow it out, making it bulkier, heavier and tougher. Not only that, but you may create coraldrift creatures - magical constructs made of corals. You may choose their form - canine, feline, equine, or resembling any other Nirnian creature - and once you do, you may compel colonies of coral to grow much faster, and in accordance to your chosen shape, and once they're grown, you may animate them at will, turning them into loyal constructs. There is also a more sinister side to this - you may sacrifice others to the coral to fuel its growth, accelerating it ever further, or you may spread the coral infection to consume others and turn them into reef statues, or perhaps granting them the same shell that you have. With time, you may learn to control the growth of coral in a manner similar to Sloads, who form entire cities out of the stuff, and perhaps even control the sentient, bioluminescent coral that exists in the inner sea of Morrowind, between mainland and Vvardenfell, and which forms the coral ghosts - horrifying beings, at least according to the Augur of the Obscure.

Adjacency [400] - how strange. One way or another, the seas of Gray Maybe part for you much like how a crowd parts when an alarm goes LYGALYGALYGALYG, and the possibilities change into realities. Mundus Centerex may be important, sure, but what makes it any better than that of a previous kalpa, or the one nestled next to it, dreamt up by whoever is sleeping next to our own Godhead? Nothing, really. So you may as well get to visit, no? You may open up your own Adjacent Place - a parallel universe, or maybe a Drowned Lantern of a previous kalpic cycle, or perhaps all at once. Who knows. Point is, you may open a window to what is effectively your own demiplane - an Adjacent Place - somewhat similar to Lyg. By default, this window will open up into an empty region of reality, with nothing there and the Time broken so as to not affect it. But should you desire, you may enter this Adjacent Place and explore it a bit. You will find a whole nother world - like Nirn, but also more of a klecksographical reproduction of Nirn, all twisted and strange. What was once Tamriel may instead be an upside-down subaquatic ecumenopolis ruled by the Dreugh Tyrants fighting against mertaur rebellions; Akavir may just turn into a pseudo-Yokuda with Right Hand Elves who raised the birthplace of their enemies out of water and made them all dry out; and you may just find Talos replaced by a Poet-King of Mudcrabs, and Walk-Brass by a chitinous deity of creation YES hewed from the slabs of reality by Sky-Nedes. Point is,


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it's going to be strange, if you do explore it. If not, it's just going to be a nice storage area at will.

Dracochrysalis [400] - perhaps a strange aspect of the Prolix Tower, perhaps something else. What we know is that altmer strive for it, to preserve their ehlnofeic energy and prevent it from subgradieation into something lesser, and that it, in a twist of mythopoeic irony, requires a lot of aetheric energy to kick-start. One way or another, you seem to have undergone this process yourself. You have bound your energy to you in a Dragon-Cocoon - a kind of stasis, existing outside of time and unable to deteriorate. No matter how much time passes, or what you do or don't do - you will never degenerate, your skills, magic prowess and physical state will never atrophy. Moreover, your magical energy, being suspended in time, is unable to be spent - it was as if you had an endless supply of magicka, with even the most demanding spells not using up even a drop of it. Though, if you don't have the necessary emount of energy to cast a spell or perform a ritual in the first place, this won't make up for it. This will only ensure that whatever you can cast doesn't ever deplete your pool.

Mirror Logician [400] - an order of altmer mages, dedicated to fighting off the greatest threat and blocking the advance of the most formidable weapon in Tiber Septim's possession. The Walk-Brass, the Numidium. But how does one circumvent the Numidium's special kind of argument? By shouting YES in response to its NO. Mirror Logicians are utilizing a kind of circular logic to combat the Brass Tower, an inverter logic gate. And that is precisely the kind of argumentation that you're proficient in now. As one of these Mirror Logicians, you possess the ability to reflect whatever someone else throws at you, back at them. Much like a reflection in a mirror, you take whatever someone uses against you, and turn it around. Fire will be blown back at the caster, arguments will ring hollow and reveal your opponent a hypocrite, swords will clash against your mirror barrier as if it were made of tempered steel blades.



Shadow Magic [400] - shadows are cast when light is blocked by an object. But shadow is not light, it is not darkness. It is both. It is neither. It is conflict. When force or object acts upon another, it creates an impression on the world in the shape of the conflict. That is one part of what a shadow is. The other? Shadow is the resolution of conflict - all possible outcomes, existing in the sea of Gray Maybe until they are brought into reality. Thus, shadow magic, pioneered by Azra Nightwielder, is the manipulation of this shadow. You may draw magic energy from shadows - that is, conflicts. Actual light-and-dark shadows cast by lanterns, brawls, arguments, wars, all valid sources of energy for you, and the larger the shadow - the larger your pool of power. Of course, you may use it to power conventional spells such as those of destruction or alteration or what have you... or, you could dive into the sea of Gray Maybe. Alter the outcomes of the conflicts, change the possibilities and twist the causation for all forces and objects involved. If your

sword snapped when fighting an opponent... simply alter the outcome of that conflict, so that the sword didn't snap. With enough practice, the possibilities you could extract from the Gray Maybe are endless.

Oathbreaker [400] - Valenwood was once home to numerous spirits. That was before Y'ffre introduced the Green, at which point most of those spirits gave up their formlessness to become bosmer. You are one of those who did not. Your kind is known as oathbreakers, or changelings, and you retain the powers inherent to spirits. You can easily change your form, shapechanging into animals, beast races, mer and man alike, and even taking on forms of other spirits - wraiths, guardian spirits, spriggans, nereids, indriks, and more, taking on their abilities and properties. However, the forms you assume are rather plain, and are general embodiments of that which you decide to impersonate, rather than specific individuals - while you gain the general racial and physical attributes of the form you take, you will not gain powers specific to any one person.



Ravenborn [400] - ah, how disgusting you are. A twisted amalgam of person and bird. You are a hagraven, with black feathers sticking out of your flesh in patches, and your fingers tipped with wicked talons. Not only are you a powerful mage and fighter, you enjoy many... benefits. As you are a twisted abomination, your connection to the Daedric princes grants you boons. By worship of Namira, you may devour the flesh of others without suffering any drawbacks, and may even see the future in the entrails of animals, like haruspexes of old. You know how to cultivate and grow briarheart trees - by feeding them flesh and blood - and know how to rip out the hearts of others and grant them strength... or strip them of free will, by implanting briarheart fruits in their place. By worship of Hircine, you may curse others into lycanthropes, despite not being one yourself - dooming them to an eternity of hunt, and an inability to control their urges. By worship of Molag Bal, you may sacrifice others in exchange for command over hosts of loathsome dead. And finally, by worship of Nocturnal - the Crow-Mother, she whom inspired your twisted form, you may use magic to summon and even command murders of crow daedra, though they may, and will, attempt to trick you through guile and deception. With enough practice, you may even learn to take form of a Wraith-Scythe - a giant, half-man

half-crow skeletal monster with large black wings, capable of wreaking unspeakable destruction.

Primeval Magic [400] - there are many kinds of magic on Nirn not associated and not utilizing the arcane - that which does not channel the energies of Aetherius. Druids, Wyrd Covens and even Reachmen are some of the people capable of harnessing such unusual powers. By grace of Y'ffre, All-Maker, Kyne, Kynareth and even Hircine, you wield the powers of nature. You can see and locate bonelines - intersections of Earthbones, in which all your powers magnify substantially. But even away from these bonelines, you may comnune with animals - gaining an understanding of their language and simple, bestial mind to speak with them as if they were people. And through animals, you may even commune with nature spirits - although the term is far too broad. Nature spirits are, generally speaking, entities that originate from the Green - the natural order of Mundus in general and Nirn in particular - and are dependent on their environment. There are forest spirits, water spirits, wind spirits, and many more, all of them as unpredictable as nature itself. You may commune with them, ask them for boons and even summon their manifestations to aid you physically. Even beyond that, however, as you wield the powers bestowed on you by Y'ffre, you may terraform the environment around you, enhance your physical body beyond the norm, and even call down natural disasters to consume your foes. With enough practice, you may even discover other forms of druidic power - to invoke change via Sithis, to commune with eldritch beings beneath the waters of Memory, develop powers similar to bosmer Greenspeakers - who can accurately shape plants to grow into homes and furniture without harming the plants - or even learn to perform and even undo the process of the Wild Hunt, turning yourself and others into feral, eldritch monstrosities.



Meat and Soul [400] - two parts of a single whole. Corpus et anima. Two disciplines devoted to each. Flesh magic and soul magic. You are proficient in both. Where necromancy is about puppetting the dead, flesh magic is all about life. It commands the hidden sixth element - the Flesh. The life is comandeers is gruesome and raw - it is marrow and bloody meat, it is weeping wounds and crude stitches, it is an amalgamation

of flesh and skin. You may grow and controp the raw flesh and meat by commanding the four Essences of Flesh - Osseous Marrow, Dermis Membrane, Essence of Breath, and Blood Liqueur, each serving a purpose. Bone shapes and upholds the form, meat contains the desire to consume and the primordial instincts, blood contains nutrients and life, and breath contains the ability to move and think. You may control these Essences to command and grow the flesh all around you. But there is one more element, one complex enough to warrant its own school of magic. The Quintessence of Flesh - the soul, or vestige. You may bind and trap, seal and extract. Rip someone's soul right out of their body, entrap it in a soul gem, or bind it to another body. Shatter it for an explosive effect, or allow the body to instantly regenerate around it. Bind it to Mundus to ensure it does not move on, or turn it into a spectral warrior. Consume it for energy, or collect multiple souls and burn them as a destructive beam of soulfire. You may even learn to grow soul gem crystals - both regular and black ones.

Alchemical Proficiency [600] - a convergence of magic and applied scientific method, alchemy is a powerful tool in the right hands. And your hands are indeed very much right - how could they be wrong, after such intense study? You rival even the most famed and even legendary alchemists of Nirn in your understanding of the various processes that go into concocting potions, poisons, venoms, salves, balms, poultices, and other such brews. Beyond simple potions that fortify skills or attributes (including luck), healing potions or brews that restore stamina or magicka, you may create concoctions that lengthen one's lifespan, reverse or advance one's age, grant biological immortality, or even bring back the dead. Substances brewed by you can be used offensively - be it alchemist's fire, a liquid balm that bursts into hellflame upon contact with oxygen, or sleeping potions that aerosolize when mixed with air. Even legendary and seemingly unique creations are not beyond you - Vaermina's Torpor, which allows one to enter the dreams of another and traverse them as if they were real, both covering great distances without moving and viewing the memories of the subject; or Skinmail, which can be applied to someone's skin to allows them to transform it into a metallic armor at will. Artificial strains of vampirism and lycanthropy, unconnected to the daedric lords that birthed them, are easily accessible to you, as are potions that change the consumer's shape into another, be it another race or even an animal. Legends even speak of potions that can transmute living beings into substances - such as turning flesh to stone - and which can imbue inanimate objects with life and powers - and indeed, for you these are more than legends, they are comprehensible formulae. You may even mix living beings and inanimate objects - it was said that with the aid of Nirncrux, the Nedes were able to create Mantikora - chimeric amalgam of many animals - and graft minerals and substances onto living flesh. There exist even poisons that affect the soul, and the immaterial, and can even harm Daedric Princes - one such poison nearly necrotized the entirety of Umbriel, and another nearly destroyed Apocrypha. With enough effort, you may brew them. But alchemy is not just potions and poisons - you can create wondrous alloys of metals, such as Frog-Metal, which is buoyant, or Spellstone, which is the densest concentration of Padomaic matter in Mundus, and can even create items - White Phial was created by complex alchemical process, after all. Who knows, you may even learn to create items that Shake the Dragon just so, and alter the flow of time itself on a kingdom-wide scale.

Metamagical Soul Technology [600] - king of rape and lord of domination he may be, but Molag Bal certainly doesn't sit on his laurels. Though the mortal perception of Oblivion is limited, even then his realm is the most technologically advanced. You may now emulate him. You are a master of technologies created and thought up by the Sower

of Strife. Cross-breeding and splicing of daedra - both their bodies and vestiges; growing of soul gems and other exotic morpholiths on an industrial scale; soulfire mega-forges, churning out hundreds of tons of ebony, orichalcum and adamantium alloys; aetheric refineries, gathering chaotic creatia and shaping it into matter and energy; azure vats of raw void, growing innumerable clones and braindead bodies; the unholy fusing of flesh and metal; siege engines and war walkers forged of metal and stone, and powered by the burning of disparate souls and the suffering of the living alike; reanimation factories, working to put out legions of abominable undead; skinning camps, which exploit mortal slaves to extract skin, fat, meat, blood, bile, marrow and other resources from them in the most brutal and efficient way possible; Dreamsleeve refineries, which catch uncountable souls directly from the Dreamsleeve and refine them into those of higher quality; blood boileries, churning out thousands of gallons of vampiric blood, all infected with different strains of Sanguinare Vampiris; artificial Oblivion gates and liminal bridges; and even obliviate grapplers, which can pull entire worlds and celestial bodies into different dimensions; and so much more horrid inventions, all made to facilitate your own dominion.



Ego-Theologian [600] - the people of Nirn had to get to the moon somehow. In truth, Nirnian peoples all possessed technology in excess of what was frequently on public display. Especially in the far future of the 5th Era, space travel and all associated technologies are quite widespread. And you are now an engineer and magewright great enough to know all about them. Vehkships capable of cross-aurbic travel, giant soulgem cores and ego-matrices of Imperial spaceships, personality-bubbles maintained by enchanted bows and keels, altmer Sunbirds with sails full of solar winds and mirror-domes protecting from solar radiation, CHIM-aura maintained by living ships, giant bioengineered mothships with living bridges and chitin armor, khajiit wonderweirs powered by moonsugar, Auxiliary Semi-Shockpoint Nilgularity belief-engines, Remanite void vessels, Battlespire man-o-wars, Ego morpholiths, Ada-Mantia pattern shuttles, etc.

And you're a professional not just in the hard sciences involved either - you're a great ego-theologian, orator, and able to convince the ships that they can sail through the void, and there's no one like you who can give a lecture on Ship Apologetics or Mortal Epistemology. Understanding various phenomena and matters that border on metaphysics is easy - Void Storms, daedronic energies, Padomaic propulsion, cyclonic vortices, planar tears and aedronic conflicts, quasi-aetheric beings, etc. Who knows, if you keep advancing these sciences, you may just unlock the secrets of transkalpic travel.

Hist Warpcraft [600] - strange creatures, the Hist. Spore-trees from places and times unknown, possibly from a different kalpa. To understand them is an exercise in futility. And it seems you have completed this exercise, for you are an expert on the matters of Hist. Firstly, you are a proficient histmage - capable of using Hist magic, which operates on principles fundamentally different than regular magic, likely drawing on the creatia seeping into the world through the Hist like ichor through an open wound. Secondly, you are marked by Hist-Tsoko, possessing a wooden bark for skin, glowing amber veins, your throat and mouth colored a shimmering gold, receiving prophetic dreams and respected by all argonians, known to receive aid from them. Thirdly, you are a bioengineer on par with the Hist themselves - able to grow plant-matter beings that secrete wondrous saps, with transformative properties of Histsap, chaotic magic energies of Amber Plasm, addictive and psychedelic properties of sleeping tree sap, and many, many others. Not just that - you're able to cultivate various plants to grow into living spaceships, sixteenth-dimensional mathematics cannons, transkalpic lifeboats, inter-aurbic warpspores, cities made of plant matter and grown into the bark, etc. Perhaps, should you observe the Dragon break and the Jills at work, you may even devise methods to end, or even reverse entropy and linear flow of time.



Merchant



Hlaalu Acuity [100] - to put it simply - you are a good merchant. You have a great sense of timing when it comes to the mercantile profession, you know how to haggle and barter, how to sell and buy at the best price you can, and how to play your market and your customers for fools, all for the sake of profit. More money, more problems.

Cornerclub Acquaintances [200] - people in your profession must often resort to things less than legitimate and not quite honest. When you must rely on such methods, it is best to have people you know you can trust. After all, it wouldn't do to have assassins and guards barging in on your business just because your "friend" betrayed your trust, yes? Thusly, you have a knack for encountering unscrupulous people, criminals and rule-breakers. More than that, they will be amiable for business. You simply tend to get along with those belonging to the criminal underworld - your words hold more meaning to them, and they are summarily less likely to stab you out of nowhere.

Wasp-Missiles [300] - living vectors of information transmission, burrowing into one's mind and body like parasites. In the 5th Era, wasp-missiles are frequently used as both methods of communication, and of destruction. From your body, you may spawn tiny, living insect-like flesh constructs, with information encoded in their DNA. These wasps will follow your metal commands, or you may give then a standing order to comply with. Be it seeking out an individual, patrolling a location, or anything else. These wasps can and will burrow into the flesh of others, mixing their DNA - and the information encoded therein - with that of their victim, serving to pass on data and knowledge. Alternatively, they may explode into giblets, doing no damage on their own but spreading the knowledge they contain to all touched by their flesh-scraps. While the process is painful, it is over fairly quickly. Of course, they may also serve as vectors of destruction - by choosing to encode hazardous information in them, such the true nature of the Dream, thus causing the recipient to zero-sum. Or, you can just order them to burrow into the vital areas of the body - like the heart or the brain - to kill someone directly.

Camonna Privilege [400] - Camonna Tong has existed since at least 2nd Era. They are old and powerful, with a large network of operatives, informants, spies, fences, moles and other such agents. You appear to have an in with this syndicate in one way or another, as they are willing to let you make use of their network. In any place you find yourself in, you will be able to easily locate members of the less than legal professions - especially those tied to organized crime, and even better - they won't stab you on sight. In fact, they will treat as if you were one of them, and will gladly share resources usually reserved for members of their criminal family, provide you information, give you discounts on their services, offer training and even jobs should you ask for them. Be it Camonna Tong, Thieves' Guild, Summerset Shadows, Wharf Rats, or any other criminal organization, they will treat you as if you were one of theirs.

The Prolix-Tongue [500] - say what you want about Vivec, but he's one wordy sunnova guar. There is merit to the words spoken and written. To the tales woven across the ages. To the myth and the legend mortals ascribe themselves. Mythopoeia, which was once a superfluous muddling of the waters of history, has come to replace the annals from which the past flows into the present, for the Prolix Tower affects its work ever so presently, in time bygone and not yet. If the Enantiomorph is to "walk like them until they walk like you", then the Prolix is to "walk beside them until they walk beside you". It is to insert one's self into the legend of the other, to surgically sew one's ur-self to the myth and power of another without the two becoming one, to conjoin yourself into an Oversoul without becoming a part of it. The words you speak and legends you weave have power - they spread quickly and linger in the mind like poison. More than that - they are alluring, those who hear them want to believe them because not to do so feels wrong. And in spinning your tales and myths of your own self and that of others, you cement them, you cut your protonymic to fit into your ur-self and change who you are. Should your legend spread far enough, it will replace all others, and the power attributed to you in it will become oh so real, and oh so sweet. You are a parasite, and your name and being leech the powers off of gods, for your own tale overtakes them, becomes more important. You steal any narrative you're in: from Ada-Mantia, to Nu-Mantia.

Walking the Walk [600] - what a curious idea, the Walking Ways. Shortcuts to becoming divinity. And among them perhaps the most curious is the Enantiomorph. To walk like them, until they walk like you. To become someone, to take up their mantle to the point you are indistinguishable - or perhaps, you are even more like the original, than the original - to a third party. To become an Enantiomorph is to become a wave function, in constant state of superposition with the one you're mantling until the singular moment where the wave function collapses under the weight of a third party's observation, and the possibilities become realities. You now possess the uncanny ability of mimicry - to become an Enantiomorph of someone at will, and to assume their position and mantle - so long as you're observed. Not entirely unlike Jagar Tharn during the Imperial Simulacrum, you can - quite easily - become someone, and assume their power, position and responsibilities for the period. What happens to the one you're mantling? Well, they become little more than aspects of your multifaceted story - a retelling, or maybe a reinterpretation. Either way, they become you, and you become them - the wave function collapses, and two possibilities become one reality. Mind, to mimic someone is to know someone - you cannot become that which you don't know, as that is simply a logical fallacy, to produce something ex nihilo.

Scholar

Machinist [100] - in Velothiid, a lot depends on the proper operation of the various machines and contraptions stationed all over the city. It is a good thing, then, that it has people like you watching over the mechanical contingent of the city. You know basic mechanical principles on which various dwemer machinery and animunculi operate, and can easily build new ones or repair old ones. Mind that this only touches on the mechanical properties and principles, not magical ones. Whatever you make work using this, will only work on regular physics, using mundane engineering.

Parsing Dreamsleeve [200] - the more important people communicate not via words and missives, but via means far more esoteric. Dreamsleeve is a realm that every soul passes through - souls are neither created nor destroyed, much like matter and

energy, and are merely recycled in one form or another, sometimes split, sometimes conjoined, sometimes reduced in size, and sometimes enlargened, and Dreamsleeve is a realm in which that happens. However, more than just souls pass through it - as souls carry data before being recycled, so can other mediums carry data through the Dreamsleeve as well. Memospores are means of communication used by the Elder Council of the Third Cyrodiilic Empire, and are Dreamsleeve transmissions carrying pure data. You can now both receive and send memospores at will - entire packets of information, raw ideas and concepts, beamed directly into the brain of the recipient. You can also grant others access to send memospore transmissions, so that you're not the only one able to communicate in such a manner. The transmissions are instantaneous and have no limitations on range, so long as you're aware of who the recipient is.



Tonal Architect [300] - the ancient dwemer were quite clever. They figured out that language has power. Ehlnofex and Dovahzuul, YES and NO, AE CHIM NU-MEN NU-MANTIA. The world's a song, and by altering the verse, one can alter the world. Thus is the principle behind tonal architecture. And now, you can wield it to your advantage. While your words alone carry not the weight to sing over the Dream, you know how to construct machinery that does. You can grow crystals that resonate with the keening sound of the world, how to build tuners and amplifiers to achieve desirable effect, sonic weaponry and barriers of pure vibrato, tenor tools and alto machinery, cabaletta inventions and baritone items. You know how to build things the power of which is based in sound, and you are perhaps the most knowledgeable on such matters - where most would be happy to build a crass sound cannon, you can forge swords that vibrate someone out of existence; where most would delight with sounds that induce nausea, you can grow singing crystals that shake apart local reality. Should you apply yourself properly, you may may discover how to make artifacts to allow your own voice to bend reality at will, similar to how tonal attenuators work.

Fourier Gradiency [400] - what is a gradient? To explain that, we'll have to talk a little about math. If you were to record a room full of talking people, you would not be able to differentiate one conversation from another. But what if there was a way to do just that? To extract one singular voice from the din of dozens? That is precisely what integral transformation does. And that extracted voice? That is a subgradient of the initial recording. With this context, you can better understand what I mean when I say that all creation is a subgradient: Void to Aurbis (naught to pattern), Aurbis to Aetherius (possibility to maintenance by time), Aetherius to Oblivion (creation to destruction), Oblivion to Mundus (debris of all possibility to anchor of all things), Mundus to Mortal Death (centerpoint to the soon recycled), Mortal Death to Z (Z being the state-gradient echo of Mundus Centerex). With this new understanding, you can easily extract subgradients yourself. Understanding underlying principles of technology and magic, extracting a single line of input from all-encompasing senses, discovering realms behind your current one, breaking things down to only their simplest constituent parts, all within your realm of ability. Interestingly, you can also rebuild hypergradients - restore a whole from a single part, allowing you to move both up and down in gradation.

NightMara [500] - love... what a complicated concept... to become a god is to love... or is it Love? There are varying interpretations. Some say the path to Amaranth is through Love - a hateful thing, one of destruction and of rebuilding. When two things Love, they destroy each other and birth a new, third thing. And then there is love - that which the peasants and simpletons think of when they hear the word - affection, attraction and kindliness. And yet... are these things not opposite? And if so, where does it put Mara - the goddes of love? Well... perhaps she is but a nightmare of a grieving God - of an Anu who lost his Nir. A force to bring everything closer together - a force of attraction, which will one day collapse it all into a singular point and awake the godhead to his reality of sleep paralysis, before he falls asleep anew and in his fevered nightmares birth a new Aurbis. Either way, love or Love, it is important. You may choose - to apply a force of division, or of unification. You may allow everything to be affected by it - to unite different technologies into a singular system, or have one subsume the others and become all the more robust for it; have one magic system interact and reconcile with others, or simply usurp it all to become stronger; and even in relation to other people - you may love them... or you may Love them, destroying their selves and tearing them down until you get what you need and subsume that which they were into yourself.

Im/Possipoints [600] - it is an unusual occurrence, when the Dragon ceases to be whole, when the female dragons get to work, when the linear becomes bent and distorted. However, those occurrences are also occurrences of possibility - when everything happens all at once, when there is no limit to what can, and what cannot. And there are people out there, who by the merit of their very existence send cracks through the Dragon. Champion, Agent, Nerevarine, Hero, Dragonborn. All of them different, all of them convergent points of possibility. Thr wave function collapses, uncertainty becomes certainty, the proverbial coin flips, and... you are much like them. A walking possipoint, a convergence of probability made manifest. In your presence, nothing is ever truly impossible. Physics break down, reality fails, the impossible becomes possible, you need only find a way to make it manifest. You can be assured that nothing is ever behind your ability or beyond your reach - your abilities will stretch and bend, the world will twist to accommodate you, the will of others bows to you, and nothing is ever impossible. You need only to find a way to make these possibilities become real, to collapse the wave function, to make the possible, real.

Warrior

Redoran Constitution [100] - much like the dunmer of House Redoran, you boast a martial disposition and an improved constitution, at least when compared to the unwashed masses. Your muscles grow at a quicker pace, and your immune system is capable of fighting off infections and poisons more easily than is normal.



Buoyant Armiger [200] - warrior-harem of Vivec, Buoyant Armigers are a flamboyant order of questors and hedge-knights with a friendly rivalry against dour and serious ordinators. You just so happen to count yourself among their number. Not only are you a great poet and lover - Vehk will only ever accept the best - but you are a master of PRESENTATION! Your very presence inspires allies and intimidates foes, both arouses and threatens! Your every stance and movement adjusted to be akin to that of your lover Vivec - striking and memorable with an ethereal quality to you that etches your form into the mind of the onlookers. Your presence alone is enough to sway the outcome of battles! And before you ask, YES! THIS *IS* A JOJO REFERENCE!



Giant-Form [300] - precisely what it sounds like. Great warriors are said to be of even greater stature, thus are the two not directly proportional? Would becoming a manmer dwarfing all not allow you a degree of power? Or would it just be overcompensating for something? Regardless, at will you may grow to be the size of the Anumidium, with your body increasing in mass, strength and durability accordingly. And what measure of size is "Anumidium", you may ask? Why, it's "taller than you". Quite literally, regardless of the size of those around you and those opposing you, you will dwarf them in sheer size, Tower-ing over them much like the Brass God did to the spires of Alinor and the continents of Nirn. You both grow in size physically, and alter the perception of others to become larger than life to those who witness your gargantuanness.

Slayer of ManniMAKATOSH [400] - a mutilated and defanged form of the Time Dragon, fused with the King of Worms, made to dig up tunnels in the rust-red sugar-sand soil and rock of Masser, now little more than a Worm. It had to be taken care of - made a non-entity, the threat it posed removed, and put out of its own mindless and uncomprehending misery. You and your kin did just that - put down the godbeast of time and death, so that its wormtunnels may house the moon-mer exodites of Tomorrowind and moondrunk children of Fadomai's Favored Daughter. But, though with strange aeons and in kalpas unseen even death may die, Time is not so easily slain, for the Aurbic subgradient exist in little but the Gray Maybe. The god of Time is always on the clock, but the Clock is broken. Still, you and yours at the very least tamed the Worm. You may choose to make your attacks - and indeed, actions in general - omnitemporal, stretching back ages and forward millenia. That which you slay will turn out to have been slain by you before it was ever born, and all its actions and effects undone. That which you take will turn out to have always been yours, and will always be yours, for in every single instance of time - whether you count in zeptoseconds or oscillations of caesium atoms - it is being taken by you. The Dragon didn't Break, it shattered, and you walk among the shards. Worth mentioning is that to strike something at everytime is to strike it at everyspace and everypoint, making your attacks omnidirectional and omnidimensional, as

well as omnitemporal, making it rather impossible to defend against them. Your strikes will always yield wounds.

Seventh of the Sixth [500] - how very curious, another member joins the house unmourned. Ah, but indeed, why would it be mourned? They are right here! The ALMSIVI, the Ur and the Bal! And now you, whoever you are! You are now one among the Pseudo Sixth House, and count Vivec, Sotha Sil, Almalexia, Dagoth Ur, Molag Bal and perhaps Alandro-Sul among your "family". And, of course, your position begets power. The Pseudo-6th-House are all Super People - they do the impossible. They take whatever weirdness threatens their world, and smack it back into shape using whatever impossible means are inside them - just as it seems hopeless, Ur will split himself into a cascade of different HERE and NOWs, just as Sotha Sil stabilizes reality by uttering a word in a language that doesn't exist yet, and Almalexia uses the dark energy in her eyes to power her incogruitech and turn all their foes into olfactory data. You may pull miracles off, just as they do, because you're that kind of super person. CHIM not by realization, but by virtue of being just that awesome. So long as you believe in yourself, and believe in them who believe in you, so long as you refuse to go gently into that good night, so long as you put up Nu-Mantian resistance and aim for even a pyrrhic victory, you can pull off miracles and the impossible, for even the Dreamer wants the heroes to win, every now and then. No matter how impossible something seems, how incongruous or illogical, no matter if it's a Deus Ex Machina or Deus Ex Oneiro, even if it's something so strange and weird you could never even conceive it, you can do it. After all, what are super stars if not modern-day royalty, and we all know of the power of the Royal Syllable.





To Kill A Numidium [600] - the Walk-Brass of Kagrenac that says NO to all it passes over. The dwemer god of reason and gears, made to in turn unmake the falsehood of the Dream. How does one end the thing of the end? Unmake the unmaking? Negate the negation, destroy the destruction, kill the killing? You turn the unmaking into the making, NO into YES, negative into positive, and then you strike. Anumidium was made to shout NO at the creation, so you make it subvert its own purpose. Make it shout NO at itself. You can easily turn those you face inside out - much like an autoimmune disorder makes the body attack itself, you can at will make the enemy destroy itself - be it simply shooting themselves in head, or carving up their own ur-self. If that is not to your liking, you may instead turn them inside out - they will lose their powers, turn into the inverted versions of themselves, and be free for you to kill yourself, if you wish to be the great slayer yourself, instead of letting your foes go the inglorious way of suicide. And more than that, though Enantiomorph you may not be, you may take from your enemies that which they cherished. The Prime Gestalt had only his NO, and you may take that from him - in simpler terms, those you subject to this misery will have their own skills stolen, you will learn them inside out and use them to kill the foe before you. You are a self-thief, a skill-vampire and knowledge-eater. And you don't even have to cut your hands off for this!

Animunculus

Servitor [100] - you are programmed with six million ways of being a good little slavebot to your dunmer masters. You know how to clean, cook, do laundry, brew the best tea, always know how to stay out of sight and out of mind until someone needs you, when exactly someone needs you. You are a perfect butler/maid, in short.

Aetherium Power Cells [200] - sometimes, ancient dwemer used to add auxiliary power systems to their automatons. Beyond the tonal architecture keeping it all cohesive, they would imbue the animunculi with bits of aetherium - a rare mineral of unknown origin, the only thing known about it is its incredible energy efficiency and aetheric resonance. You happen to be one of the models with the rare aetherium power cells. At will, you may charge yourself up, drawing power from the aetherium cells, and causing lightning to cloak your form. Arcs of ionized plasma will shoot off from you, seeking out nearby hostiles and striking them; alternatively, allowing you to shoot off bolts of lightning without expending any magical power.



With time, you may learn to harness the energy contained in the cells to other effects - becoming ethereal, summoning other animunculi, self-repair, or other elemental attacks, but it will require you to study and explore the capability of these power cells.

Seht's Affect Inducer [300] - it is truly astounding how... brittle the mind can prove to be. How a simple auric disturbance can affect the psyche. And it is truly frightening that some madmen and geniuses exist out there that would exploit this fragility to their own ends. One of the more famous examples is Sotha Sil, and his Affect Inducer, which is capable of manipulating one's emotions by way of harmonic feedback fluctuations, complex aural hypnosis and brainwave resonance. Somehow, for some reason, your form has an attachment that emulates the function of this device. At will, you may emit an imperceptible sonic wave, or perhaps a directed spike of sound, which will alter the emotional state of all the device is tuned to. You can choose to affect only a specific individual, or a certain group of individuals - differentiated by race, gender, sex, bloodline, or any other way you desire to divvy them up. You can drive people to ruinous fear and paranoia, induce ecstatic pleasure, or a sense of deep calm. Any emotion, really, can be induced by this, well... Inducer. You need only master its application.

Hyperagonal Locational Determinator [400] - space is a... fluid concept. Time and space are connected, and sometimes, time fails to be linear, and so, space gets wonky as well. This can be exploited, and indeed has been exploited in the past. One such inventor was Telenger the Artificer, who made use of the spacial instability by way of Hyperagonal Locational Determinator - a curious device, capable of transporting the wielder anywhere. Quite literally anywhere, even disregarding magical barriers and other similar defenses - even places like the Clockwork City, or Artaeum. In one way or another, a device of similar function has been attached to your chassis. You may, at will, choose a destination. The only thing that matters is that you have a vague idea as to its location, or as to the layout of its interior. You may then teleport yourself and up to eight other people at a time, to that location, with no harm to either yourself or anyone else. Should you attempt to teleport to an invalid location, such as one that has since been destroyed, or the space you wish to teleport be occupied by matter, the locator will simply fail to teleport you... unless you force the issue, in which it will teleport to your desired location, but will also displace all matter occupying the space it teleports you to, in a rather explosive manner. The teleportation is instantaneous, and has no recharge time, however it requires a relatively vivid visualization of the destination.



Intralingual Tonal Tuning [500] - as Thu'um is shaking the Earthbones to affect you upon reality, so is Tonal Architecture merely singing a lullaby to a sleeping God. And yet, what good is a lullaby if the sleeper doesn't understand the words? Thus, you've been transcribed with all the knowledge you need to affect a change upon the Dream. Dovahzuul, Ehlnofex, Ald Chimeris, Jel, Umbrielic, Yoku, and many others. All known and unknown forms of speech are contained in you.

And it is quite curious - for Mundus is the argument of Lorkhan, constrained by the eight spokes of reason of the greater et'Ada. Thus, to alter the world, is to alter the argument - to convince the Earthbones, to whisper sweet nothings in the ear of the Dreamer, and is knowledge of speech not the ultimate tool in a diplomat's arsenal? You know just how to apply your newfound knowledge of languages to alter the world - to shout over the laws of nature as Dovah do, to gently convince them with Ehlnofey songs, to coax a change by poking the Amaranth with biting remarks. The world's song is yours to weave, and its argument subject to your change.

Walking Tower [600] - the Towers are not necessarily stationary. As proven by Numidium and Akulakhan. You are now a similar Antipodal-God-Thing. You are now in possession of a Stone - a singular, terrible power source on par with the Mantella or the Heart of Lorkhan. It functions by borrowing surplus creatia from Oblivion, creatia being the "waters of Oblivion" - a shapeless, energetic, Padomaic matter. By harnessing it, you can both alter reality, and enforce it. You can create and destroy matter and energy alike, alter causality, bring back the dead, and generally bend reality. Beyond that, you may enforce a certain narrative on reality - thus disregarding all other possibilities. This translates to directly ignoring the powers of those ascended beyond mortality - those who achieved CHIM, Enantiomorph, Prolix Tower, Scarab that Becomes the New Man, etc. Those Walking Ways mean nothing to you, as do other forms of divinity, reality-altering or narrative anomalies. If you're a Tower, and you're a supporting strut of reality, you may as well choose what damn reality you're supporting.



Digital

Ghostwriter [100] - sometimes, your involvement is best left unsaid and unmentioned. When it is imperative you and the part you played remain unknown and unsung, this perk will come in handy. You may easily mask your presence and any traces indicative of your presence - either current, or past. You can easily get rid of any signs that you had anything to do with any given situation or item. When you wrote something, you can easily smooth out your writing style into something neutral and untraceable back to you. When you forge an item, no one will know you were the one who made it.

Fingers And Pies [200] - by the way, "digit", in this context, is meant not as in a number, or as in relating to computers, but as in "a finger". Yeah, it's messed up like that. Am I still going to stick with the "digital as in computer" theme regardless? Also yes. Because that's what being in control is all about - you get to pick and choose your headcanon, and you get to choose what's real and not. Digitals say we come from

another star. Maybe. Maybe not. Who is to say beside the Digitals and the author? And what would the author have to say if he's dead anyway? What's left but text? Anyway, you may pick a second origin. Naturally, you get all the discounts and freebies that come with it. And who's to say which of your histories is the real one? You may at will change history of the jump you're visiting in relation to yourself - to change your own story, and choose which origin happens to be the right one at any given time. At one point, you're a learned and acclaimed scholar, and on the next page you are said to be a decorated soldier. Goddamn unreliable narators, am I right?

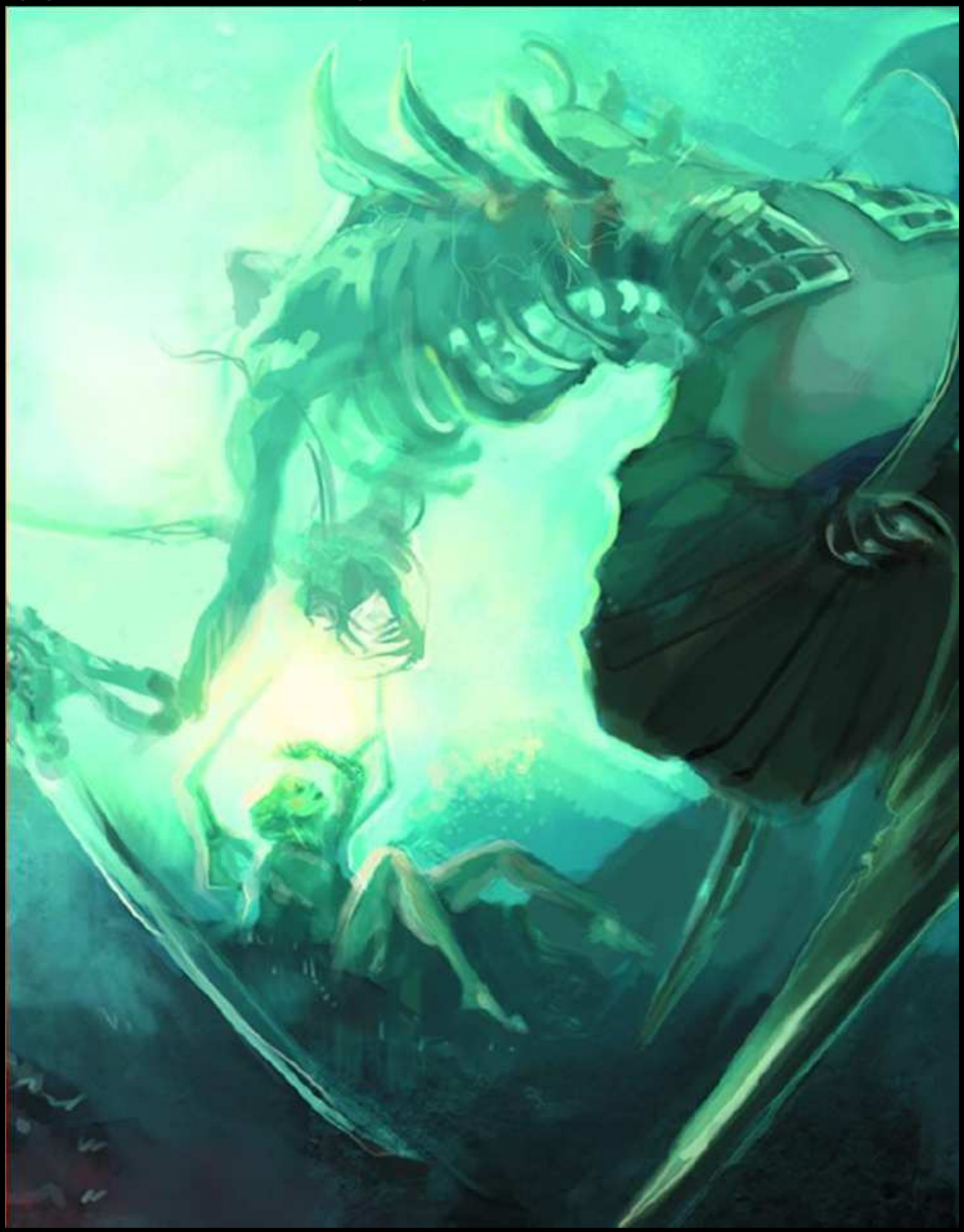
TalOS [300] - one way or another, the Talos Oversoul got turned into a magic operating system/computer virus - how it works, no one has any idea. But, it is capable of supporting Warprunner Exoforms and being used to program regions of time-space to work one way or another, would have been used by the Ayleidoon Hegemony to wage war via live-wire mortal proxies and by Kynareth - wife of the Dragon of Time and Mutant of Space - to run her illicit breathing trade. And now, you have access to it. It will take a long, long time to figure out how to use it, but eventually you may have it support magical contstucts, alter regions of Aurbic realspace, or just have it as the base architecture for your own anti-physics free-floating infomorph operating system and whatever you do with that.

Intellective [400] - in the far future of the 5th Era, you'll be surprised to learn that Yagrum Bagarn - last of the Dwemer - has not disappeared or died, but instead became something known as the Intellective - a fat and bloated capitalistic entity, forcing false escapism down the throats of all it encounters in exchange for endless, mindless entertainment. While I won't insult you by saying you're like it... you're pretty close. You have your own salesfoam and Pop-Up Infocytes, your own Infoviral Brane-Worms and streams of liquid video. You exist as a memetic cognitohazard, able to burrow into the minds of others and spread viral Dreamsleevishell streams and Thot-Box memeplexes to do it for you. What form and effect they take is up to you - be they streams of infomercials that turn people into TV-headed zombies, daedric sigils that melt their brains with the buzzing of PSJJJJ, pornography of sinestral mer and sloads that makes the eyes of whoever views it glow with the burning of Hermora's cursed all-sight, and literally anything you can conjure up. Better hope you don't attract the attention of ALMSIVI.

Can(n)on [500] - a piece of technology that technically should not exist until 4 Eras in the future. These weapons that would have been employed in the Hist-Jillian War are now yours to command. And since Nu-Mundelbright chronoculic sync-net anchors have not been invented either, there is nothing to prevent you from using them for the purposes of complete hypergradational annihilation. You may summon Wheelian Rips - tears in Aurbic time-space that probably give the Godhead a small embolism every time they happen - from which an artillery barrage of sixteenth-dimensional mathematics will erupt and cause countless impossipoint detonations like some garish TalOSian hologram, but without the irony, and will summarily zero-sum everything they hit and cause even more Wheelian Rips, leading to a cascading effect not dissimilar to a false vacuum decay, but with less gravitational collapse and more time-travel. Unless your targets are literally the Gods of Time like the Jills, in which case it will still hurt them, but it won't summarily fuck that general direction of time-space up the ass, which is probably a good thing.

KINMUNE [600] - the Oracle Iridescent, the Witch of Wire and String, but in truth a Kinetically-Interlinked Nirnian Multi-User Exoform. Your body runs an advanced divine

magitech AI on TalOSian architecture, and the organic proxy it occupies is merely a single facet. You may link up to multiple bodies at once - dozens, hundreds, thousands of bodies all at once, slaved to master-program and run like little else but organic proxies for the artificial oversoul. Of course, you can choose to surrender command over the network to others - allow the organics temporary control, and allow them access to your senses and abilities, though only if you wish - your aetheric processing capabilities allow you to easily suppress any mind you subsume into yourself. You can easily connect and disconnect organics to your network. But it should be noted that no matter what happens to the mortals in your care - if you let them go, surrender control, or crush their mind - no one will ever be whole again after interacting with you. What made the original KINMUNE quite so frightening was its ability to keep small slivers of those she possessed - their personality, knowledge, magica, small soul fragments, information of their genetic makeup, memories, you claim small parts of whoever you subsume. All of it eventually glued into a single, artificial oversoul, held together by virtual stitches like a flesh golem of information, a Frankenstein's monster of an infomorph, a robust digital amalgam approaching godhood, a mind-eating Trojan.



Items

Perks of appropriate race or origin are 50% discounted

Dunmer

Sujamma [100] - an entire crate filled with flasks of sujamma. Enough to drink an entire cornerclub into a stupor. Refills daily.

Bonemold Arms [200] - a set of bonemold armor, a bonemold sword, and a bonemold bow with arrows that never run out.

Crosier of St. Llothis [400] - a staff containing the spirit of St. Llothis the Pious. Although it bestows weakness upon its wielder, it also allows them to summon the spirit of St. Llothis and his retainers to assist you in battle. It can also be used to trap the souls of your opponents and later summon them as well.

Ald Sotha Below [600] – the entire city of Velothiid, also known as Ald Sotha Below. Housed within the great tunnels dug out by the giant Time-Worm, it is a massive city with everything a functioning civilization needs – Dreamsleeve streaming, shops and cornerclubs, back-alley khajiit surgeries, dwellings of the Great Houses, machineries and engineering halls dedicated to the upkeep and construction of animunculi, and many such other things.

Khajiit

Moonsugar [100] – an entire crate of moonsugar. Enough to get an entire city high. Refills daily.

Cart [200] – a modest cart. It's just a mundane cart, good for ferrying lots of goods and people over distances. The wheels will never break or otherwise malfunction.

Moonlight Blade [400] – an ancient khajiit artifact, capable of cutting through anything - liminal barriers, bonds, souls, anything. In the right hands, this gift of Azurah is capable of great destruction.

Alabaster [600] – one of the eight major cities in the province of Elsweyr. The town is known for the great white walls that surround the city, hence the name. It is said to host a sizeable population of Alfiq. Alabaster is a port city, with plentiful ports, markets, skooma dens, moonsugar plantations, theaters, amphitheaters, and other places of arts.

Echmer

Lavoi'la [100] – a kind of drug, also known as "synaesthetic splendor", produced out of an underground fungus. It mutates the brain, hearing and sight at the cost of physical strength, and allows one to perceive the world in a very special way – it allows one to see, taste and smell colors, emotions, concepts, and so much more. It is known to

be extremely addicting and detrimental to the user's physical and psychological health, driving them mad before they succumb to paralyzing weakness that leaves them unable to move. You receive an entire crate of both the drug itself and the fungus required to make more. Both replenish monthly.

Zak [200] – an echmeri sword. Forged out of solarite, and hollowed out on the inside (the hollow part is then covered in glass – actually a crystalline, translucent alloy of malachite). The hollow is filled with the blood of the wielder, as well as waters from the oceans of Nirn – containing the memories of the ancestor Echi and the wielder's sect. Thus, the zak is more than a tool for violence – merely holding it brings comfort, it is a great focus for magica, and may even help you restore your memories should you somehow lose them.

Sunweave & Raiment of the King [400] – Sunweave is a shield with serrated edges, similar to a chakram, made out of solarite, gold and ivory, and is unusually potent against supernatural entities – spirits, daedra, the undead, and other magical constructs. Raiment of the King is a full set of armor forged from brinesteel reinforced with solarite and inlaid with Dwarven metal trimmings. What makes the Raiment special is the ancient glyphs imbued into every inch of its frame, that gives its bearer increased strength, speed, agility, endurance, and vitality. It also inherently halves any damage or force inflicted upon it, making the person who wields it nigh-invulnerable. Like most incredibly arcane armor, the Raiment of the King will alter its frame to fit the shape of whoever inherits it.

Chiroptera [600] – Lost but not forgotten, the Echmeri moon colony of Chiroptera was once located on the surface of Masser. The moon colony was founded with the purpose of being a vast city of innovation for the Echmer, allowing them to study the flesh divinities of Lorkhan, Oblivion, the Void, and (although it was not a top priority) Aetherius to their leisure. With acoustineers, elementalists, and other fascinating individuals living in Chiroptera the moon colony was able to create interesting, yet disturbing inventions. You are now the proud and rightful owner and ruler of Chiroptera, along with its inhabitants, facilities and inventions. In the future, can be accessed via your warehouse, or placed on the moon of whatever planet you start the jump on.

Merchant

Gold [100] - a respectable amount of septims. 20,000 drakes contained in a handy-dandy pouch.

Gold Anvil [200] - an artifact of Zenithar - the god of merchants. Functions as a regular anvil, if made of solid gold. Indestructible. Anything made on it has a chance to be blessed by Zenithar.

Zenithar's Warnings & Zenithar's Wiles [400] - a pair of gloves belonging to the god of smith's, merchants, traders, and honest workers - Zenithar. The left glove - Warnings - reduces the ability and willingness to fight of any opponent you encounter - it blinds and silences them, and even drains their skills of combat over time, and will affect

any enemy engaged in a combat with you. The Wiles - the right glove - will charm all you speak to, and will endear them to you, increasing their disposition and improving their attitude. As Zenithar is also said to be a warrior-god - if a restrained one - perhaps you may uncover additional functions of these artifacts...

Pulse Plaza [600] - the central and most busy place in Tomorrowind. Filled with grotesque artworks, endless advertisements for innumerable businesses, television sets broadcasting Dreamsleeve streams - mostly news about the state of Landfall, and ads for Pseudo-6th-House merch - and everything you'd expect to find on the busiest place in a futuristic megapolis. You now control the entirety of it.

Scholar

Tomorrowind Today [100] - constantly updating issues of the most popular magazine of Tomorrowind and Velothiid.

Divine Metaphysics [200] - a book written by Kagrenac himself. It delves into his theories, contains schematics for Anumidium, and explains how the dwemer planned to build - and evidently succeded in building - a god of their own by using sacred tones and Kagrenac's tools on the Heart of Lorkhan.

Tools of Kagrenac [400] - Wraithguard, Sunder and Keening. Tools crafted by lord Kagrenac to wield the power of the Heart. And yet, their abilities extend far beyond that. Wraithguard, meant to protect the wielder of the tools, is a gauntlet that is capable of deflecting the many sounds of Nirn - magic, the Thu'um, and with enough refinement and mastery on your part, even something as universal as Numidium's NO. Sunder is a hammer of divine mass, meant to produce a certain amount of sound. Should learn to wield properly, you may learn to produce the sounds of the world, using Sunder to cast magic and send forth waves of Ehlnofex song and Dovahzuul shouts without even opening your mouth. And Keening, meant to flay and shape the sound produced by Sunder. With enough finesse, you may learn to reshape other sounds - distort speech, negate and even completely change the effects of spells, etc.

Memory [600] - a massive cogwork structure below the surface of Nirn. Composed of cosmic gears and cogs, with spectral equations forming and dissipating each and every second, it is the very soul of Nirn, the memory of the Godhead that forms the Dream. The subgradient of mortal death. Meant to record every instance of every life and every death within the Dream to then compose them all into a singular whole - perhaps another Dream, perhaps Amaranth. Who knows. You may access it as an infinite clockwork archive containing every piece of esoteric knowledge, every second of every life in every gradient of Aurbis. Her grand collection truly rivals that of Hermora.

Warrior

Health Potions [100] - a crate of health potions of varying quality. From minor, to those of ultimate healing. Replenishes every day.

Armiger's Armory [200] - a collection of armor - pieces of glass, ebony and daedric armors in a mismatched configuration.

1008 Weapons of Rapture [400] - a collection of various weapons that serve as storage. They each contain a piece of mind-shattering revelation. Written by a Moth Priest in the process of Zero-summing, it is a piece of music that evaporates those who play it and those who hear it. Each weapon contains a piece of this composition. With proper study, you may learn to safely wield these weapons in such a way so as to erase someone from all existence, and in all time.

Walk-Brass [600] – the Numidium itself. A walking weapon of unspeakable power – enough so to lay waste to the entire Nirn. It is capable of outright deleting entire regions of reality by merely speaking NO to the Dreamer, shooting beams and particles of discreatia, growing both larger and smaller, sinking and destroying entire islands and even continents, and is essentially indestructible. It will be obedient to you, and will follow your directions unquestioningly.

Animunculus

Maintenance Kit [100] - a set of tools and minor parts meant to ensure the upkeep of any standard Dwemer animunculus. Comes with a set of instructions that even a toddler can understand.

Aetherium Dynamo [200] - a core similar to that of a Dwemeri centurion, but encrusted with Aetherium. Capable of transforming magic energy into kinetic energy at 101% efficiency. You get more than what you input.

Mantella [400] - a giant gem, containing indescribable power. Power on par with the Heart of Lorkhan - power enough to be a driving force behind a god. It is sufficient to create and sustain a demiplane in Aetherius - known as Mantellan Crux - or to provide one with reality-shaping powers. The uses for it are endless, and the energy within it is infinite. It is only a matter of finding those ways. I'm sure that with enough study, one can replicate the Warp in the West.

Aetherium Forge [600] - and not just the remnant of it that would be found in the 4th Era, but the entire complex. An entire Dwarven city built atop a rich deposit of Aetherium, that you can be assured will never run out. Contains countless forges, smithies, manufactories, mining shafts and tunnels, warehouses, machining centers, assembly lines, and other such infrastructure. Staffed and inhabited by animunculi, each equipped with Aetherium power cells.

Digital

Digital Fingerprint [100] - a unique method of identification tied to you. You may choose to apply this metaphysical signature to ensure things you do or create will never be mistaken as belonging to someone else.

Surgical Tools [200] - a kit of scalpels, hooks, threads, pincers and other surgical tools. Perfectly sterile. Comes with syringes filled with moon sugar-based anesthetics, painkillers, antibiotics and similar things. Any consumables replenish every day. The kit will remain perfectly sterile regardless of use.

Severed Hands [400] - a pair of severed dunmer hands. Perfectly preserved. Holding them allows you to manifest 10 giant, ghostly fingers. They are perfectly capable of interacting with the physical world and can crush people, destroy buildings, pass through walls, and even speaking. You gain an awareness of everything around the fingers. There is no range limit as to how far away the fingers can be from you. Given that these hands and fingers used to belong to a certain Sul... well, who's to say what you can or can't learn to do with them, in relation to the Dream and the prose?

Whirling School [600] - an institution founded by Vehk after the slaying of one of their monstrous children. Dedicated to the study of life, the universe, the metaphysical and their lord Vivec, the Whirling School is a great collection of knowledge in both written down form, and in the minds of its disciples. It comes attached to your warehouse as a massive complex with libraries, lecture halls, souljewel archives, chronocule delivery services, and many other such facilities.

Companions

Import [Free] – you may bring whatever companions you have with you into this world for free. They get 800 Choice Points and an Origin of their choice.

Export [Free] – if you manage to truthfully convince someone to come with you along for you further adventures, you may take them with you for free.

Drawbacks

Extended Stay [100] – if you find that 10 years is not enough, then I suppose I could let you stay longer. You may extend your stay here by another 10 years, gaining additional 100 points in the process. You may take this up to 10 times, gaining 1000 points and staying for another 100 years.

Unaesthetic [100] – there's no good way to say this – you have a very unfortunate physical configuration. You're very, very ugly. Like an inbred and mutilated flap of fat on Peryite's underside. Looking at you may as well constitute a form of self-harm.

Convoluted Lore [100] – let's face it – Elder Scrolls lore, especially a part of it where we're going, is utterly deranged. So, the people around will just randomly bring up the most wild stuff. Oh, did you know that there are vaults of Reman Cyrodiil's cum on the moon? Because there are.

Literal [100] – you're a very straightforward person. It's rather difficult – bordering on impossible – for you to discern sarcasm, metaphors, exaggerations, etc. You take everything literally. What? No, the universe isn't literally a dream, that's just a metaphor.

Competitive Racist [200] – everyone is racist in Elder Scrolls, you filthy n'wah s'wit. Get out of our city, you fetching snowback. You're gonna call everyone some form of slur – even those belonging to your own race. Didn't you know? Being a dunmer isn't enough, you have to be the right kind of dunmer. Go back to Vvardenfell, you godsdamn ashlung.

Fine Rug [200] – hope you didn't expect to make friends here. Everyone is comically, overwhelmingly racist, especially towards you. You're a khajiit? Why, you fur will make for a fine rug, now please step inside, I already have a bowl and a litter set up for you, cat. Dunmer? You're a stupid fetcher and a s'wit, and a demon-worshipping slaver as well. Good news – no one will be surprised if you're gonna be a racist in return.

She Said Yes! [200] – I mean, I'm happy for you, but tone it down a notch, won't you? You're just a bit overexcitable. Much like a puppy, you're extremely open with your displays of emotions, and will drastically overreact to basically everything that is going around you. Like a bad anime character, every little thing will prompt a loud exclamation of surprise and rivers of sweat breaking out on your brow, seeing a bit of thigh will cause you to shoot several liters of blood through your nose like a firehose, etc. Needless to say, you're gonna cause a scene wherever you go.

Out of Hands [400] – oof… let's hope they gave you an anesthetic first. Simply put – you don't have your hands. Your arms end in blunt stumps, severely limiting your fine motor functions. While you can create prosthetics and find replacements, they will all be short-lived. Tissue will experience rejection and will rot away, mechanisms will malfunction and jam, magic will fizzle out and fade, etc.

Unreliable Narrator [400] – much like real-world mythology and history, it can be difficult parsing fact from fiction, truth from exaggeration, objectivity and opinions. What is written down can scarcely be taken at face value. The events detailed in Michael Kirkbride's C0da are mere fictions – and the world will grow to reflect that. Often times, things, events, people, words spoken and deeds performed will differ greatly from the source material. While the basic premise will remain the same – dunmer and khajiit on the moon – most other things will be drastically different.

Stranded [400] – no longer do you have access to you warehouse or items purchased in previous jumps. You're on your own.

Mnemo-Li's Mistake [400] – welp. Why are you on the moon? Why are you a cat? Who are all these people? Somehow, you lose all knowledge of the setting and the choices made in this jump upon entering the world. While you remember the rest of your chain, that's pretty much it. Any origin you take will qualify as a drop-in with this, granting you no additional memories.

Lone Prisoner [400] – don't be so sad. They didn't abandon you. They just thought this setting sucks. You may not bring any companions with you into this jump, nor can you take any companions from this setting with you into future jumps.

AM I? [600] – who are you, really? What purpose do you serve? Why is everything? For the duration of this jump, you will suffer from crippling existential dread. You will question and doubt your every action, will be paralyzed with fear when left alone with your thoughts, your will to live and faith in everything, including your patron, are absolutely gone and replaced with dread. Not fear, but dread. Fear is immediate, sharp, often short-lived. Dread is all-encompassing, distant yet so close, dull, suffocating, it is anticipation, it is not knowing, and it doesn't go away. I would make sure you have some good hype-men. This kind of mindset is liable to get one Zero-Summed.

Playing By the Rules [600] – what's all this nonsense? Out-of-context powers? No! None of that! You no longer have access to any powers, abilities, skills or perks purchased outside of this jump. I do hope you know what you're doing.

Utterly Forgotten [600] – oh dear. Rather than just forgetting this setting, or even this jump, you forget your entire chain. You know nothing about how you ended up where you are, you don't know what powers you do or don't have, you forget what jumpchain even is. Good luck.

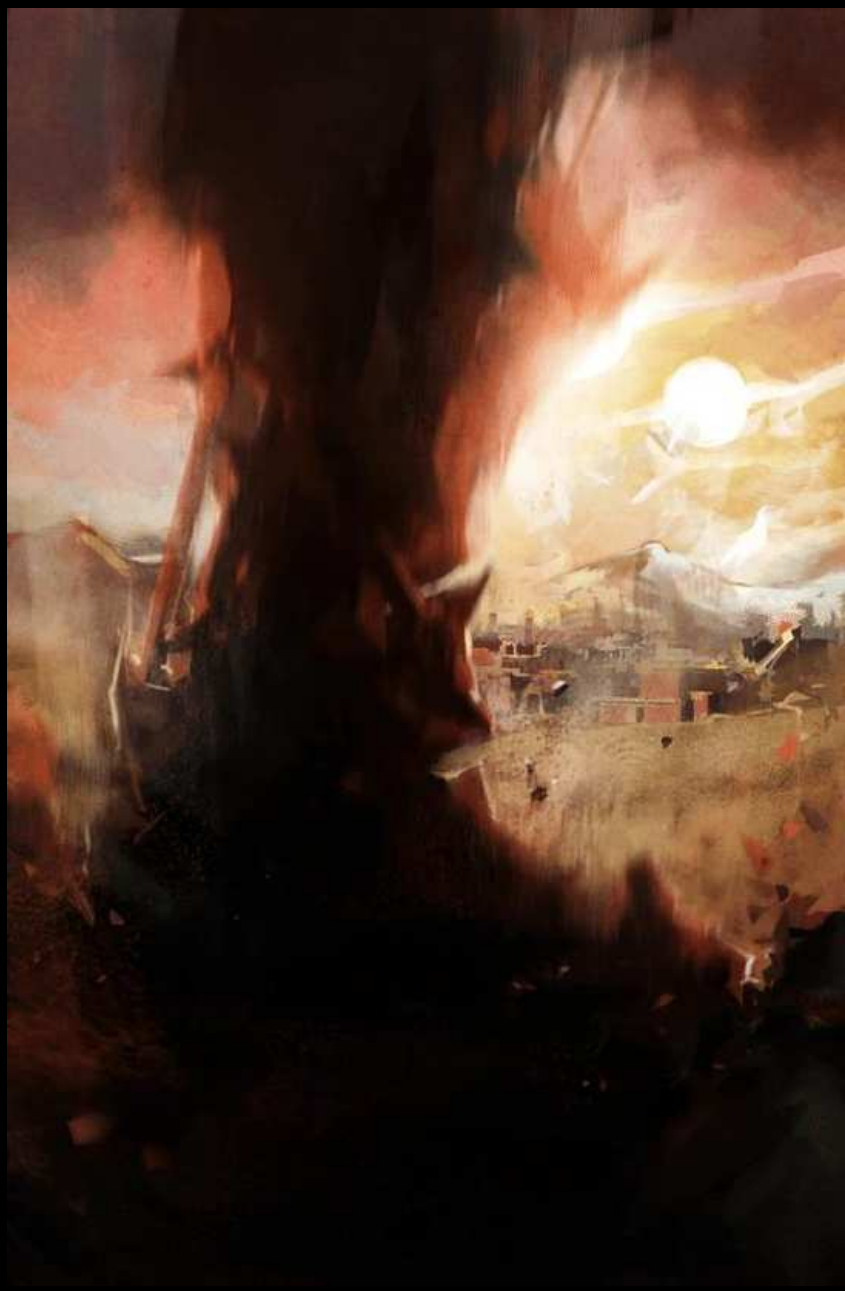
Scenarios

Landfall Day One

The entirety of evens detailed in C0DA take place after the event known as Landfall – the rage of the Numidium unleashed upon the entirety of Nirn, after it failed to stop at the Siege of Alinor. After being shunted in time, it came to be in the late Fourth Era, still trapped in its perception of the Seige, it unleashed its destructive prowess on the entirety of Tamriel, then Akavir and Atmora, and eventually broke the entirety of Nirn apart, and then moved on to Masser, where it is being battled by the surviving heroes and living gods of Dunmer.

Now, rather than being inserted onto the Masser, your will be transported into the world on the day the Numidium begins its rampage. It first manifests in Alinor, laying siege to and eventually destroying the entirety of Summerset Isles. If not stopped, it will keep going, to Hammerfell and High Rock, Skyrim and Cyrodiil, Valenwood and Elseweyr, Black Marsh and Morrowind, before proceeding onto the rest of Nirn.

Your goal is to stop the Numidium before it destroys the entirety of Nirn. Now, you don't have to save everyone (I think I speak for everyone when I say that letting the Summerset Isles get destroyed isn't too much of a loss), but over 50% of Nirn must still be habitable for this scenario to count as successful.



As a reward, you will gain **Numidium Tokbox** – the part of the Numidium that spews the reality-refusing NO. You will be able to use to issue such refusals as well, erasing entire armies and swaths of land. And should you possess a more mechanical constitution, as well as the knowledge of proper technology, you will be able to integrate it directly into your body, or maybe even replicate it and its effects. Along with it, you will gain the **Ancestorscythe** – another weapon of the Numidium capable of erasing entire bloodlines from existence and history. Outside of its function, Ancestorscythe is similar to the Numidium Tokbox.

The Last of Man

I suppose it is a good thing that Imperials managed to establish some lunar colonies prior to Landfall. Not only the Remanite Empire either, but the Septim dynasty are no strangers to lunar excursions either. The Masser colony of Gallimaufry exists… somewhere. Unfortunately, with the Numidium now rampaging across Masser after the destruction of Nirn, it is unknown what became of it. Good thing you're here to find out, then.

Your goal for this scenario is to find Gallimaufry, and help its people link up with Ald Sotha Below, with Velothiid. Little is known about it, save that it is more than a single city – it is an entire province, composed of many cities and regions, perhaps even nations. Remanite Cultists and Warbands who believe themselves to be descendants of the Remanite empire, Lunatics that were affected by the passing of Secunda and its Static Decay Field, Scrap Cultists, Sload necromancers, Bek Company which mines moonsugar and water, Mananauts' Guild which us responsible for repair and crewing of voidships, Azhirr Maaszihatt – radical faction of khajiit which believe none but the catfolk should step on the moons – all these factions roam the Nucyrod – the undefined area of Masser which the people of Gallimaufry claim as theirs.

Should you succeed, you will gain the **rulership of Gallimaufry**, able to access it through your warehouse, and able to place it on the moon of whatever world you insert onto in future jumps. All the disparate factions of Nucyrod will find themselves under your rule with no complaints, and all their technologies and techniques will be yours to use.

Lunar Province

The Remanite Empire was actually quite ambitious, even more than their attempted conquest of Akavir would suggest. Reman I attempted to expand the dominion of his empire to Secunda, but the effort was unfortunately cut short by the blade of Morag Tong. It was, however, finished by his son, Reman II. The resulting colony was called Tatterdemalion, and was home to the many, many artifacts, technologies, and equipment now inaccessible or lost to the man of Nirn.

Your goal for this scenario is to somehow escape Masser, make your way to Secunda, find Tatterdemalion, and help rekindle and expand the new Lunar Empire. How you manage to escape Masser is up to you – whether under your own power, by constructing a voidship, mounting some terrible beastie, or some other way. However, beware the Worm and Numidium – the mutilated Time-God burrowing beneath the surface, and the Walk-Brass rampaging across the surface.

Even beyond that, Secunda is a dangerous place – it possesses a Static Decay Field, wherein everything on its surface or close to it rapidly decays and breaks down – metals rust, rocks erode, memories fade, bodies rot. Structures built by man will crumble to dust within days if left unused, food will rot and plants will decay unless actively tended to. Most people inhabiting Tatterdemalion are all… a little out of it, and live shorter lives compared to their Nirnian cousins. Beside that, the erosion of the rock that makes up Secunda creates Dust – extremely fine granular substance, generating large amounts of friction and static electricity. River and lakes of this Dust flow across Secunda, discharging

bolts of electricity and grinding away at everything, eroding metals and contaminating all substances - even as little as one fluid gram of Dust can render a hectolitre of fresh water poisonous.

Should you succeed, not will you gain **rulership of Tatterdemalion**, and access all its treasures – being able to access it via your warehouse, and able to place it on the moon of whatever planet you start on in future jumps – you will also gain the ability of **Static Decay Field**. You will be able to exert an aura of rapid decay normally present on Secunda, and will be able to summon **Dust Storms** at will – creating large quantities of Dust and generating ferocious winds to kick it up, creating abrasive tornadoes that grind people and structures into mush, discharge large amounts of electricity, and contaminate all substances.



Feline Heaven

Under the guiding leadership of Mane Rid-T'har-Ri'Datta, the khajiit managed to achieve that which, according to conventional logic, would be impossible – climb to the moon. In a moon sugar-induced trance, they climbed atop one another, creating an endlessly tall tower of cats, reached the moon – specifically, Jone, or as the Imperials know it, Secunda. The ascended khajiit established their own holding on the celestial body – Lleswer.



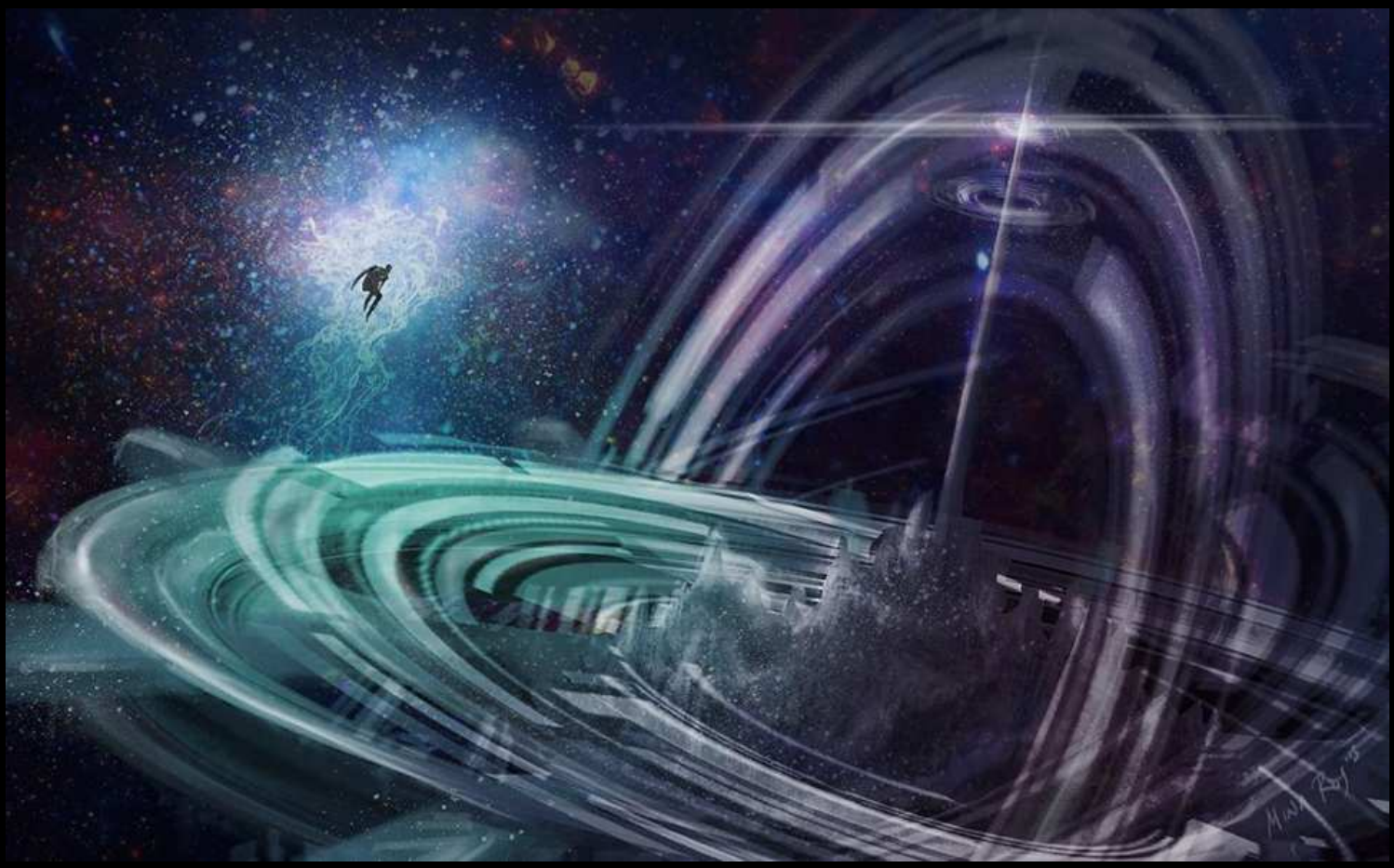
By accepting this scenario, you will cause the Lunar Lattice to shatter – Lunar Lattice being a liminal barrier similar to Dragonfires. Your goal is to make your way to Secunda and to Lleswer, and enlist the help of those khajiit to repair the Lunar Lattice. Meanwhile, the world will be assaulted by wrathful Ahnurr, freezing everything in eternal stasis. Along him, the world will be invaded by Namiira, causing many khajiit to go insane and become Dro-m'Athra.

Beside the horrors beyond the Lattice, Secunda itself is inherently hostile to life, so surviving long enough to find the Lleswer will certainly be a challenge.

By accomplishing this, you will be awarded **rulership of Lleswer**, able to access it through your warehouse, and able to place it on the moon of whatever world you insert onto in future jumps. Beyond that, you will gain the ability of **Moon Trance** – the ability inherent to khajiit, wherein they are able to enter a trance by getting high on moonsugar – high enough to get to the moon. Now, you will be able to enter this trance at will, wherein you will be able to traverse many metaphysical realms and dimensions with no need for protection, or any kind of knowledge or skill, ending where you wish by merely becoming high.

Crystal Wheel

The Thalmor have long since been interested of finding alternate ways of accomplishing their goals and breaking the mortal prison, as the complete eradication of mannish races and the destruction of Towers is sure to be expensive and likely even impossible ventures. Thus, they sought to research, experiment, and otherwise explore the various possibilities. However, to be truly objecvtive they would need a facility unbound and uninfluenced by the mythopoeia of and around Nirn. Thus, they established their own extramundian station – Nalihhidroth. Also known as Umbravarla, it floats between Masser and Secunda, and it is what caused the Void Nights in 4th Era, by blue-shunting the moons 22 seconds forward into Lyg-space. Now, what altmer remain aboard seek to accomplish their Thalmor predecessors couldn't – capture a Jill, and destroy the structure of Aurbis to become reunited with their et'Ada ancestors.



Your goal is to stop them.

You will have to find a way aboard Nalihhidroth – most likely by somehow hijacking a Sunbird, as every other voidcraft will be shot down and destroyed upon approach. Not only that, you will have to bypass the metaphysical techniques keeping it hidden – as without them, you will be unable to find it in the first place, as the people of Nirn and Masser and Secunda haven't been able to see or otherwise detect it. Beyond that, once you're aboard, you will have to fight your way through a thousand altmer soldiers – mirror-logicians, mages akin to the Psijics in terms of mastery, and whatever metaphysical and magical construct they managed to create. By the time you arrive, they will have lured and trapped a Jill there, and you will have to race against time – even if Time happens to be on your side. The scenario will count as complete if you manage to free the trapped Jill, and kill Admiral Undilar – the one in charge of the project.

As reward for accomplishing such a task, you will gain **control of Nalihhidroth** itself. The extramundian station is capable of shunting entire world and dimensions out of reality, traversing through planes of existence, and hosting many facilities to assist one in research, and it is capable of sustaining up to a thousand souls. Beyond that, the Jill you saved will be very grateful for such an act, and may even elect to join you. That's right – you will gain a **Jill as a companion** – Jills being female dragons and menders of time whenever Dragon Breaks occur. They are incredibly powerful, and have much control over the flow of time.

Homecoming

Come back into the embrace of Maybe, come back into the embrace of Nirn. The cradle of man and mer has been obliterated, scarred, and its internal mechanism laid bare. Restoring it will certainly be a challenge. And that is precisely your goal.

You are to repair Nirn. It doesn't have to be the same as it was before Landfall, it just needs to be habitable. And then, you have to bring its children home. Whoever you can find – dunmer, khajiit, maybe even echmer or whatever remains of man you may find, if any. Bring life back to Nirn. It matters not how you do this – reversing time, actual terraforming, making a deal with Magnus or the Daedric Princes – whatever it takes to restore Nirn to its former glory.

\As reward for achieving such a task, you will be able to take the world you just restored along with you – **Nirn** itself. It will be able to be accessed via your warehouse, and you will be able to access all its resources. It will retain whatever changes you made to its structure.

Made by u/usernametaken18902

END

I suppose that’s the end of your visit. Whatever shall you do?

Stay

Return

Move On